

"Have you quite forgotten our talk that night among the palms in the corner," he went on, softly and slowly moving closer to the girl, "the talk that I had tried to have for weeks, when I told you of a promise that had once been made me by a small girl with a snub nose, who wore a pinafore and had a very dirty face? I think you remembered it. Though the girl was no longer small—in years, at least—she will never be big, and her nose is no longer a snub, it is deliciously tip-tilted! She doesn't wear a pinafore now, and her face is most charmingly clean, but she is not so nice as in the old days—then she"—

"Where can those children be?" exclaimed Rosalind, springing to her feet and looking nervously about her. As if in answer to her question came a shout through the bushes, and it was followed by a tall, handsome young man, whose nose and dimples at once proclaimed him "Brother Tom."

"Hello, Dedham!" he cried cheerfully, running his finger through a moist mop of curly hair. "Then Rosy is all right; I thought"—

"Why, Tom," said Rosalind, wonderingly, "do you remember Mr. Dedham? You were such a little boy!"

"Last week, and this? Very small, of course, but still by making an effort I can dimly recall"—

"How long have you been here, Mr. Dedham?" asked Rose, severly.

"About ten days. Tom, have you any idea where the children—I should say sheep, have strayed to?"

"Sheep?"

"Your sister Bo peep's eight tender lambs; she has been wildly looking for them for the last half hour. She comforted them with green apples and then she turned them adrift. She is very tired. It is late. Suppose that you"—

"I am not tired at all," cried Rosalind, "and I have been interrupting you shamefully. He was working with might and main when I came across him. Let us leave him to his paint brushes again and hunt for the children; that they are missing is the only true word he has spoken. Goodby, Mr. Dedham. Possibly we may see you before you leave."

"Possibly—indeed, I should say probably—you will see me several times," returned Dedham, gathering up his traps and closing his easel, "and I am going with you now, Miss Rosalind. May I trouble you to put your finger on this string for me?—no, Tom's finger is too big, he being taller than you. Go on Tom, we will overtake you in a minute." But Rosalind, though she placed one small finger reluctantly on the string slipped her other hand through her brother's arm and held him fast. Mr. Dedham smiled under his mustache, Tom more broadly, but Rosy looked into neither face. Then the three wended their way leisurely through the tangle of bushes, chatting as they went, and once in a while shouting aloud to attract the attention of any child who might happen to be within reach of voices.

After a time the search so carelessly begun resolved itself into a real one. Rosalind forgot to cling to her brother. Mr. Dedham no longer claimed her attention. When more than an hour had passed and the girl's cheeks had begun to pale, her face to grow drawn and anxious, a council of war was held.

"It is no use to worry over them," Mr. Dedham declared. "Eight such children, none of them babies, cannot come to harm so absolutely that not one would be left to tell the tale. You must not tramp around another moment, Miss Rosalind. Tom and I will take you to the cottage and get your uncle and your father; then we will go after the wanderers and bring them back, since you do not hold with Mother Goose's eminently wise way of treating the matter. Take my arm or your brother's and see how he will soon be at home."

It was a silent journey, Rosalind urging them feverishly on. The sun had begun to sink out of sight behind the hills, flushing the whole scene with rosy glory as a parting salute. Surely Rosalind thought, she had never heard either her father or mother laugh so shrilly; they turned a sharp corner, and the cottage was in full view of the veranda full of figures. She saw her uncle reading the paper, her mother knitting serenely, her father placidly mending a fish net, while about one or another the eight children clustered themselves, not one lamb missing.

The girl stopped short, caught her breath, dropped her brother's arm, burst into such a passion of tears as quite drowned and silenced the merry shouts of

"Oh, Rosy, Rosy. Such fun! We ran away from you and got here," which greeted her.

"Horrid little brats!" muttered Mr. Dedham, as Rosalind was caught in her mother's arms, kissed, patted, comforted and borne out of sight. She did not appear at supper, for which Mr. Dedham was persuaded to stay. She lay on her mother's bed, quite hidden from all eyes, and was waited on by a whole host of most remorseful children, hearing at intervals a voice which made her hide her face in the convenient pillows. After a whispered confab with Tom, his mother smiled tenderly, and though she did not tell the children so, she held them not wholly responsible for the breakdown that had so astonished the entire family.

Mr. Dedham walked home by moonlight, alone and very thoughtful.

The next morning rose cool and lovely, and before he would have been out of bed in the city, Mr. Dedham was seen strolling up the walk to the cottage. Rosalind stood in the open door, looking like a little man, in the quietest of brown gowns, fastening a modest brown hat on her bright curls. She was a demure maiden this morning, all glow and fire gone, just a well bred girl, and nothing left of Bo-peep. Yes, she was going out, the children had left all their wraps on the outer side of the island, and she and her little cousin were to go and bring them. The children had declared that they had left her so fast asleep against a tree that she had not stirred when they came whooping up, and flesh and blood could not withstand the temptation to run off. It had been intended that Tom and one of the boys should go over the night before, but in excitement it had been neglected, and now they had to be brought.

