

## STORIES IN PASSING.

Captain Guilfoyle tells this story of his younger years immediately after graduating from West Point. He was first sent to Arizona and his chief duty was keeping the Indians quiet.

"I had been there but a week," said the captain, "when word was brought of the fact that the Indians of the reservation had gone out on the path again. Probably as the newest man from the Point I was given a detail of twenty men and two Indian guides, and ordered to corral those savages. That night we started for the low-lying mountains to the west. We travelled late that night and late the next day began to find traces of the Indians—an old campfire, the carcass of a dead cow, and a loose pony. About tea that night we ran into a storm, one of those cold, drizzling rains that take all the enthusiasm out of man or horse. But an hour before we had found a half-dying fire among the growth, and felt certain we were nearing the Indians. So we pushed on through the mud and the damp.

"About midnight we began to wind down the mountain side into what seemed a little, enclosed valley. The night was dark as pitch, our horses stumbling and slipping down the trail. Suddenly one of the Indian guides whom we had sent on ahead, loomed up before me, and announced something still farther down below. I halted the command and went on with the guide. About a quarter of a mile down the trail he stopped me and pointed to the right. In the darkness I could make out what appeared to be a campfire, the light now disappearing, now burning brightly as of figures moving before it.

"We went back and brought forward the detail. Then I sent Cholly Paw, the older scout, to gather the situation. He crept away on his stomach through the mud and grass, and presently returned shaking his head uneasily and evidently greatly mystified by something. He tried several times to explain to me, but I could make nothing of his clatter. Then I sent the second scout. In half an hour he came back and acted in the same way as Cholly Paw. There was evidently something down there these half-savages could not explain. They shook their heads, waved their arms in and out, and talked unintelligibly, but I could not understand. So I went down myself, resolved to locate the Indian camp, to surround it with my men, and the savages at my mercy. I planned the whole thing as I crept noiselessly along. As I went down the mountain side there was no change in the fire, which arose and fell in that uncertain way. Then a little handful of mountain cloud settled down over the place for a moment and concealed the spot. Taking advantage of the opportunity I hastened as near the fire as I judged safe. Then I dropped flat and waited until that fog lifted.

"When the mist floated off I could scarcely believe my senses. With it had vanished the Indian campfire. Then I understood the mystified air and unintelligible talk of the Indian guides. Before me stood a large shrub covered with thousands and thousands of fire-flies, driven there by the rain. The constant movements of their wings had produced the effect of moving figures before a fire.

"I contented the troops by explaining that it was a deserted camp and pushed on rapidly so as to overtake the Indians the next day.

"The guides could not describe it and I never told the men at the fort. If I had it would have meant an exchange in a week."

It was during the early prosperous days of Brownville. They were named Crane and Taylor. Both were tall and

slim, dressed in light checked suits and soft hats. And they were agents of rival insurance companies.

The two men had come to attend a wedding in the little town, Taylor as a friend of the groom. But each was ignorant that the other was an invited guest to the affair. Each thought that the other was in town simply on business.

After dinner the two guests, of course, fell to discussing the merits of their respective insurance companies. They began peaceably enough, but jealousy and rivalry stood behind their chairs and urged them on. The discussion grew heated. Angry words, a blow, and on-lookers stopped a disgraceful scene.

That evening at the wedding they were introduced to each other as strangers. But Crane's black eye and a long strip of court plaster on Taylor's cheek went unexplained.

Perched high up on the mountain side and overhanging the green valley like a swallow's nest, is the convent of the Sacred Heart. The high road hugs the precipice below, winding in and out until finally lost in the green of the distance.

Standing in the cloister tower were two sisters. The morning breezes played fitfully with their fair tresses and brought the color to their cheeks. But they were silent and there was a far-away look in their eyes.

A gay coaching party passed along the road below. The brilliant colors caught the sun-light. The post horn echoed up the hill to the tower. The sisters silently followed the party with their eyes. As they turned away tears glistened beneath the lashes.

The coach horn sounded fainter and fainter among the trees and was finally drowned by the solemn ringing of the cloister bell.

The "new boy" sat at the end of the pew. He was a larger fellow than the rest of us. Freckles bridged his nose. His hair parted nowhere in particular. He wore a blue check suit and a paper collar. The buttons of his coat were dangling by the threads.

He leaned over and showed us a "striking watch"—the bell in the back, the hammer, and the whole arrangement—and he was our friend at once. Then he wound it up, set the hands at five minutes of twelve, and held it before the whole row of us.

We watched the hands with rising expectancy, our heads crowded close together to see the better. We could hardly contain our laughter. But not a muscle played on his face. The thing went off, striking with slow, hollow sounds. One couldn't hear the ringing beyond the seat, but it was enough to set off the whole row of boys. Bob giggled, George laughed. Then Will gave a loud roar and poked me in the sides so frantically I rolled on to the floor.

