THE SONG FORGOTTEN

reset McCaffeen in Chicago Inter-Occare cert the way me clubber atts, type control of the c

bloves, And I do not bear the song.

Why need of song or vibrant sound!
Why life and death on the stage of time
As the ancient cycles roll around,
Slin at last into pantomine;
Beyond the world is the formless thought,
The dream-veil over the poet's lines,
And the most significant language taught
Is that commoned of signs.

Over the way my noighbor now Sweeps from her instrument light refrains. The strong winds whiste and leauches bow, Till dry twigs creak on the window panes, I see her lips as they crose and part, And I exich a gleam of the shining strings, And an echo reaches my longing neart, Hut not of the song she sings.

Into the science that echo dies,
Faint spirit-tones of a song unheard.
Yet out of the years may sometimes rise
The self-same tone and the self-same

word:
And I may hear in the dun to be
Its music sweet as I drift along,
And there by the mystic, far off sea
Find my forgotten son.

MY JOURNEY TO TEXAS.

English Illustrated Magnaine: "Four LINCOLN, SANTANA, VRGAS COUNTY; Tex., April 2, 1870.—Dear Elsie: I ventured to suggest a year ago to our respected sister, Lavinia, that it would do you no harm, and some others a great deal of good, if you spent a summer with me. You remember the answer? You were delicate, Texas was the land of chills and I was not a fit person to be guardian of so irresponsible a subject as my small but obstreperous sister. What you wished did not appear until it was too late so my plans were rathlessly crushed and Lavinia triumphed. This time I write to you, not Lavinia. You are nineteen, my dear, and if an American woman is ever going to have her own way she begins at nineteen. Will you come at once? The wife wants you, I want you, and as for the boy, to see Aunt Elsie is the dearest wish of his heart. I do not expect a favorable reply. I have too much respect for the power of Lavinia's will and authority. Yet this letter shall go. Your loving brother, "Addison Wynne. "P. S.—If you can defy the powers that be, write at once, so that I may meet you at Santana. The cars will carry you there. I will come as far as Hobart Junction if I can. Are you afraid of the journey? A. W."

Would I go? Of course! would. Did the foolish boy think there was only one will in the family? The dear old fellow: if he really wanted his uscless, frivolous-minded little sister he should certainly have her. Lavinia was shocked at the idea, of course, but it was of no use. I said I must go, and I went. I sont word, as I was told, the next day, and two weeks aiter I was rolling out of Chicago in a sleeper of the Chicago. Burlington & Quincy railway, speeding westwards, fairly embarked upon a journey of five days and five nights on the care, and a thirty mile derve after that.

It was a long journey to take aione, but there was no one to go with me, and I was not a child, and had an average allowance of wits, and felt sure I should make friends on the way.

How I was watched, and cared for and waited upon by the railw

In the all southers were such as the properties of the property about. Nevertheless, when Househ the track was used to make the place of the properties of t

with the chill air. The dawn was at hand, and slipped out of the train and walked briskly up and down to warm myself, and by the time the wants of the engine were satisfied the sun was rising, and I began to recover my suirits.

rising, and I began to recover my spirits.

The car looked much shabbler by daylight than it had done before, but I cared little for that, for we were forty miles on our way, Santana would be reached in another hour and my troubles be over.

I tried to take interest in the appearance of the country, but it looked very uninteresting, and not a bit romantle. Only a dull extent of brown grass on either hand, stretching endlessly into space. The prairie, I was told. Where the antelopes rove, and buffalo may still be seen, with a strong telescope!

At last a short bluff whistle from the engine like the bark of seme glant dog, a movement among the passengers, and a jarring sensation beneath my feet. The goal of my desire was not far of. Now the door of the car was opened wide, and the conductor, who had kept away from me all the joursey, came in from the baggange van to take tickets. Mine was the best! He examined it with unnecessary deliberation, and then delivered himself of the following ominous remnet:

"Now, say! why didn't ye write the

ominous remark:
"Now, say! why didn't ye write the
colonel that yew were comin."
The familiarity of this address would
have disgusted me at any ordinary
time, but now I only began to feel mis-

time, but now I only began to feel mis-erably anxious.
"I did write," I replied breathlessly.
"He will be at the station to meet me."
"He aid."

