A. B. BALDWIN,

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION. ROTICE FOR PUBLICATION.

Land Office at North Platte, Neb.,
January 21st, 1883.

Retice is hereby given that the followingnamed settler has filed notice of his intention to
make final proof in support of his claim and
that said proof will be made before the Register
and Receiver of the U. S. Land Office at North
Platte, Neb., on March 8, 1883, viz. Josiah Weir,
who made Homestead Entry No. 19265 for the
northwest quarter of section 34, township 13,
range 35. He names the following witnesses
to prove his continuous residence upon and
caltivation of said land, viz. Edward E. Armstrong, Willis L. Martin, John Cooper and Frank
Pease, all of Paxton, Neb.

A. S. BALDWIN Register.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.
Land Office at North Platte, Nebr. }
February 1st. 1893. }

Notice is bereby given that the following-named settler has filed notice of his intention to make final proof in support of his claim and that said proof will be made before the Register and Receiver at North Platte, Neb., on March 18th. 1893, vis: William Scharman, who made H. E. No. 13,317 for the southwest quarter of section 4, township 13 north, range 31 west. He names the following witnesses to prove his continuous residence upon and cultivation of said land, viz: Lucien Stebbins, Andrew Hahn, Joseph Spies and Henry Facks, all of North Platte, Neb.

A. S. BALDWIN, Register.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.

Land Office at North Platte, Neb., }

February 1st, 1893.

Notice is hereby given that the followingnamed settler has filed notice of his intention to
make final proof in support of his claim, and that
said proof will be made before Register and
fleceiver at North Platte, Neb., on March
18th, 1893, viz: William S. Rose, who made H. E.
No. 16074, for the south half southeast quarter
and the northwest quarter of the southeast
quarter and the southwast quarter of the northeast quarter of section 26, township 16 north,
range 29 west. He names the following witnesses
to prove his continuous residence upon and
cultivation of said land viz: Joseph Little, Louis
P. Derby, Nils Gust Wiberg and Charles A.
Wiberg, all of Myrtle, Neb.

56

A. S. BALDWIN, Register.

LECAL NOTICES.

ORDER OF HEARING. THE STATE OF NEBRASKA, SS. At a county court, held at the county court room in and for said county, January 21, A. D., 1893.

Present James M. Ray, County Judge.

In the matter of the estate of Beri C. Dixon

On reading and filing the petition of Harry T.
Dixon praying that administration of said estate
may be granted to him as Administator.
Ordered, That February 9, A. D., 1893, at one
o'clock p. m. is assigned for hearing said petition,
when all persons interested in said matter may
appear at a county court to be held in and for said
county, and show cause why the prayer of petitioner should not be granted; and that notice of
the pendency of said petition and hearing thereof,
be given to all persons interested in said matter
by publishing a copy of this order in THE Norrh
PLATTE TRIBUNG, a weekly newspaper printed in
said county, for three successive weeks prior to
Shop on Spruce Street over Hans Gortler's Co. eald day of hearing.

JAMES M. RAY, County Judge.

NOTICE OF AMENDMENT OF THE ARTICLES OF INCORPORATION OF THE NORTH PLATTE WATER WORKS COMPANY.

On motion it is ordered that Articles Three and Thirteen of the original Articles of Incorporation of said North Platte Water Works Company be, and the same are hereby amended to read as fol-

lows:

ARTICLE 3.—The capital stock of said Company shall be \$225,000 fully paid up non-assessable stock, divided into shares of \$50 each.

ARRICLE 13.—The indebtedness of this corporation shall at no time exceed the sum of \$150,000.

I hereby certify that the above amendment to the Articles of Incorporation of the North Platte Water Works Company were duly passed at a meeting of the stockholders of said company, held the 23d day of November, A. D. 1892.

A. D. CLANEY,
SELL.

SECRETARY,

PUBLICATION NOTICE.

