It Is Well.

Yes, it is well! The evening shadows lengthen;
Home's golden gate shines on our ravished sight;
And though the tender ties we try to strengthen
Break one by one—at evening time 'tis light.

'Tis well! The way was often dull and weary;
The spirit fainted oft beneath its load;
No sunshine came from skies all gray and dreary,
And yet our feet were bound to tread that road.

'Tis well that not again our hearts shall shiver
Beneath old sorrows once so hard to bear;
That not again beside death's darksome river
Shall we deplore the good, the loved, the fair.

No more, with tears wrought from deep inner anguish,
Shall we bewail the dear hopes crushed and gone;
No more need we in doubt or fear to languish,
So far the day is past, the journey done.

As voyagers, by fierce winds beat and broken,
Come into port beneath the calmer sky;
So we, still bearing on our brows the token
Of tempest past, draw to our haven nigh.

As sweeter air comes from the shores immortal,
Inviting homeward at the day's decline,
Almost we see where from the open portal
Fair forms stand beckoning with their forms divine.

'Tis well! The earth with all her myriad voices
Has lost the power our senses to enthrall,
We hear, above the tumult and the noises,
Soft tones of music, like an angel's call.

'Tis well, O friends! We should not turn—retracing
The long, vain years, nor call our lost youth back;
Gladly, with spirits braced, the future facing,
We leave behind the dusty, footworn track.
—Chambers' Journal.

AT CROSS PURPOSES.

"Beautiful!" said Mr. Clever, ecstatically.

"Exquisite!" echoed Mrs. Clever, standing on tiptoe, to peep over her husband's shoulder.

"Who's the artist?" said Mr. Clever putting up his eye-glasses.

"Donnavetti, of Rome," responded some one who chanced to be nearer the sight-line than he himself was.

"And what is the subject?" demanded Mr. Clever, who, being a business man, was not quite posted in poetic lore. "A lady divinity?"

"Ophelia!" interposed Mrs. Clever, briskly.

"Oh!" said her husband, "from Shakspeare? 'King Lear,' ain't it?"

"Hamlet!" corrected Mrs. Clever.

"Oh, yes, 'Hamlet,'" nodded her husband. "I knew it must be in some of those comedies."

"It's a tragedy!"

"What's the difference? It's all one in the end. But really that picture's something different from the common. I wonder if I could get the artist to paint one for me like it?"

"Hardly," said a connoisseur, who was standing near.

"I don't mind expense," asserted Mr. Clever, loftily (which wasn't strictly true, for he did.)

"Yes, but unfortunately Donnavetti, of Rome, died twenty-odd years ago."

Mr. Clever's countenance fell.

"Oh!" said he, "I was rather struck by the picture—that's all."

"So was I," said Mrs. Clever; "such a sweet face—and the shadows on the water so perfect! And only look at the blue-flags and rushes along the shore."

"I think there are one or two engravings of it, yet extant," remarked Mr. Poulette, the connoisseur. "And a steel-engraving is next best to an oil-painting, you know."

"Any chromos?" said Mr. Clever, pricking up his ears.

"Chromos?" scornfully echoed old Poulette. "Of Donnavetti, of Rome?"

"Horrid!" chimed in Mrs Clever. "Why, I got a chromo yesterday with a trial pound of tea that I bought—a mere red-and-yellow daub. Nobody tolerates chromos nowadays."

So Mr. and Mr. Clever went home from Moidore Million's picture-gallery opened for a week to the public, to help along some limping charity—on artistic thoughts intent.

"I never saw Mr. Clever so interested in a picture," pondered the lady. "I'll surprise him with one of those engravings for our anniversary present, if it can be obtained. Although I didn't really fancy it."

"Maria was perfectly fascinated with that sprawling woman in the water," reflected Mr. Clever. "Tastes differ. Give me a good, red-hot battle-piece or a landscape with plenty of sunshine. But if money'll buy the 'Ophelia,' it shall be Maria's on the anniversary of our wedding-day."

