

AN OLD STORY

In the army personal courage is not so much admired as required: particularly at the wild frontier posts in the far west, where an almost continual warfare with the Indians is—or was—kept up, deeds of reckless heroism, of magnificent bravery, are treated as matters of course, and a man gives up his life and gets very little glory for it. A few respectable townsmen in the States read a garbled account of the latest brush with the Indians, feel, perhaps, a momentary stir of the blood, and then fall to criticising the policy pursued, and so forgot all about it. To his comrades, the man is demi-god. But it is a very local fame; approval finds small expression, and comment tends more to contempt for failure than to admiration of success.

Military courage is the commonest attribute of mankind, and not one man in a hundred fails of it; but to endure the hardships, the privations, and the deadly ennui of frontier life requires another sort of bravery altogether, and when a man lives up to it all—ah, then he is a man.

Some years ago, fifteen or twenty, maybe, at one of the posts in the far west there was a colonel in command whose fame as an Indian fighter was undeniable and even passed muster in the States. His courage and sagacity had been proved a hundred times; he was big and strong and gentle. The red men called him the "Great Chief," and were mortally afraid of him. His own men only called him "The Chief," and they adored him. But he wouldn't play cards; which was a pity, as there is nothing else to do when the Indians are quiet. All the officers could, very well most of them; and, as it was their only amusement, they naturally preferred that he should not spoil the game. Particularly the captain objected; for he played exceedingly well, and with an enthusiasm that was almost too pronounced, unless one took into consideration the total absence of other forms of entertainment. A man who couldn't play cards was a very poor sort of man in his eyes, and a man who was superbly fearless and yet entirely modest was one to be jealously admired and secretly, but none the less intensely, hated.

There was also a nice young lieutenant of two-and-twenty who played poker very well, not so well as the captain, perhaps, but he had a gay, boyish and rather provoking way of being wilfully lucky that made him a very fair adversary.

He and the captain were deep in it one night, and things were growing interesting. The lieutenant was laughing now and again excitedly, the captain's face was white and drawn, and his hands shook a little. Winter quarters are made as comfortable as possible in a rough-and-ready fashion, and when there is a woman in the case they are generally attractive enough; for a soldier's wife learns many a makeshift, and marvelous effects can be got with boxes and barrels, some straw, and a few yards of muslin and colored stuffs. But the captain's rooms were bare enough, and when the colonel knocked and was abruptly told to "come" the dreariness of it all hit him hard, and he built up the neglected fire without ceremony before he strolled over to the table and drew up a chair. At the first pause in the game he invited himself to join in. The captain rather gruffly invited him not to, for, as I said before, cards were not his strong point; but when the young lieutenant incautiously suggested that the stakes were rather high, he laughed his mellow laugh and said he had a few dollars to lose: so, since, even when off duty and playing poker, a soldier cannot shake off a certain obedience to his superior officer, he got his way. But the captain's brow grew black, and his hand stopped shaking.

The game went on for half an hour or so with no unusual incident. The colonel bungled his cards and lost his money, but he was accustomed to that. He never could be made to understand that poker was anything more than a pastime, and so he laughed his low laugh and played on. After a while the captain threw his cards under the table and took a new pack "for luck." Half a dozen officers had dropped in and were looking on, but nobody objected; it was the custom. It came the colonel's turn to deal. With his usual gentle smiling awkwardness he fumbled the cards, dealt them, and when it came to his own hand, dropped one of them on the floor. Without looking, he stooped and gathered a card from under the table. His face brightened. The captain sent a quick look at him, and his face went whiter than ever. The hand was played out, and the colonel won. With an almost childlike laugh of pleasure, he put out his hand to draw in his winnings, when the captain sprang to his feet and brought his hand down on the cards. "Gentlemen, I denounce this man as a cheat!" He lifted his hand, and there was one blue back among the red ones scattered over the table.

In the turmoil that followed, the colonel was almost dragged from the room by his friends and got away. Of course there was nothing for it but to fight. His friends, and they were many, waited for his orders. But, after the first burst of rage, he seemed stupefied; he sat perfectly silent, staring straight in front of him. Finally his fellow officers spoke. He must do something. A challenge was written, sent, and—declined. There was an uproar of indignation. Not only the colonel's honor but the honor of the army was at stake. He must horsewhip the man, since he would not fight. There was nothing else for it. So they talked and argued, excitedly, sternly, and the colonel listened dully and said yes, he must horsewhip him. He stayed in-doors that night, and the post talked of the morning. At ten o'clock the next day the troops were drawn up in line ready for parade. The captain stood in front of his company. Every man and woman at the post was there, to see "the chief" horsewhip the scoundrel who had dared to insult him. The excitement was intense; there was a death-like stillness, and every eye was strained as the colonel walked slowly across the parade-ground. His face was white and stern and his step firm and deliberate; in his hand was a twisted leather whip such as teamsters use in driving mules.

The captain saw him coming, and stood like a rock, with his arms folded, and a cold smile of unutterable contempt and malignant hatred on his face. When his adversary stopped in front of him, he raised his head, and, without changing his position, looked him straight in his eyes, his black and evil face set in an expression of devilish scorn. With a gesture of noble indignation, the colonel raised his whip in the air, held it poised a moment, and then the brave soldier, the superb gentleman, shrank back weakly, dropped his whip to the ground, and buried his face in his hands. Then he turned, went back to his quarters, and shut the door behind him.

A few hours later, in sheer pity, some of his friends went to him; but the door was locked.

The next day he left the post, and a few days later resigned from the army.—Jean Wright in Lippincott's.

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.

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  
 6:30 p. m., Daily 12:40 p. m., Daily  
 Except Sunday. 3:40 p. m., Daily  
 Except Sunday.

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 fair 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.

NOTICE.

Water consumers will take due notice that the penalty for non-payment of water rent will take effect on Monday, June 1. Saturday, May 30, is a legal holiday and the office will be closed. Hence time to avoid the penalty will expire Friday next.

L. J. BYER, Water Commissioner.

If you want to travel cheap, note the following round trip excursions at half rates this summer via the North-Western line:

June 12 and July 3 to Hot Springs, S. D.

June 14 and 15 and July 5 and 6 to Denver, Colo.

June 15, 16, 23 and 24 to San Francisco.

July 4, 5, 6, to Chicago.

July 4 and 5 to Buffalo, N. E. A.

July 2, 3, 4, 5, to Washington, D. C.

July 14, 15, 16, to Milwaukee, Wis.

Get information and tickets at city ticket office, 117 South Tenth street, Lincoln, Neb.

A comfortable California trip can be taken every Thursday at 10:30 a. m. in a through tourist sleeping car, Lincoln to Los Angeles without change via the Burlington. Remember this when arranging for your winter trip. Depot ticket office, 7th street between P and Q streets. City office, corner Tenth and O streets.

See the new Photochromes at Crancer & Curtice Co.'s, 207 South 11th street, the newest thing in pictures. Mrs. Sidell is the favorite modiste, 1232 O street.

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.

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A delightfully cool and attractive place these warm days is the handsome store of Sutton & Hollowbush, 12th and O street. A new addition is a large and beautiful onyx soda fountain, one of the finest in the state. This is presided over by an expert fix clerk. This season nut ice-cream and many new flavors in cream and ices are strong favorites. Mr. Sutton's cream has a state reputation; he fills orders daily from many outside points; and is making a specialty of this trade. The line of candy is now larger and finer than ever. Confectionery always fresh; many novelties.

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