Jens Madeen Jensen, George W. Burton and Andrew E. Harvey partners doing business under the firm name of Burton & Harvey. Neils C. Christiansen, Henry Brown, and R. C. Grable, inference will take notice that Julia A. Stowe, plaintiff herein, has filed her petition in the district court of Lincoin county, Nebraska, against said defendants, the object and prayer of which are to foreclose a certain mortgage executed June 22d, 1867 by the defendant Jens Madsen Jensen to the plaintiff upon the floritwest quarter of section number twenty-sine (29), in township nine (9) north, range twenty-sight (28) west, in Lincoin county, Nebraska, to secure the payment of his eleven certain promissory notes, one for \$500.00 due June 13th, 1892, and ten notes for \$17.50 each, due respectively, December 1st, 1887, June 1st and December 1st, 1888, 1889, 1890 and 1891, and June 1st, 1892, that there is now due upon said notes and mortgage the sum of \$715.90, including taxes paid by plaintiff and interest, with interest thereon at the rate of ten per cent per annum from the first day of December, 1892, and plaintiff prays for a decree that the defendants be required to pay the same or that said premises be sold to satisfy the amount found due.

You are required to answer said petition on or before Monday, March 13th, 1893.

Dated this 26th day of January, 1892.

JULIA A. STOWE, Plaintiff.

By W. L. Monlan, Her Attorney. PUBLICATION NOTICE.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

ORIMES & WILCOX, ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW, NORTH PLATTE, - . . NEBRASKA

Office over North Platte National Bank H. CHURCH. LAWYER,

NORTH PLATTE, - - NEBRASKA Office: Hiuman Block, Spruce Street.

MEORGE E. FRENCH, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, NORTH PLATTE, - - NEBRASKA

Office over North Platte National Bank. DR. N. F. DONALDSON, mistant Surgeon Union Pacific Railway and Member of Pension Board,

Office over Streitz's Drug Store. WM. EVES, M. D.,

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON. NORTH PLATTE, - - NEBRASKA

Office: Neville's Block. Diseases of Womes and Children a Specialty. RTHUR B. AYRES, DENTIST.

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Emergency Medicine in croup, sore throat, and the sudden pulmonary diseases to which young

children are so liable. "Ayer's Cherry Pectoral has had a wonderful effect in curing my brother's children of a severe and dangerous cold. It was truly astonishing how speedily they found relief, and were cured, after taking this preparation."-Miss Annette N. Moen, Fountain, Minn.

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U. P. TIME TABLE.

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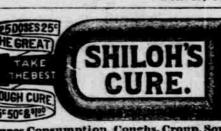
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It was snowing hard, as it had been trees hung low with the snow. Nicholas Gunn's little house was almost hidden beneath it. The snow shelved out over the eaves and clung in damp masses to the walls. Nicholas sat on his doorstep, and the snow fell upon him. His old cap had become a tall white crown. There was a ridge of snow upon his bent shoulders. He sat perfectly still. His eyes were fixed upon the weighted evergreens across the road, but he did not seem to see them. He looked as calmly passive beneath the storm as a Buddhist

the muffled rustle of the snow on the trees, and that was so slight as to seem scarcely more than a thought of sound. south through the forest of pine and cedar and hemlock. Nicholas Gunn's was the only house in sight.

Stephen Forster came up the road from the southward. He bent his head gone, was almost like a sheet of white and struggled along; the snow was above his knees, and at every step he lifted his himself almost double, the cough became he met a man plodding down to the a strangle, but Nicholas kept his calm store, but there were few people abroad. eyes fixed upon the evergreens.

At last Stephen righted himself and morning. kept on. He was very small; his clothes | Finally Nicholas turned about and were covered with snow, and patches of went back until he reached the village it clung to his face. He looked like store. Its windows and glass door were some little winter starved, white furred | full of yellow light, in which one could When he came opposite the house he opened the clanging door and went in half halted, but Nicholas never stirred all the heads turned toward him. There nor looked his way, and he kept on. It was hardly a man there as tall as he. heavy basket too.

