FOR THE LAST TIME.

For the last time we stand together here And look across to where the lines of light Along the harbor to the city's height Flash out with radiance clean

I cannot help but think how many a night Your eyes have watched those red lights drawing near. When they were all by which you had to

steer, Yet ever sped the little craft aright.

Swift as a bird it flew from pier to pier, And still I know 'twill wing its watery flight, And still will happy hearts and faces bright Crowd all its length, as in the bygone year.

Only one face will vanish from our sight. Only the presence that made all so dear. Forever from our lives will disappear: I only know that here you stand tonight For the last time!

And all the world grows drear.

A sudden, blinding mist shuts from my sight The distant splendor, blazing red and white. I will not lift my eyes to yours for fear

That you, too late, should read my soul aright. I may not touch your hand in parting here, Yet can no darker cloud o'er life appear Than when I answer to your calm "Good night" For the last time!

-Ida I. Gould in New York Sun.

REVENGED.

It was about half an hour after sunset, but an orange light still burned above the lonely southern valley. The trembling evening star was hanging over the green silences of the fragrant Tennessee woods. Vapor wreathed phantoms from the river course and from the dense thickets that skirted the camp ground came ever, and anon the mournful sound of whippoorwills, sounding faint and low, like the remembered echoes of a dream. Yet Wallace Keene would have given well nigh all he was worth to exchange its luxuriant verdure, one moment only, for the pine clad heights and salt winds of Maine, with russet winged robins chirping their familiar madrigals in the apple orchards below.

"Two years ago I left home," murmured Wallace Keene as he gazed thoughtfully out where the purple sky seemed to touch the waving woods. "Two years since young Harney told me he never would give Marion to 'a common mechanic,' yet the wound rankles sharply still."

"Captain"-

"Is that you, Spicer? What now?" Captain Keene turned his face toward the opening of the tent, where Private

Spicer's head was just visible. "Why, sir, our fellows have just brought in that lot o' men that was hurt in that scrimmage across the river this morning, and some on 'em is wounded bad."

"I will be there directly, Spicer."

There was a little crowd of men gathered on the river shore in the warm glow of the spring, but they silently parted right and left for Captain Keene's tall figure to pass through their midst.

Six or seven dusty, bleeding men were sitting and lying around in various postures, their ghastly brows made still paler by the faint, uncertain glimmer of the young moon. Keene glanced quickly around, taking in the whole scene in that one brief survey. He stopped short as his eye fell on a

new face, half shadowed by the green sweep of drooping alders-a pale, blood streaked face with a gaping cut on the forehead.

one of our men!"

have taken better sare of you. His cous-

in, maybe?" "No! God forgive me, no!" faltered the wounded man with a low, bitter groan.

"Here he is now," said Spicer, the familiar a cents of his voice falling to a more respectfully modulated tone as he rose and saluted his officer. "He's all right, captain-as clear headed as a bell!"

"Very well, Spicer; you can go." The private obeyed with alacrity.

When they were alone together in the tent. Wallace Keene came to the low bedside.

"So you're all right, Mr. Harney?" he asked kindly.

"Captain Keene," murmured Harney, shrinking from the soothing tone as if it had been a dagger's point, "I have no and invoked Mr. Wallack. Mr. Jerome right to expect this treatment at your hands.

"Oh, never mind," said the young man lightly. "What can I do to make you more comfortable?"

Harney was silent, but his eyes were full of the tears he fain would drive back -tears of remorseful shame-and he turned his flushed face away lest the man he had once so grossly insulted should see them fall. The next day he again alluded to the

home subject. "Captain Keene, you asked me yester-

day what you could do for me?" "Yes."

"I want you to obtain leave for May to come and nurse me when I am transferred to hospital."

Captain Keene turned toward the sick man a face white and hard as marble and said in a strangely altered voice: "Do you mean your sister?"

"My sister-yes."

"Of course, if you wish it, I can obtain permission, Harney. But"----"Well?"