Mr. Clever dealt in hides and leather on Spruce street—a lucrative business, although not an aristocratic one—and just around the corner an old Jewish picture-dealer lurked, like a human spider in his den. To Mr. Ezra Eliassen our hero hastened and explained his wishes.

"Yesh, yesh, I undershtand," nodded Mr. Eliasson. "Dere is one at Mentoni's, but it coshts—ah, mine faith, it coshts its weight in gold! It ish rare—very rare. And dere ish only one in de country."

"What would it cost?" asked Clever with his hands in his pockets and one foot tapping the fender.

"Sheventy-five dollarsh," said Mr. Eliassen, after a hurried calculation that the engraving might cost him twenty.

"Order it, then, and don't let a soul know who your order's for. Mum's the word."

"I undershtand, sir. I understhand."

Mrs. Clever made haste to her friend Mr. Poulett.

"Mr. Poulett," she said, "I must have that engraving—by What's-his-name, of Rome. I want to surprise my husband; but it must be a profound secret from him."

"It'll cost money," said Mr. Poulett, clicking his penknife against his teeth; for when he wasn't an art-critic for the newspapers he was paying-teller in an up-town bank.

"I don't care what it costs," said Mrs. Clever.

"Sixty dollars at least," said Mr. Poulett, whose conscience was less elastic than that of old Eliassen.

"Then let it be secured at once," said Mrs. Clever. "It will take the whole of my month's allowance, but the grocer and baker and other tradespeople will trust me, I know."

So Mr. Poulett wended, after banking hours, to Mentoni's.

"Can you get that proof of Donnavetti's 'Ophelia?'" said he.

"We had one," responded the clerk, "but it's just been ordered."

"Ordered!"

"Yes. By old Eliassen."

"How much did he give you?" questioned Poulett.

"Twenty dollars."

"Put him off, can't you? I'll give thirty."

"Well," said the clerk, dubiously stroking his chin, "I'll try and see what can be done; but Eliassen's a crusty fellow to deal with. I can write him a note, though, and say old Mentoni himself had sold the picture without my knowledge."

Eliassen trudged around that same evening in a rage and bade still higher, so that M. Mentoni's veracious clerk gravely informed Mr. Poulett that though sorry to disoblige a customer, they could not really resell a picture which had once been ordered. It was contrary to their principles.

"Come," said Poulett, "that's all talk! If I give you $40 for it—"

"Quite out of the question," said the clerk, who had been offered the same sum by Ezra Eliassen.

"Fifty, then. It's more than it's worth, but my friend rather fancies it."

The clerk stroked his chin again.

"Well—if it's a possible thing to import another in time for old Eliassen."

"How soon does he want it?"

"By the 3d of February, without fail."

"Very singular," said Mr. Poulette. "My customer named the same day. I say, Jackington, I must have it at any price. Come! I'll give you seventy-five down for the picture, possession to be given at once."

And Mr. Jackington closed the bargain. The picture, neatly packed, was delivered to Mr. Poulett, who immediately informed his fair client that the "Ophelia" could not be bought for less than a hundred.

"A hundred dollars? Oh my!" said Mrs. Clever. "A hundred dollars—for a mere engraving."

"But such an engraving, ma'am," bowed Mr. Poulett. "One of the finest specimens of art in the country. It will be a gem, a perfect gem."

"Well," said Mrs. Clever, recklessly, "I'll take it. Not that I should ever care to look at it twice—but it's Clever's taste."

Old Ezra Eliassen shook his head and Mr. Clever came around the next day to see if he had purchased the "Ophelia."

"Mentoni's copy is sold," said he; "for a hundred dollars!"

"Sold! Oh, hang it," bawled Clever. "But there's one thing, whoever paid a hundred dollars for that thing was a full-sized fool."

"I could import one like it for the same money," said Eliassen, watching his customer's face.

"Could you, though? By the 3d of February?"

"I guessh sho!"