He had proceeded only a few paces be yond the house when his knees bent under him and he fairly sank down into the snow. He groaned a little, but Nicholas did not turn his head. After a little Stephen raised himself

lifted his basket and went staggering "Mr. Gunn," said he.



turned his eyes slowly and looked at him. "Can't I go into your house an set down an rest a few minutes? I'm 'most "No, you can't," replied Nicholas

"I dunno as I can git home." Nicholas made no rejoinder. He turned his eyes away. Stephen stood looking piteously at him. His sharply cut, delicate face gleamed white through the white fall of the snow. "If you'd jest let me set there a few

minutes," he said."
Nicholas sat immovable. Stephen tried to walk on, but suddenly another coughing fit seized him. He stumbled across the road and propped himself against a pine tree, setting the basket down in the snow. He twisted himself about the snowy tree trunk and the coughs came in a rattling volley. Nicholas Gunn looked across at him and waited until Stephen got his breath.

Then he spoke. "Look a here!" he said. "What say?"

"If you want to set in the house a few minutes you can. There ain't no fire "Thank ye."

It was some time before Stephen Forster gathered strength enough to return across the road to the house. He leaned against the tree panting, the tears run-ning down his cheeks. Nicholas did not offer to help him. When at last Stephen got across the road he rose to let him pass through the door; then he sat down

again on the doorstep.
Stephen Forster set his basket on the floor and staggered across the room to a chair. He leaned his head back against the wall and panted. The room was bitterly cold; the snow drifted in through the open door where Nicholas sat. There was no furniture except a cooking stove, a cot bed, one chair and a table; but here were ornaments. Upon the wall hung various little worsted and cardboard decorations. There was a lamp mat on the table, and in one corner was a rude bracket holding a bouquet of

wax flowers under a tall glass shade. There was also a shelf full of books beside the window. Stephen Forster did not notice anything. He sat with his eyes closed. Once or twice he tried feebly to brush ooked like a stone image there in the orway. In about twenty minutes Stephen arose, took his basket up and

went timidly toward the door. "I'm much obleeged to ye, Mr. Gunn, he said. "I guess I can git along now." Nicholas got up, and the snow fell

from his shoulders in great cakes. He stood aside to let Stephen pass. Stephen, outside the door, paused and looked up "I'm much obleeged to ye," he said

again. "I guess I can git home now. I had them three coughin spells after I left the store, and I got most beat Nicholas grunted and sat down again.

Stephen looked at him a minute; then he smiled abashedly and turned away, urging his feeble little boy through the storm. Nicholas watched him, then turned his head with a stiff jerk. "If he wants to go out in such weather he can. I don't care," he muttered. It was nearly four o'clock in the aftersoon. The snow was gradually ceasing.

Presently a yellow light could be seen through the weeds in the west. Some birds flew into one of the snowy trees; a wood sled creaked down the road; the driver stared at Nicholas in the doorway; he turned his head and stared again. It was evident that he was not one of the village people. They had witnessed the peculiarities of Nicholas Gunn for the last six years. They still stared, but not as assiduously. The driver of the wood sled, as soon as

could no longer see Nicholas, began to whistle. The whistle floated back like

a wake of merry sound. Presently Nicholas arose, took off his cap and beat it against the doorpost to and looked like a frozen sea. A flock of rid it of its dome of snow. Then he sparrows had collected in front of Nichfor twenty-four hours. The evergreen shook himself like a dog and stamped. Then he went into the house and stood looking irresolutely at the cold stove. "Should like a fire to heat up my hasty

puddin mighty well, so-I won't have it." said he. He took a wooden bucket and went with it out of doors, around the house The water trickled into its little basin do to face the cold wind. His thin coat do to face the cold wind. from under a hood of snow. Nicholas plunged in his bucket, withdrew it filled with water and carried it back to the bouse. The north last the back to the house. The path led through the woods: tion, presenting his body like a wedge to all the trees and bushes were white arcs. There were no birds stirring and there Some of the low branches bowed over was no wind. All the sound came from the path, and Nicholas passing under them had to stoop.

