

A SKETCH.

"They have given no sleep, and stricken sleep with dreams."

All day it had rained in characteristic November fashion, feebly and at intervals. The gold colored foliage of the trees, turned a sombre brown by the rigorous weather, drifted from the boughs and branches at each sharp gust of wind and strewed the sidewalk beneath with a sodden covering. In the hollows of the battered pavement rainwater rose to the brims, pools of shining steel, broken into slow ripples by the raindrops. Between these the Philosopher slowly picked his way.

When he reached his room a gray dusk had shrouded every object there. Only the busts on the brackets gleamed pearl-white in the gloom. The grate was cold and the hearth untidy with scattered ashes. When he groped for matches, there were none to be found, and he sank wearily into a chair by the window at last, too spiritless to call the landlady, or change his muddy boots.

Outside fights were beginning to tremble through the darkness and one window across the way was a blaze of radiance so that from his lonely post he could see everything that went on within. The family was at supper. He recognized the fact mechanically at first, and then with growing interest. Unconsciously, because he had nothing else to do, he watched them.

They were a large family. He was accustomed to seeing the different members flitting back and forth and in and out of the house, and to hearing their voices as they called to each other, or sang about their work. He would have said, if he had stopped to think about them, and this he never did, that they were rather a happy family in a commonplace way, and that there was an extraordinary number of children. But it was tonight for the first time that they held an important place in his sight.

Yes, the family was at supper. They had all trooped in with a good deal of noise, and little of ceremony, and had taken their places around a table of great, but necessary length, and two big boys and a father and mother and a girl. There was a little maid servant, who supplied their wants with energy, if not with skill, and there was a skye-terrier, who frisked around the table and upset the maid servant, and furnished the family, including the maid servant, with innocent hilarity. They all seemed rather excited over something tonight. The four little boys, who had scarlet cheeks, and very brown eyes, and tumbled jackets, gesticulated wildly, thereby displaying their muddy cuffs. The two big boys were in a jocular mood and they drew shouts of laughter from the rest of their witticisms. They toasted each one in lemonade, and baited the frantic skye-terrier, and seemed altogether mirthful and careless. The girl was young and pretty and a general favorite, and she jumped up once or twice to run around and shake hands with her father, who regarded their merry-making with cheerful toleration. It was a pretty and lively scene. It held the Philosopher spellbound. He forgot his work, and his own supper, and his muddy clothes. He watched them breathlessly.

The desert was brought and eaten. The four little boys had rushed from the table with the impetus of an assaulting column. The big boys had gone too. They had all gone except the girl, and she was there alone.

She seemed meditative. She stood with her hands behind her, looking into the darkness and watching the

rain beat upon the window. A little smile lingered upon her mouth. The Philosopher regarded her wistfully.

The girl turned away. She mounted a chair to turn off the gas. He had a radiant vision of her as she stood lightly balanced, her round arm raised above her head. He caught the gleam of her soft hair, he noted the grace of her attitude, and the pretty poise of her head. Then all was black and still.

The Philosopher sighed.

EDITH L. LEWIS.

THE IDEAL OF WOMEN'S CLUBS

Such are the visible immediate evidences of the work of woman's clubs, and yet it must be urged that these labors are secondary in importance to what the outsider may consider the more selfish features of the club. The improvement and reform of its own members is the first consideration of the well-organized club. To make enthusiastic woman out of those of languid and weary mind, to help to larger thoughts those narrowed by long domestic toil, to put to practical use the accomplishments and charms of those of social grace or especial talent, is what the club does when it attains its ideal. The educated woman gives of her knowledge to the ignorant one, the talented lends to her of poor imagination, and those who cannot give of their abilities, give of their attention. As appreciation is half of the success of any achievement, it must be insisted that the fastidious women have their distinct value. Some clubs are opposed to the admission of woman who cannot immediately and brilliantly contribute to the entertainment of the members, and there is no cause to quarrel with clubs of this sort. If brilliant and witty woman wish to have an exclusive place of meeting, they have as much right to their enjoyment as brilliant and witty men, nor are they under obligations any more than are these men, to surround themselves with a large number of quiet and unimaginative companions who would not understand the spirit nor the letter of their ambrosial afternoons. But the work of the large club with many departments is distinctively different, and the women untrained in thought, inexperienced in study and in social usages, ought to have a place there. The club should be her school, and the beauty with which she would become acquainted in the poetry, the musical, and the art classes, the habits of systematic thought she would acquire in the study classes, and the courtesies she would meet with at the social gatherings, the tea-drinkings and receptions, would make up a deficit in her life.—From Self Culture for September.

Kearney, Neb., Aug. 26, 1898.

W. J. C. KENYON, General Manager
Union Stock Yards, South Omaha,
Neb.

Dear Sir—I was very successful this year. I purchased 300 head of cattle which have all been fattened and sold at your market at very satisfactory prices, and am now feeding again. Was very successful in getting all the funds necessary. I was prevailed upon to send one load of steers through to Chicago, which were sold at less than was offered me in Omaha. Yours truly,

T. J. PARRISH.

Miss Souffulle—How sad you leafy orchard looks.

Miss Rustique—if you was as full of green fruit as that orchard is you would look sad too.



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There have been recent notices in the papers of the death of a woman near Pawnee City at the age of 120 years. Not the least interesting thing about this remarkable woman, especially to Nebraskans, is the fact that she had resided in this state for about forty-five years. Her age is a first class advertisement for the beneficial qualities of our climate. She was born in Kentucky, in the year 1778, as near as it could be ascertained. She could remember hearing people talk of Washington's first inauguration, at the time it took place, although she was not present at the place. Her maiden name was Delilah Edwards. John Edwards, her grandfather, lived in New York. William Edwards, his son, had ten children, of which Delilah was the oldest. The youngest was the father of John Edwards, who now lives near Pawnee City, at whose house Delilah passed the last years of her life. When first married she was living near Indianapolis, Ind., and she was there when that city was laid out. Three times she was married, the names of her husbands being Stiles, Schoolcraft and Cromwell. The latter was Dr. Cromwell, who was in the Nebraska legislature at one time. After living in Indiana, Mrs. Stiles went to Illinois and thence moved to Nebraska about 1853. During thirty-six years she lived in a log house near DuBois. Dr. Cromwell died about 1867, and after that time she lived alone,

making her own living up to five years ago. In April, 1893, she was stricken with paralysis and was thereafter taken care of first by Frank Edwards and afterward by John Edwards. Her intellect was clear and her eye-sight good up to the last. Her remains were laid away in the cemetery near DuBois, beside those of her husband. A very good photograph of her has been sent to the State Historical society, at whose rooms it may be seen.

THE LOAFERS

(On the corner of Tenth and O.)

They move with the earth in its course round the sun,
They have nothing to do but to talk,
They criticise Shafter,
Sampson's name causes laughter.
They are tramps who've forgot how to walk.

Beat four ounces of fresh butter to a cream, add four ounces of castor sugar, the juice of half a small lemon, and two well-beaten eggs. Mix well, and stir in one ounce of desiccated cocoanut; place the basin containing this mixture in a pan of boiling water over the stove and stir till all is well blended and as thick as good honey.

Charles W. Little, D. O., manager of the Lincoln infirmary of osteopathy, has secured as city office a suit of rooms in the Farmers and Merchants 208, 209 and 210. Dr. Little will remove his family to Lincoln in a few weeks.