"Import it, then! I'll not be balked," said Mr. Clever, bringing his clenched hand down on the rail of old Eliassen's desk. "It's more than I can afford and three times what the thing is worth, but Maria likes it, and Maria shall be suited for once in life. But mind, it must be on the spot by the 3d of February, or not a red cent do you get!"

"There shall be no mistake," nodded Ezra Eliassen.

The 3d of February came; and Mrs. Clever radiantly awaited her husband's appearance in the breakfast-room, with a brown paper package all twined and sealed on the table. Enters Mr. Clever with a ditto package under his arm.

"Dearest," said Maria, "This is the tenth anniversary of our bridal day. Accept this memento of love."

And she gave him brown paper parcel No. 1.

"Hello!" said Mr. Clever. "And I've got something for you, Maria," handing her brown paper parcel No. 2.

"Oh, a thousand thanks!" sighed Maria.

"Much obliged, I'm sure," said Mr. Clever. And they both went to work with scissors and penknife at the twine and paper. And out of both wrappings emerged—the same fair, floating "Ophelia," in the same "glassy stream," with the same blue-flags blossoming along its edge.

Mr. and Mrs. Clever looked at each and then at the "Ophelias."

"I meant to surprise you, love," gasped Mrs. Clever. "And "you've thought of the very same thing. How kind of you!"

"By Jove, I am surprised!" said Mr. Clever, blankly. "Two of 'em! And each one uglier than the other!"

Mrs. Clever began to cry. Mr. Clever put his hands in his pockets and whistled. And just then in bustled Uncle Chipley, who always breakfasts with them on their anniversary day.

"Hallo!" said Uncle Chipley, who was rather a dabster at the fine arts. "Donnavetti's Ophelia,' eh? But you've got two of 'em. A bargain, eh? Or at auction?"

"I gave a hundred dollars for mine," whispered Mrs. Clever.

"And I gave a hundred for mine!" exclaimed her husband, dragging savagely at his mustache.

"Then you were both great fools," mildly remarked Uncle Chipley. "I saw half a shop full of 'em in Paris, when I was over there last, for $10 apiece, American money! They're a regular drug in the market over there!"

"Of course, I appreciate the attention, Maria, and all that sort of thing," began Mr. Clever, "but I don't want this gushy thing on my walls!"

"And I'm sure it would give me the nightmare to have that drowning face in any room," retorted Maria, crisply.

And if any one wants a proof engraving of Donnavetti's "Ophelia," he may find two of them at the establishment of Ezra Eliassen, who bought them of the Clevers for $5 apiece, and is prepared to sell them for whatever he can get.—*N. Y. Ledger.*

Historical Treatment of Heresy.

Sitanchin—"To hear people talk you would think there was something new about trying preachers for heresy."

Herdso—"Has it been long a custom?"

Sitanchin—"Why, they used to tie 'em to a stake and fry the heresy right out of em."—*N. Y. Sun.*

New York Folly.

A gentleman who conducts a heraldic establishment in the neighborhood of University place tells me that there is a marked change in his business. "Formerly," he said, "the craze was to be connected with the British aristocracy. My volumes of Burke and Debrett were black with researches. To-day they are almost untouched. The mania is for colonial times."

"Are there many families," I asked, "that survive from colonial times?"

"Hardly any in the north," he replied. "And you may safely set down the Association of Colonial Dames as a humbug. The real colonial dames are almost poor enough to beg in the streets."

"Who, then," said I, amazed, "are the persons parading as colonial dames?"

"Nobodies," said he. "I create them in this office. I connect them distinctly—it is astounding how many distant connections a family can be made to have—with the Livingstones or some of the older houses. Furnish a woman with a pedigree and she is happier than with a dozen new bonnets."

"But what do the husbands say?" I protested.

"Oh," he replied, "the husbands don't care. They are content to go to the club while their wives compare pedigrees at home. There is money in a business like mine."—*Truth.*

Quite a Noticeable Difference.