Nicholas, back in his house, got a bowl out of a rude closet; it was nearly full The road stretched to the north and of cold hasty pudding. He stood there and swallowed it in great gulps. The light was waning fast, although it lasted longer than usual on account of

Nicholas, when he had finished his feet painfully, as from a quicksand. He supper, plunged out again into this pale advanced quite noisciessly until he bedusk. He tramped, knee deep, down gan to cough. The cough was deep and the road for a long way. He reached the rattling, and he had to stand still in the little village center, left it behind, and snow while it was upon him. Nicholas | went on between white meadow lands Gunn never looked up. Stephen bent and stretches of woods. Once in awhile

The road would not be cleared until

animal creeping painfully to cover. see many heads moving. When Nicholas was all that he could do to move; the He went across the store with a kind of cough had exhausted him; he carried a muscular shamble; his head, with its wild, light beard, had a lofty lift to it. The lounging men watched him furtively as he bought some Indian meal and matches at the counter. When he had or shine, Stephen Forster toiled painfully gone out with his purchases there was a over the road with his market basket, burst of laughter. The storekeeper and every morning Nicholas Gunn inthrust a small, sharp face over the coun-

"If a man is such a darned fool as live on meal and matches, I ain't got | fervent gratitude. cold and his voice was a facetious whis-

There was another shout of laughter. the wood sled past Nicholas' house was among the men. He was snowbound over night in the village. He was a young fellow, with innocent eyes and a also did not volunteer any information hanging jaw. He nudged the man next | as to his circumstances during his morn-"What in creation ails the fellar any-

his doorstep this afternoon, and the snow a-drivin right on to him." "He ain't right in his upper story, replied the man. "Somethin went agin him; his wife run off with another fellar or somethin, an he's cracked." "Why don't they shet him up?"

"He ain't dangerous. Reckon he won't hurt nobody but himself. If he wants | heat. to set out in a drivin snowstorm and tramp till he's tuckered out, it ain't nothin to nobody else but himself. There ain't no use bringin that kind of crazy not kindle a fire in the stove. He swung "'Twouldn't cost the town much,' chimed in another man. "He's worth

property. Shouldn't be surprised if he was worth \$3,000. And there he is a-livin on cornmeal and water." An old man in a leather cushioned armchair beside the stove turned his grizzly, quizzical face toward the others and cleared his throat. They all bent forward attentively. He had a reputa-

tion for wit. "Makes me think of old Eph Huntly and the story Squire Morse used to tell about him," said he. He paused im-pressively and they waited. Then he went on: "Seems old Eph got terrible hard up one time. One thing after another went agin him. He'd been laid up with the rheumatiz all winter: then his wife, she'd been sick, an they was 'most eat up with medicine an doctors' bills. Then his hay crop hed failed an his pertaters hed rotted, an finally, to cap the climax, his best cow died an the int'rest money was due on the mortgage an he didn't have a cent to pay it with. Well, he couldn't raise the money nohow, an the day came when he s'posed the farm would have to go. Lawyer Holmes, he held the mortgage, an he expected to see him drive into the yard any time. Well, old Eph he jest goes out in the yard an he ketches a nice fat

crower an he kills him an picks him. "Then he takes him in to his wife. She was takin on terrible 'cause she thought the farm hed got to go, an sezhe, 'Sukey Ann, I want you to go an cook this crower jest as good as you know how.' 'Oh, Lor!' sez she, 'I don't want no crower,' an she boohooed right out. But old Eph, he made her go an stuff that crower an cook him, an bile onions, turnips an squash an all the fixins. He said he never felt so bad in his life, an he never got to sech a desperit pitch, an he was goin to have a good dinner anyhow. Well, it so happened that Lawyer Holmes, he driv into the yard jest as old dinner, an he see that nice baked crower an the fixins all set out, an he didn't know what to make on't. It seemed to him Eph couldn't be so dreadful bad off or he wouldn't have any heart for extradinners, an mebbe he hed some way of

raisin the money in prospect. "Then Lawyer Holmes, he was mighty fond of his victuals himself, an the uptable an eat a good meal of the crower an fixins, an there wa'n't no mortgage foreclosed that day, an before long Eph, ne managed to raise the money somehow. Now if Nicholas Gunn jest hed a little grain of old Eph's sense he'd jest git better victuals the wass he felt an et one kinder make up for t'other, instead of livin on Injun meal and matches. I ruther guess I wouldn't toke to no meal an matches if my Ann Lizy left me. I'd live jest as high as I could to keep my spirits up." There was a burst of applause. The

old man sat winking and grinning com-"Nicholas Gunn is a darned fool or else he's cracked," said the storekeeper

in his hoarse whisper.

