

A HOLIDAY WORLD.



MIRANDA ran into the meadow, laughing. The grassy slope shelved down into the valley, where the wood lay black and still. Daffodils nodded and cows lipped bowed as she passed upon her way. A lark got up and rose singing to heaven. She sped out of the meadow and into the sunlight, and the sound of her young laughter floated down the valley; echoes joined it there, and the little ravine gurgled with merriment. Miranda stopped, with her chin in the air, and listened. Was it all the echo of her own delight, or was it something more? The peal of her merrily died into the sombre copse, and out of it, fresh and clear, a voice trilled merrily on its upward way. Miranda stood and waited. He came up the bank of wild flowers, his face bright with the love of life and laughter, and at the sight of her he paused. The two faced each other for a while in silence, and then a smile ran round Miranda's lips, and the young man's eyes sparkled with merriment. "I took your laughter for a signal," said he, making his beaming salutations; "but I reckoned little upon so charming an assignation."

"It was but a signal of the spring, air," she says with a dainty bow. "Nay," he replied, "I make no such distinctions between the seasons. I laugh the whole year through; it is the manner of the wise. You will perceive my jocund humor, fair mistress. Believe me, it's not the whim of an hour contrived by the gulls of a spring morning, but a very settled disposition of the mind. I am broad-based upon gaiety."

"Ah! to be gay?" cried Miranda: "to be gay is to live." "Life is at our feet," said the merry youth. I take an infinite pleasure in its complexities. Believe me, nothing should matter, save the twinkling of an eye or the dimpling of a cheek. "You are right," said Miranda, smiling. "How can one have enough of laughter?"

"We are of one mind," he answered pleasantly. "Let us go into our corner and be merry together." "Why not?" said Miranda. "Why not?" "There are 10,000 pleasures in this silly world," he went on, "and, for myself, I have not yet exhausted the tenth part of them. Count my years, then, and make three score and ten the dividend, and what remains? Pack them into the hours ever so neatly and you will not exhaust the store. And that is why I am a spendthrift of pleasures. I like not out my delights. I would burn twenty in a straw hat out of sheer caprice and toss a dozen to the ducks upon the lake for pity."

"Yes, yes," agreed Miranda. "Time," he continued with fine scorn—"Time has discovered us a conspiracy of ages to enthroned this melancholy. But we are not traitors to our rightful being, you and I, and we will clap a crown upon the head of

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when she had done his head dropped and he sighed.

"Ah," she said, "you sigh. You yourself have felt and suffered. You have belied yourself! You sigh. There are facts in life even for sighs."

"'Tis true," he answered softly, "yet I sighed for pleasure."

"What pleasure?" she asked curiously.

"Or it may be hope," he added.

He looked at her, and his gaze was mild and wistful. She regarded him in perplexity, and then a wild flush took her in the cheek and throat.

"Pooh! pooh!" she cried, and turned off, plucking at the hawthorne bush. The white may smelt rank, but strange and soothing; the petals shivered and fell. Miranda's heart beat on, wondering. Something clapped at its doors again and again. Would she open? What was this impatient visitor that pleaded so for entrance? She had so little knowledge; she was but newly arrived upon the world. Her emotions were still strangers to her; she was a pilgrim still among her new sensations. Ought she to open? Nay, to stay so and wonder was surely pleasantest. One day she would throw wide the doors and look. But now it was sweet to feel that hand upon the knocker, that clutching at the latch, and lie trembling within in feigned insecurity. She turned and faced him. Straightway the clamor ceased, and in her heart was silence. She looked him coldly in the face.

"You smile for love?" she asked.

"Yes, dear," said he, "and for the thought of you."

"Oh, you take me too lightly," she broke out. "You do not guess what a solemn thing this love may be. You flutter into a thousand follies on the scantest reflection. You will dance and you will play, and you will jingle-jangle through your holiday world without a thought for anything but pinnettes and jigs and whirligigs of laughter. The most notorious of sacred sorrows may sound in your ears and wake no echo but a gape within your heart. And you would put me upon that dead plane of ribald merriment with yourself? I will laugh with you. Yes; I will go beg of you for jests in my jocund seasons. I am willing to shriek over your whimsicalities at my own pleasure. In my serene unthinking moments I will be content to exchange humors with you, and to row life were void and dull were not such as you at my beck. But when I've opened my chamber and fastened the door upon myself, my soul and I shall be alone together, and I will weep, and pity, and repent, and ache out my heart with sorrows in which you can have no lot. I am young, but I have an inkling of what the world may mean."

"The world," said he, "means happiness."

"The world," she retorted, "means tears and bitter wringing of the hands. Have I not heard of death, and have I not seen pain? You think me gay, yet how long shall I keep this gaiety in my heart? I go round upon the wheel. It turns and changes. What shall befall to-morrow that I shall not weep today? You would pluck me with no greater consideration than you would pluck a flower from its stalk wherewith to deck your coat. Should it wither or fall adrift, another will serve until the coming of the wine. Look you, you will sigh and weep for love, and your sighs will be smiles, and your tears will be laughter. Fortright your heart is singing like a lark. Yours! yours is the shallowest of paltry passions."