The rejoinder came as sharply as the ping of an arrow. I jumped up with a lump in my throat and looked out of the window.

The train, but staymed and most of

lump in my throat and looked out of the window.

The train had stopped and most of the passengers were leaving it. There was no station or depot here: only a rough platform on one side of the line with "Santana" painted in tipsy black letters on the rail, and a solitary loghouse a few yards away, with "Postoffice in white letters on the door. Yet this was undoubtedly my destination, and the conductor was right. Addison had not come. There was several rough, red-faced creatures lounging on the platform, wearing broad-brimmed hats, great riding boots and prominent spurs; there were our passengers disappearing one by one into the log house in scarch of breakfast, but there was no Colonel Wynne. What could have happened? I turned from the window with a gray, and met the eyes of the conductor looking down upon me with the grimmest expression I had ever seen.

"Well?" he said with an exasperat-

of the conductor looking down upon me with the grimmest expression I had ever seen.

"Well?" he said with an exasperating interrogatory inflection on that expressive word.

"He cannot have received my letter, I observed hurriedly, striving to keep my vote clear and steady, while the lump is my throat grew and grew, and I wanted to cry very badly indeed. To avert any catastrophe, I suggested that my belongings should be removed from the train. The conductor instantly became brisk and helpful, and we were soon passing by the red-faced men, who drew back to give us room, and stared with great round, stupid eyes, as if they had never seen a girl in a gray ulster before. We went straight to the post-office, and were met by the postmaster before we reached the door. He was a tall, dark man, with only one eye; a dreadfully ugly man, with a very dirty facesand still dirtier hands—a wicked-looking man. I thought. The conductor greeted him as if they were old accurations.

freeand still dirtier hands—a wickedlooking man. I thought. The conductor greeted him as if they were old
acquaintances.

"Secu Colonel Wynne lately, Hank?"

"A week ago—came for his mail."

"This is his sister."

Mr. Hank noddod, as if he were already aware of the fact, and staced very
hard at me with his one eye.

"Is—is my brother here." I ventured
to ask, just for something to say.

"He's at the fort, Miss."

"And how far off is that?"

"Thirty miles—bee line."

My heart began to beat at a very uncomfortable rate. A horrible state of
things!

comformation things!
"Would you kindly advise me what to do?"
"Breakfast," struck in the conductor decidedly. "You've eat nothing for ten

eyes, rather dull and expressionless, very high check bones and thick lips. An ugly man yet quiet and modest in manner and speech, with a soft, well-modulated voice. He was inclined to be bald, stooped in his gait, and seemed a rather stupid and altogether insignificant kind of a person. A "doctor of medicine," he called himself, and mided with some dignity that he was a "friend of Colonel Wynne,"."

It rusted him. His quiet voice was a relief after the harsh speech by Mr. Wybrow, and my one object in tile just then was to get away from those horrible staring eyes. In less than an hone I was by his side, joiting along the Fort Lincoln road, behind a stout team of mules.

bie staring eyes. In less than an bour I was by his side, joiting along the Fort Lincoln road, behind a stout team of mules.

I cannot remember now how far we went before I began to feel nervous and uncomfortable. I know that it was a long way: for I remember congratulating myself upon having left Santana, because my companion told me that the late postmaster had been mudered by cowboys a week or two ago—this was toubtless how my letter miscarried—and that the station was known to be one of the worst haunts for roades in the country. But the time came at length when he fell quite silent, and I then found that whenever I tuened my head to view the prairie about us, his eyes rested upon my face. O, how terrible it was! I edged away from him to the farthest corner of the seat, and felt more and more helpless and unnerved every moment. The suspense did not last long. When he perceived my fears he boldly raised his eyes and looked at me with a smile of the most horrible kind. Then he laughed softly, a dry, hard laugh. I tried to speak mow, but my throat was dry and parched, and my tongue seemed partlyzed. He laughed again, louder, and stooping quickly, pulled up the miles with a jerk. I knew what was coming know, and before he could touch me sprang from the wagon. He followed me with the swift, silent movement of a snake, and as I turned to meet him, for I could not run, he laughed for the third time. The sound roused me. I tried to seize his his throat with both hands. I left that I could kill him for that laugh. But, on't the weakness of a woman! Why are we not as strong as men? He caught my wrists in his hard, brown lingars; my arms were forced back, now-riess and helpless as if held in iron bands. I screamed now in good earnest, and struggled against him with all my strength and soul, and all the time I felt his grip grow tighter and dighter—his muscles were of steel. Suddenly he relaxed his hold and stood still, and his flushed face became colorless and livid, as If I had accomplished my desire and

