

PESSIMISTIC.

Under the sod, on a bare hillside,  
The house is fashioned where  
I must bide:  
It is only to open a door of mould,  
Then steck it close from the  
winter's cold;  
And that is the end—ah, well-away!  
So getteth man's cloudy, or  
cloudless day. —IDYLA.

HIS FAREWELL SERMON.

Austin Winthrop came out of the seminary early in June and almost immediately found two calls awaiting him. One was from the Hon. Charles Dutton Colton of Topeka, Kansas, who offered to put fifteen thousand dollars into a church at his home city and have young Winthrop come out and build up its membership. The other offer was from a little town in western Nebraska and had come through the efforts of Winthrop's old university school-mate, Henry Hartzell, who had gone into the cattle business there a year or two before. The Topeka call was a very tempting one, but to Winthrop it smacked too much of the "boom" which that city was then going through. So he almost immediately accepted the Nebraska pastor's call.

Active work was not to begin in his new field until August and Winthrop straightway took boat to Port Mills on the Wisconsin shore of Lake Michigan. He went there for other reasons than rest or his health. Miss Margaret Deland was spending the summer at the Port with her parents—one part of the little colony which had moved up from the Hyde Park corner of Chicago and taken possession of the Wisconsin resort.

His college days had ripened into love. There he told her of his passion and at the same time of his intention of entering the ministry. Her life he knew well enough had been more or less one of gaiety and society, and he felt that he could not ask her to become his wife. So he simply told her of his love and asked nothing in return. Margaret Deland knowing her own love for him was woman enough to atone her life to his and so had come out boldly and announced their engagement. All of which explains why young Winthrop turned so hastily northward toward Port Mills.

He spent five weeks at the resort and during this time preached twice at the little frame church which the summer boarders and country folk around at-

tended on Sunday morning. During his stay he gained quite a hold on the little colony of Chicago fashionables from Hyde Park. His large, splendid frame, his strong, sympathetic face with twinkling blue eyes and high forehead crowned by light, thin hair, made him attractive to every one. He possessed a ready grace which, combined with a delicate imagery great earnestness and natural eloquence, made him even at his age and experience a powerful and attractive speaker. He preached in the little church at Port Mills those two sermons which paved a rapid path for future success, lingered a week longer with his sweetheart, and then after all the good-byes and one farewell, turned his face westward to the little lonely prairie town in Nebraska.

And here Margaret Deland goes out of the story and Carrie Stanton comes in—for weal or woe.

When Winthrop reached the town where he was to begin his work it seemed to him as if he had ridden into an immense furnace. The hot August wind blew a gale from the south. The white fiery ball of the sun beat down until the air on the long level prairie quivered as it does over the sands of the desert. The leaves of the few little cottonwoods were dry and curled and the blades of grass crackled under foot. Dust swept by in clouds, enveloping dwellings, whole streets, at times the entire town. When the wind calmed a moment there were added ridges of whitish brown on the window ledges and in the fence corners little mounds rose higher. Women remained unseen within doors. Men with powdered hair, dusty wilted collars, and little channels of perspira-

tion trickling down their cheeks, bent their heads to the wind at the cross streets and hurried on. In the seams of their eyes were black specks of dirt, and the lids were tight drawn, and wrinkles ran from the ends to the temples, as from the eyes of him who looks too long or too intently at the sun.

All that day and many more the wind from the southern furnace blew unceasingly. The trees turned brown and bare, the earth grew parched and seamed with huge cracks. And the prairie glowed and glistened and quivered under the desert sun. Men saw the work of months perish in a day. Business died in a week. Movers' wagons crept slowly eastward, the horses' heads bent close to the ground a limping dog following wearily behind, with swinging tongue, the blackened canvass fluttering and flapping noisily against the sides. Cattle were abandoned. Dwellings left empty, business houses vacated—and in the eyes of all, fear and despair and desperation.

And yet Winthrop stayed out the year—a year that tried his soul to its very depths and aged him as five years had not done before. He made his fight—spending his meagre salary on the starving, comforting the despairing, visiting the sick, watching at the bedside of the dying. He was game to the last and only gave up when forced by the inevitable.

