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THE WINNERS OF 1896.

- NATIONAL TICKET. For President—W. M. MCKINLEY, of Ohio. For Vice President—G. A. HOBART, of New Jersey. STATE TICKET. For Governor—JOHN H. MACCOLL. For Lieutenant Governor—ORLANDO TEFFT. For Secretary of State—JOEL A. PIPER. For Auditor Public Accounts—P. O. HEDLUND. For State Treasurer—CHARLES E. CASEY. For Supt. Public Instruction—HENRY R. CORBETT. For Com. Lands and Buildings—HENRY C. RUSSELL. For Attorney General—ARTHUR S. CHURCHILL. For Supreme Judge, Long Term—ROBERT RYAN. For Supreme Judge, Short Term—MOSES P. KINKAID. For Regent of State University—W. G. WHITMORE. LEGISLATIVE TICKET. For Congress, 6th District—E. A. CADY. For Senator, 30th District—J. S. HOAGLAND. For Representative, 54 District—J. H. ABOTT. COUNTY TICKET. For County Attorney—T. C. PATTERSON. For Commissioner, Third District—JAS. S. ROBBINS.

Mr. McKinley had been allowed to name the democratic candidate he could not have done better for his own cause than the Chicago convention did for it Friday.

BRYAN was born in the year the democratic party went to pieces; he was nominated on Friday. On November 3d he will be defeated and every thereafter he will be superstitious.

If the city of Lincoln is not happy it should be set down as the most ungrateful place in the country. Few cities have been honored with two regularly nominated presidential candidates.

AFTER so soundly denouncing the bankers and capitalists in the east it must be a little embarrassing to Bryan to have as his running mate a director in a dozen corporations and until recently a president of a railroad.

No two conventions were ever in greater contrast than that at St. Louis in June and that at Chicago in July, says the Inter Ocean. That at St. Louis upheld the honor and faith of the nation; that at Chicago not only violated both, but proved treacherous to its own party.

In advocating the endorsement of Bryan by the St. Louis convention, does Judge Neville hope to merit federal appointment in case of Bryan's election? The Judge has held office by grace of both the democratic and populist parties, and is now ready to receive recognition from the new political amalgamation.

The New York Sun, New York Herald, Philadelphia Times, Boston Post, Louisville Courier-Journal, Chicago Chronicle and scores of other influential democratic journals refuse to support the Chicago nominee and platform. It begins to look as though the Omaha World-Herald will be about the only daily paper who will espouse candidate Bryan and his cause.

THE Long Pine Journal very truly says that in 1864, in midst of deadliest and doubtless war, the republican party declared for the maintenance of the union, cost what it might, and great victory was achieved under Lincoln and Grant. In 1868 we declared for loyal reconstruction, and our nation is here, with the flags in every state and peace in all the land. In 1876 we declared for resumption of specie payments, and every dollar has since been good as gold. Now in 1896, we have declared for honor, for good faith and for the resumption of prosperity, and we shall win because we are right.

ONE of our citizens who lives only to bless mankind, has thought out an admirable plan by which this hither drought-stricken region may have an abundant rainfall and the farmers be made correspondingly happy. Past reports show that in a certain period there has been eighteen inches precipitation which is not enough for the period which it covers. Therefore, this philanthropic citizen recommended that the farmers petition congress to so regulate the measure of length that one half inch shall be called an inch. In this way the fall of rain shall be doubled, the farmers shall be made happy, and contentment will reign.

"If I had been an American," says Labouchere, "I should have been a protectionist; being an Englishman, I am a free trader." This tells the whole story in a few words. The republican party is for protection because it is the American policy, and because a departure from it implies the granting of an advantage to foreigners at the expense of our own labor and enterprise.

Look over the field and see if you can find any free silver country on the footstool where working men are paid equal wages with those of the United States. After nearly four years of democratic misrule they still get as good wages as the workers of any other country. Facts and not theories or assertions ought to weigh with the intelligent voter when he is making up his mind how to vote.—York Republican.

