By WILLIAM EARLE BALD 77IN.

When Grosvenor left the bowling al-by and walked down the beach, crunching his heels into the sand savagely, it was with a purpose to get away some-where and think it all over, and to this end he untied a dory from the pier and rowed aimlessly across the bay.

She had refused him, and this was not the worst of it, he reflected. He had acted not at all well and had accused her of leading him on and flirting with him. And he had not stopped to see the sad, grieved look in her blue eyes, but had abruptly gone away.

He dipped the oars into the water and drove the boat on at a high speed. Then of a sudden he drew them in and lay back at the stern and allowed the boat



B was with a purpose to get away some where and think it all over.

to drift. Above the stars were brilliant and sent paths of light across the sea. Grosvenor closed his eyes and listened to the water splashing against the sides. The noise from the bowling alley came plainly to his cars across the water, and omewhere on shore a dog was barking. Far out at sea a steamer whistled-a the deck with a thump.

for getting angry and saw that the played with ber gold bowed spectacles, way she had put it was very kind and shifting them on and off uneasily, and was quite out of the question.

at her face, and so he ronsed himself ingalley. and pulled back until he was at the

during it all there were a lingering I sent him away." doubt and a half defined feeling that he might stay and face it out and win her to him, after all.

The east is radiant now with a fierce glow like the intense gleaming of a fornace fire, and the beautiful carmine is shot here and there by long darts of gray

black clouds. The light extends far into the north and south until the red blends with the clear silver blue of the morning sky. Above the eastern horizon is a huge white cloud like a limestone rock cleft in places by long bars of glowing gold, and high up in the sky the white a white dove. The color in the east grows more and more intense until a gold rim lifts itself from the sea, growing larger and larger every moment, and the sun comes hissing from the depths

of a silver sea. The light turns the white spray to drops of shining gold and flashes in at the window of the lighthouse on Monomoy point, streams across the narrow spit of land and glistens on the water on the other side, turning the waves from blue to gold.

A dory is tossing about in the waves offshore, and the sun shines on the dripping sides of the boat as it rocks to and fro and lights up the face of a man sleeping in the stern and while sleeping smiling.

Grace Boardman, who made much of having self command, was very much annoyed when Grosvenor left her as he had followed me here. He said he had did, and she wondered where he was going and why he had such a desperate look on his face when he went out of them or tried to understand them. But the door.

And so the bowling that evening was found Miss Eunice standing at the door and looking across the bay, where a long, hoarse note-and nearer at hand glow came from the bowling alley. It a boat and allowing the gaff to fail on there on the shore and the one streaming did you say to him?" across the bay. The night air was damp. And now that Grosvenor coolly went and Miss Eunice shivered and drew her

each day. Usually there was a crowd much too soon for anything of the sort." The boat was drifting, drifting. Of a of people in the little parlor to receive sudden it grounded, and Grosvenor it, but on this particular night some-

found himself longing for another look | thing had taken every one to the bowl-Miss Eunice was a very comfortable

trouble and suffering. And in his mind | know whether I did right or not tonight. "You sent him away?" reiterated the

old lady. "And why?" "Why?" repeated Grace Boardman passionately. "Why? Oh, dear, are

you going to misunderstand me the way every one else does? How could I tell what to do? He came to me so unexpectedly, over there at the bowling alley, too, and every one was looking at us. Of course I didn't know what to 08. do

"Perhaps," said Miss Eunice, "if you tell me all about it. I may be better able to give you some advice-that is, of course, if that is what you want. Someclouds are in layers like the feathers of times, I know, young people think they a white dove. The color in the east can get along very well without any advice, and more times than one they are quite right."

The girl looked at Miss Ennice and then blushed. "I don't suppose I need begin at the beginning?"

"Hardly," replied the old lady. 'Nearly every one knows about that.' "Well, he came over to me when watching the bowling and said he wanted to talk with me. He said he had come down to Harwich for one thing, and that was to see me, and he said the reason he wanted to see me was to find out whether he loved me or not. He went over how he met me that night at the senior promenade, and how he had remembered all about me for a month, and how he had learned that we were to be here in August, and how he

never thought much of girls before, and that be never cared much about when he met me something told him

that I was rather different from the not altogether a success. The noise of rest, and now that he had seen a great the rolling balls and the falling pins deal of me he found himself thinking made her nervous, and she slipped of the time when he must go away and away unobserved and went over to the leave me and perhaps never see me again hotel. She was longing for some one to for the rest of his life, and the more talk to and some one to confide in, and he thought about it the more it seemed therefore when sho met her aunt, Miss impossible to him, and he questioned Eunice Westchester, at the door of the himself and found that he had fallen in hotel she was very much pleased. She love with me, and he asked me if 1 would become his wife some time."

