

We Wish a Merry Christmas
and a Happy New Year to
All Our Friends and Custom-
ers, and to the People of
Lafayette in General.....

THE FIRST NATIONAL BANK

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We are glad of the appreciation the business community of Lafayette has always shown of our efforts to meet the banking needs of the community in a prompt and satisfactory manner. This appreciation is clearly reflected in the continual growth of the "First National" and its present high standing in the financial world.

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The First National Bank.



WORSHIP AT CROSS OF ICE

Scattered Christian Tribes in Turkey Celebrate Christmas with Impressive Ceremonies.

M OHAMMEDISM is the prevailing religion in Turkey and for that reason only the few scattered Christian tribes observe the birthday of Christ in any manner. The Mohammedan Turks have but two holidays in the entire year, those being "Car Bon Hiram," the day of forgiveness, which is the Mohammedan New Year, and "Bairam," the anniversary of the date when Mohammed gave to his people his scripture. The Friday of the Christian is the Sabbath of the Mohammedan and is observed by him in the same manner as Sunday with the Christians.

The Christian Turks, who include the Bulgarians, Servians, Montenegrins and other smaller tribes, observe Christmas with impressive religious ceremonies.

Three days before Christmas the "Bladego" appoints a delegation of 100 men from each congregation, who go to the river and hew out immense cakes of ice, after which they construct a huge pyramid near by. A great cross measuring about 40 by 60 feet and cut from the bed of ice is set up against the pyramid, and the

place of worship for Christmas day is completed. Early on Christmas morning all the people march to the pyramid, where the initial exercises are conducted by the "Bladego." A small crucifix used by him in the exercises is the prize of the younger men of the tribe, who dive into the ice-cold water after it as the "Bladego" throws it in. Many are drowned annually in this practice, but they all consider themselves fortunate to die while on such a mission.

From the pyramid the procession marches to the home of the priest, where bread is blessed and broken by the "Bladego" and all present partake of the food.

Keep ever in the path of duty, but fall not to climb the steep of knowledge.—Newton.

MISS GEORGE'S CHRISTMAS

Happy Memory of a Season When She Did Not Write One Glad Holiday Story.

O H, my happiest Christmas! I did not then realize it, but I recall it now with a radiant glow of delight. It was my first season upon the stage. I was only a novice, one day soaring upon the buoyant wings of boundless ambition; the next plunged in an abyssal depth of doubt,

despair and self-depreciation. It was a very tiny part that had fallen to me. The compensation was but sufficient for the barest necessities. The route bristled with all the horrors of the one-night stands.

At midnight, huddled, miserably worn, dejected, and wretched, in the waiting room of a country station, listening in vain for the whistle of a belated train, I confess to a sudden flood of tears. What a mockery this Christmas day had been. Even the chiming had sounded like the tolling of a funeral knell. The cheerless discomforts of a cheap hotel, the unsavory, stultifyingly served travesty upon a Christmas dinner, the cold chill of a shabby, musty dressing room, the added toll of an extra matinee for a mere handful of people, and now the hungry wait for an accommodation train of dingy day coaches.

That was all Christmas had meant to me. Iowa was blizzard swept. Mails were delayed and tangled wires hung useless in gathering snowdrifts. No message of cheer, no souvenir of remembrance, had come to any of us. Our hollow, half-hearted exchange of Christmas greeting had carried no conviction. We were only strolling vagabonds, outside the pale of sympathy, debarred from the domestic joys of living, mere dispirited rainbow chasers, with success ever mockingly elusive.

But as I recall it all now, I am sub-

merged by a great wave of passionate, longing regret, for I know that such a Yuletide will never come to me again while I am upon the stage. It was my happiest Christmas, because the first and only one, since I began to tread the thorny and tortuous path of my profession, that I have not been called upon to write a Christmas story.

GRACE GEORGE.

Speak as you think; be what you are; pay your debts of all kinds.—Montfort.

IN THE REALM OF THE CZAR

Russians Look Upon Christmas as the Most Sacred and Most Celebrated Holiday.

CHRISTMAS is the most sacred and most celebrated holiday in Russia. Contrary to the custom in nearly all other countries, Christmas there always comes on Sunday, and a continuous celebration is held until midnight on January 2.

The Russian believes in devout religious services in honor of the birth of Christ, and each day during the season each family, including all its members, attends church at least once. On Christmas morning the most important services take place. Each congregation marches solemnly to the

nearest river, which is always frozen over, the ice being sometimes as much as three feet thick.

After a large hole has been chopped in the ice the priest dips his cross in the water and prayers are pronounced, after which the priest holds baptismal exercises. Having been blessed by the priest the water is considered to be holy and as fast as the people can file by the hole in the ice bottles of all sizes and descriptions are filled with the water.

This water is prized the most highly of anything in the home, and bottles of it are sometimes found a century or more old. Some fanatics secure large quantities of it and bathe in it at regular intervals during the year.

There is one custom which many Americans would cherish in their own Christmas celebration, and especially the young people. It is that of kissing, for on Christmas day every one steals a kiss from whomsoever he meets. In some cases, and among the older people, the hearty handshake is much used, but the younger element clings closely to the old style.

Santa Claus is unknown to Russian children, but the "Babushka," an old woman witch, carrying a long stick and attired in the usual witch costume, visits the homes in every village and city and distributes greetings and then comes at night and leaves the gifts for both old and young.

A Timely Air.

During one of the political tours of Mr. Cleveland, in which he was accompanied by Secretary Olney, he arrived during a severe storm at a town in which he was to speak. As he entered the carriage with his friends and was driven from the station the rain changed to hail, and immense stones battered and rattled against the vehicle. A brass band, rather demoralized by the storm, stuck bravely to its post and played.

"That is the most realistic music I have ever heard," remarked the president.

"What are they playing?" asked the secretary of state.

"Hail to the Chief—with real hail!" rejoined Mr. Cleveland.—Harper's Weekly.

Not for Her.

"You see," said the professor, "the science of chemistry depends on the discovery of certain affinities—"

"Pardon me," interrupted Miss Prym, "I trust the conversation can proceed without drifting into scandal."

Of More Importance.

Mrs. Briggs (reading)—Here's the advertisement of a man who restores oil paintings.

Briggs—is there an advertisement of a man who restores umbrellas? I lost mine yesterday."