My father reached round and brought me up with a jerk. I glanced at the "new boy." There was an expression of shocked surprise on his face. And his fingers were just leaving his vest pocket.

A child asked her father for some Sunday school money, and he gave her a nickle plugged with lead.

"What a funny money," she said, her bright eyes catching the flaw.

"Oh, its all right for church," said the father, and the child went on with sunshine in her heart. She thought nothing wrong. Why should she? Her father had given her the piece.

She dropped the nickle in the collection with kind, childish thoughts of her parent. But the defective coin was found in the counting and a serious talk from the superintendent followed. It was a terrible sin, he said, the palming off of bad money—as bad as counterfeit-

ing. Whoever did so was a sneak and a coward. Such a person was a criminal in the eyes of the law.

The child did not understand it all—just enough to know that her father had done something wrong. Tears came into her eyes, stifled sobs beat her throat. Her father! She could not believe it of him, and yet it must be so. She went home with a strange tugging at her little heart. She could scarcely look at her father. She was learning the world. But with the first lesson a little heart-string had given way.

It was the last half of the ninth and our fellows at the bat. The Mugvilles were eight and we were six. There were two outs, but by some lucky chance we had managed to fill all the bases.

So much for the prelude. Now for the story of Mugville's defeat. The scorer sung out, "Dempus Davis." We groaned and the crowd groaned, for Dempus was a "puddin'." He was perfect at "short," but not a batter, and the Mugville pitcher knew it, for already during that game Dempus had struck out four times. The whole Mugville team knew it. It was their game. They even began pulling up the bags, and the center fielder started to come in.

The pitcher tossed up an easy one, a straight "baby ball." And Dempus fanned the air like an infant and missed. The next was high above his head, but the boy was rattled and beat wildly at it. The third was an "in," a mean, twisting, wriggling thing that seemed about to take the batter on the throat. The boy saw it and turned pale. Then something happened. Dempus struck but never knew exactly how it all took place. The ball shot with a low drive, straight over the center fielder, who had come up nearly to second, and rolled and bounced and finally lost itself in the grass.

The three men came in like mad amid the roar of the delighted crowd, Dempus made a home run and the game was ours, ten to eight.

Dempus Davis was the hero, the savior of the game that day. He was carried about, praised, petted, treated to everything.

But Dempus has never made another hit since.

H. G. SHEDD.

One finds the expected variety in the contents of the American Monthly Review of Reviews for June. The subjects of the sugar tariff, a sixty years' retrospect of the British empire, the recent visit to the United States of M. Brunetiere, the French critic; the defective eyesight lately developed among American children, and the movement for the pensioning of school teachers, are treated in special articles. The editorial department entitled "The Progress of the World," covers such topics as American intervention in Cuba, the relation of Hawaii to the sugar question, the use of money in politics by corporations, the enlarged metropolis of New York, the fate of the arbitration treaty, European alliances and the Greco-Turkish war, the future of Greece, etc.

The real cause of young Logan's failure to get the Austro-Hungarian mission, says *Town Topics*, was his penchant for docking horses' tails. While his magnificent stock farm near Youngs town, O., was absorbing his attention and Papa-in-law Andrews' money, the Ohio legislature passed the anti-docking bill, making it illegal to amputate horses' tails, even at fashion's mandate. William McKinley was then governor of the state and his signature made the bill a law, much to Logan's disgust. However, he was able to circumvent the law by taking his horses across the Pennsylvania line, only five miles or so from his farm, and doing the docking there.

Of course, this was inconvenient at times, and, with characteristic impulsiveness, Logan wrote a very saucy letter to the chief magistrate of the state, expressing his opinion of the latter's attitude toward the caudal amputation of horses. McKinley never forgave or forgot this, and, when Logan's name was advanced as United States minister to the court of Vienna, his way for revenge was clear.

Young Logan's standing in Russia was very good before the Moscow function made him prominent. He had already been in the Czar's domain and was well known to a large element of the nobility. His standing as a horseman attracted the Czar's attention, with the result that, at the close of the Columbian Exposition at Chicago, the horses sent thither by the Czar were confided to Logan for safe keeping at his Youngs-town stock farm, where they remained for some time.

Sutton & Hollowbush have invented a cough drop. They call it the S. & H., Sutton & Hollowbush, and it is a good one. Stop and get one on your way to the theatre. It will save you a spasm of coughing.

We have purchased (because it is just the thing we have needed) the Columbia Cyclopedic Library, consisting of the Columbia 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 Columbia 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 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 228 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; half morocco, \$2.50; library sheep, \$2.50; embossed sheep, \$3.50; three-fourths perston, \$4. Complete library from \$36. to \$108; cases from \$6. to \$44.

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