Meanwhile Nicholas Gunn went home. He put his meal away in the closet; he lighted a candle with one of his matches; he read awhile in the Bible; then he went to bed. That was too luxurious for him. He slept rolled in a blanket on the bare floor. Nicholas Gunn, whether his eccen-

would have been revered and worshiped as a saintly ascetic among some nations: among New Englanders he met with the coarse ridicule of the loafers in a country store. Idle meditation and mortification of the flesh, except for gain, were among them irreconcilable with sanity. Nicholas would have had more prestige had he fled to the Himalayas and built himself a cell in some wild

tricities arose from mystical religious

fervor or from his own personal sorrows,

The next morning a wind had risen; it blew stiff and cold from the north. Gunn," said Stephen feebly.

"Eat it." olas Gunn's door and he stood watching them. They were searching for crumbs; this deep snow had shortened their resources woefully; all their larders were at Nicholas, who was putting more wood buried. There were no crumbs before on the fire. this door, but they searched assiduously, with their feathers ruffled in the wind.

"but there wa'n't no other way. I dunlivin or not." "No, I don't."

against it. When he was opposite Nicholas the sparrows flew up at his feet; he paused and shifted his basket. "Good mornin, Mr. Gunn," said he weak voice.

looked shrunken; his shoes were heavy the snow, which, now the clouds were with snow. "If you want to go in and set down a few minutes you can," said Nicholas.

Stephen Forster came up the road with

was buttoned tight across his narrow

Stephen moved forward eagerly. "Thank ye, Mr. Gunn; I am kinder beat out, an I'd like to set a few minutes," he said. He went in and sat down. The wind rushed in great gusts past the open door. Stephen began to cough. Nicholas hesi-

tated; his face was surly; then he shut the door with a bang. While Stephen rested himself in the house Nicholas marched up and down before it like a sentinel. He did not seem to see Stephen when he came out, but he stood before him in his track. "I'm much obleeged, Mr. Gunn," said

Nicholas nodded. Stephen hesitated a minute: then he went on up the road. The snow blew up around him in a dazzling cloud and almost hid him from "It's the last time I do it," muttered

Nicholas. But it was not. Every morning, storm vited him into the fireless hermitage to rest. A freezing hospitality, but he offered it, and Stephen accepted it with a

nothing to say so long as he pays me the money down," said he. He had a hoarse necessary. Stephen crept more and more feebly over the road; he had to keep setting his basket down. Nicholas never asked him if he were ill; he never Nicholas could hear it as he went down | questioned him at all, although he knew olas did not know the names even of many of the village people; he had never offered nor invited confidences. Stephen ing calls upon Nicholas; indeed he was too exhausted; he merely gave his genhow?" said he. "I seed him a-settin on the and timid thanks for the hospitality.

There came a night in January when the cold reached the greatest intensity of the season. The snow creaked under foot; the air was full of sparkles; there were noises like guns in the woods, for the trees were almost freezing. The moon was full and seemed like a very fire of death, radiating cold instead of

Nicholas Gunn, stern anchoret that he was, could not sleep for the cold. He got up and paced his room. He would his arms and stamped. Suddenly he heard a vole outside. It sounded almost like a child's.