THE attention of the editor of the Era is called to the statement of Professor W. R. Webb, of Tennessee which is as follows:—"Since 1834 we have been on a gold basis; the act of 1873 was a legal recognition of a state of affairs already existing as a result of commercial laws." Mr. Hooper said the same when the bill of 1873 was under discussion. Mr. Killey who was chairman of the committee on coinage when the "crime of 1873" was committed in effect said the same. Mr. Stewart, of Nevada, referring to the same period, said, "Gold is the universal standard of the world," and as the United States happens to form a component part of this old globe of ours it is evident Mr. Stewart and the other gentlemen quoted, referred to this country as being on a gold standard long before the act of 1873 was passed. That act simply recognized by law what had existed for many years previous in fact.

Wm. J. BRYAN was nominated for president by the Chicago convention Friday afternoon on the fifth ballot. His nomination was a direct result of his eloquent speech the day before in support of the platform. Every Nebraskan takes more or less pride in the selection of a presidential nominee from his own state, and in some localities considerable demonstration has, or will, be made over the nomination. This rejoicing is confined principally, however, to the tree silverites; the others who take part so through personal rather than political consideration, and while much enthusiasm is shown, we have no fears but that the electoral vote of the state will be cast for McKinley. The silver craze has reached its zenith; investigation and study will result in increased enthusiasm for sound money and protection to American industries and American workmen as advocated by the platform and nominee of the republican party.

Gen Wade on Davis. When Ben Wade of Ohio was the presiding officer of the senate, he used occasionally to call some senator to take the chair and relieve himself by walking up and down in the lobby which runs back of the senate chamber. Once while thus walking he was overtaken by a certain carpetbag senator from one of the southern states, who occupied the identical chair that Jefferson Davis had used while a member of the senate. Walking along by the side of Wade, he rubbed his back wearily and said: "Wade, these senate chairs are the most uncomfortable things I ever saw. My back is positively blistered from sitting in mine." Wade looked at him for a moment, and as he turned away, muttered, "Davis left enough legacy in the seat of that chair to blister the backs of two or three such men as you are."—San Francisco Argonaut.

When They Began to Write. It is astonishing the number of successful writers who were well on in years before they even thought of adopting literature as a profession. Thomas Hardy was 31 before he began to turn his attention to story telling. George Eliot was 40 before she wrote a line of fiction, having no faith in her powers as a story teller. Barry Cornwall was 35 before he thought of writing verse. Jules Verne was 35 before he wrote his first story. Rider Haggard started at 26; Mr. Barrie and Conan Doyle at 27; Grant Allen at 29, and Sir Walter Besant and Mr. G. Manville Fenn at 20. George Meredith was nearly 33 when he began to write stories in his own peculiar style.—New York Sun.

Controlled by Watches. Paul du Chailly, the African explorer, tells how he once controlled a race of savage cannibals while he was on the dark continent. He had a number of Watery watches, whose ticking completely lulled the savages and caused them to regard him as a spirit. He made a practice of leaving one of these watches in a village where he had stopped. After awhile the watch, of course, ran down and stopped, and the cannibals said that the spirits had gone to overtake their master. When Du Chailly returned to these villages, he always got the watch that he had left behind him and, unobserved, wound it up again. The natives heard the ticking continue, swore again that the explorer was a spirit and did their utmost to please him.

Taking Two Weeks Off. Teacher.—How many weeks in the year, Tommy Timkins? Tommy.—Only 50 this year. Teacher.—You know very well that there are 52. Tommy.—No'm; not two weeks. Pa says he's go'ing to take two weeks off.—Roxbury Gazette.

All About Love. "Say, I'm in love," confided the fero dealer to the lookout during a hull in the play. "Why, you don't know what love is," laughed the lookout. "Don't you believe it," retorted the dealer. "Love is a game that Cupid deals. He has a crooked layout, and the bank wins every bet. If you copper a case in his game it's sure to win; if you play even, you'll lose; and if you're in a big hick if you don't get whipsawed in every turn. If a man calls the turn it's a 1 to 10 shot he dross dead."—

POWDER FOR CANNON.

