

THE OLD BEAU.

How cracked and poor his laughter rings. How dull his eyes, once flashing warm. But still a courtly pathos clings About his bent and withered form.

A SUMMER IDYL.

It was a summer idyl. Both were young and possibly as beautiful as is given the average of mortals to be. The idyl developed within the limits of the Greater New York, for both principals in the little drama were artists and, though it is the practice of the world to associate artists with pastoral scenes, they are a class apart, and if they choose to remain in the city during a hot summer, while the rest of the world is away, who shall question them.

Mr. Palette painted Titian-haired maidens upon sea-green backgrounds, and Miss Brushes the portraits of stoufy young men. The spark of love was first kindled at the studio of a mutual friend. Madam Third Party was such a charming woman they each declared.

Such talent, she murmured, half under her breath in a tone of respect, admiration and envy that was most flattering, as she gazed around the studio. Miss Brushes had first seen the work of Mr. Palette at the studio of Mrs. Third Party, and her admiration knew no bounds. Then would she like to see the portrait of the rising young artist who had done the fine work?

Young Mr. Palette saw pretty little Miss Brushes' work also at the studio of Mrs. Third Party. He, too, was in raptures. "Why," he said, "why—searching his vocabulary for words to express his strong admiration—"why, its bully."

"I think I have Miss Brushes' portrait around here somewhere," said Mrs. Third Party carelessly, as she went on with her work. "If you care to hunt around I think you will find it."

Mr. Palette found the portrait, and, being a man as well as an artist, it might have been thought that his heart had been seriously touched. Any outsider would have thought that, and Mr. Palette thought so himself. He said so.

"Mrs. Third Party," he said to the mistress of the studio, as he took her hand at parting and gazed, but with a far off look, into her "beautiful eyes." "I have seen the picture of the one whom I would like to marry."

Then, in a serious mood, he departed. But Mr. Palette was young, and, if with a sigh Mrs. Third Party returned to her work, and speedily forgot about him, about little Miss Brushes, and, if she knew it, that she had become the medium of a desperate love affair.

But neither Mr. Palette nor Miss Brushes forgot her. They called with remarkable frequency. Little Miss Brushes conceived an affection for the elder artist that, if she had cherished before, she certainly had never made manifest. Mrs. Third Party was not surprised. Perhaps she liked to study human nature.

"What funny children they are," she said to herself, "and they are clever, too, both of them." She repeated, with discretion, the remarks of each about the other. It was certainly a nice thing to do to show the appreciation of one artist for the work of another. She even let Miss Brushes into the secret that young Mr. Palette raved over her portrait. An artist's raptures, of course, but little waves of color chased each other over Miss Brushes' fair forehead and ran up into the little curls of hair that nestled there. She was something of a coquette and she did not object to being admired.

said Miss Brushes, as the step was heard upon the stair. "That is Mr. Palette," said Mrs. Third Party; "how would it do if I introduced you as Miss Brown? That would do very well, Miss Brushes' eyes sparkled with fun.

Now, Mr. Palette had heard of Miss Brown, a little model and friend of Mrs. Third Party's. He was not particularly interested in models. He came in and sat down, but he was uneasy. He could not sit still.

"I say," he said, "how much Miss Brown looks like Miss Brushes. There is the same turn of the head. "That is because you have not seen Miss Brushes herself," said Mrs. Third Party seriously. "You cannot form a good idea of a person merely from the picture. Then she proceeded to entertain her little friend, Miss Brown, with the story of young Palette's infatuation for Miss Brushes. An artist's love affairs are public property; he tells them himself! They are artistic conditions.

"He beguiles a little cousin out to walk that he may have an excuse for hanging around her house," she began mischievously, "and—" "I'll get to talking with someone there and get acquainted with her yet," interrupted Mr. Palette, walking up and down the room, uneasy, but unsuspecting.

"He is furiously jealous of a handsome young man she has painted, and—" "To think of wearing a coat of that style at 10 o'clock in the morning!" "He would know her anywhere if he should meet her among thousands."

"I should. She would wear a little sailor hat, a trim little tie"—Mr. Palette's affections were apt to center, not so much on artistic as up-to-date young woman—"and she would walk so."

Throwing back his shoulders, Mr. Palette walked across the room with the air of a fashionable young woman. Mrs. Third Party was beginning to be alarmed at the success of her joke.

Just then there was a diversion that called every one for a moment to the windows. She scribbled three words upon a slip of paper, and handed it to Mr. Palette.

"It is she," he read. Then followed a genuine introduction, and for a few moments longer that Miss Brushes remained, Mr. Palette was quiet, pale and intense.