"Mr. Gunn!" it cried. Nicholas stopped and listened. It came again-"Mr. Gunn!" "Who's there?" Nicholas sung out the frost in the forest outside and its

stood there in the moonlight. "What are you out for this time of night?" asked Nicholas. Stephen chattered so that he could hardly speak. He cowered before Nicholas; the moonlight seemed to strike his

little shivering form like a broadside of "I'm 'fraid I'm freezin," he gasped "Can't ye take me in?" "What are you out for this time of night?" repeated Nicholas in a rough

"I had to. I'll tell you when I git leetle warmer. I dunno but-I'm freez-Stephen's voice indeed sounded as it ice were forming over it, muffling it. | very cold day. The two windows were Nicholas suddenly grasped him by one | thickly coated with frost, and the room

"Come in then, if ye've got to," he He pulled so suddenly and strongly that Stephen made a run into the house. and his heels flew up weakly. Nicholas

whirled him about and seated him on "Now lay down here," he ordered. "and I'll cover ye up."
Stephen obeyed. Nicholas pulled off his boots, gave his feet a fierce rub and fixed the coverings over him with rough energy. Then he began pacing the room | turned around.

again. Presently he went up to the bed. "Warmer?" "I guess-so." Stephen's shivering seemed to shake

the room. Nicholas hustled a coat off a peg and Eph an his wife were settin down to dinner, an he see that nice baked crower again. Stephen began to cough. Nicholas made an exclamation and stamped angrily out of the house. There was a little leanto at the back and there was some fuel stored in it. Nicholas came comin as long as I could, an now you've back quickly with his arms full of wood. | come, an I've turned the corner, you are | gram. He piled it into the stove, set a match to a-goin to stay. When I've been walking it and put on a kettle of water. Then in the teeth of my own will on one road, the snow off his clothes; that was all. Nicholas never turned his head. He shot of it was he was sot down to the stove, and began to rub ain't a-goin to do it on another. I've in which Miss Terry and a Chinese minhim under the bedclothes. His face was give it up, an I'm a-goin to stay give up. knit savagely, but he rubbed with a You lay still." tender strength.

"Warmer?" said he.

"Yes, I-be," returned Stephen grate-The fire burned briskly; the sharp air begun to soften. Soon the kettle steamed. Nicholas got a measure of meal out of his cupboard and prepared some porridge in a little stewpan. When it begun to boil he bent over the stove and stirred carefully, lest it should lump. When it was thick enough he dished it,



"I'm 'fraid I'm freezin," he gasped. "There, eat it," said he. "It's the best he went down the slope in the road and pass; however, prestige was not what he got no spirits, never keep any in the the divine consolation which comes halberd in hand.

"I guess I ain't-very hungry, Mr.

Stephen raised himself and drained the bowl with convulsive gulps. Tears stood in his eyes and he gasped when he lay back again. However, the warm por-ridge revived him. Presently he looked

"I s'pose you think it's terrible queer that I come here this way," said he, full of packages. He opened the door "but there wa'n't no other way. I dun- and looked anxiously at the bed. no whether you know how I've been | Stephen twisted his face toward him and

"Well, I've been livin with my half sister, Mis' Morrison. Mebbe you've heard of her?" "No, I ain't."

the wind; he could not walk fairly "She keeps boarders. We ain't lived in this town mor'n three years; we moved here from Jackson. Mis' Morrison's husband's dead, so she keeps boarders. She's consider'ble older'n me. I ain't never been very stout, but I used to tend Nicholas nodded. Stephen's face was in a store till I got worse. I coughed so is you wanted to. She's goin to pack mottled with purple; his nose and mouth it used to plague the customers. Then ap your clothes." I had to give it up, and when Mis' Morrison's husband died and she come here I come with her; she thought there'd be some chores I could do for my board. An I've worked jest as hard as I could an I ain't complained. I've been down to the store to get the meat for the boarders' dinners when I could scarcely get along over the ground. But I cough so bad nights that the boarders they complain an Mis' Morrison says I must go to-the poorhouse. I heard her talkin with the hired girl about it. She's goin to get the selectmen to the house tomorrow mornin. An-I ain't a-goin to the poorhouse! None of my folks have ever been there, an I ain't goin! I'll risk it but what I can get some work to do. 1 ain't quite so fur gone yet. I waited till the house was still, an then I cut. "I thought if you'd take me in till mornin I could git down to the depot an go to Jackson before the selectmen some. I've got a little money-enough to take me to Jackson-I've been savin of it up these three years, in case anything happened. It's some I earned tendin store. I'm willin to pay you for

my night's lodgin." Nicholas nodded grimly. He had stood still, listening to the weak, high pitched voice from the bed.

