

(CONTINUED FROM SECOND PAGE.)

miles distant. The young people, however, did not propose to go to Calhoun's by rail. The roads were in prime condition, and a sleigh ride of 50 miles, divided in the middle by a hot supper and two or three hours spent in dancing while the horses rosted, was a prospect much too delightful to be resisted by any young person with a spark of enthusiasm and vivacity about him. The best horses to be had were engaged for the ride. Tom had no desire to make the trip alone with the coldly silent Daisy and had persuaded a friend to go with him in a double sleigh and take Daisy's cousin Stella.

Sleigh rides like this have been described so much better than I can do that I shall pass over this part of the story, as well as over the delights which followed when the merry party arrived at Calhoun's.

It was after supper, while they were dancing in the long dining room, that the storm came up. No one noticed it until it was nearly time for the gay party to start on the homeward trip and the jolly host had gone to the barn himself to make sure that the horses had been well cared for. When he came back to the house he told his guests that he believed there would be a blizzard before morning and that it would be safer for them to remain at his place overnight. Then, the dancing ceased and eager young people crowded around the door and peered out into the darkness.

"If there should be a blizzard," said Stella, "I might be detained here for several days."

Daisy looked at her quickly, but said nothing. She was thinking of her appointment for the next day with a noted manager who had condescended to try her voice. If he pronounced it good there was hope that a desirable position might be offered her. Daisy was deciding that she should not remain overnight at Calhoun's.

"Do you think the storm is close upon us?" asked Sander, who, for reasons which will be easily understood by those who have been in love, did not like to miss the long ride home, under the stars, in the comfortable little sled which was just large enough for Alice and himself.

"I can't tell," replied Mr. Calhoun, stepping farther away from the house that he might get a better look at the heavy bank of clouds in the northwest. "Storms are dreadfully deceptive in this part of the world," he added. "Now, when I was back in York state I could reckon on a storm almost to a minute, but here I've sometimes missed it by an hour or two. However, I think we shall hear from those clouds before long."

"You are sure there is to be a blizzard?" asked Daisy, who put little faith in the ordinary weather prophet, unless he happened to make a prediction which suited her desires.

"One is never sure of anything in this world," replied the old man. "One thing is certain, and that is there is a great deal of snow in the air already, considering the clouds, which means that a blizzard wind is blowing. If those clouds contain both wind and snow!"

"Do you think it probable, Mr. Calhoun," interrupted Daisy, "that those clouds will break over us in less than an hour?"

"They may not; they look a long way off." "An hour would give us time to reach the station," said Daisy, "and we could go into the city on the cars."

"But our rigs," interposed Sander. "Leave them here, and send some one after them," suggested Daisy.

"I am afraid to start when the sky looks like that," said Stella. "You might stay here, then," replied Daisy. "For my part I prefer to go."

An excited discussion ensued, when it was discovered that Daisy was the only young lady who preferred to risk the dangers of the storm in order to reach the city. She remarked, most politely, but decidedly, in response to Tom's expectations, that she meant to make the attempt, but that she did not ask him to risk his life by accompanying her.

"I am determined," she said, "to meet Mr. Gilmore tomorrow, and I have no doubt that I can hire Mr. Calhoun's stable boy to drive me to the station."

"You will not be left to the care of Mr. Calhoun's stable boy," replied Tom coldly. "In another moment he was inside his overcoat."

No further opposition was offered to Daisy's plan. Mr. Calhoun insisted on loaning Tom a fresh horse—one that knew the road—and told him he might leave it with the hotel keeper at the railway station, to be cared for until the owner came to claim him. The horse was hitched to Mr. Calhoun's cutter, which had been made expressly for travel over country roads, and plenty of fur robes were wrapped around the occupants.

The air had seemed almost spring-like when the young people left the city, but a biting wind had arisen which blew directly in their faces as Tom turned the horse's head toward the railway station. They drove for some time in silence, broken only by the clatter of the horse's hoofs on the frozen snow and the dismal creaking of the sled runners which is always to be heard in very cold weather. The air was rapidly becoming more dense with the frozen sleet, which struck their faces like frozen little darts. The wind was steadily rising, and it seemed to Tom as if it came from every direction at once. In many places the road was made almost impassable by heavy drifts. Not a star was to be seen in the sky, not a ray of light anywhere which could have been used as a guide. The horse patiently fought his way along and Tom finally reached the conclusion that the faithful creature knew more about the road than he did himself. He certainly could not have known less, for Tom had been

guiding him in a circle for the last half hour. Left to himself, he promptly turned his face homeward, but Tom did not know that.