When she was gone he was in raptures. He must pour out this feeling. He did so for an hour at least. Then he went home. He held both of Mrs. Third Party's hands in his as he said good-bye.

"I shall never marry any woman," he said, seriously, somewhat worn by the strength of his feelings, "but this has been a wonderful experience to me."

Later in the day Mr. Palette dropped into the studio again on a matter of business. He was gay, debonair, and quite himself again.

"And you find Miss Brushes quite as beautiful as you expected?" asked Mrs. Third Party curiously, as he turned to leave for the last time that day.

"Yes; oh, yes," he answered, carelessly. "Then, as he held the door half-way open, suppressing a yawn: "But she has the figure of a rabbit."

That was the end of the idyl.

Arranging Flowers. Stoneware vases are admirable receptacles for country flowers, such as daisies and wild roses, laurel and the other more or less rustic blooms that jewel the woods and highways these days.

Falence vases from Florence are very popular just now. They are in the natural colors of the flowers they represent, even to the leaves and stems. The stem is curled over for the handle, and when a candlestick is the ornament represented a candle and shade are selected either to match the delicate colors or in white to contrast with the deeper tones. As these candlesticks are inexpensive, they are used in quantities, placed in spare bedrooms, on desks and writing tables, mantels, etc., where there is a reasonable pretext for placing a candlestick. The smaller flowers are made up in a bunch, with a candle holder hidden in the center, within the larger flowers, such as roses, orchids and lilies, the tapers fit into the center of the blossom and the light is apparently breathed forth from its heart.

The artistic flower arranger does not want flowers any more. Even contrasts of color are not countenanced, and when sweet peas are used in decoration the various beautiful shades are carefully grouped, each by itself, instead of allowing the purples and pinks and blues to mingle in riotous confusion. At a recent wedding the breakfast was served at small tables, and the only flowers employed for decoration were sweet peas. The bride's table was snowy with pure white blossoms, the table at which the pages and flower girls sat was laden with palest pink flowers, the bridesmaids and ushers were honored by bright rose colored sweet peas, and at the other tables all the shades of purple, red, lilac and gray-blues were carefully separated and used, each to beautify a table.

Flint glass makes a charming receptacle for long-stemmed flowers, such as lilies, tall roses, etc.

"And by the way," asked the schoolmate, "what has become of those boys, who used to talk so much about devoting his life to uplifting mankind? Did he go into the ministry?" "No," answered the other old schoolmate, "he is in the elevator business."

HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

It is wet always to remember the proportions of vinegar and oil in the French dressing—three-fourths of oil to one-fourth of vinegar, though the proportion varies to some extent, according to the individual taste.

The nasturtium sandwiches, which are delicious served with salads, are made of the petals of the flowers or the young leaves placed between slices of thinly buttered bread, the plate being decorated with the blossoms.

A salad which few people make, and which is recommended by de Loup, is made of little neck clams. The raw clams are cut into small pieces and mixed with twice their bulk of lettuce. A French dressing is used, with a few drops of onion juice from an onion of not too pronounced flavor.

Cheese balls, served hot with the salads, are made of a cup of grated cheese, half a cup of fine bread crumbs, five drops of Worcestershire sauce and one egg well beaten. Mix together, roll into balls, and place in a wire frying basket, and just before time to serve plunge the basket into boiling fat and allow the basket remain until a delicate brown.

One of the best ways of utilizing cold potatoes is called, according to the place where they are served, plain hashed, brown creamed potatoes, Delmonico potatoes, or potatoes au gratin. To four large cold potatoes, chopped fine, is allowed a pint of cream sauce, to which has been added four table-spoonsful of grated cheese. Mix the potatoes with the sauce, turn into a baking dish and brown in a quick oven.

A recipe for using pieces of dry bread is bread-and-butter custard. Beat two eggs, without separating, until light. Add four table-spoonsful of sugar and a unit of milk, mix and add a grating of nutmeg. Turn into an ordinary baking dish, cover the top with buttered bread, buttered side up. Bake in a moderate oven, until the handle of a spoon can be put into the center and come up free from milk.

The cheese fingers to serve with salads are made by sifting a cup of flour into a bowl and working into it with the fingers a table-spoonsful of butter and adding half a table-spoonsful of salt, a little paprika or other mild pepper, and a half table-spoonsful of baking powder. Beat the yolk of one egg light, and add to the mixture with four table-spoonsful of grated cheese. Cold water should be added in sufficient quantities to make a soft dough that will roll well. Roll to about one-third of an inch in thickness, and cut into strips half an inch long. Grate a little cheese over them, and bake in a biscuit pan in a moderate oven until they are a delicate brown.