A Mixture That Will Burn Slowly Is Necessary For Big Ordnance. The great trouble with powder in cannon was soon found to be that it exerted all its force too suddenly, so that all the strain came on one end of the gun. When gunpowder is set on fire, it turns suddenly into gas, and the gas needs about 300 times the space that the solid powder occupied. The explosion of ordinary gunpowder is so sudden that for a moment that part of the gun around the powder charge has to hold the big volume of gas squeezed down under enormous pressure until the shot can make a start to get out of the gun and make room for the gas. If, therefore, gunpowder could be made which would burn a little slower, so that it would not all be turned into gas until the strain had been gradually formed and the strain be distributed all along the gun. Such a powder was first made in Germany and was first called cocoa powder, because it resembled in color and general appearance a cake of chocolate. Its method of manufacture was kept secret, but other countries analyzed the grains and soon learned to make it even better than Germany. It is made partly by changing the proportions of the ingredients, making them about 79 per cent saltpeter, 8 per cent sulphur and 13 per cent charcoal, but mainly by using an unburnt charcoal, thus giving the powder its peculiar color. Thus there arose a division of gunpowder into quick and slow burning powders.

It was not alone necessary to make a powder which would burn more slowly, but if possible to make one burn so that more gas would be forming when the shot got near the muzzle than was forming when it started from the breech, because there is more room behind the shot when it nears the muzzle, and it therefore takes more gas to keep up the same pressure against its base. To accomplish this end and to make the grains lie so that there should be spaces evenly distributed among them to allow the flame to reach every grain at once, causing all of them to begin running together, grains were made of regular shape, and each shape was tried to see how nearly it gave the desired results. Thus there have been used round grains, square grains, spherical grains, cylindrical grains and prismatic grains. Of course it is impossible to make a grain which will have more end surface to burn the smaller it gets, so the best result which has thus far been obtained is only an approach to it, and this is obtained with a hexagonal prismatic grain about 1 inch high and 1/2 inches in diameter, with a hole or several holes through it.—Lieutenant John M. Eliot in St. Nicholas.

Surgery In the Middle Ages. In the middle of the twelfth century priests were the only doctors. By an edict of the council of Tours surgery was separated from medicine and the practice of the former forbidden to the clergy. The latter then employed their barbers to perform surgical operations. This arose from the fact of the monks having their heads shaved frequently and observing the dexterity acquired by the barbers in the use of edge tools. The knights of the razor, from cupping and bleeding, passed on to tooth drawing and finally to other operations requiring skill and deftness, if not much knowledge. They knew practically nothing of anatomy. It is said surgery was denied to the clergy by a canon of the church which forbade them to shed blood. This was considered the dark age of medicine, and sadder indeed it must have been to the worthy citizen who, perhaps, placing himself in the hands of his barber for relief, might, at the same time that he was getting rid of a tumor, also part company with his head.—Exchange.

The Pull of a Fish. "What I want," said an angler, "is a rigging of some sort to measure the pull of a fish. If a pound fish pulls 3 pounds 3 ounces, I want to know it, and if a 3 pound fish pulls only 3 pounds 6 ounces I want to know that too. A jester wrote to a sportsman's paper the other day to tell of an invention to measure the size of the fish that are lost. That is where this pull measure machine would be good too. It would have to be self registering, of course.

Presently there was a lull. Two women, dressed in gauzy, wavy dresses, stepped into the middle. They were the village dancers. Then followed a marvelous exhibition of high kicking. It was a veritable triumph in the terpsichorean art, for every few steps they touched the ceiling with their shoes, and the louder the click of their shoes the louder came the applause. And so the night hours slipped away unheeded. Dance followed dance and song followed song, until at last they could keep awake no longer, and, with a kiss to the bride and the bridegroom, one and all departed.—Hartford Times.