"I would do much for you," said he.

"Give me your dimples," cried Miranda, "and so to the churchyard with a wry face?"

"Even that," he answered, nodding.

"Pah! You will not contain your face lugubriously for five minutes by the clock. Though you shall remember to be sober for two sentences, at the third you will be whistling, and the fourth will find you holding your sides."

He moved a step toward her. "And if I should die for you," he asked, pleadingly.

Miranda gasped. She contemplated his face with uncertainty. His eyes shone with the dew of tears; his hands trembled; it was the corner of his mouth that betrayed him. Miranda burst into laughter.

"You!" she cried. "You! Why, you would forget my coffin as it passed, and the color of my face ere my back was upon you. 'See here,' she said; 'I will give you to the hedge for misery; but I swear you will take to the lane as jauntily as an hour since. Get you gone, my merry man, and come again to dispute with me in an idle humor. Fie! fie! to think on you and death in the same company!'"

He sighed and turned away.

"You have the smallest heart of any man! I know," he said, shaking his head.

"The better for my laughter," laughed Miranda.

He moved across the meadow, his head hanging, his eyes downcast, his stick dragging among the daisies. Miranda stared after him, her lips parted in amusement. He climbed the stile, and, stopping on the top-most step, turned to her again.

"I have at least one solace," he called across the meadow. "I shall forget your fields by night."

Miranda's laughter touched the skies and ceased. Her face fell thoughtfully; she sighed and shrugged her shoulders.

CHURCH NOTES.

CHRISTIAN CHURCH. Morning sermon on "Clean Hands," Evening sermon, "Sanctification."

Good music, bible sermons and a hearty welcome to all worshipers and visitors.

L. A. HUSSONG, Pastor.

CONGREGATIONAL. Sunday School at 11:45. Y. P. S. C. E. at 6:30 p. m.

There is a Class of People. Who are injured by the use of coffee. Recently there has been placed in all grocery stores a new preparation called GRAIN O, made of pure grains, that takes the place of coffee. The most delicate stomach receives it without distress, and but few can tell it from coffee. It does not cost one fourth as much. Children may drink it with benefit. Use the per package. Try it. Ask for GRAIN O.

Free From Rheumatism.

If the people generally knew the true cause of Rheumatism, there would be no such thing as liniments and lotions for this painful and disabling disease. The fact is, Rheumatism is a disordered state of the blood—it can be reached, therefore, only through the blood. But all blood remedies cannot cure Rheumatism, for it is an obstinate disease, one which requires a real blood remedy—something more than a mere tonic. Swift's Specific is the only real blood remedy and promptly goes to the very bottom of even the most obstinate case. Like all other blood diseases, the doctors are totally unable to cure Rheumatism. In fact, the only remedies which they prescribe are potash and mercury, and though temporary relief may result, these remedies produce a stiffness of joints and only intensify the disease. Those who have had experience with Rheumatism know that it becomes more severe each year.



The case of Mrs. James Kell, of 611 Ninth Street, S. E., Washington, D. C., should convince everyone that it is useless to expect doctors to cure Rheumatism. Under recent date she writes: "A few months ago I had an attack of Sciatic Rheumatism in its worst form. The pain was so intense that my nervous system was prostrated, and I was for a long time perfectly helpless. The attack was an unusually severe one, and my condition was regarded as being very dangerous. "I was attended by one of the most able doctors of Washington City, who is also a member of the faculty of the leading college here. He told me to continue his prescription and I would get well. After having it refilled twelve times and receiving not the least benefit, I declined to take it longer. "Having heard S.S.S. (Swift's Specific) recommended for cure Rheumatism, I decided almost in despair, to give it a trial. After taking a few bottles I was able to hobble around on crutches, and very soon had no need at all for them. For S.S.S. cured me sound and well. All the distressing pains have left me, my appetite has returned, and I am happy to be again restored to perfect health. "S.S.S. never disappoints, for it is made to cure these deep-rooted diseases which are beyond the reach of all other remedies. It cures permanent Rheumatism, Catarrh, Cancer, Scrofula, Eczema, and all other blood diseases. It is the only blood remedy guaranteed.

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SHERIFF'S SALE.

First publication Oct. 29. Notice is hereby given that under and by virtue of an order of sale issued from the office of James Burden, Clerk of the District Court of the Tenth Judicial District, within and for Webster county, Nebraska, upon a decree in an action pending therein, wherein P. K. Dederick is plaintiff and against Albert Henry, Della Henry his wife, First National Bank of Blue Hill, Nebraska, and Stark Brothers, defendant, I shall offer for sale at public vendue to the highest bidder for cash in hand, at the east door of the court house, at Red Cloud, in said Webster county, Nebraska, (that being the building wherein the last term of said court was holden) on the 28th day of November, A. D. 1897, at two o'clock p. m. of said day, the following described property, to wit: The northern quarter of section four (4), township four, north range nine (9), west of the 6th P. M. in Webster county, Nebraska.