"Do the men treat you any differently since you have been promoted?" asked his friend.

"Yes; a little."

"More respectful to you, I suppose?"

"Ye-es, but that's not the most noticeable thing."

"Don't grumble when you ask them to do anything, perhaps?"

"Not so much as they used to; but that isn't the greatest difference."

"Well, then, what is?"

"Why, they always laugh now when I tell a funny story."

"Really?"

"O yes; and they seem interested when I talk of the bright things my children say and do."

The friend gave a dubious shake of his head.

"Don't you let Blaine hear of that," he said.

"James G. Blaine?" asked the other in surprise.

"Certainly."

"Why not?"

"He'll be offering them foreign missions. You have an office full of diplomats."—*Chicago Tribune.*

Why He Did It.

A short time ago, as I was crossing Market street, near Twenty-second street, a boy not over ten years old, who had been walking just before me, ran into the street and picked up a broken glass pitcher. I supposed he intended the pieces as missiles since the desire to throw something seems instinct in every boy. Consequently I was much surprised when he tossed the pieces into a vacant lot at the corner and walked quietly on. As he passed me, whistling, I said:

"Why did you pick up that pitcher?"

"I was afraid it might cut some horse's foot," he replied.

My next question was a natural one: "Are you a Band of Mercy boy?"

He smiled as he said: "Oh, yes; that's why I did it."

The bands of mercy were drawn very closely around the dear little fellow's heart, I am sure.—*School and Home.*

History Repeats Itself.

"H'm," muttered the tramp, as he surveyed his one remaining cent in a loving way, "I reckon me an' ole man Gladstone has one thing in common anyway."

"And what's that?" asked Wily Walt.

"We both grow shorter as we grow older."—*St. Joseph Daily News.*

In Ireland Denis Kooeobee died possessed of forty-eight children, 250 grandchildren, and 944 great-grandchildren. He had been married seven times.

YOUR DAUGHTER.

If You Don't Know What to Teach Her, Read This.

Teach her that not only must she love her father and mother, but honor them in word and deed, says the *Ladies' Home Journal.*

That work is worthy always when it is well done.

That the value of money is just the good it will do in life, but that she ought to know and appreciate this value.

That the man who wishes to marry her is the one who tells her so and is willing to work for her, and not the one who whispers silly love speeches and forgets that men cease to be men when they have no object in life.

That her best confidant is always her mother, and that no one sympathizes with her in her pleasures and joys as you do.

That unless she shows courtesy to others she need never expect it from them, and that the best answer to rudeness is being blind to it.

That when God made her body He intended that it should be clothed properly and modestly, and when she neglected herself she is insulting Him who made her.

Teach her to think well before she says no or yes, but to mean it when she does.

Teach her that her own room is her nest, and that to make it sweet and attractive is a duty as well as a pleasure.

Teach her that if she can sing or read or draw, or give pleasure in any way by her accomplishments, she is selfish and unkind if she does not do this gladly.

Teach her to be a woman—self-respecting, honest, loving and kind, and then you will have a daughter who will be a pleasure to you always, and whose days will be long and joyous in the land which the Lord hath given her.

Taken Up.

Taken up at my farm 2½ miles south of Plattsmouth, Wednesday February 3rd, one yearling heifer calf and one yearling steer calf, both red marked with tip of left ear cut off and "V" cut on under side. Party may have same by paying for advertisement and proving ownership. BEN F. HORNING.

Bucklen's Arnica Salve.

THE BEST SALVE in the world for Cuts Bruises, Sores, Ulcers, Salt Rheum, Fever Sores, Tetter, Chapped Hands, Chilblains, Corns, and all Skin Eruptions, and positively cures Piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give satisfaction, or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. For sale by F. G. Fricke

January is gone, yet some papers are still publishing those lists of marriageable young men.