The Value of a Cup. One of the most comforting things a fisherman or hunter can carry with him is a cup to drink from. Some men get over a stream or spring and leaning directly from the water, but there is no comfort, and there is a possibility of lizards in this. One likes to stand erect and drink comfortably when on the march. It is more satisfactory. When one forgets his cup, he makes one from the large leaves of a tree or bush, or from paper, or uses the top of his hat.—New York Sun.

Free Pills. Send your address to H. E. Bucklen & Co. Chicago, and get a free sample box of Dr. King's New Life Pills. A trial will convince you of their merits. These pills are easy in action and are particularly effective in the cure of constipation and sick head ache. For Malaria and liver troubles they have been proved invaluable. They are guaranteed to be perfectly free from every deleterious substance and to be purely vegetable. They do not weaken by their action, but by giving tone to stomach and bowels greatly invigorate the system. Regular size 25c per box. Sold by A. F. Streitz Druggist.

"How the wind howls tonight!" said the melancholy boarder. "I shouldn't wonder if it had the toothache," suggested Mr. Asbury Peppers.

WEDDING IN NORWAY

AN HONORED GUEST TELLS OF ITS AMUSING FEATURES. The Spirit of Beverly Runs High, and the Festivities Last Until Everybody Is Tired Out—Drinking the Health of the Newly Wedded Pair.

A country wedding in Norway is an interesting sight to behold, and, besides being amusing, I should think, is quite unique in its way. It is not so much the actual church ceremony, although that is strange enough in its simplicity, as the after proceedings which find such charms for the stranger.

When I was traveling in the neighborhood of the great Justedal, I was invited to join in some wedding festivities, and the privilege of being the honored guest is one I shall not soon forget. I was rather behind my time, and when I reached the village the good people were returning from the church. The first thing I caught sight of was a troop of gayly dressed men and women collected in the street and marching along to the tunes of an antique fiddle. Some were dancing, some were singing, and the older inhabitants, who had reached the age when such frivolities no longer charm, were puffing away at their curious, long, wooden pipes, the old women enjoying the fumes of smoke, if anything, more than the men.

The younger girls were most gorgeously arrayed in snow white caps and massive ornaments of gold. Their dresses were gay with every color of the rainbow. All the musical accompaniment was supplied by one old fiddler, but those simple folk enjoyed the erratic squeaking every bit as much as if it had been the finest orchestra in the world under the charge of some celebrated conductor. The new made wife, covered with blushes, looked sweetly picturesque in her bright red skirt and snow white bodice, and her jewelry tinkled like fairy chimes as she walked or rather gaily swayed along. Her most conspicuous ornament was the bridal crown, which it is the ambition of every village girl to wear. It is the property of the whole parish and is generally under the charge of the priest, who hands it over just before the ceremony. High above the maiden's head it stood, looking most imposing, as the sun glistened on the many jewels which were set around it.

I joined the merry throng, the men raising their caps and the women courtesying low when they caught sight of me. Then I followed the party up some narrow steps to the first floor of a big thatched barn belonging to the father of the bride. An old oak chair was dragged forward to receive my portly person, and I sat me there and wondered greatly what on earth was coming next. The villagers ranged themselves round the long, low room, on one side the girls, opposite them the young men, the matrons at the top and the elders at the bottom. Then the bride retired, of course accompanied by her husband, and changed her ceremonious garments for lighter attire. I thought her wise when I saw what followed. When the pair returned—and during their absence there was silence in the barn—a huge bowl was offered to me filled with the national beverage. I looked at it aghast. Was I to drink it all? They intimated it was to wish them health. I touched it with my lips. Then the bride bent her pretty head and took a sip. That one taste was enough for me. But there was more to come. They signed that I was to go on drinking. I shut my eyes and did so. Between every two drafts the bride bowed her head and courtesied before me. At last it seemed I might leave off. But no; I had to go through it all again with the bridegroom when the bowl was empty. And when that time came I was heartily glad, for the drink was strong, and a liking for it is most surely one that could only be acquired by long acquaintance.