Keene's cheek colored, and he bit his lip. "I should not suppose she would be willing to leave her husband for the very uncertain comforts of hospital life."

Harney smiled, looking into his companion's face with keen, searching eyes. "May is not married, Captain Keene. She has no such appendage as a husband!"

"Not married!"

"I know what you thought. She was engaged and almost married. We had nearly induced her to become Lisle Spencer's wife, but she refused on the very eve of the wedding day." Keene had risen and was pacing up and

down the narrow limits of the tent with feverish haste.

"Because," went on Harney, "she loved a certain young volunteer who left Sabout two years ago too well ever to become any other man's wife.'

"Harney- vou do not mean to say" "I do, though, old fellow, and, what is more, I mean to say that since I've been lying in this tent my eyes have been pretty thoroughly opened to my own absurd folly and impertinence."

Captain Keene wrung his companion's hand and hurried away, to mistake the bootjack for the inkstand and to commit several other no less inexcusable absurdi-

"I see you'll get nothing written today," sighed Harney as he lay watching Wallace Keene tear up sheet after sheet of condemned note paper.

"I shall, though," smiled Wallace. "Only I can't tell exactly which end of my letter to begin at."

Captain Keene did write-and if he inserted a little foreign matter into the

, New York Society In Wartime.

Out of the great excitement of the war grew a fantastic gayety, a wild sort of Carmagnole frenzy. Society did strange things. Women would dance the german at a fashionable New York party with their hair hanging in long streamers down their backs. while the young men would seize those beautiful tresses for reins and drive the fair women with imitation whips. Everybody was half mad. And after the war was over these women, to whom philanthropy had become a business, found it hard to return to the common everyday work of life. So Mrs. S. M. K. Barlow, one of the best and noblest of human beings, suggested that we should help the south. We went to work again at the dramatic committee lent us the theater, and we really did some very good works, producing plays which were not stumbled through, but had some resemblance to the real thing. The money we made we sent to the clergymen of the south, who wrote of individual cases of distress. It was our pleasure to save the lives of sick chil-

dren who needed more delicate food than their poor mothers could otherwise have procured. We used to receive most touching letters. Thus was the first effort at reconstruction attempted and carried through successfully. We tried to fol-low Grant at Appomattox and to be worthy of the last words of Lincoln .-Mrs. M. E. Sherwood in Lippincott's.

The Original Four Hundred.

It is generally thought that the saying that the only people in New York worth knowing can be numbered by 400 was originated by Ward McAllister, but it can be found in the Bible. Acts v. 36, which speaks of Theudas boasting himself to be somebody, to whom a number of men, about 400, joined themselves, who were scattered and brought to naught. The verse referred to reads as follows, "For before these days rose up Theudas, boasting himself to be somebody, to whom a number of men, about 400, joined themselves, who were slain, and all, as many as obeyed him, were scattered and brought to nought."

Another verse worth mentioning in this connection is from I Samuel xxii, 2, "And every one that was in distress, and every one that was in debt, and every one that was discontented, gathered themselves unto him. and he became a a captain over them, and there were with him about 400 men."-Keystone.

The Abbreviation of Zoological. The tendency among English people to clip long words into short ones, or even into monosyllables, is notorious. Thus 'cabriolet" has become cab, "omnibus" bus and so on. But the change of "zoological" into zoo is, to any one who knows the origin of the word, the most exasperating of all, and yet we now meet with "zoo" in well written journals, and I see the word is being advertised as the title of a book.

There is another variation, which comes simply from bad pronuciation, as when a cockney holiday maker tells you he has been to the "slogical." If "zoological" is to undergo a shortening, like that which has befallen "omnibus" and "cabriolet," let it at least become zo. This would be correct as far as it went and would not be so excruciating as the detestable zoo.-Cor. Notes and Queries.

