

"THE NEW MINISTER."

"Good morning, Mrs. Bruner. I just thought I'd step in a minute this morning and see how you was getting along. I smelled your doughnuts too as I came around the corner and besides, I had a bit of news to tell to you."

"Well I'm glad you've come. Have some doughnuts," said Mrs. Bruner as she slowly lifted several delicious brown cakes from the kettle of seething grease and placed them on a plate. "I was just thinkin' I would run over and see you when these doughnuts was fried, for I had some news too, and now, maybe," she continued, without taking breath, "my news is the same as yours."

Mrs. King, the first speaker, was a tall, large boned woman with iron grey hair brushed straight back and revealing to the best advantage the light in her kindly brown eyes. She was the good Samaritan of the village and a splendid person to tell the news. Her most intimate friend, Mrs. Bruner, a rather stout, easy-going woman had the same characteristic of gathering and spreading news quicker than anyone in the village, quicker even than the editor of the "Jonesville Sunrise," who often declared good-naturedly "he'd either have to hire them two women on his staff or give up the business."

Mrs. King did not wait to hear what Mrs. Bruner had to say for fear she might get to tell it first if it was the same. "I've heard the new minister is coming tomorrow afternoon on the two forty-five train, but his wife and little girl won't come till Saturday night so I don't 'spose we'll get to see them till preachin'—Sunday morning."

"Yes, that's my news too," answered Mrs. Bruner cheerfully for she had something to add, "and they do say that she's a step mother to the little girl whose own mother died when she was just a little thing."

So the news spread until every one in the town was discussing the new Methodist minister, his wife and little girl. They wondered if he wouldn't be far ahead of the Congregational preacher, whether his wife made a good step-mother and which one of the five empty houses in town they would take, for there was no parsonage. They had pictured their minister tall and broad-shouldered, light and dark, sociable and sullen; so that when the train pulled up at the little depot on Wednesday afternoon there were quite a number standing around besides the committee with blue ribbons who were to receive him, to catch the first glimpse of the new minister.

The subject of such great interest quietly stepped off of the train, shook hands with them as he told them he was Rev. Stanhope whom they were expecting, before they hardly realized it.

The next few days he was very busy, securing a house and getting it repaired so that by Sunday everyone in the village knew that he was a rather slight, stoop-shouldered man of about medium height with black hair and blue eyes, rather quiet and pale-looking, with a weary troubled expression which never left his face for an instant,—and now they were ready to see his wife.

Sunday morning the Methodists were all out to church early, and a few Congregationalists as well. The little church was packed when a stir was heard and the suppressed whispers told of the arrival of the minister and his family. The little girl and her mother entered their pew as the minister reached the pulpit. The service began immediately and the well prepared sermon, simple but touching, had held the attention of the whole audience so that only by peeping through their fingers during prayer and during the singing of the hymns did the female part of the congregation note the light curly hair of

the minister's wife and her proud pale face, as well as the handsome silk gown she wore. The little girl was dressed in white crumere and ribbons and the same sad expression which they saw in her father's face seemed reflected in her own.

The following week all the prominent ladies in the church had called at the parsonage, and at the Dorcas society Saturday afternoon had given vent to their feelings.

"She'll never be the president of the aid society, the secretary of the missionary society, and the head of Mercy and Help as we planned," said Mrs. King sadly.

"She looks like a big wax doll with that white frizzly hair," added one lady.

"Well," said Mrs. Bruner quietly as she settled back comfortably in a rocking chair, "I'll invite her to my house to tea and see how she acts. I believe she'll bear acquaintance; we'll try her anyway."

Mrs. Bruner gave her tea and as she told Mrs. King the next day, "She just talked and laughed and praised my light biscuit and we had a real good time. She's real delicate for she didn't eat enough for a bird, but I don't think it's 'cause she didn't like my supper for she said it was splendid."

So the days passed in gossips and teas until the minister's wife herself entertained. She had prepared an elegant supper but the dear women invited couldn't imagine where she cooked it for the room that was a kitchen was now a very pretty dining room. The finger bowls bothered them and they wondered why she had six cushions on the sofa in such a disorderly fashion.

Sometimes she was very pleasant and agreeable, and again so stiff and distant in her manner that they were at a loss for something to say. By and by whenever they called the minister and his little girl, Marie, talked to them, always saying, "Mrs. Stanhope is ill today."

The little girl clung to her father and no one had ever seen his wife smile or talk to her.

The good ladies had planned a pound surprise party and only gave the minister an inkling of it so he would be at home. They all came early and were talking and laughing with the minister when his wife hastily left the room. Little Marie and her father glanced at each other, and he excused himself hastily, presently returning to say, "Mrs. Stanhope is ill."

Mrs. Bruner went upstairs to see her, thinking "the poor thing ought not to be left alone." She came down in a few moments and the party soon broke up. On the way home Mrs. Bruner, for once very much excited, talked to them in broken sentences. "Brethren and sisters—the door was shut tight and poor little Marie was holding the door knob—and she says so pitiful—'Please Mrs. Bruner you cannot go in. Papa would not like it and he has gone for medicine'—and just then sharp screams and moans and curses came from that room—and scratching and tearing like a wild animal. That child with tears streaming down her face begged me to go or papa would be so angry—and I left her clinging to the door knob."

Silence reigned a moment unbroken save by the sobs which Mrs. Bruner seemed unable to control, and then a burst of voices told of the terrible consternation which had seized them after such a recital. Explanations were useless for no one was satisfied, and the longer the discussion the deeper the mystery grew. Finally they separated for their various homes and not a few spent half the night in earnest prayer for their minister and his family.

A few days later the loafers around the depot were surprised to see the minister's wife step on the train unattended and veiled.