"That," put in Miss Eunice, "was very manly in him, and very well put, some one was hauling down the sails of was dark excepting for a light here and and very straightforward. And what

"I told him that I had not known him for very long and thought that he might over their interview he blamed himself shawl closer about her shoulders. She have made a mistake. I said that he was making a great deal out of nothing, and that very likely his was a mere very much in the right. It was true then she looked down at a letter she held fancy, and that while I did not question that he had known her but a very short | in her hand. The mail had just come | his honesty in speaking as he had I felt time, and as for promising so much to in, and this was an event of importance sure that if he thought it over he would him and saying yes to what he asked it at the hotel, for it only happened twice look at it as I did and conclude it was The girl paused and looked at Miss Eunice. Miss Eunice merely nodded

her head and went on with her knitting. "I think perhaps he did not exactly

understand me, and perhaps I did not mouth of the canal where the waters of old lady-comfortable to look upon and put it well, for I saw at once he was the bay found an outlet to the sea. comfortable to talk to, for she never very much put out and beginning to get.

and he cared very little what he did un- | J. W. CASTOR, Pres. til she returned. Then he would see her and have it settled once for all. "How is Mr. Billie today?" some one

asked the doctor presently. "Quite well," was the answer-"as

well as could be expected." "Mr. Billie?" asked Grosvenor. Who is Mr. Billie?"

"Have you never seen him?" returned the doctor. "Mr. Billie is the man who

keeps the barber shop down there." And the man waved his hand in an indefinite manner. "Oh, yes, I know," cried Grosvenor.

'Odd sort of a man.

"Rather," agreed the doctor. "I think, Mr. Grosvenor, you would

like to hear about him," said the deacon reflectively. "So there is a little story about Mr.

Billie?" said Grosvenor. "He's an odd character," began the

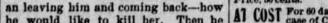
doctor. "I like odd characters myself. I rather fancy Mr. Billie, but he is getting old now and is a trifle cracked in his head.""

"Do you know," put in the parson, "that I have been thinking of sending him to the poor farm. He barely supports himself, and his business is such a delicate one and involves such chances -if his hand, now, should slip holding a razor or something like that"- The parson, who was one of the overseers of the poor, left his sentence unfinished. "That would break the old man's heart," said the deacon. "He's very proud. You remember it is always Mr.' Billie, not plain Billie. I think you overestimate the danger of allowing

him to handle a razor." "I think I shall discuss the matter this very afternoon with my colleagues and decide at once," persisted the parson. He shaved me yesterday, and that decided me. I will tell you why. His eyes looked glassy at times. He talked fery wildly and strangely about a wom-



"You're just the man we want," said the deacon.





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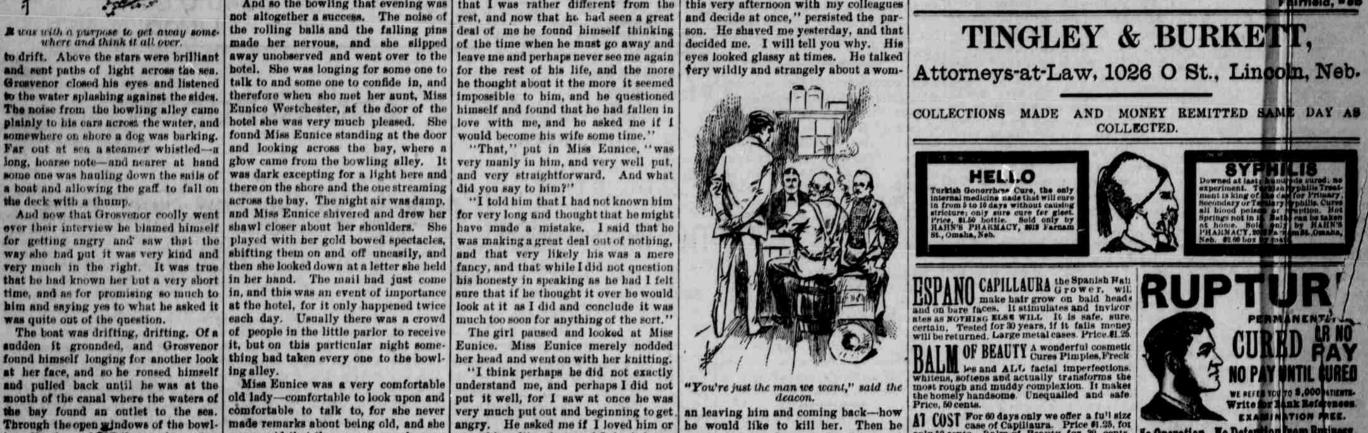
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ing alley be could fee the people moving about and could hear the sound of the falling pins. He held his oars in the water to keep the boat stationary, for the tide was coming in and was nearly flood