"It's in my vest pocket in my pocketbook," said Stephen. "If you'll come

lose it." Stephen began rumbling at his vest. "I don't want none of your money," from myself. I bout made up my i



Nicholas nodded grimly. "I've got enough to pay you an take me to Jackson." "I tell ye, stop talkin about your

money." Stephen said no more; he looked terri-The air grew warmer. Everything was quiet, except for the detonations of

sharp cracks in the house walls. Soon Then Nicholas knew it was Stephen Stephen fell asleep and lay breathing Forster. He opened the door and Stephen | short and hard. Nicholas sat beside It was broad daylight when Stephen aroused himself. He awoke suddenly

> "I guess it's time I was goin," said he "I'm much obleeged to yee, Mr. Gunn." Stephen was looking at him with be-

> Stephen sank back irresolutely; his timid, bewildered eyes followed Nicholas, who was smoothing his hair and the window. There was a good fire in room outside of 'em. I've got to go the cooking stove, and the room was quite warm, although it was evidently a fast." was full of a dim white light. One of the windows faced toward the east, but the sun was still hidden by the trees across the road. Nicholas smoothed his Forster, innocent, honest and simple hair and his wild beard slowly and

punctiliously. Stephen watched him. "Mr. Gunn," he said at length. "What say?" "I'm afraid-I shan't get to the depot before the train goes if I don't start

pretty soon."

Nicholas went on smoothing his beard. At length he laid his comb down and "Look a here!" said he; "you might jest as well understand it. You ain't a-goin to any depot today, an you ain't a-goin to any train, an you ain't a-goin

next, nor the next, nor the next after scattered the crumbs before the door, that." "What be I a-goin to do?" "You are a-goin to stay jest where

Stephen's small, anxious face on the lessness of illness seemed to produce the were fixed upon Nicholas with blank in-

"Won't Miss Morrison be after me?" he asked finally. "No, she won't. Don't you worry. still." Nicholas shook his coat before he put it on; he beat his cap against the wall, then adjusted it carefully. "Now." said he, "I'm a-goin. I've left enough

any longer than I can help." "Mr. Gunn!" "What say?" "I ruther guess I'd better be a-goin." Nicholas looked sternly at Stephen.

"You lay still," he repeated. "Don't you try to get up whilst I'm gone; you ain't fit to. Don't you worry. I'm a-goin to fix it all right. I'm a-goin to bring you something nice for breakfast. You lay still." Stephen stared at him; his thin shoulders hitched uneasily under the coverlid. "You're a-goin to lay still, ain't you?" repeated Nicholas.

"Yes, I will if you say so," replied Stephen. He sighed and smiled feebly. The truth was that this poor cot in the warm room seemed to him like a couch under the balsam dropping cedar of Leb- four footmen, preceded by two flutists. I've got; it'll warm ye some. I sin't anon, and all at once he felt the rest of four violinists and a Swiss guardsman.

from leaning upon the will of another. "Well, I do say so," returned Nich-

He looked at the fire again. Then he went out. He turned in the doorway and nodded admonishingly at Stephen. "Mind you don't try to get up," he said again.

Nicholas went out of sight down the road, taking long strides over the creaking snow. He was gone about half an hour. When he returned his arms were smiled. Nicholas piled the packages upon the table and lifted a stove cover. "I've seen Miss Morrison and it's all

right," said he. What did she say?" asked Stephen in

an awed voice. "Well, she didn't say much of anything. She was fryin griddle cakes for the boarders' breakfast. She said she felt real bad about lettin you go, but she didn't see no other way, and she'd be glad to have you visit her just as long

"I ain't got many clothes. There's my old coat an vest an my other pants, out they're most worn out. I ain't got but one real good shirt besides this one I've got on. That was in the wash, or I'd brought it."