Notwithstanding the intense darkness Daisy knew that Tom had loosened his hold on the reins.

"Are your hands cold?" she asked quickly. It was the first time she had spoken since she bade her friends good-by at Mr. Calhoun's door.

"I am very comfortable, thank you," replied Tom ironically. "Why did you drop the reins?" "Because I can no longer see the road."

"Mr. Wainwright, are we lost?" "I do not know."

The words could not have been spoken with greater indifference. Tom was not in the happiest mood when he left the Calhoun House. It had seemed to him a reckless proceeding to start out in the face of such a storm, for no better reason than that a girl wished to try her voice before a theatrical manager, but there was not money enough in the world to have tempted him to allow Daisy to go without him. When he found himself alone with her, all his anger was forgotten in his love and in his despair because of its utter hopelessness.

Then came the thought that there might be worse fate than to die with Daisy before she reached the station. He had been excessively morbid for days, and this new fancy was a bit unnatural climax to such a state of mind.

Daisy was irritated over his silence. She felt that she had been foolish in insisting on coming out in such a storm, and she wanted to say so, but it is never easy to introduce such an acknowledgment. She felt that it would be less hard if Tom could be beguiled into conversation.

"I should have thought," she said, with a feeble attempt at playfulness, "that you might have allowed the stable boy to accompany me when you knew I preferred it."

But in a howling wind playful tones are not always apparent. Tom believed that Daisy's remark was intended as a reproach because he had shown himself unable to guide the horse. It angered him so that he could with difficulty control himself.

"Believe me," he said curtly, "had I known that you preferred the company of the stable boy I should not have forced mine upon you."

At this moment there was a sudden jerk of the cutter that nearly unseated them. The horse had plunged into a deep snowdrift and was floundering in an attempt to regain his footing. He recovered himself, gave one leap which freed him from the cutter, and with a snort disappeared into the darkness.

"Oh," gasped Daisy, "he has left me!" "Tom was himself in a moment. All his petty grievances were forgotten in his desire to make Daisy as comfortable as possible. The true manliness which had won him so many friends in spite of his egotism now asserted itself. Springing from the cutter, he spread one of the robes upon the snow, then held out his hand to Daisy.

"Let me help you out," he said cheerfully. "I am going to tip the cutter over to make a partial shelter against the storm."

"Must we stay here?" faltered Daisy. She was recalling stories she had read of people who had perished in blizzards, and was a little fearful of the consequences of her persistence.

"I can see no better way," replied Tom. "Even if we could walk in such a storm we should not know which way to turn. The horse will doubtless find his way home, and when the stable boy knows you are in danger!"

"Mr. Wainwright, can I help you turn the cutter over?" interrupted Daisy, who did not care to learn more about the stable boy.

"Thanks, no. I think I can manage it."

The sled was soon turned bottom up ward against the drift where it had stuck. Tom scooped snow from beneath it until he had succeeded in making a room large enough for two. The robes were spread down, and when he and Daisy had succeeded in crawling under the sled and had placed one of the robes against the opening to their den they were really quite comfortable. The wind piled the snow against them, making them still warmer, and they congratulated themselves on the coziness of their retreat. Notwithstanding the unpleasantness of their position they were far from being unhappy. Indeed Tom was more widely happy than he had ever been in all his life.

When the first faint blush of crimson appeared in the eastern sky, Calhoun and his guests started on an exploring expedition and had no sooner left the house than they caught sight of the overturned cutter.

Don't ask me for a detailed account of what followed; neither my pen nor my patience is equal to it. It began with tears and exclamations of joy and ended with happy laughter and merry jests. It is not unlikely that as long as they live Mr. and Mrs. Tom Wainwright will be teased about their experience in Mr. Calhoun's barnyard and their preference for a circular track when driving to a point five miles distant.

When Tom hears a bachelor friend wondering how he can manage to evade the matrimonial tax, he invariably says: "By getting married, my boy. A man is a fool to remain single when it will cost him no more to have a home of his own."

"And if it did cost more?" asks Daisy. "He would still be a fool," replies Tom.

THE END.

Children's letters are usually more amusing and characteristic than their compositions because the latter are apt to show more consciousness. Here is a fine specimen of a letter, published in Good Words:

"I am now going to tell you the horrible and wretched plague that my multiplication gives me you can't conceive it the most Devilish thing is 8 times 8 and 7 times 7 it is what nature itself can't endure. I am very glad that Satan has not given me boils and many other misfortunes. This is Saturday and I am very glad of it, because I have play half the day and I get money, too; but alas, I owe Isabella 4 pence for 1 Am fitted 2 pence whenever I like my m's. Isabella is teaching me to make some simple collars and notes of interrogations some commas &c. As this is Sunday I will meditate upon Sensible and Religious subjects. First I should be very thankful I am not a beggar."