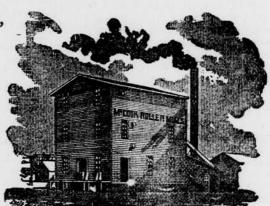
Buying a Rare Book. A good story was told on Sam Mc-



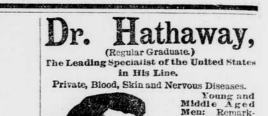


DOAN & HART

are also prepared to handle wheat for which they are paying the highest market price. Mills and Elevator on East Railroad street.







claimed sharply. "How came he here?" "No, sir," explained Spicer, stepping

forward. "I think he belonged to the Eighth. I'm sure I don't know how he ever got mixed up with our fellows, but there he was, and I thought we'd better not wait for their ambulance, but bring him straight here."

"Right," briefly pronounced Keene, stooping over the insensible figure. "Let them carry him to my tent, Spicer."

"I beg your pardon, captain-to your tent?"

"Didn't you hear what I said?" sharply interrogated the superior officer. "Bruce, make the others comfortable in Lieuten ant Ordway's quarters. There will be plenty of room for them there."

"Well, I'm beat!" ejaculated Spicer five or ten minutes afterward as he came out of the captain's tent scratching his shock of coarse red curls.

Meanwhile the dim light of a lamp swinging from the center of the little tent shone full on the singular group within its circling folds-the wounded private lying like a corpse, still and pale, on the narrow iron bedstead, the young officer leaning over him and supporting his head-and the brisk, gray eyed little surgeon keenly surveying both as he unfolded his case of phials and powders.

"He is not dead, doctor?" "No; but he would have been in an-

other half hour. Your prompt remedies have saved his life, Captain Keene.' "Thank God! oh, thank God!"

The surgeon looked at Keene in amazement.

"He doesn't belong to your regiment. Why are you so interested in the case?"

"Because, doctor," said Keene, with a strange, bright smile, "when I saw him lying under the alders, dead, as I thought, I rejoiced in my secret heart. At firstonly at first. The next moment I remembered that I was a man and a Christian. For years I have carried the spirit of Cain in my breast toward that man: now it is washed out in his blood."

It was high noon of the next day before the wounded man started from a fevered doze into the faint dawn of consciousness.

"Where am I?" he faltered, looking wildly around him, with an ineffectual effort to raise his dizzy head from the pillow.

"Now, be easy," said Private Spicer, who was cleaning his gun by the bedside. "You're all right, my boy. Where are you? Why in the captain's tent, to be sure, and that's pretty good quarters for the rank and file, I should think."

"The captain's tent? How came I here?" "That's just what I can't tell you-

you'll have to ask himself, I guess. You ain't any relation to Captain Keene, be TOUR

"Keene-Keene!" repeated the man. "Because," pursued Spicer, "If you'd been his own brother born, he couldn't themum?-Good News.

epistle it didn't matter, for Harney, considerate fellow, never asked to see it.

Marion came, and when her brother was promoted into the convalescent ward, and she went home again, it was only to lose herself in bowers of orange blossoms, forests of white satin ribbon and acres of pearly, shimmering silk, shot with frosty gleams of silvery brocade, for the course of true love, after all its turn and intricacies, had at length found its way into the sunshine and was running smoothly over sands of gold .-A. R. in New York News.

Simultaneous Games of Chess

The perfection to which chess may be carried almost implies its imperfection as an amusement. Chess giants like Mr. Blackburn and the late Henry Zukertort act as warnings rather than ideals to ordinary people in search of amusement. The latter gentleman once undertook to carry on 18 games simultaneously without looking at the boards. The performance did not end very satisfactorily, for into considerable favor, according to after more than two days' play the men- some of the foreign journals, as an effital acrobat surrendered the contest. But cacious preventive of seasickness on the fact of having carried it so far implied a bewildering feat of cerebration, for if the first four moves on either side in a single game admit of 72,000 variations the first four in 18 games make the appalling total of 1,296,000 possible combinations

Mr. Blackburn is unrivaled as a blindfold player, and he has actually succeeded in winning the majority of 12 simultaneous games without the assistance of sight. The possible variations in the first four moves of these number 864,000. Performances such as these leave on the mind the oppressive and somewhat hu- a sufficient quantity of sugar to corremiliating impression of infinity. It is too spond with the constituents of mother's much of a good thing. One can scarcely imagine how a brain called on to steer through such vast and barren complexities can have any faculties in reserve for useful ratiocination .- Blackwood's Magazine.