his muscless were of steel. Suddenly he relaxed his hold and stood still, and his flushed face became colorless and livid, as if I had accomplished my desire and he was dying. Then he let me go, starting from me as if I were some poleonous thing; and, dropping on his knees, he bent his head to the ground and listened. When he rose to his feet a moment later he creled and staggered like a drunken man, looking at me wildly with the expression of some hunted beast of prey. I stared nt him dumfounded for a moment, feeling very giddy and sick; and then I knew what he had heard. We were in a hollow, between two rolls of prairie, and could not see far on either side, but sound carries a long way in this country, and even my unaccustomed cars now caught a low rumbling thunder, becoming louder every instant—the flying hools of galloning horses, it came from behind; some one had followed us. Whoever it might be, the wretened man who had betrayed his trust was likely to get short shrift. He knew it well, and now threw hims! fon his knees at my feet, muttering, in a hearse whisper:

"Como back to the wagon. They'll murder me in cold blood else, before your eyes. I swear I was only fooling. I had not a wrong thought in my heart. Save me, save me!"

I was willing to do that, much as I loathed the creature, for he had not hurt me; but I could not go back to the wagon. I began to feel very faint and quoer; the sensation of safety, after the herrible tension a minute ago, was a severe enection, and almost toe much for me. The poor wretch saw this, and his muttered supplication rose to a bitter or

"They are cowboys; they've heard your call. They'll tear me to pieces if you drop. Don't! Oh, my God! my God!"

Waifs from the World of Wit and

WHY SHE REMEMBERED ALBANI.

Se asonable Hints for Church Fairs -Mrs. Mackay s Profine Parrot -Germans Duln't Count.

Hesten Courter.
The winds are blowing.
The Astumn's going.
And hashed in the greve is the scor bird's

And life is weary
And the world is dreary
To the man who's without an overcoat.

To the man who's without an overcoat

A Woman's Memory.

You never can tell what will fix itself in a woman's memory, but most of the time she remembers only what she wears, says a writer in the San Francisso Chronicle. I called at the house the other evening where several Indies happened to be calling too, and the conversation turned on opera. Somebody said something about Mme. Albani. "I'm so sorry." said one halp, "I did not hear Albani sing." "Yes, you did," said another. "No. I couldn't go, and I was quite broken hearted. "Indeed, you aid hear her, because I was there the same night, and I saw you sitting in the dress circle, and you had on that pretty little hat with the pink feathear." "Oh!—so I did. I remember now. Certainty I heard Albani."

The Elder Was Marc Cautions

The Elder Was More Cautions
Lewiston Journal: It was Elder Buzsell who called on a worthy deacon to
open a mesting with prayor, and was
surprised when the good man begas his
petition with: "O, thou great, insignificant God."
"Omnipotent brother; you mean omnipotent God."
"Onnipotent brother; you mean omnipotent God."
"Auh!" ejaculated the surprised surpileant, "What's that you say?"
The preacher repeated the correction,
whereupon the deacon continued his
prayor to a great length, and concluded
as sollows:
"Finally, Lord, bless our eddicated
parson. Stuff him with religion as well
as with words, break him of the habit of
fault-findin", if possible, and at the
leventh hour gather him with the
saints in Thy Riogdom."
Elder Buzzell, who was fond of telling
the story, always ended, by declaring
that it was the first and last attempt in The Elder Was More Cautio is

the story, always ended, by declaring that it was the first and last attempt at correcting the speech of his brethren.

Hints to Churc . F .irs.

Hints to Churce .F ers.
Detroit Free Press: Take nine reasonable sized systems—not too large—to each ave gallons of water, and tie them up carefully in a cloth.

If the fair is to containe only three days, cheese cloth will do; but if it holds a week and a large attendance is expected, it is better to use a good heavy quality of duck, so that the bivaives shall not lose their entire flavor the first few evenings.

valves shall not lose their entire flavor the first few evenings.

