

STORIES IN PASSING.

"Behold, his lordship does approach!"
 "That hat, ye gods, that hat!"
 "Quit it my boy, quit it."
 "A vast, ye lubber, wouldst you run us down?"

Thus jokingly the student assailed their friend who was approaching them in the uncertain twilight. But he came on silently and without apparent notice of their banter. And they opened up again.

"His lordship deigns to know us not. But why does he wobble so?"

"Marry! sir, wouldst say t'was his bow-leggedness."

"Or better yet, his head has grown so swelled of late it makes him dizzy to support it."

"Still I would by his garb, in verity, call him, 'Alfalfa,' for such his looks do to a certainty imply."

And then dropping the nonsense as they came abreast their friend, "Why Charlie, don't you know—"

But Charlie answered nothing. In the dim light the two saw their mistake. They recognized their new professor in Italian, whose build, gait and appearance so closely resembled that of their friend.

And now they are wagering sodas as to how he will take their little pleasantry.

The old creek is not the same now. The boys don't seem to take to the stream as we fellows did. They say the fishing is no good—the fish are too small—have to go down the river. That's the trouble. They fish to sell. We fished to fish—a willow pole, spliced cord, fat old "night waters" for bait.

The boys don't swim in the creek any more. Half of our summer time was spent in that little winding stream, paddling about, rolling in the sand, stripping our bodies with mud like zebras. There is not even a spring board there now.

They never seine for "minnies" or "lucky-bugs" with an old gunney sack or hunt the rocky bottom for crabs and mud turtles.

There is something gone. Would that I was a boy again, just to show those youngsters a trick or two!

The younger brother's room is just above the silver closet which stands at the foot of the stairs close to the window. The other night he was awakened by a suspicious sound at the window below. In an instant he had crept to the landing. Peering down he saw a figure working at the lock of the silver closet. The moon flooded through the window and half hid the man below. He could see, however, that the figure was about his own build, without coat or hat.

The young man crept noiselessly down half the stairs. The figure paused and the watcher stood quietly, hugging the wall and scarcely breathing. Then taking courage, he took two springs and landed full upon the back of the kneeling burglar. He knocked him flat, and began pounding him in the head and shouting at the top of his voice.

His parents came running down stairs and pulled the two men into the light. What a mistake! After making allowance for a bump across the eye as large as a walnut, a flattened nose and a bloody face, the young man recognized his brother, who had gone down to lock the closet for the night.

The fast mail was just crossing the Wyoming line. I had awakened early and stepped to the rear platform of the sleeper for the air. But I forgot the air and the hour in one of the most glorious views in the world.

The sun had just come up over the rim of the earth. To the east was the prairie stretching away to meet the day.

The mists of the night were chased to the south. The brown earth was burnished golden. The steel track, making straight into the sun was a dazzling arrow of silver for miles and miles.

That was to the east. To the west the prairie was a dark, shadowy waste, lost in the morning mists and the barely visible mountains. There the night still rested.

On the one side was day with all its golden glory, on the other, right in mysterious darkness. And I seemed to stand between the two.

The big, motherly, old landlady baked up a batch of strawberry short-cake the other morning. Then she was suddenly called out of town and had to leave things in charge of her twelve year old son. He is a tall, lanky, slab-sided youth who detests girls and loves base ball.

The young gentlemen that day got in at the first table and, of course, greatly enjoyed the short-cake—delicious, ripe, red berries and whipped cream. And there were many longings for a second helping.

Then the boy shut the door of the dining room and in a confidential way said:

"Say, I've got to have a new base ball mit, and if you fellers'll whack up a nickle all around, there'll be short-cake to follow and the girls can be darned!"

When the young ladies came to the desert, the boy told them that his mother had been called away so suddenly she "hadn't time to fix enough short-cake and they'd have to fill up on radishes."

As the possessor of the best catching glove he is now captain of the "South Side Smashers."

They all called Dabbie "the darn fool of the frat." then. He was such an unreasonable, fretful, old woman sort of a chap, always jabbering out ideas of what ought to be done and driving the men to renewed exertions. That was while the crowd was working for a charter—the days of feverish hope and expectancy, when letter after letter came from the east and dropped on the fellows like a load of wet hay, and when they got discouraged and mad and wanted to "slump." But Dabbie was never down, but always rattling away, cheering them all up, and keeping things humming, after a time the charter came their way.

Then Dabbie was more talkative and peevish than ever, and they had to cool him off with a little discipline.

But that was years ago and Dabbie has found out a good many things since then. Which is saying a good deal for Dobbie, as the crowd knew him.

H. G. SHEDD.

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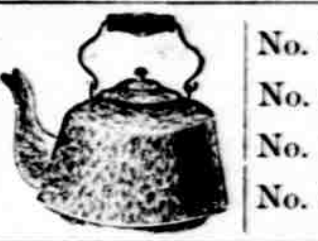
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BRUSH, COLORADO.

This bit of information is printed for convenience about answering the numerous inquiries now coming in concerning Brush, Colorado, and surrounding country.

- 1—BRUSH has about two hundred inhabitants.
- 2—A splendid, commodious school building, with all "high school" facilities.
- 3—Located in the Platte and Beaver valley, eighty miles east of Denver, in the midst of a large area of fine, arable land, covered by irrigation ditches, and only waiting judicious farming to develop wealth.
- 4—The climate is adapted to all sorts of crops grown in the North Temperate zone.
- 5—Excellent water can be had at depth varying from 30 to 60 feet, the lower strata furnishing the purest mountain water attainable.
- 6—Fine building stone adjacent to the town, can be had at from \$3.75 to \$4.00 per cord, thus making it cheaper to build of stone than lumber.
- 7—Three crops of alfalfa are grown in the season, yielding as a rule six tons per acre as the product, while wild hay on the higher land grows well and always brings a big price. The rich yield of hay makes it pre-eminently a country in which to raise cattle and hogs to the feeding stage when it is easy to drive them to the cheap corn of Nebraska.
- 8—Small fruits and vegetables of all kinds can be developed to any extent almost—the real conditions when told seem almost fabulous.
- 9—Steam threshers in work of 1896 show average of wheat in this vicinity to be forty bushels per acre, oats fifty bushels.
- 10—Entire absence of contagious diseases of both man and beast; the atmosphere is a regular daily life giver.
- 11—The county of Morgan, in which Brush is located, is free of debt and taxes low. are

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