Wall Street Full of Schemes.

A feature of market reporting should be the daily statement of the number of men in the street with schemes. They are numerous now and are steadily on the increase, as the railroad brokers and money getters will testify. One of the former was heard to remark the other day, "If you were to stand at the corner of Wall and Broad streets and break with a club the head of every man that came along, the air would be so full of schemes that the sun would be darkened."-New York Tribune.

The Wrong Flower. Little Miss Goldenhair (proudly)-We is descended from zee Mayflower.

Little Miss Freckles (regarding her intently)-Is you sure it wasn't a chrysan-

Conaha at a certain book store the other day. During the holiday rush he went out to buy a book for his little girl. He went from one book store to another and said, "I want a nice holiday edition of "The Prodigal Son." No one seemed to have the book. When Sam went home, he did not say anything to his wife, as the book was intended as a surprise Christmas present. The next day he determined to go in further quest of the book. But it was not to be found. The fun of it is Sam wanted "The Pilgrim's Progress," and somehow he got names mixed. He said the thing flashed across his mind in a dream two nights before Christmas, and he then got the book that he wanted.-Cincinnati Enquirer.

Efficacy of "Chlorobrom."

A combination to which the name of chlorobrom has been given-a solution containing 30 grains of chloralamide and a similar amount of potassium bromide in an ounce of menstruum-has come short voyages. The passenger is recommended to take a podophyllin pill for one or two nights before the date of sailing, and when on board to remain for a time, before rough water is reached, in a horizontal position with eyes shut, and to take no food on short trips.

Powdered Foods.

Many artificial baby foods are manufactured and sold in concentrated form. For example, products advertised as "substitutes for mother's milk" are made from cow's milk, to which is added milk. The water is removed from the mixture in vacuo, leaving a fine white powder, which is put up in packages. Finely powdered wheat flour and other nutritious vegetable elements are added in more elaborate preparations .-- San Francisco Examiner.

Poor Business In a Theater.

When Charles Yale was experiencing wretched business during one week in the south, a brother manager asked if the tax. people were treating him right. "It's frightful," replied Mr. Yale. "Last night was the worst I ever heard

of. I never imagined it could be so bad. All records for small receipts were smashed."

"How is it tonight?" "Fifteen dollars less than last night." New York Evening Sun.

An Affecting Scene. Mr. Younghusband-Darling, you have been weeping. What is it, my sweetest love? Mrs. Younghusband-Horse radish!-

Exchange.

necessity, lighten labor and improve the flavor of the food Don't let • MA. your dealer sell you other kind. Send 2c stamp for a 100 page COOK BOOK FREE, W. C. LATOURETTE Agent, McCo Majestic Mfg. Co., St. Louis.



THE OMAHA WEEKLY BEE WITH THE AMERI CAN FARMER OR WOMANKIND FOR ONE DOLLAR PER YEAR.

THE OMAHA WEEKLY BEE is acknowledged to be the best and largest newspaper in the west, publishing more western and general news than any other paper in the country. The usual price is one dollar per year. THE AMERICAN FARMER is published at Springfield, Ohio, is a 16 page monthly paper devoted to agriculture, horticulture, the dairy, poultry and general interesting stories and other matter for the home. The usual price is one dollar per year.

Obio. It is 16 page monthly publication, de-

the Bee and either one of these journals. Address all orders to

Karl's Clover Root, the new Blood Purifier, gives freshness and clearness to the Complexion and cures Constipation. 25 cents, 50 cents and \$1. Sold by A. McMillen. § 26-1yr.

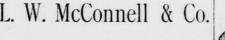
Charging immigrants so much per head is the very reverse of an income

Shiloh's Vitalizer is what you need Skin or Kidney Trouble. It is guar-

anteed to give you satisfaction. Price 75 cents. Sold by A. McMillen.