The most satisfactory financial results have been obtained from the above, and there is a local legrent, pretty well au-thenticated, which relates that a youth once mymared in an awe-stricken whiseer, after he had tasted such a mixture: "I think I detect a flavor of oyster!"!

Mrs. Mackay's Parrot.

At Mrs. Mackay's window in Buckinghum Palace gate is a wonderful green parrot, which attracts hundreds of people every day to hear him talk, says the Sheffield (Eng.) Telegraph.

The crowd on Sunday was so great that the noliceman had to request the people to "move on." "Move on," choes the parrot to the intense delight of the mob. "Irolly, what is o'clock," asked a man. The parrot, pretending to look at the clock, eried out in answer: "Half past 5," and he was right.

Asked how his missus was: "Come over soot, all right," replied the marvelous bird. "How old are you, Polly?" "Don't know, how old are?" was the answer, "which, of course, provoked great merriment, in which the parrot joined.

Asked what day of the wook it was,

Joined.

Asked what day of the week it was, the wretch hopped about, screaming: "Sunday. Go to prayers. Oris pronobis. Damn it," and fell into a paroxysm of laughter which was quite con-

Beware of frauds. Red Cross Cough Drops will cure yaur cold. RELIGIOUS.

The second national Sabbath convention, inder the auspices of the American Sabbath inton, will be held in New York city, De-tember 19 and 11.

union, will be held in New York city, December 19 and 11.

A buddhist temple at Kiote, Japan, has
been in course of crotion for the past cieves
years and cannot be finished for sir years
more. Its cost will be \$10,000,000.

The Northern Presbyterian church resports
\$53,148 communicants, the Southern 101,742,
and the Cumberiend \$60,185. The three
churches have respectively 241,008 and 119
presbyteries.

It is said that the Torks, whose religion
prohibits the use of alcelfolic drinks of any
kind, are greatly acandialized by the binor
salones that have been opened in many parts
of Turkey by the Circuitans.

There are 2,340 Catholic priests with 1,333,
455 Catholic population in England, and 329
pricess with 325,644 Catholic population in
\$505,857 Catholic population.

In Winning there are 2,000 Icelanders and a Probhyterian mission has been established among them, but no church as yet. They are led by a converted leclander, and have an Icelandic hymn book and two Icelandic flews-papers.

Icelandic hymn book and two-Icelaudic fiewspapers.

Dr. W. J. R. Taylor, formerly one of the
secretaries of the Amorican blule society,
and more recently pastor of the Clinton
avenue Reformed church, Newaris, N. J.,
has been elected corresponding secretary of
the American Subbath union.

In England, where it is quite common for
ministers to advertise for churches, a young
minister recently inserted the following advertisement in a newspaper: "Cultured,
ournest, Godly young man desires a pastorate. Vivid preacher, musical vivio, brilliant
organizer. Pail and of good appearance,
islameloss info. Very highest references
Reloved by all."

Robert P. Porter, supprintendent of the

Biameioss 410. Very highest references. Bleaved by all."

Robert P. Porter, superiptendent of the census, has addressed a circular to the religious press of the country innouncing that he has "detormined to include church statatics in the special mejories to be made for the eleventh census," and that be desires to obtain the fullest and most accurate results possible in this special gebartnest "as to the numerical strength of the various religious denominations in the United States." This information will be arranged under five heads, as follows: (1) organizations or societies; (2) church edifices; (3) scatting capacity; (4) value of church property; (5) comminments. Br. D. K. Carrell of the New York Independent has been put in charge of this particular department.







HELLO, THERE

Have You Seen the Grand Holiday DISPLAY

99c STORE

AT THE

1209 Farnam St.



ALBUMS

In all styles of binding, from 25c to \$8.90. Special leaders not to be found in any



Toilet Cases,

From 50c per set to \$14.85, Handsome, novel, new. See them before buying.



TOYS.

Of every description including every imaginable style of doll, dressed and undressed, bisque, washable, undistructible and rubber.

Toys in wood, iron, tin, etc. No old stock, everything new, at prices that are sure to please you.

veryone should see this elegant array of Christmas Gifts. Remember we have the right article at the right price.

