

CLASS OF '96.

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Prophecy.

Breathe upon me, O Muses, the gift of song. O Jupiter, god of the Greeks and Romans, if thou beest a god, carry me out of the 19th century, back, back to the shrine of Delphi, where thy mutterings and thy omens are construed, unroll for us, tonight, the scroll of the future as thou didst in the time of Aeneas, when the little band of Trojans battled so desperately with the elements; rend in twain that dark, mysterious veil which hangs between us and our destiny; or, if thou beest too aged, give to us at least to hear the mutterings of thy voice, to see the presence of thy face.

Scarce had I breathed my prayer, when, lo, the North Wind and the South Wind, and the East Wind and the West Wind rushed upon me with a mighty roar. In the awful chaos that followed, I was borne past hill and dale, over continent and ocean, and finally gently laid at the foot of a beautiful mountain. I looked about me. A strange people clad in quaint garments; an impenetrable forest; the blue sea shimmering in the distance; the snow-capped mountain, sparkling in the sunshine, appeared around me. I was bewildered by the quaintness, by the wealth of natural splendor. Turning, I asked a passer-by: "Friend, where am I?" The venerable sire, compassionately gazing upon me, answered in the plainest Volapuk: "This is Delos, the isle of the Delphic oracle. Yonder is the shrine of Jupiter."

I was somewhat stunned, thinking that perhaps this was a cruel jest, but, hearing the whirr of wings, I glanced above. There, balancing himself upon the air, was a shadowy form beckoning to me. As soon as he saw my uplifted eyes, he also addressed me in that strange new universal language: "Be not afraid; Mercury, the wing-footed messenger of the gods, summons thee to the shrine of the father. Follow me."

On and on I went, past tiny rill and rivulet, through rocky gorge, along a steep abyss. I reached the wildest, wierdest spot of all that isle. Before me stretched the great, restless, murmuring, complaining sea; behind, the forest, whose giant trees nodded and sighed and answered back the deep. In this solitude was the shrine of Apollo; here he was wont to disclose himself. Awed by the awful sublimity, I sat and mused. Suddenly the artillery of the sky thundered to the left of me. The reverberations rolled and rolled and rolled against the rock-bound caverns; the jagged lightning played upon the waves, the sea became uncommonly agitated. Then above a crested wave appeared a hoary head; the luminous eyes shone full upon me. "Child of the setting sun," quoth he, "Thy wish is granted. Behold the scroll of time! The Book of the ages shall open for thee." The head, frosted by five thousand winters, dropped forward on the aged breast. Intensely did I listen for the prophetic words.

Slowly the endless roll of parchment unrolled itself. There was a whirr and clicking as of a spring loose from its attachment. Page upon page of the Book of Time passed through into the water. Then there was a clicking very like an Edison Phonograph. Monotonously the name and history of generations past and generations yet unborn was chanted. At last familiar sounds began to shape themselves. Then faintly floated up to me the vainly smothered sighs of the '90ers, who failed to be. I shudder with them, but—a cog has slipped. I hear no more. A long blank follows. Now, again I hear accustomed names. The first to hold my fancy is that of Jennie Bell. Her past speaks by, we care not for it 'tis her future that we wish to hear. Listen with me. Thus chants the unearthly voice: "Having completed a four years course at the University, Jennie receives the honors of her class for Greek and Latin. But she views her laurels in a very matter of fact way, and just like a woman she proceeds to find some one to help her wear them. Her search is soon rewarded and she spends the remainder of her days contentedly fighting N-braska dust, battling with the moth and cricket and making candy. The children love her for she is very generous and the sick and needy always have a friend in Jennie." But hark,

a new name drops upon our ears. 'Tis that of Helen Roby. After completing her high school course, Helen spends several months visiting among her friends. Soon tiring of this she goes to the Boston conservatory. Gradually she crawls to the top of the ladder of fame. She stars in the leading quartet in the land. But she wears of active life and comes home to visit her parents. Alas for her public career. She wants a friend of her childhood. Two hearts that beat apart now beat as one and time rolls on. Again the name has changed.

Having completed school life Lucy Eames spends two years traveling. Lucy has been quite a connoisseur of old china and wherever she hears of a rare piece of that fragile fabric, she goes. But this is not all. She is a fair judge of old bric-a-brac and knows a good thing when she sees it as time can attest by her early marriage with old money bags, aged seventy.

A click, a whirr, another has missed and another page rolls by, and then Mamie Weideman, the new woman, breaks upon our ears. She has begun a tour of the world lecturing on dress reforms and hygienics. Her life is a very happy one. Many a weary woman's burden is lightened by her winning smile and kindly words. Where she goes she converses in the language of the land. Her name becomes a synonym for right and justice and self sacrificing heroism.