And she believed him. She-I don't see why you will keep on paying 15 cents for cigars when you can get ones just as pretty for 5.

He-I know they are just as pretty, but those 5 cent ones are cigars that have soured. You wouldn't buy soured fruit just because it was cheaper, would you?—Indianapolis Journal.

A whole village of well-to-do Italians speaking English with an accent is one of the most astonishing things that Italy offers to the tourist. They are retired organ grinders who have acquired comfortable fortunes in various countries and have gone back to their beloved native land to live in affluence with their families in this strange little colony, which they have founded among these sweet Italian mountains.

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IN THE KING'S GARDEN.

"Oh, not for long, ah, not for long shall I be lingering in the garden of the king!" So they sang and presently sang the rose. "For my lady found me fair And will pluck me for her hair. And I shall go with her where she goes." "I care not, oh, I care not for the king or for the crown. Through the forest ever seen." Sang the primrose from the bed across the way. "For the post passed along And wore lace in a song. And I shall live forever in his lay." But the violet beside them only bent his head and smiled. For he knew a little child Had stolen to the corner where it grew. She had named him King of all And faintest, though so small. And crowned it with a kiss. But no one knew. —Abbie F. Brown in Youth's Companion.

The Passing of Philip II. Wearily and slowly the great procession passed onward from Madrid to the Escorial, the short distance of some 25 miles occupying no less than six days. Lying helpless in his litter, Philip II, the ruler of such a vast empire and the absolute master of so many millions of people, was being painfully carried to the immense structure—palace, tomb and church—which he himself had raised, and where he trusted that his remains might repose when he had shaken off mortality.

It was in June, 1598, almost ten years to a day from the first sailing of the armada from Lisbon, and now how changed the position! Still, indeed, was Philip king of Spain and Portugal, Naples and Sicily, duke of Milan, lord of the Philippines and Spice Islands, of territories in the Western Indies, and of the empire of Mexico. Peru, but on every side were indications of the insecurity of this vast state. The war against England had been a miserable failure, and the long contention with the Dutch provinces was every day becoming more disastrous for Spain, while the huge load of debt which Philip had incurred had sunk Spanish credit to the very lowest depth. The defeat of the boasted armada appears to have been the turning point in Spain's prosperity, and from 1583 the decline had steadily set in, and little by little the power of the once great monarchy was dwindling into nothingness, while ruin and bankruptcy stood like specters over the throne, for but two years before, in an edict complaining of the extortion of those from whom he had borrowed such enormous sums, the king had indignantly decreed that all payments of interest on the debts of his government were to cease. He canceled all his bonds and obligations and seized the revenues mortgaged for the payment of either principal or interest. And from that day his credit ceased.—Temple Bar.

The Colliers and Geordies. These coal carrying vessels, or "colliers," have played a very important part in English national development. For generations they formed the nursery of British seamen, and the "Geordies" of the coal brigades sailing out of the Tyne and Wear used to be accounted among the nimblest and boldest seamen afloat. There was not, perhaps, much "book learning" among them, and more of rule of thumb than of scientific navigation about the management of their vessels. But it need be an old saying, which, if not strictly true, meant a great deal, that an old north country collier skipper could find his way blindfolded from Tyne to Thames.

A splendid sight, which many living still remember, used to be witnessed at the month of the Tyne after a long spell of easterly winds which had kept the colliers imprisoned in port, when 200 or 300 vessels would spread their sails as they passed Tynemouth point on their way to the ports of the south.

These old collier brig were by no means so black as they were painted—at least after they got away from the "staircase," or pier, at which the dusky contents of the pit wagons were emptied into their yawning holds. They were trim and tart vessels for the most part, staunch and well found, as they needed to be to weather the winds and seas of the tempestuous German ocean at all seasons of the year.—All the Year Round.

It should be a pride to all Nebraskans to know that in this state there are only 31 persons in each thousand who are unable to read or write. In the matter of popular education Nebraska leads all other states in the union.

Pale, thin, bloodless people should see Dr. Sawyer's Uxaline. It is the greatest remedy in the world for making the weak strong. For sale by F. H. Longley.

Darn the gold mines, says the Culbertson Era. It each Nebraska county which claims to have found one had only discovered an artisan well instead every patriotic citizen would shout huzzans.

Dr. Sawyer: Dear Sir: Having used your Pax Pills, I can recommend them to the public. I have been attended by four different doctors, but one and a half boxes of your medicine has done me more good than all of them. Yours respectfully, Mrs. Maggie Johnson, Brewster, Branch County, Mich. Sold by F. H. Longley.