SANTA CLAUS' HOME.

The 99c Store 1209 Farnam St.

W. W. W. STANDS FOR What We Wish

To desire the confidence of the Dear Public, to preserve our own self respect, and to subsure mutual interest by rons, the best material made up in the best styles by the



DRS. BETTS & BETTS

1408 FARNAM STREET, OMARIA, NRS.



alists in Chronic, Nervous, Skin and Blood Dic-

Blood and Skin Diseases Sypuths, a disease Blood and Skin Diseases monterchind in the

To Young Min and Middle-Ared Men.

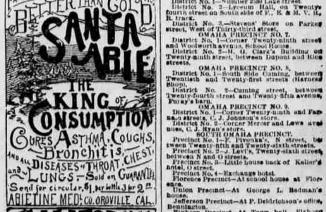
marriage.

MARRIAGE MEN, or those entering on that happy
life aware of physicial debuilt, quickly systemd,

OUR SUCCESS.

CALIFORNIA DISCOVERIES.

DRS. BETTS & BETTS.





SANTA : ABIE : AND : CAT: R: CURE Dr. J. E. McGREW
The Well & nown Specialist,
is an urpassed in the treatment of all forms of Par-



CONSULTATION PREE, Office H. Omaha, Nebraska.

est thereon. the board of directors Nebraska.
Thy order of the board of directors Nebraska.
Carral hallway commany.
The context of the board of the

proposition of the terms of such proposition be first submitted to the regal voters of soid county and adopted by them according to law. Now, therefore, a special selection of the legal voters of bouglas county, Nobraska, will be had one voters of boundar county, Nebraska, will be held on held on THESDAY, THE THIRD DAY OF DECEMBER with election the following questions stall be submitted to said voters and voted upon in the form and manner and at the polling places and the county of boardar, Nebraska, James Small file sounty of boardar, Nebraska, James

Streets, No. 1—E. W. corner Tenth and Jones District. No. 3—Number HIT South Sixth Street, Vincy's barber shop.
District No. 3—S. E. corner Eleventh and Dog. Cas streets, engine house.
CMAHA PERCINCT NO. 2. District No. 1—Number 143: South Sixteenth street.
District No. 3—Number 145: South Sixteenth street.
OMAHA PHECINCT. No. 3.

atreet. ON AHA PHECIN T NO. 3.
District No. 1—Number 10% Bayesport street.
District No. 3—Number 10% Bayesport street.
District No. 3—Number 10% Bayesport street.
OM AHA PHECINGT NO. 4.
District No. 3—Number, 1715 St. Mary's avec

District No. 3—Number_sit? St. Mary's avec nue.

OMAHA PRECINCT NO. 5.

District No. 1—Number 50; North Sixteenth St. 1—Number 50; North Sixteenth St. 1—Number 50; North Sixteenth Instrict No. 2—Corney Izani and Sixteenth St. 1—Number 1988 Lake Street District No. 1—Number 1988 Lake Street District No. 3—Lyceum Hall, on Twenty-burn street on Scotla dide of F. K. & M. V. H. District No. 3.—Lyceum Store on Parket Street, West of Thirty-third street,

OMAHA PRECINCT NO. 7.

District No. 1—Corner Twenty-high street on Maha PRECINCT NO. 7.

District No. 1—Corner Twenty-high street on Maha PRECINCT NO. 7.

Twenty-amin street, between Dupon and dices streets.

OMAHA PRECINCT NO. 5. omana PRECINCT NO. 8,
District No. 1 South Side Cuming, between
Twentieth and Twenty-first streets districts

Forence Precinct—At George L. Bedman's Bouse, Trecinct—At P. Deldrichson's office, Benniarion. Eithorn Precinct—At Town hall. Eithorn City. City Valley Precinct-At school house at Valley station, waterloo Precinct—At Maxonic hall building. Chicago Pre-inct—At Van Ait's office. Millard Precinct—At school house at Millard

Millard Precinct—At school house at shool house.
McArdis Precinct—At McArdis's school house.
Dongias Precinct—At Henry Ruser's place,
I. W. qi., section in township it, range it.
West Umsha—At school house, district No. 2.
By order of the buser of county communications,
texail & B. B. ROUHE, County Clerk.