"Full many a rose is born to blish unseen, And waste its sweetness on the desert air." Not so Pearl Ludlow. Sweet, gentle Pearl lives in her cottage by the sea. Each summer troops of fresh air children prattle about her door. Her own sweet tots guilelessly minister to the rough and rugged seaman and although Pearl is not wealthy many people bless her kindly gifts, and time rolls on.

Many an unknown future glides along. Will we never hear the wished for name? Ah! Here it is. Let us know her by her deeds. After several years of drudgery, Jeanette Dilley emerges from a school of oratory, a polished elocutionist. Her full rich tones linger lovingly upon the rhyming, chiming, wrangling, clanging, jangling, cadence of "The Bells" by Poe. She has other favorites besides this. Her leisure is spent in the gay, whirl of society. Her classmates of '96 feel themselves forgotten. She lives for the applause which everywhere greets her. But the one event which causes her to be revered in a half dozen hearts, is her original "Ode to the class of '96" delivered before the Alumni association of her Alma Mater.

For myself what does the future hold in store? I strain my ears to hear. Eagerly I scan the face of the aged Apollo, and watch the uncoiling scroll. Am I about to be enlightened? A crash, a din, a thunderbolt is hurled against the caverned rocks. A forked tongue of fire darts from the upper air. I look out upon the sea and all is empty solitude.

MARY L. EAMES, Prophetess.

The Love of Nations.

Love is a mighty passion excited by beauty, by whatever is pleasing. Let us fancy with Plato a man grown to maturity in partial darkness, brought suddenly into the upper air to see the sunrise. Could we conceive his wonder, his astonishment, in viewing for the first time a sight which we daily look upon with indifference. Could we wonder that he stands there dumb, awed by the awful sublimity, as the golden orb of the rising sun floods the hilltops with celestial light. But God's mighty love is to be seen not alone in the sunrise. Staid with me some balmy June morning by the side of a clear and limpid brook, a magnificent gem in earth's aerial chaplet, as the mist like banners of clouds unfold and clasp the air. What holy joy and admiration fills your soul as you watch the pennons floating onward beckoning you upward, upward, upward. That is grandeur, that is sublimity, that is love. This green, flowery, rock-built earth, the rivers, the sea echoing our every passion, the great azure dome enveloping us, the clouds ever frowning or smiling, the lightning, the rain, all of nature's handiwork is perfect.

How grand and how beautiful is the ceaseless roll of time! The frost king exhausted by his tireless effort to deck the world in jewels has now laid him down to rest, and mother nature smiling through her sunbeams, awakens the earth to gladness. The snow, the frost has vanished, and yet is followed

by an old but newer beauty. When we realize that for thousands of years people have loved the same nature that we love so well; that they have regarded the grand march of the seasons with the same admiration with which we regard it; that they have been dominated by the same passions which dominate us; that they expressed their emotions in the same way in which we express ours; then it is we feel ourselves bound to all creation by an unrelaxable tie. When we consider that there is nothing new in the world; that every idea we conceive, every thought we express, is but a reiteration; that all nations at all times have been influenced by like motives; that our present age of enlightenment is to be surpassed by another as far in advance of us as we are in advance of our forefathers; when we consider the vastness of time and the myriads of people that have lived and are now living we can but partially conceive how difficult it is for an individual to climb to the pinnacle of fame and remain boldly silhouetted against the background of the ages.

But love is a mighty power which preserves the records of our heroes. A nation's greatness is but the reflection of the great men's deeds. Noble characters, whether they be men of action or of letters, inspire us with a feeling akin to that experienced by their own age. We feel their grandeur of the soul, the sublimity of the mind, the greatness of the motives, the vastness of conception that made them the chosen of the age, the millstones of generations.

Go with me back to the childhood of nations. When the first beautiful morning light broke on Europe, when all yet lay in fresh young radiance, as of a great sunrise, then our Europe was beginning to think, to be. Wonder, hope, and infinite, immeasurable radiance burst upon the minds of men—strong sons of nature. Here was Odin an untrained captain and fighter, discerning with his wild flashing eyes what to do, with his wild lion heart daring and doing; he was a poet too, a prophet, a great devout thinker, and an inventor too, as the truly great man ever is. Thus, the shadowy form of Odin comes to us. He was a god; the chief god of his people, whose devotion to him was unlimited. Their love expanded until it transcended all bonds, till it filled and overflowed the whole field of their thought. He was as a great light kindled in the dark vortex of the Norse mind.