Grosvenor shivered slightly, for there was a contrast in his position and that of those people he had left not long before. Inside the lamps shed a glow on the clean white walls of the room, glanced on the rolling balls and the polished surface of the alley. Outside there was a baze over the sea, and the darkness was only relieved by the twinkling Hights of the cottages about the bay and the revolving beacon on Monomoy point far away. Grosvenor held his boat there fully five minutes, eagerly looking for And when at times he saw her her. near the window he could not help thinking that her face was very white, and that there was a sadness in her smile.

The tide had turned and was carrying him through the canal now. The water washed against the sides of the passage and rolled small pebbles on the sand as it receded. To Grosvenor there was something impressive in that quiet onsush of the tide and something mysterions, as if it were impelled by an unseen power. The air was very salt, and a damp breeze came from the ocean. At last, when the boat rocked in the long roll of the sea, Grosvenor pulled away desperately. He had no definite idea of where he was going, but the exercise of rowing gave him a sense of power and for the time being removed his thoughts from himself. Every time he dipped the cars in the water the phosphorus clung to the blades and dropped back like liquid fire, leaving a glistening path behind. The light at Chatham was abreast of him presently, and far away toward midocean he could see the one on Monomoy point flashing or the white sails of a ship in the offing. Down the coast the long skeleton of a half finished pler running far out into the water could be easily distinguished. Grosvenor had no idea of how long he rowed. and when he stopped for a moment he found himself exhausted. Then he bent his head, to listen, for he thought he heard belis that sounded like silvery chimes. It was only the village clock at Chatham striking the honr of mid- light. sight, but with the waves dashing against the boat, the wind blowing in gusts offshore, the bells rang out in musical cadence, new soft and low, then clear and loud. They rounded to him like something he had heard long ago, he could hardly tell when or where, ake a melody halt forgetten, the lingering sweetness of a song once heard, but half lost. And in some way it brought tack to him the expressive face of the girl he had left back there, and he felt that there was nothing to do but to leave her and never are her again. It would he very casy for him to go back and get every in the morning before she came mh'n stairs. That, he reflected, was

nity of he really ought to do, and it would st for both of them. He leaned

Conversity, Antely. Yes, that was decideding different.

She was too aged to be called an "old maid," and she took life in a very easy way and very rarely allowed anything to disturb her. Her gray hair was always parted accurately in the middle, times her small blue eyes would flash in a sprightly manner at some sally of wit from her brother, and she would That is all." tap him on the shoulder in an absurdly convivial way and call him "a sad old boy." Her voice was very sweet and musical, and she spoke in a deliberate, careful way, common to old ladies of

her temperament. Miss Eunice held a very important letter in her hand, and she was wondering how she was to get it to her brother, who was bowling. The hotel was a one horse place, and a messenger was quite out of the question. Miss Ennice would have gone over herself were it not for certain twinges that told her she must look out for her old enemy--rheumatism.

The problem was solved by the appearance of Grace Boardman, who in-stantly volunteered to take the letter



"Stowly, slowly," said Miss Funice. over, and this she did and returned presently with the assurance that it was all

'Thank you ever so much, my dear,' said Miss Equice.

Do you think I am a flirt?" asked the girl abraptly.

Why do you ask me that?' inquired Miss Eanice.

Because I do, " replied Grace Boardman. "Something happened tonight ing his spectacles with still greater acthat makes no wonder what I have been | enracy on his nose, "Is nothing more or doing

"I think I understand now," said Miss Eurice slowly, "'It's about Mr. Groavenor?"

"Yes," arsonted the girl. "It's about Mr. Greavener. I wish I could tell you how I hate him.

"Slowly, slowly," said Miss Ennice, raising her hand and smiling at the girl | the canis." aweetly. "I know what it means when Nor. Es in the least and clasped his hands a girl says that. Be careful, or you will fon of the thing, or what fun he could make no think something altogether get out of it in his present state of mind.

never said that the young people were something like that, and I don't know becoming altogether too self assertive. | exactly what I did say, only that he was much too hasty and had better wait. And then he went over what he had said before about coming here only to see me, and how I had led him on, and how I had been merely flirting with her shawl was always about her shoul-ders in a strictly sedate manner, and hate him." The girl stopped abruptly, her black gown never looked dowdy. At | with her eyes flashing and her lips quivering. "I do hate him," she repeated, "and I told him so, and he went away.