Two weeks later the minister told his people he too must leave and with his

little girl was standing at the depot bidding them good bye where so short a time before he had received their welcome.

As they still talked, the train was in with its roar and steam; a message was placed in the minister's hand, which he anxiously and nervously tore open. The next moment the faces pressed against the car windows saw a man sway and then fall heavily on the platform with a yellow paper fluttering in his fingers; and then a little girl bending over him, tearfully entreating him to speak to her.

Tenderly the villagers bore him into the waiting-room and while some endeavored vainly to bring back life another examined the bit of yellow paper.

"The body of well dressed lady—proven by several articles found on body to be Mrs. Elizabeth Stanhope,—found dead in her room—Windsor Hotel. Both arms covered with little needle pricks. Overdose accidental no doubt. Morphine case half empty marked E. S. found on body. Come immediately for identification."

The next day the train bore the minister to his wife, but he did not travel with the little girl dressed in deep mourning who sat in the second coach, but back—a'one—in the baggage car. PEARL WYCOFF.

We have purchased (because it is just the thing we have needed) the Columbian Cyclopedic Library, consisting of the Columbian encyclopedia, which is also an unabridged dictionary thirty-two volumes of convenient size neatly bound, four volumes of the annual cyclopedic review, four volumes of current history for 1896, one Columbian atlas and the neat convenient revolving oak case with glass doors. From the evidence obtained we find that some part of this work is placed in the best private and public library in this country an d abroad, for the reason that they cover a field relative to the past, present and future progress and achievements of the human race not attempted by others. The plan is original, and the work throughout is carefully and ably written.

Current history contains 220 pages, is issued two months after the close of each quarter, this length of time being taken to reduce all information received to be an absolutely reliable and authentic basis. If these are kept on file, this magazine will prove a permanent and invaluable record of all important movements in political, social religious, literary, educational scientific and industrial affairs.

The magazine will be indispensable to all people who have encyclopedias, as it will be needed to keep these works up to date. To those who do not own encyclopedias it will be doubly valuable as their source of information is more limited. About March of each year the four volumes of current history are bound into one volume, known as the Annual Cyclopedic Review. There are now four of these bound volumes covering years 1892-3-4 and 5. The work has for endorsers and subscribers in this city and state such people as Mr. Gere, editor-in-chief of the Lincoln State Journal, Hon. Joe Bartley, state treasurer, Hon. W. J. Bryan, Mr. Miller, editor of the Northwestern Journal of Education, Hon. H. R. Corbett, state superintendent of public instruction, Dr. R. E. Giffen.

Every reading person has felt the need of brief summaries of current topics and events. The daily, weekly and monthly periodicals and papers may furnish data sufficient, but the labor of collecting and digesting it is frequently out of proportion to the result obtained. A most satisfactory summary may be found in the quarterly issues of Current History. This in the library covering a field that no other attempts.

Subscription price, \$1.50 a year in advance; bound volumes, cloth, \$2.50; half morocco, \$2.50; library sheep, \$2.50; embossed sheep, \$3.50; three-fourths person, \$1. Complete library from \$36. to \$108; cases from \$6. to \$44.

The complete library is sold on monthly payments to suit purchaser. City subscriptions will be received at the Courier office for a limited time only, or at Mr. H. W. Brown's book store, direct all other correspondence to C. S. Borum, general agent Lincoln, Neb.

SULPHUR-SALINE BATH HOUSE AND SANITARIUM



COR 14 AND M. LINCOLN, NEBRASKA.

Open at all Hours Day and Night

All forms of baths. TURKISH, RUSSIAN AND ROMAN

With special attention to the application of natural salt water baths. Several times stronger than sea water.

Special department for surgical cases and diseases peculiar to women.

Rheumatism, Skins, Blood and Nervous Disorders, Liver and Kidney Troubles and Chronic Affections are treated successfully.

Sea bathing may be enjoyed at all seasons in our large salt swimming pool, 50x142 feet, 6 to 10 feet deep, heated to uniform temperature of 60 degrees.

DRS. M. H. AND J. C. EVERETT Managing Physicians.

Under new management. **MERCHANTS' HOTEL** OMAHA, NEBR.

FAXTON, HULETT & DAVENPORT, Proprietors.

Special attention to state trade, guest and commercial travelers. Farm street electric cars pass the door to and from all parts of the city.



Actual time traveling. 31 hours to Salt Lake. 61 hours to San Francisco. 68 hours to Portland. 77 hours to Los Angeles.

—FROM— **LINGOLN, NEB**

City office, 1044 O street.

Wanted—An Idea Who can think of some simple thing to patent? Protect your ideas; they may bring you wealth. Write JOHN WEDDERBURN & CO., Patent Attorneys, Washington, D. C., for their \$1.00 prize offer and a list of two hundred inventions worth \$1000.

PATENTS 50 YEARS' EXPERIENCE. TRADE MARKS, DESIGNS, COPYRIGHTS &c.

Anyone sending a sketch and description may quickly ascertain, free, whether an invention is probably patentable. Communications strictly confidential. Oldest agency for securing patents in America. We have a Washington office. Patents taken through Munn & Co. receive special notice in the

SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN, beautifully illustrated, largest circulation of any scientific journal, weekly, terms \$3.00 a year; \$1.50 six months. Specimen copies and HAND BOOK ON PATENTS sent free. Address

MUNN & CO., 361 Broadway, New York.

SYPHILIS HAVE YOU sore Throat, Pimples, Copper Colored Spots, Aches, Old Sores, Ulcers in Mouth, Hair-falling? Write **COOK REMEDY CO., 897 Masonic Temple, Chicago, Ill.**, for proofs of cures. Capital, \$500,000. Worst cases cured in 15 to 25 days. 100-page book free.