Be True to Yourself. A correspondent of the Household Department of Farm and Ranch, discussing the sometimes discord that prevails in families, does not place all the blame upon the husband. He says: "An aunt of mine, a woman of great intelligence, once said to me: 'Any woman who will talk about her husband and live with him will tell a lie.' That sounds plain, but of the few that I know of this class I find it about as mild as it is necessary to put it. They are deceiving the very man who toils and sweats for their bread, and such a woman would be untrue to her own mother or child. This subject brings down in the secret avenues of the heart the key to it all—a loveless marriage, false vows, false living, which often terminates in a ruined home and disgraced family. Girls, be true; be not bought by the glittering gold. Millions at her command never made a loveless woman lovable. Mothers never invade that sacred spot called home; better never know your child's sorrows than to be called to the judgment bar for breaking up one home. That which God hath joined together, let no man put asunder."

A Girl's Allowance. A girl can scarcely be too young to have some idea of the value of money, and a weekly allowance will teach her the pleasure of providing little gifts and knickknacks out of her own pocket. At the age of fifteen or sixteen years every girl should have an allowance, out of which she should buy her own gloves, stationery, ribbons, etc. This will teach her the use her pocket money can be put to, and will save her the annoyance of coming to her parents for every penny she spends, and every gift she bestows. As she gets older her allowance should include money for her entire wardrobe. Such an allowance should be propitiatory, and should depend upon the girl's judgment and care in the choosing of her clothes during the period when the first allowance is spent. She must learn that she should keep an account of every penny she spends. This will teach her many things in the handling of money, and she will profit by her mistakes, becoming much wiser through the experience.

Women Smoke Tea Cigarettes. A recent crusade against tobacco cigarettes in London has developed the fact that a large number of women are slaves to the tea cigarette. These cigarettes are made of a coarse grade of green tea, which has but little dust, and is composed of an unbroken leaf. This is dampened, so that the leaves may be stuffed into the paper cylinders. The taste is said to be disagreeable at first, the effect on beginners being a sense of oppression in the head. After a few cigarettes have been smoked, intense exhilaration follows the depressed feeling. Physicians claim that the effect on the nerves of continuously smoking tea cigarettes is as deleterious as drinking absinthe. The first step toward a cure is a cup of strong tea.

CONCEITED.

It was a little school house perched upon a hill, that would have looked hilly enough but for the trees, bushes and wild, creeping vines that surrounded it.

A little brook came dancing down the hill, and as Josie Barton brushed the moist curls from her temples, she looked longingly into its cool, crystal depths.

Josie glanced through the open door of the schoolhouse, from which came the busy hum of the children at their lessons.

And after a moment's hesitation she ascended the steps and rapped at the door. Josie was startled at the fine-looking man who stepped forward into view as she did so; especially as she was conscious that she presented a very wild and gypsy-like appearance.

As for the school teacher he was equally surprised as he looked down upon the flushing cheeks and into the smiling eyes of his unexpected visitor.

"Will you lend me your dipper to get some water from the brook yonder?" "Certainly. Sit down, and I will get it for you." Taking the pail he disappeared among the trees and bushes that skirted the hills.

As he issued from the woods, bearing the brimming pail, she could not but admire the ease and manly vigor with which he moved.

Josie was warm and thirsty, and she thought she had never tasted a more grateful draught than that contained in the dripping tin dipper, that the stranger presented with such a pleasant bow and smile.

"How very cool and refreshing!" "Yes. It comes from a living spring in the rocks above, that is never dry in the hottest weather."

Then thanking him for his kindness, she resumed her walk. "What a fine-looking man to be a country school-teacher!" was her inward ejaculation, as she glanced back upon the schoolhouse.

She walked so slowly, however, that she was joined by Carrie and Jamie, children of Farmer Williams, with whom she was boarding, and who were returning from school.

It was not difficult to get their little tongues chattering, and she elicited the fact that his name was Brockton, that he had come to take the place of a teacher who had gone home sick.

"He is going to commence boarding at our house tomorrow," cried Carrie; "going to stay with us a whole week. Won't it be nice?"

"Very nice, indeed," echoed Josie. And it was echoed by her heart as well as her lips.

Mr. Brockton made his appearance the next day at dinner, having reached Farmer Williams in accordance with the time-honored process of "boarding round," and Josie no longer had any reason to complain of having no one to speak to.

Suffice it to say, on one pleasant June evening a certain ring was transferred from Mr. Brockton's hand to that of Josie's.