Miss Eunice laughed, and the girl frowned.

"You don't take it seriously," she said.

"It's not a matter to be taken seriously," replied the old lady. Grace Boardman pouted. "I don't

see why. "For this reason," explained Miss

Eunice, "be'll come back to you and say that he is very sorry, and that he will go away and never see you again, and then you will find that you cannot letahim go, and that will end it all."

"Do you think," said Grace Boardman, with a decided note in her voice,

'that I am in love with this man?" "That is exactly what I think," was

the smiling reply. The old lady's eyes shone, and she laughed. It was such an old story to her.

"Well, you are mistaken, that's all." And Grace Boardman went away in anger.

And was it a wonder then that when young Grosvenor came back from Monomoy point on the following day Grace Boardman took pains to avoid seeing him, leaving him nothing to do but to wander disconsolately about the village?

"Well," said the deacon reflectively, 'I don't see what we are going to do for a tourth hand."

The parson said nothing, but looked around a triffe uneasily as the door in the outer room opened. The doctor rubbed his hands together and gazed longingly at the pack of cards on the top of a dry goods box and sat down on a nail keg. A tall young fellow came in just then.

You're just the man we want, " said the deacon. "Gents, this is Mr. Grosvener"-he called it Grossvennerfrom the hotel. Let me make you acquainted. Ho'll take the fourth hand, think, so long as Eldridge has not turned up. Eh, boy?" And he turned on Grosvenor suddenly.

"What is the game?" asked the young fellow idly.

"The game," said the parson, adjustless than innocent whish, the science of Cavendish and played by every thinker on the civilized globe-a game, my dear sir, that'

"There, there," broke in the doctor: 'that will do. I dare say that Mr. Grosvenor has played whist before, and perhaps we had better go ahead. Deal out

Grosvenor entered the many for the He had several hours to kill nutil Grace "You know me well enough not to Boardinan returned from the driving metan and the stand of the second of the second of the stand of the st

would laugh and say he loved her and couldn't kill her. It really made my blood run cold to feel the edge of the razor running over my neck, and I thought how easy it would be for him to turn his wrist and cut my throat. It's a thing to make one nervous to let a man like Mr. Billie have a razor so near one's throat. I have heard a good many similar complaints, and I think the overseers had better take action tonight.""

"He's been there for 20 years," muttered the doctor. "Nearly 20 years,' he repeated dreamily.

At times people would come in and out of the other room, which was the principal apartment of the grocery store, where the card players usually gathered. Then at times nothing could be heard but the fall of the cards or the buzzing of a few flies on the window panes. From the rear part of the room came the scent of salted fish. A rickety stove Turkish, Russian, Roman and Electric stood in the room, and round about the counters were the usual articles found in a country store from the spool of thread to the garden rakes.

The game was finished not too soon for Grosvenor, who had grown weary. When he went outside, it was about 5 o'clock, and there was yet an hour to kill before Grace Boardman would be back. Some way the young man found himself going toward Mr. Billie's shop. It was warm, and the sun was so low in the west that it seemed to shine directly on the line with Grosvenor's eyes. It was very bright, and the young man put his hand to his face several times, not so much, however, because the sun troubled him as because he found he had a headache. Sand, hot and burning, was blown here and there by a hot breeze. The grass was withered from a diffident brown to a distinctive brown, and all nature told of the hot weather. The ground was parched and bare.



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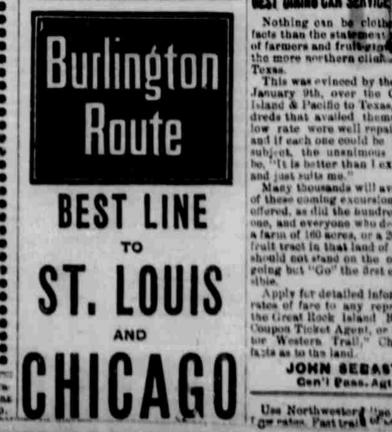
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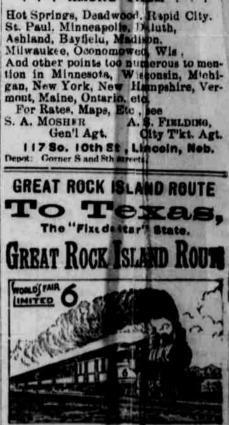
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