He was a typical Norseman; the finest Teuton whom that race had ever produced. To this very time, every true, deep thinker is a kind of Odin, a teacher of men, who moulds a portion of the world's history after his own likeness. The man Pericles has fashioned for himself a statue more enduring than marble. The glory of the Augustan at Rome, or of the Elizabethan age in England, is dim when compared with the half century following the battle of Salamis, the age of Pericles, when Athens was the intellectual center of the world. Who can name a greater sculptor than Phidias, or a better architect than the designer of the Parthenon; who more faithful and thoughtful historians have we than Herodotus and Thucydides; who, but Shakespeare, can vie as tragic poet with Aeschylus, Sophocles and Euripides? What other mortal has shown a keener and truer philosophic mind, and a nobler heart than Socrates? Yet all these men lived for the glory of Athens, and their admiration of the world. What Pericles was to Athens, Caesar was to Rome. He was the most complete man of history for his genius was transcendent in three directions—in politics, in war, in literature.

Long ago a poor shepherd people after wandering unnoticed in the deserts since the creation of the world, until a hero prophet came down to them with the word that appealed to their excitable natures. Then the unknown tribe became world famous.

Within one century after Mohammed came, Arabia was startling the world with her meteoric flash which burst from Delhi to Grenada.

England boasts today of having produced the world's greatest poet. She has justly said: "Which Englishman or million of Englishmen that have been born in this land of ours would we not give up rather than the Stratford peasant—Shakespeare. He is the grandest thing we have yet done. For one honor among foreign nations, as an ornament to our Eng-

lish household, what item is there that we would not surrender rather than him."

Thus we get a glimpse of the great love and adoration a nation bestows upon a man who, in a sense, is their heart's idol. The memory of Shakespeare has been ineffaceably graven on the mind of man.

"What a piece of work is man! How noble in reason! How infinite in faculties! In form and moving, how express and admirable! In action how like an angel! In apprehension how like a god!" Let England boast her Shakespeare, her Milton, her Pitt; but let us Americans reverently cherish our Washington—the noble father of a mighty nation. Let us render unto him the love, the admiration, the homage that are his due.

The martyred Lincoln whose strength was hewed from the forest, and the fiber of whose soul was woven with the warp and woof of sorrow and care, stands by the side of Washington in strength and grandeur, the preserver of the union and the liberator of a shackled, fettered race. The world sees him and cries, "Behold a man."

Each having touched the sources of eternal might and having linked their lives to truth, right and justice bequeathed to all mankind a lasting blessing. When men commune with God and God comes down to men, the sacred vessels of his ministry become perpetual altars where following generations burn the holy incense of their love. A nation loves God's noblemen, the men and women who have conquered personal ambition, selfish motives, and the petty affairs of life; who have given their talent to their fellow men and their lives for their nation's life.

O, God, let us thy servants so live that in our humble sphere we may receive our portion of a nation's love.

VALEBICATORY.

As the voice of the water to the mariners dream; As the footsteps of Spring on the leaf-dried stream. There comes a soft footstep, a whisper, to me, The vision is over, the rivulet free.

We have trod from the threshold of turbulent March, Till the green scarf of April is hung on the larch. And down the bright hillside that welcomes the day, We hear the warm parting of beautiful May.

We will part before summer has opened her wing, And the bosom of June swells the bodice of spring. While the hops of the season lies fresh in the bud, And the young life of nature runs warm in our blood.

It is but a word and the chain is unbound, The bracelet of steel drops unclasped to the ground: No hand shall replace it, it rests where it fell, It is but a word that we all know too well.

Yet the hawk with the wildness untamed in his eye, If you free him, stares round ere he springs to the sky: The slave who no longer his fetters restrain Will turn for a moment and look at his chains.

But now at the gate of the garden we stand, And the moment has come for unclasping the hand; Will you drop it like lead, and in silence retreat

Live the twenty crushed forms from an omnibus seat?

Nay! Hold it one moment,—the last we may share,— I stretch it in kindness and not for my fare; You may pass through the doorway in rank or in file.

If your ticket from Nature is stamped with a smile, For the sweetest of smiles is the smile as we part

When the light round the lips is a ray from the heart; And lest a stray tear from the fountain might swell, We will seal the bright spring with a quiet farewell.

MAMIE E. WEIDEMAN.

Pleasures are like poppies spread, You seize the flower, its bloom is shed.

The momentary gratification of one's desire for pleasure is purely selfish. All our energies and resources are often expended for that which pleases the senses and then in a moment all is gone except the memory which soon grows tasteless and insipid. Those who live for the pleasures and not the real things of life are the ones that are always dissatisfied. When starting out in life if we seek only to do that which gives us pleasure we will always be wretched, but if we work for others we will be prosperous and happy. Look at some of our great men, if they had wrought only for self, their names today, instead of being emblazoned in characters of immortality, would have been consigned to the darkness of eternal oblivion. Men whose lives have been spent in the paths of duty, have enjoyed more true happiness than those who have frittered away their time in profitless amusements.

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