"To remain there," the former asserted as he held the little hand on which he placed it lovingly to his lips, "until I replace it by another."

Josie had been very communicative with her lover, far more so than he had been with her. She had taken him "upon trust," as he often told her. Indeed, she knew little about him, except his name and vocation.

We said that Josie was very communicative. Among other things, she told him the reason of her coming off there instead of going with her mother and sister to Newport.

"You see, they wanted to marry me to Mr. Evans, a man I had never seen—a conceited coxcomb that I never could abide, and just because he is rich."

"If you have never seen Mr. Evans, how do you know that he is a 'conceited coxcomb?'"

"If he wasn't he wouldn't have consented to anything of that sort. I ran away as soon as I heard he was coming; I always said I never would marry a rich man's son."

A gentleman in the parlor to see Miss Josie. "Divining who it was, Josie ran down the stairs, her cheeks flushed and her eyes radiant with delight.

To her surprise she found her visitor seated on the sofa with her mother, with whom he seemed to be on the most pleasant and familiar terms.

"I did not know that you were acquainted with Mr. Evans, my dear," said the latter, as she turned smilingly to the door. "But that being the case I will leave you to entertain him."

"Evans!" repeated Josie, with a bewildered air. "None other than that 'conceited coxcomb,' Charles Brockton Evans?" "Oh, Charles! how could you deceive me so?"

"My darling! what else could I do with such a wilful bit of womanhood as yourself? Now, remember that I shall hold you to your promise to marry me, rich or poor."

We need hardly add that Josie kept her promise.

APHORISMS.

The man who pardons easily courts injury.—Cornelle. Good order is the foundation of all good things.—Burke.

Nothing dies so hard or rallies so often as intolerance.—H. W. Beecher. The jest loses its point when he who makes it is the first to laugh.

If a man empties his purse into his head, no one can take it from him.—Franklin. To tremble before anticipated evils is to bemoan what thou hast never lost.—Goethe.

Toll and pleasure, in their nature opposites, are yet linked together in a kind of necessary connection.—Livy. Fate never wounds more deeply the generous heart, than when a block-head's insult points the dart.—Johnson.

The best portion of a good man's life is his little, nameless, unremembered acts of kindness and of love.—Wordsworth. It is only an error in judgment to make a mistake, but it is how infirmity of character to adhere to it when discovered.—Bovee.

He who is not liberal with what he has does but deceive himself when he thinks he would be liberal if he had more.—W. S. Plummer.

CHICAGO NEWS PROVERBS.

The closed mouth catches no insects. Clothes make the man—if he's a tailor.

An optimist believes in narcotics and a pessimist believes in hoodlums. Baseball is the only thing a woman ever admits she doesn't understand.

The race is not always to the swift, and it is never to the looser. Adam had his follies, but he never related anecdotes of his boyhood days.

Women always think they mean what they say at the exact moment they say it. When a man meets his wife downtown he always wonders what it will cost him.

A physician says that dyspepsia frequently causes war to rage in our midst. Some folks were married and are happy and others are married and were happy.

Many a thief goes to prison because he neglects to steal enough to fee a sharp lawyer. Many a man has been convicted of forgery because he took Solomon's advice and chose a good name for himself.

IRONICAL IFS.

If you drive dull care away it will probably return sharpened. If your doctor gives you up it is time to give up your doctor.

If it weren't for politics Satan would lose his grip on some men. If you always tell the truth you will never have to fix up excuses.

If bread is the staff of life, bread and butter must be a gold-headed cane. If a man succeeds the world calls him a genius; if he fails, it calls him a fool.

If the wedding bell tolls love's elegy marriage must be a case of heart-failure. If you find a fish in the milk it is the strongest kind of circumstantial evidence.

If you lie to help a man out of a scrape he will always remember you as an accommodating liar. If a woman didn't have a better opinion of a man than he deserves she would never fall in love with him.

Logician—An individual who can figure out anything to his own satisfaction. "What strange questions children sometimes ask?" exclaimed the gentleman. "Humph!" exclaimed the neighbor. "Your children hasn't fairly begun to wait till they come home and ask you what the weight of the whole fish is if x, y and z equal a lot of things that you've forgotten years ago."

The output of coal in this country increased from 159,500,000 tons in 1897 to 218,425,000 tons in 1898. Every state gained except Illinois, North Carolina and Oregon. Pennsylvania led in actual gain to the extent of 10,000,000 tons. The only other states showing an increase beyond 1,000,000 tons were Ohio, with a gain of 3,425,000, and West Virginia, with 2,899,720 tons.

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