Frank Hilton's attorneys thought they had a trump when they demanded that the charges against Hilton for embezzlement should be made specifically, by items. To do that it would be necessary to have the books of the late oil inspector, which he has never turned over to his successor. But the court easily "squashed" that proposition.

When an official embezzles his books, as well as the cash that ought to be accounted for in them, almost any sort of indictment will be specific enough for the ends of justice.—Journal.

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Car Races and Bicycling.

A new rider with a new wheel is as airy and imaginative as the traditional boy with his first pair of trousers. One of the new rider's most laughable hallucinations is that by purchasing a wheel he has become economical instead of extravagant. It is customary to hear the new rider defend himself from the charges of extravagance in the purchase of a bicycle by the declaration that he will, by use of it, save in car fares alone more than the wheel's cost. Let no man delude himself with any such idea. Supposing it were possible for him to ride a bicycle to and from his work each of the 300 working days in the year—and such a supposition is away beyond the probabilities in the case—he would store up in carfare savings but \$30 per annum, at which rate it would take just three years and four months for him to garner the \$100 pile his wheel had cost him. Therefore such arguments are fallacious, and should at once and forever be abandoned.

Don't hide behind a subterfuge so weak as this carfare allegation. Be honest with yourself and the world. Say it right out, so all may hear you, that you have bought a wheel because you want to ride one, because of the pleasure it gives and the wider scope it gives you when an outing is possible. If that is not sufficient to silence those who criticize you, leave them to their ways and go yours, satisfied that your investment in a bicycle yields you never failing dividends of health and happiness.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Rest on the Wires of a Piano. The appearance of rust on the tuning pins and the steel wires of a piano is a sure indication that the piano has been exposed to moisture or dampness. The time of year or the age or quality of the piano has nothing to do with it, as rust may appear in a night. The fact that the room is heated by a stove just outside of it will probably account for the rust, as the chances are that after the usual cooling of a fire overnight its heating in the morning would be likely to cause condensation on the metal, and rust would immediately appear. Do not use oil or any greasy substance to remove it. It will probably not do any harm unless it causes the strings to break, in which case they will have to be replaced. Most pianos require tuning twice a year. The only important care to be given a piano is to keep it in an open, dry temperature.—Ladies' Home Journal.

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Proke Bros. of Schuyler turned

two old horses that had done valuable service into the pasture to enjoy their remaining days in peace, but vena vampires killed the beasts at night and carried off their skins. They will be prosecuted.

A farmer two miles north of Beatrice fed a horse on sorghum until it died and then he hauled it on to a slough, and left it there. Two months later he had occasion to go there and found in place of the carcass of the horse, a large lump of brown sugar. He relates this story himself and it must be true. It shows that the resources of Gage county are still but little understood or appreciated.—Beatrice Express.

STATE OF OHIO, CITY OF TOLEDO, Lucas County, ss. Frank J. Cheney makes oath that he is the senior partner of the firm of F. J. Cheney & Co., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid and that said firm will pay the sum of One Hundred Dollars for each and every case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by the use of Hall's Catarrh Cure.

Frank J. Cheney. Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence this 6th day of December, A. D. 1885.

A. W. GLEASON, Notary Public.

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Hier wird Deutsch gesprochen. CLAUDE WEINGAND, DEALER IN Coal Oil, Gasoline, Crude Petroleum and Coal Gas Tar.

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TAKEN UP On the 27th day of August, 1895, on my place on section 10, town 12, range 28, one sorrel mare about 4 years old, white streak in forehead bearing left eye, white on nose, small white spots on her back, hind legs white from knees down, weighs about 900 pounds, had on a halter when taken up. The owner is requested to call and prove property, pay charges and take her away, or it will be sold according to law. O. A. HART.

NOTICE OF SALE. In the matter of the estate of Benjamin E. Moore, deceased: NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, That in pursuance of an order of Wm. Scoville, Judge of the district court of Lincoln county, made on the 1st day of August, 1895, for the sale of the real estate heretofore described, there will be sold at the East front door of the courthouse in North Platte, Nebraska, on SATURDAY, the 23rd day of DECEMBER, 1895, at one o'clock p. m. of said day, at public vendue, to the highest bidder for cash, the following described real estate, to-wit: The west half of the southeast quarter of section 25, and the west half of the northeast quarter of section 25, in township 12 north, range 28 west. Said sale will remain open one hour.

Admin'ator of the estate of Benjamin E. Moore, deceased. By Grimes & Wilcox, his attorneys. N 131

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