Do not confuse the famous Blush of Roses with the many worthless paints, powders, creams and bleaches which are flooding the market. Get the genuine of your druggist, O. H. Snyder, 75 cents per bottle, and I guarantee it will remove your pimples, freckles, blackheads, moth, tan and sunburn, and give you a lovely complexion. 1

Electric Bitters.

This remedy is becoming so well and so popular as to need no special mention. All who have used Electric Bitters sing the same song of praise.—A purer medicine does not exist and it is guaranteed to do all that is claimed. Electric Bitters will cure all diseases of the liver and kidneys, will remove pimples, boils, salt rheum and other affections caused by impure blood.—Will drive malaria from the system and prevent as well as cure all malarial fevers.—For cure of headache, constipation and indigestion try Electric Bitters.—Entire satisfaction guaranteed, or money refunded.—Price 50c and $1 per bottle at F. G. Fricke & Co's drugstore. 5

Church Howe has $100,000 invested in his Nemaha county stock farm and has 125 head of trotting horses.

A Fatal Mistake.

Physicians make no more fatal mistake than when they inform patients that nervous heart troubles come from the stomach and are of little consequence. Dr. Franklin Miles, the noted Indiana specialist, has proven the contrary in his new book on "Heart Disease" which may be had free of F. G. Fricke & Co., who guarantee and recommend Dr. Miles' unequalled new Heart Cure, which has the largest sale of any heart remedy in the world. It cures nervous and organic heart disease, short breath, fluttering, pain or tenderness in the side, arm or shoulder, irregular pulse, fainting, smothering, dropsy, etc. His Restorative Nervine cures headache, fits, etc.

It Should be in Every House.

J. B. Wilson, 371 Clay St., Sharpsburg, Pa., says he will not be without Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, Coughs and Colds that it cured his wife who was threatened with Pneumonia after an attack of "La Grippe," when various other remedies and several physicians had done her no good Robert Barber, of Cocksport, Pa. claims Dr. King's New Discovery has done him more good than any thing he ever used for Lung Trouble. Nothing like it. Try it Free trial bottles at F. G. Fricke & Co's drugstore. Large bottle, 50c and $1.00.

The girl's industrial school building at Geneva is well along toward completion, and is said to be admirably arrangek for its purpose.

A Mystery Explained.

The papers contain frequent notices of rich, pretty and educated girls eloping with negroes, tramps and coachmen. The well-known specialist, Dr. Franklin Miles, says all such girls are more or less hysterical, nervous, very impulsive, unbalanced; usually subject to neadache, neuralgia, sleeplessness, immoderate crying or laughing. These show a weak, nervous system for which there is no remedy equal to Restorative Nervine. Trial bottles and a fine book, containing many marvelous cures, free at F. G. Fricke & Co's., who also sell and guarantee Dr. Miles' celebrated New Heart Cure, the finest of heart tonics. Cures fluttering, short breath, etc.

Cough Following the Grip

Many person, who have recovered from la grippe are now troubled with a persistent cough. Chamberlain's cough remedy will promptly loosen this cough and relieve the lungs, effecting a permanent cure in a very short time. 25 and 50 cent bottle for sale by F. G. Fricke & Co.

The principal of the Ulysses schools has been arrested on the charge of unmetcifully beating his pupils.

Startling Facts.

The American people are rapidly becoming a rase of nervous wrecks and the following suggests, the best remedy: alphouso Humpfling, of Butler, Penn, swears that when his son was spechless from st. Vitus Dance Dr Miles great Restorative Nerving cured him. Mrs. J. L. Miller of Valprai and. J. D. Taolnr, of Logansport, Ind each gained 20 pounds if an taking it. Mrs. H. A. Gardner, of Vastulr Ind. was cured of 40 to 50 convulsions easy and much aeadach, dizzness, bockach and nervous prostiation by one bottle. Trial bottle and fine boek of Nervous cures free at F. G. Fricke, & Co., who recomends this unequailed remedy.

Ely's Cream Balm is especially adapted as a remeby for catarrh which is aggravated by alkaline ust and dry winds.—W. A. Hover Druggist, Denver.