Given under my hand this 25th day of October, A. D. 1897. J. W. RUNCNEY, Sheriff. R. T. POTTER, Plaintiff's Attorney.

SHERIFF'S SALE.

Notice is hereby given that under and by virtue of an order of sale issued from the office of James Burden, Clerk of the District Court of the Tenth Judicial District, within and for Webster county, Nebraska, upon a decree in an action pending therein, wherein J. J. Pettibone and S. E. Nixon, partners doing business under the firm name of Pettibone & Nixon are plaintiffs, and against Kaweah M. Real-estate Co., defendant, I shall offer for sale at public vendue to the highest bidder for cash in hand, at the east door of the court house, at Red Cloud, in said Webster county, Nebraska, (that being the building wherein the last term of said court was holden) on the 28th day of November, A. D. 1897, at one o'clock p. m. of said day, the following described property, to wit: Lots seven (7), eight (8), nine (9), ten (10), eleven (11) and twelve (12) in block number ten (10) in Smith & Moore's addition to the city of Red Cloud, Nebraska.

Given under my hand this 25th day of October, A. D. 1897. J. W. RUNCNEY, Sheriff. R. T. POTTER, Plaintiff's Attorney.

SHERIFF'S SALE.

Notice is hereby given that under and by virtue of an order of sale issued from the office of James Burden, Clerk of the District Court of the Tenth Judicial District, within and for Webster county, Nebraska, upon a decree in an action pending therein, wherein J. J. Pettibone and S. E. Nixon, partners doing business under the firm name of Pettibone & Nixon are plaintiffs, and against Kaweah M. Real-estate Co., defendant, I shall offer for sale at public vendue to the highest bidder for cash in hand, at the east door of the court house, at Red Cloud, in said Webster county, Nebraska, (that being the building wherein the last term of said court was holden) on the 28th day of November, A. D. 1897, at one o'clock p. m. of said day, the following described property, to wit: Lots seven (7), eight (8), nine (9), ten (10), eleven (11) and twelve (12) in block number ten (10) in Smith & Moore's addition to the city of Red Cloud, Nebraska.

Given under my hand this 25th day of October, A. D. 1897. J. W. RUNCNEY, Sheriff. R. T. POTTER, Plaintiff's Attorney.

PUBLICATION OF SUMMONS.

In the District Court of Webster county, Nebraska. Alfred M. Aultz, Plaintiff, vs. Iona E. Aultz, Defendant. Above named defendant will take notice that on the 10th day of November, 1897, plaintiff filed his petition in the above entitled court alleging their marriage and that said defendant without cause deserted plaintiff and remained absent for the space of nine years, and praying for a decree of absolute divorce. Said petition is required to answer said petition on or before December 27th, 1897.

SHERIFF'S SALE.

By virtue of an execution directed to me from the District Court of Webster county, Nebraska, on the 16th day of July, 1897, in favor of the Bankers National Bank of Chicago, Illinois, as plaintiff, and against State Bank of Blue Hill, Nebraska, as defendant, a tract of land which has been duly filed in the office of the clerk of the District Court, for the sum of Seven Hundred and Ninety Dollars and Fifty-five cents, and costs, interest at seven and seventy hundredths dollars, and accruing costs, and interest on \$700.50 from the 16th day of July, 1897, I have levied upon and a tract of land which has been duly filed in the office of the clerk of the District Court, that being the building wherein the last term of said court was held, at the hour of one o'clock p. m. of said day, when and where due attendance will be given by the under-signed. Dated November 18th, 1897. J. W. RUNCNEY, Sheriff of said County.

SHERIFF'S SALE.

Notice is hereby given that under and by virtue of an order of sale issued from the office of James Burden, Clerk of the District Court of the Tenth Judicial District, within and for Webster county, Nebraska, upon a decree in an action pending therein, wherein First National Bank of Blue Hill, Nebraska, John G. Miller & Co., S. J. Whitten, Noyes, Korona & Co., Richardson Roberts, Byrne Dry Goods Co., Morse Shoe Co., Taylor Bros & Co, Glimore & Ruhl, Sweet Orr & Co., are defendants, I shall offer for sale at public vendue to the highest bidder for cash in hand, at the east door of the court house, at Red Cloud, in said Webster county, Nebraska, (that being the building wherein the last term of said court was holden) on the 28th day of November, A. D. 1897, at one o'clock p. m. of said day, the following described property to wit: Lot number thirty three (33) in block number nine (9) in Blue Hill village, Webster County, Nebraska.

Given under my hand this 15th day of November, A. D. 1897. J. W. RUNCNEY, Sheriff. A. M. WALTERS, for Plaintiff. JAS. MCNEELY, for State Bank.

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