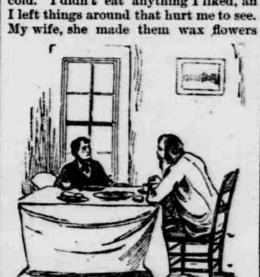
"Clothes enough," said Nicholas. He crammed the stove with wood and began undoing the packages. There were coffee, bread and butter, some little delicate sugar cookies, some slices of ham, and eggs. There were also a pail of milk and a new tin coffeepot. Nicholas worked busily. He made coffee, fried the ham and eggs and toasted slices of bread. When every-

thing was ready he carried a bowl of

water to Stephen for him to wash his hands and face before breakfast. He even got his comb and smoothed his Then he set the breakfast out on the table and brought it up to the bedsida. He had placed a chair for himself and

was just sitting down when he stopped suddenly: "I don't know as it's just fair for me not to tell you a little something about myself before we really begin livin together," said he. "It won't take but a minute. I don't know but vou've heard stories about me that I wasn't quite right. Well, I am-that is, I s'pose I am. All is I've hed lots of trouble, as here I'll give it to you and you can take | it come mainly through folks I set by what you think it's forth. I pinned an I figured out a way to get the better the pocket up so's to be sure I didn't of it. I figured out that if I didn't care anything for anybody I shouldn't have no trouble from 'em, an if I didn't care Nicholas lifted a cover from the stove. | anything for myself I shouldn't have any that all the trouble an wickedness in this world came from carin about your self or somebody else, so I thought I'd quit it. I let folks alone, an I wouldn't do anything for 'em, an I let myself alone as near as I could an didn't do anything

> for myself. "I kept cold when I wanted to be warm, an warm when I wanted to be cold. I didn't eat anything I liked, an I left things around that hurt me to see.



read the Bible 'cause I used to believe in it an didn't now, an it made me feel kies made from corn (known as worse. I did about everything I could and completely and began to get out of to spite myself an get all the feelin out of me, so I could be a little easier in my its age, contains no fusil oil. mind." Nicholas paused a moment. "You lay still." Stephen looked at him. "You lay still," repeated Nicho- wrong," Nicholas went on. "I've give it all up. I've got to go through with the whole of it, like other folks, an I guess I've got grit enough. I've made up my mind that men's tracks cover the beard before a little looking glass near whole world, and there ain't standin

with the rest. Now we'll have break-Nicholas ate heartily; it was long since he had tasted such food. Even Stephen had quite an appetite. Nicholas pressed the food upon him; his face was radiant with kindness and delight. Stephen hearted, did not in the least understand him, but that did not matter. There is a higher congeniality than that of mutual understanding—there is that of

need and supply. After breakfast Nicholas cleared away the dishes and washed them. The sun was so high then that it struck the windows, and the frostwork sparkled like

diamonds. Nicholas opened the door; he was going down to the spring for more water; he saw a flock of sparrows in the bushes across the road and stopped; then he set to any depot tomorrow nor to any train, an you ain't a-goin the next day, nor the for a piece of bread. He broke it and then went off a little way and stood watching. When the sparrows settled down upon the crumbs he laughed softly and went on toward the spring over the shining crust of snow.—Elmira Tele

A Narrow Escape for the Minister.

ister figure. The play was "Hamlet" and Ophelia (Miss Terry) was in the midst of her mad scene. Irving sat on pillow looked almost childish. His help- a little wooden seat which had been cut into the proscenium wall, and which same expression as the helplessness of afforded an excellent view of the stage infancy. His hollow, innocent blue eyes from behind. Beside the great actor sat the Chinese minister, who had come behind the scenes to pay his respects. "Suddenly I missed my Celestial friend," said Irving. "Going in search of him I found him just walking onto I'm a-goin over to see her. You lay the stage. The acting of Miss Terry had so affected him that he was burning to congratulate her on the spot. I was as usual at the next school electionjust in the nick of time to hold him but for many candidates. They give back; another half instant and he would a unanimous vote-every day in the wood in the stove, an I guess it'll keep | bave made his first appearance."-Ex- | week-in favor of warm till I get back. I shan't be gone change.

> Sumatra Buffaloes in Water. The buffaloes in Sumatra, according to an English traveler, in fear of the tiger take refuge at night in the rivers. where they rest in peace and comfort with only their horns and noses sticking above the water.

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tastic a standard to be accepted literal-

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