

Troyer & Gingery UNDERTAKERS

headed, mumbling crone, this picture shall I never once forget

She stood on the wide rustic porch smiling a welcome at our approach, like some tall, white lily swaying on a fragile stalk, her hair a fluffy mass of gold.

A loose gown of blue was girdled at the waist with a chain of turquoise. She greeted us with an absolute lack of formality, even as if we were old friends. We sat on the porch, which looked down a tangled ravine on one side and away to the cool grey of the north on the other. A serving woman fetched us claret cup and wafers, and took Rob away to see the horses.

Before we left Jim asked Mrs. Evend if she would sing something for us, as we would soon have to take leave if we were to reach home before sunset. She consented brightly and led the way indoors. The interior showed the house to be a fit nest for this wounded bird. Mrs. Evend looked over her music and finally gave us a gay, rollicking drinking song in the most exquisitely cultivated soprano; then a tender lullaby with tears in it, but there were none in her bright eyes as she turned back to us. She showed me over the house in a gay bird fashion. There were rare pictures, books, china,—indeed all the beautiful externals. When we reached the front porch again, and our horses had been brought around, an irresistible impulse seized me and I bent and laid my lips upon her luminous cheek, and turned away quickly, for my eyes were full of tears.

She faced me to her, and, kissing me softly, said: "You are grieving for me, dear; you must not; for I have much to be thankful for: my husband is coming next week. Don't, please don't, let your memory of me be a sorrowful one."

At the turning south of our road, we looked back. She waved her white hand, and then we lost her.

Such radiant, ethereal beauty I have never seen. Alas! that the setting should be so sorrowful!

We rode home almost in silence, save for the crackling under our horses' feet. Rob was tired and forbore his usual questioning.

I escaped to my tent early that night and lay for hours at the door looking up the way which led up and up and on to almost incalculable heights. The woe of the world seemed to be heavy on my soul. I wondered why God had ever built these sanctuaries of nature where bodies were healed simply enough to "brokenly live on." Yet what was I, to question the Infinite, when that pure soul among the heights yonder bore her cross and made no cry?

Suddenly, far up the mountain side, a white form seemed to be moving down the path of the moon, a floating, undefined, misty phantom which finally shaped itself to the outlines of a woman. On she came, a creature of the night. On the grassy plateau, a little distance from the house she paused, wringing her hand in impotent despair, then threw her head back against the broad ribbon of moonlight with a gesture as of mortal agony. I saw the face was the face of death, and the hair hung dank as with the damp of tombs.

Oh! it was good to feel mother's warm hand, to hear her voice.

"She hasn't been like herself for a week. We'd no business to let her sleep there! She shan't do it again."

I crept close into Mother's wide em-

brace—a thing I hadn't done for years. She held me until I fell asleep.

The following afternoon Jim came to the house and asked if he might speak to me.

He came in half awkwardly, holding a bouquet of yellow asters. After a few moments' conversation, during which I could tell he was nervous, he said, "I would like to tell you something, Miss Mayfair—you have been so kind to me—if you feel strong enough to hear any more of my troubles."

I was lying on a couch looking out at the hardy, late-blowing flowers. "Oh! I feel perfectly well; just a little nervous. What is it?"

He drew a yellow envelope from his pocket, and said, in a voice which sounded weak and far away:

"She, she—you know who I mean—is dead. She—she died with my name the last one she spoke."

I reached a hand toward him; he did not seem to see it. "But the strangest thing, Miss Penelope: I saw her quite plain. She came all in white down the mountain side. She reached out her arms and called—such a pitiful cry; then I started toward her—and heard your cry—and she had gone—and you—oh! we thought you too were dead!"

What can be the trouble with me? I wake again to find father on his knees by the couch, being altogether silly and asking if his precious darling were better.

You know you always told me I was light-headed. Well, I am just a little worse now.

Hope to write you next time from home.

Yours,
PENELOPE.

GERMS.

With the first general comprehension of the significance and importance of the relations between germs and disease there came also into the minds of many a genuine fear of these little parasites. As a greater familiarity has since come, there seems to be some little reaction, as is natural, in the opposite direction, and the bacteria are hardly accorded now by many the consideration they deserve. This condition of things can be attributed to but one cause, namely that the life history of the germs themselves and their action in producing disease are not fully understood.

Comparatively few people know the painstaking experiments connected with the establishment of any germ as the cause of a certain disease. The impression seems to prevail that it is only necessary to find the germ in the body in connection with the disease, then to assume that the disease is caused by that germ. Such observation, however, is not sufficient. Since the first disease-producing germ was established as such, scientific men have required that in order to determine any germ as causative of any disease, four conditions must be fulfilled. In the first place, the germ must be found in the diseased body associated with the disease in such numbers and in such a relation to the tissues that they may reasonably be assumed to be the cause of the tissue changes and symptoms observed. Second, that the germs shall be grown in pure cultures in nutrient media outside of and entirely apart from the diseased body. Third, that these pure cultures so obtained shall produce in susceptible animals disease processes identical with those from which they are obtained; fourth, that in the diseased animals and in the lesions so produced, the same micro-organisms shall be found again.

For each of the diseases or disease processes now attributed to a germ cause, this tedious and difficult experimental process has been many times repeated and the results so verified that they can



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no longer be held in doubt. In the same connection, however, our knowledge of the ability of the human body to remove or to successfully oppose large numbers of these germs has greatly increased as has also our information concerning the processes underlying the prevention of and recovery from infectious and contagious diseases.

It is interesting also to note that many diseases for which as yet a germ cause has not been established, are accepted by practically all physicians as diseases due to micro-organisms; this conclusion having been reached by the same course of reasoning as that by which astronomers are able to announce in advance the discovery of new planets or by which chemists prophesy the discovery of new chemical elements by inference from the blanks in the table of Berzelius. For this reason diseases like small-pox and scarlet fever are ordinarily considered as germ diseases and are treated as such, even though the etiological organism has not been established.

The lengthening of the average human life during the past century, a fact for proof of which the large insurance companies have furnished abundant statistics, is undoubtedly attributable in the main to the improved methods in medicine and surgery due to the advancement of the germ theory of disease. This knowledge has permitted us not only to take better care of those afflicted with such disease, but so to isolate the cases and to protect those who must be associated with such patients, that the rav-

aging epidemics of such diseases in former times will soon be a thing of the past. In addition to this the germ theory more than anything else has contributed to the spread of that great preventative of disease, cleanliness, from which only is to be expected our final complete salvation from germ diseases.

In avoiding germ infection, whether it be of a wound or of a body to produce disease, there are two things to consider. In the first place, the germs must be kept down to such numbers that the infected body or tissue may successfully cope with them, or, which is a physiological equivalent, the tissues must be in such good condition that they can resist more than the usual number of germs. These same principles which determine the first infection are also operative in deciding whether the patient shall succumb to or recover from the disease processes which are thus induced. It will be seen, therefore, how important is any hygienic measure or any procedure under the head of treatment which either reduces the numbers or virulence of the infective agent, or which increases the virility or resisting power of the patient or his tissues. It is the mastery of a knowledge of these things which characterizes the successful physician; for it is only by such a knowledge that one can be continuously efficient in the warfare of health against disease.

"I dread to think of my fortieth birthday."
"Why? Did something unpleasant happen then?"—1st Bits.