

PASSING SHOW.

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been no tragedy. She had plenty of money, liberty, beauty, admiration, and a husband both foolish and fond. But she had married Aubrey for none of these things; she married him to become respectable, respectable inside. It was in herself that she wanted the change, to be born again. This was what she had honestly hoped for, and she fought and fought and broke her life against the bars, she could not "get back," as the phrase goes, over that line she had crossed so lightly once. That in the grimest tragedy in life, the finding that, in this world at least, there is no resurrection of the soul. That part of hers which could enjoy the simple pleasures and experiences of life, she had seared away with a red hot iron, and there can be no future for what no longer exists. What is it that Paula says crouching down by Aubrey's side, with her cheek on his shoulder and her heavy eyes staring off into vacancy.

"I believe that the future is only the past again, entered through another gate."

And Aubrey says truly "That's an awful belief."

A WANDERER'S NOTES.

[WILLIAM REED DUNROY.]

UNION, NEBR., July 17, 1890.

This is a typical small Nebraska town. It is clustered about a weather beaten station house and two big ugly red elevators. One straight street, lined on either side by little stores, all in abject need of a little paint. The town sets on the prairie with nothing to shade it from the pitiless rays of the sun nor shield it from the terror of the storm. The streets are fringed with a row of weeds, a cheerless prospect indeed. It is only as the eye seeks the surrounding country that it experiences a sense of relief. There, although the aspect is nearly a dead expressionless level, yet it is diversified by the cool green of the great fields of corn and the yellow fields of ripening oats and wheat.

I arrived here last night near the hour when graves are said to yawn and the dead to stalk forth amidst the deserted haunts of mortals. I found a harbor for the night at the hotel Smith, a bleak hostelry indeed. The landlord showed me to my room, which was a stifling one with bedraggled paper curtains at the windows and furniture and all, gritty with the undisturbed dust of many a windy day.

"What time do you have breakfast?" was my anxious inquiry as he was about to leave the room.

"Well, the last breakfast is at 7 o'clock," was the answer, and my soul sank within me, for I had banked on a beauty sleep in the morning.

I sought my couch and the last thing I heard before I went out into dream-land was a disturbance among the hogs in the back yard who began to quarrel and scold one another in quite a human fashion.

At breakfast, two young men, evidently star boarders, lent excitement to the eggs and beefsteak by their loud and boisterous chaffing with the girl who waited on the table. It seems that they had been out wheel riding the night before and one of the fellows and a girl had ridden away from the fair waitress of the hotel Smith. She did not relish the proceeding and the repartee exchanged between herself and the man who had incensed her was interesting—to the two who engaged in it. To heighten the excitement still further, a man who was a "transient guest" as he informed me, kept diving across the table every few minutes to insert his knife into the sugar bowl and extract therefrom its saccharine contents to

spread over the light biscuit he was eating.

From the kitchen came the monotonous round of the landlady's voice. It was always pitched on one note and she talked as if she was tired to death and had lost her last hope. During the whole morning but one thing occurred to arouse anything like a commotion and that was when the telephone bell rang. This caused a thrill to run through the whole house and everybody ran to see what was wanted.

"Hello!" said the man with the dark hair as the waiter girl came in with his coffee, "how's your head this morning?"

"Still on me yet," said the girl with a toss of her head.

"Tina was out wheel riding last night," he remarked to the young man with light hair, "we rode about three miles."

"It must have made her tired," remarked the young man with light hair.

"Yes, it did. But you see the fun of it was Hannah and me we run away from her. Didn't we Tina?" turning once more to the waitress as she brought in some fried eggs for the man who was just inserting his knife into the sugar bowl.

"No, you didn't," snapped the girl. "I didn't want to go with you and Hannah at all. I wanted to go alone," she said with just enough asperity to show that she was far from telling the truth.

"I wish I had taken a little of that Pabsta," remarked the man with dark hair, as the girl left the room.

"But you are going up to old Wes Nesbit's this morning and you wouldn't dare drink before going there," said the light haired man.

"That's so," was the response.

"Are there any squirrels in them woods down yonder?" asked the man with his knife in the sugar bowl.

"Yes, I guess there are a few."

"Gosh, but I'd like to have a mess of 'em. I've got er target gun in my chest and if I could git out there I think I could git a few."

"Yes, but the farmers kick on you shootin' out there. Hunters is so reckless with their guns, you know. After a farmer has had a horse or a cow shot he won't allow any one to shoot on his farm."

"Oh, but I could get a privilege. I never have any trouble that way," remarked the man who wanted the squirrels, with a self satisfied air.

At this juncture Grandfather Smith came shambling in for his breakfast. He was subjected to a great deal of rough bantering on the part of the star boarders, and I left the dining room.

PILGRIMAGE OF CRYPTIC MASONSONS OF COLORADO.

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Farmer (calling waiter)—Say, where kin I wash my hands?

Waiter (pointing)—Dar's de fingah-bowl, sah.

Farmer (turning pale)—Marthy, I thought that last stuff we et didn't taste like cheese—we've gone an' et the soap, by gum!—Town Topics.