Just because a man happens to be beetlebrowed is no sign that he has a bug in his head.

Captain Sweeney, U. S. A., San Diego, Cal., says: "Shiloh's Catarrh Remedy is the first medicine I have ever found that would do meany good." Price 50 cents. Sold by A. McMillen.



DRUGGISTS



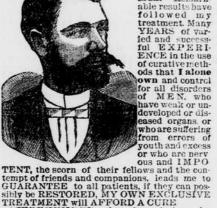


can be made into a Tea for use in one minute. Price 25c., 50c, and \$1.40 per package. KO NO An Elegant TOLET POWDER for the Teeth and Breath-25c.



A person is prematurely old when baldness occurs before the forty-fifth year. Use Hall's Hair Renewer keep the scalp healthy and prevent baldness.

No matter what daily paper you read at other times, the Daily State Journal, published at the state capital, is the paper for Nebraskans during the legislature. Eighty-five cents a month. Try it. Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.



TREATMENT will AFFORD A CURE TO REMEMBER, that there is hope for YOU. Consult no other, as you may WASTE VALUABLE TIME. Obtain my treatment at

Female Diseases cured at home without in-

Female Diseases cured at home without in-struments; a wonderful treatment. Catarrh, and Diseases of the Skin, Blood, Heart, Liver and Kidneys. Syphilis. The most rapid, safe and effective treatment. A complete cure guaranteed. Skin Diseases of all kinds cured where many others have failed.

Unnatural Discharges promptly cured in a few days. Quick, sure and safe. This includes Gleet and Gonorrhœa.

MY METHODS.

Free consultation at the office or by mail. Thorough examination and careful diagnosis.

 Thorough examination and exterior diagnosis
That each patient treated gets the advantage of special study and experience, and a specialty is made of his or her disease.
Moderate charges and easy terms of payment A home treatment can be given in a majority of cases

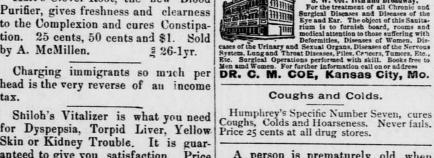
of cases Send for Symptom Blank No. 1 for Men. No. 2 for Women. No. 3 for Skin Diseases. Send 10c for 64-page Reference Book for Men and Women. All correspondence answered promptly. Bus-finess strictly confidential. Entire treatment sent free from observation. Refer to banks in Si. Joseph and business men. Address or call on

J. N. HATHAWAY, M. D., Corner 6th and Edmond Sts., St. Joseph.

WE TELL YOU

WL ILLL IUU nothing new when we state that it pays to engage in a permanent, most healthy and pleasant busi-ness, that returns a profit for every day's work. Such is the business we offer the working class. We teach them how to make money rapidly, and guarantee every one who follows our instructions faithfully the making of **\$300.00 a month**. The state of the state of the state of the state of the state and speedily increase their earnings; there are doing it, and you, reader, can do the same. This is the best paying business that you have ever had the chance to secure. You will make a grave mistake if you fail to give it a trial at once. If you grasp the situation, and act quickly, you will directly find yourself in a most prosperous business, at which you can surely make and sare arge sums of money. The results of only a few hours' work will often equal a week's wages. Whether you are old or young, man or woman, it makes no difference. — do as we tell you an and and hours' work will often equal a week's wages. Whether you are old or young, man or woman, it makes no difference, – do as we tell you, and suc-cess will meet you at the very start. Neither experience or capital necessary. Those who work for us **are** rewarded. Why not write to-day for full particulars, free ? E. C. ALLEN & CO., Box No. 420, Augusta, Me.

Box No. 420, Augusta, Me.



WOMANKIND is also published at Springfield,

voted to everything that interests the wife, mother and maiden. It is full of useful information and interesting talks and stories that are instructive as well as entertaining both to young and old. One dollar pays for a year's subscription to

THE BEE PUBLISHING CO.,

OMAHA, NEB.