One willing helper Winthrop had found. Almost immediately on his arrival he had been drawn to Carrie Stanton by her sweet tender face, her retiring modesty and her quiet, earnest devotion. Throughout all that terrible winter she had been his helpmate and they had come to know each other as only those can who walk together amid scenes of suffering and death.

Carrie Stanton's friendship and help in his work cheered Winthrop's lonely life and he came more and more to rely upon her and value her friendship. But to Carrie Stanton herself this friendship had come to mean more. To her Winthrop was the man of all men in the world. Her heart had gone out to him at the very first, and in the knowledge of her love and in the constant companionship she found the greatest happiness of all her life. Never for a moment did she dream that fate might step in and snatch him from her.

At the end of his year Winthrop received a call to a pastorate in Hyde Park, Chicago. His two sermons at Port Mills had been remembered and when a vacancy occurred it required little urging on the part of the Delands to have the call extended. Winthrop, realizing that his fight was over in the lonely little prairie town, accepted.

It was just a year from his first Sunday in the place when he preached his farewell sermon. It was a sorry looking

little hand full that sat before him and it touched his heart sorely as he looked into their eyes. There were old men bent and infirm with suffering, young men with gray on their temples. There were women whose lips were pale and thin and drawn, whose eyes were hard and dull. There were children from whose faces had faded all expression of childish joy and happiness.

Winthrop knew them all, knew their story, knew what they had suffered. And as he looked into their faces that twilight hour of his farewell, he threw aside the formal sermon he had prepared and talked to them out of his heart's experience of the year.

"We read of heroism of war which is the heroism of the movement. We read of the heroism of the ancients—the Greek and the Roman. And a feeling of awe and reverence comes over us. But I want to say—and God knows—that there is no greater heroism than you have displayed during this past year—the heroism of bearing privation and suffering and sorrow silently and nobly. Such is the greatest heroism in the world—and such you have shown." Then he went on to cheer them up and to tell them that they must not give up to despair, and everything would come out right in the end.

"And now I come to the hardest part of my task," he said,—"to say good-bye." Though my prospects are bright for the future, you will never know how it wrings my heart to say farewell. Together we have witnessed scenes that none can describe, scenes which are burned into my memory as by red hot iron. Together we have gone through starvation and suffering and death. And I have come to know you as if you were my family—my brother or my sister. And from all of you I have—I have known nothing but kindness and courtesy and good will. You have aided me cheerfully and willingly.

His voice broke at the end and he sank down into the pulpit chair. The twilight shadows had been creeping in from the west until the little church was almost in darkness. Without a word, but with wet eyes and choking throats the little bandful left the church and went slowly through the summer evening to their homes.

Then Winthrop took up the Bible his mother had given him and left the church. It was almost dark then and he did not see the slender form of a girl who still sat on the opposite side of the church from him. Her head was bowed low on the rail in front and one hand clutched despairingly at her breast.

The evening train which Winthrop was to take whistled far in the western distance and then far away to the eastward it sounded again. But the girl with bowed head still sat in the little church sobbing and sobbing and sobbing while night settled down over the prairie and all sounds died away except the moaning of the south wind which blew on unceasingly.

HARRY G. SHEDD.



Sulpho-Saline Sanitarium, Cor. 14th and M

All Kinds of Baths—Scientific Masseurs. A Deep Sea Pool, 50x142 feet.

Shaving—Hairdressing.

DRS. EVERETT, Managing Physicians.

LADIES

Don't be Humbugged!

Into buying a Cheap Range, when you can buy, with a little more money, a Nebraska-made article . . . .

MADE HERE IN NEBRASKA. The new Lincoln Steel Plate Range made on honor from the best Rocky Mountain Cold Rolled Steel and Silver Grey Wrought Iron and Steel. With proper care it will last a life-time. It is the most economical Range on the market in the consumption of fuel. Some people using the Lincoln Steel Plate Range claim it will save its cost in the saving of coal in two years over a cast iron stove. We make them in all styles and sizes. We warrant them in every respect and our guarantee is good. Ask your dealer for them and take no other. If he does not keep them write us and we will quote you price delivered at your depot. We will be glad to hear from you. Mention this paper. Remember we pay the freight.

RETAIL STORE 1028 O STREET,  
Buckstaff Bros., Mfg. Co.,  
MAKERS.

STAND UP FOR NEBRASKA.