Truth naked is obscene; truth adorned is a demigod.—Town Topics.

ON OUR NEIGHBOR'S DOORSTEP.

[FLORA BULLOCK.]

The guide-books and railroad advertisements will tell you that Edgemont is the gateway to the Black Hills. By taking the northward branch of the road from this place, you can strike very soon into the real Hill country on the way to Deadwood. The other branch turns somewhat to the west and for many dreary miles you trail along a track that lies like a braid upon the western edge of the hills. On your right all the way are the hills, slate gray at first, then showing more and more the greenish black of the pines and the greenish brown of the range grass; on your left as far as you care to look is sage brush, sage-brush, gray and bunchy so that in the distance you think you see herds of dirty sheep. The irrigation ditches, made cavernous in places by occasional deluges, are encouraging; you can trace them across fields by the real Nebraska green of the grass and bushes which grow so luxuriantly beside them. Occasionally you pass a few acres as pronounced in color as a Cass county corn field, and afterwards, when you learn something of the ways of irrigation, you appreciate what such a field means.

If Edgemont is the gateway to the Hills, Newcastle must be the doorstep. It is the first considerable station in the territory of our rather new neighbor, from whom, it seems to me, we have hardly yet borrowed our initial friendly cup of salt, though we have, in business fashion, bought from her, train loads of coal, and eaten of the fat of her land for due consideration. Kansas and Minnesota we have known so well that we beg for the "loan" of a chancellor, as loans go sometimes. But Wyoming may not even be invited to our neighborhood parties unless we are strongly moved by geographical principles. The reason is, of course, that Wyoming is a new state. Not only because it has been but a few years since her star took its place in our flag, but because her territory has been so inaccessible. Newcastle is but ten years old. Up to the time this Billings road was pushed through, a large section of the state could hardly think of itself as Wyoming, for it really seemed to belong to Deadwood, South Dakota. The story of the way in which this land has been rescued from arid uselessness will some day be considered not the least in our national "book of heroic deeds."

Newcastle is a real Hill town. Its altitude is only 4,119 feet, but it maintains a fresh mountain breeze that makes even the hottest day endurable and is not encouraging to the fan manufacturers. The red brick school house stands among the pines on a hill which is a path of knowledge itself and saves the school-board any expense for a gymnasium. Once up there you can look for miles and miles across the sage-brush prairie—a semi-level country dotted here and there as far as you can see with strange shapes that you take for haystacks until you are told of the buttes. One is made always memorable to you under the the romantic name of Pumpkin Butte. It is seventy miles away, and forty miles from a postoffice. There are places further than this from the daily newspaper, to be sure, but it seems far enough to be interesting. Once out there, I reflected, one might live in blessed ignorance for six weeks at least, as to whether his home was at 843 Ninth Avenue north, or 843 Xantippe Boulevard, or simply 843 X street, Lincoln, Nebraska. The school-board of Newcastle has charge of the Pumpkin Butte school—when there is any—as of fifteen others scattered all over enough land to make a good sized eastern state. Just at present the board is in a quandary as to Pumpkin Butte. At least eight

children of school age must be living in a district to warrant keeping up a school. Pumpkin Butte has only six or seven. It seems that in the interest of education some good people with a flourishing family ought to seek out the Sabbatical atmosphere of this place.

"By the way, what is a butte?" I ask my host, for while I think I know, a tenderfoot is never safe in presuming to understand the nomenclature of the Hills and ranches. After some facetious attempts to put me off by explaining that the term is applied to almost anything which is particularly fine and "swell," he at last defined a butte as generally a peculiar hill or knoll standing alone or somewhat boldly in a range or out in the midst of the prairie land. The dictionary corroborates his statement with its usual Latinity. The buttes are perhaps no more barren of what a Nebraskan would call vegetation than the rest of the land. You would hardly call sage brush and cactus vegetation, I am sure; they are more like vermin. Then that short dry grass, which in spite of your scepticism will grow out of the dirt, out of the very rocks, indeed, should really you think, be as good for nothing as it looks. However, as Mr. John Fitzgerald said once when told that he was looking very well, "Appearances are deceiving." You have to get used to the idea that whereas you like to eat beef, beef, alive and ruminating, like to eat this stuff; therefore, logically, you stand convicted of liking to eat this stuff. The strange story of this barren land, this dry grass country, is old, I know, to many; but it is not old to all who sit at dainty dinner tables and use napkins.

Newcastle has narrowly escaped being a fashionable watering-place and resort for invalids, and perhaps it will meet that fate at last. The Black Hills region is not blessed with lakes, naturally; there are several beautiful "made" lakes, however. One of these was formed about three miles from Newcastle. Hunyadi lake, as they call it, was a very popular free-for-all bathing place, made by chaining up the waters of a brook—they call it a creek—which comes from the Hills; the dam was continually repaired by the citizens of the town until that became tiresome. So, for some time the clear brook has gone sparkling on its way. It is a pretty stream, as you follow it up a very wild,

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