"Wouldn't I do as well as a cousin?" Mr. Dedham asked. "I will undertake to carry three times as much, and I really need a walk this morning. Besides, Jim wants to go fishing—don't you, Jim?"

As the boy assented eagerly Rosalind hesitated, colored, glanced at her mother and then reluctantly consented. They started off on the two sides of the path, Mr. Dedham looking over at his little companion with a tender smile in his eyes, while she talked on, steadily and unbrokenly, allowing no pause in the conversation until her breath was nearly exhausted.

"Suppose you sit down here and rest a minute," said Mr. Dedham, after a time, clearing the stump of a tree with his coat sleeve. "It is a very exciting story, and you shall finish it some time—many times, if you want to; but just at present you may leave your friend and her Sunday-school boys up in Prospect park—we don't need them. You have led the conversation, Miss Rosalind, ever since we left the house—indeed, I may even say that you have done all the talking. Now give me my innings."

The girl did not resist; she was tired out, almost panting. She let him seat her on the stump without remonstrance, and then throw himself down by her

side. There was a long delicious silence, so long that Rosalind began to breathe naturally again. Then he spoke, low and passionately:

"My Rosalind—my darling—my own little girl—six months! It has been six years of waiting!"

Dinner was over when two young people came slowly around the house. The man carried a mass of goldenrod, the girl two or three late roses.

"Couldn't you find them?" cried a chorus of small voices.

"Find what?"

"Our coats and hats," exclaimed the children. The two young people looked guiltily at each other.

"We forgot them," said Rosalind, in a little, small, apologetic voice. There are times when a woman is braver than a man.

Crete Chautauqua

TRAIN SERVICE BY B. & M. RAILROAD.

Trains from Lincoln on July 4 and 7: A special morning excursion train will leave Lincoln Passenger Station at 8 a. m. Returning, leave Crete 10 p. m.

On July 6, 8, 9, 10, 11, 13 and 14 a morning train will leave Passenger Station at 7:35 a. m. Returning, leave Crete at 10 p. m. In addition to above morning and evening trains, passengers can also leave as follows:

Leave Lincoln.	Leave Crete.
10:22 a. m., Daily	6:55 a. m., Daily
10:30 a. m., Daily	9:25 a. m., Daily
6:20 p. m., Daily	12:40 p. m., Daily
Except Sunday.	3:40 p. m., Daily

Trains from the West, Main Line—On July 4 passengers from the west can take No. 4 or No. 2 for Crete; both of these trains will stop at all stations between Hastings and Crete, and can return same evening on No. 3, which leaves Crete at 6:42 p. m., and will stop at all stations between Crete and Hastings.

Trains from the South, Wymore Branch—On July 4 and 7 passengers from the south can take No. 90 or No. 92 to Crete, and can return on a special train which will run on these two dates as far as Beatrice, leaving Crete at 10 o'clock p. m.

Rates of fare on all the above trains and from all points in Nebraska will be as follows: On July 3 and 4, adults, one fare for the round trip; children five to twelve years, one-half the above rate; children under five years, free.

From July 5 to 15, from all points within 150 miles of Crete, the fare will be the same as stated above.

Final limit on all tickets, July 16.

ON TO CHICAGO.

Half Rates, Special Train and a Day-light Run.

Sunday a. m., July 5, 8 o'clock, via the Elkhorn-Northwestern line, a silver train, gaily and appropriately decorated, will leave Lincoln carrying the Hon. W. J. Bryan, the Bryan club, the free silver delegates, their wives and their friends to Chicago. This train will be first class in every particular; will make fast time, and the daylight run will enable people to see the finest portions of Iowa and Illinois while traveling over the greatest railroad in the west. One fare for the round trip will be charged. For further information call on or address as below: A. S. Felding, C. T. A., S. A. Mosher, Gen'l Agt., 117 So. 10th St., Lincoln, Neb.

Remember the Union Pacific will run a special train for the Beatrice Chautauqua, Sunday, June 28. Rev. Robert McIntyre of Denver will preach in the morning. Train leaves Lincoln 8:30 a. m., returning leave Beatrice 7 p. m. Fare only 90 cents for the round trip.

HINTS TO TOURISTS. WHERE TO GO AND WHAT IT COSTS

Is the subject of a little pamphlet published by the North-Western line, giving a large amount of information regarding the lake regions of Minnesota and Wisconsin. For copy address City Ticket Agent, 117 South Tenth street, Lincoln, Neb.

HALF FARE EXCURSION TO HOT SPRINGS, S. D.

June 12 the Elkhorn will sell tickets to Hot Springs and return at one fare. Limit, thirty days. For pleasure or health this trip is unsurpassed. For tickets call at city ticket office, 117 South Tenth street, Lincoln, Neb.

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