And now the husband led his bride into the middle of the room and tripped one of those graceful pasdenx peculiar to the country. At last, hot and flushed, they stopped and stood before me. A tiny silver cup was held out, and I was asked to drink their health again, this time in cognac. I did so without daring to think of the morrow. This was the signal for the dancing to commence in earnest. Only four people—two men and two women—were allowed to dance at one time, but as soon as they stopped, exhausted, others slipped in and took their places, and the old fiddler scraped away until I thought his arm must break.

Presently there was a lull. Two women, dressed in gauzy, wavy dresses, stepped into the middle. They were the village dancers. Then followed a marvelous exhibition of high kicking. It was a veritable triumph in the terpsichorean art, for every few steps they touched the ceiling with their shoes, and the louder the click of their shoes the louder came the applause. And so the night hours slipped away unheeded. Dance followed dance and song followed song, until at last they could keep awake no longer, and, with a kiss to the bride and the bridegroom, one and all departed.—Hartford Times.

Mr. Peppers suggests. "How the wind howls tonight!" said the melancholy boarder. "I shouldn't wonder if it had the toothache," suggested Mr. Asbury Peppers. "Toothache?" "Yes. Have you never heard of the teeth of the gale?"—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Music is a prophecy of what life is to be, the rainbow of promise translated out of seeing into hearing.—Mrs. L. M. Child.

TRYING TO GET EVEN.

Clock and Watch Makers Get Into the Bicycle Trade. Clock and watch makers who found their regular business falling off on account of the bicycle craze are now making up for it in the manufacture and sale of cyclometers. Competition is exceedingly lively among the rival makers, to the great benefit of the rider.

Three or four years ago there were only a few makes of cyclometers, and they were very heavy and costly. Now cyclometers are made as small as a silver quarter, weigh almost nothing and can be purchased at a trifling cost. Many dealers add a cyclometer to the equipment of the bicycle as an inducement to the purchaser, and as a result bicycles without cyclometers are the exception. Cycling has brought many blessings in its train, and one of the greatest of these is the neat little register which records accurately the distance traversed by the cyclist. It is practically a 10,000 mile tape-line in a compact and convenient form. It is a great satisfaction for the rider to see the miles roll up on the dial as he spins along. The present cyclometers are very simple in construction, and as a rule perform their duty without error, but too much must not be expected of what is merely a mechanical contrivance. A rider can hardly expect his cyclometer to measure the distance between two points accurately if he wobbles from one side of the road to the other. In this way a beginner's cyclometer might record a mile while he has been pursuing his sinuous course for only half that distance. Cyclometers are made for wheels of a given diameter, and if a 26 inch cyclometer be fitted to a 28 inch wheel the figures will not be accurate enough to be valuable. For the same reason if the front tire be soft an appreciable error in the measurement will occur, because of the lessened diameter of the bicycle wheel. If the tire sinks in a quarter of an inch under the weight of the rider, the error in a mile ride would amount to 14 yards. Thus the accuracy of a cyclometer measurement varies perceptibly, according to the hardness of the tire. However, the average bicycle rider is not an engineer or surveyor, and the popularity of the cyclometer is in no way endangered because of this slight variation from the truth, a failing to which the cyclometer is often driven by the scorcher eager for a huge mileage record.

So long as the variation is on the cyclist's side the cyclometer's future is safe. At any rate, the demand for the device is lively, and the makers are re-encouraging their losses incurred by the encroachment of the bicycle upon the watch trade.—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

The Appellate Courts. Appellate courts can know nothing of the real trial as it did occur, yet they are not deterred from granting new trials and practically co-operating with unscrupulous attorneys for the escape of men guilty of the most wicked murders. Appellate courts too frequently seem to think that superior knowledge of the law is shown not by affirming the action of the trial court, but by standing in antagonism to it and by criticizing its action. It is like the case of the bold, open critic, who frequently gets credit for superior knowledge by the audacity of his criticism, when, in fact, he knows nothing of the subject. Appellate courts are very often made up of men wanting in knowledge of the most elementary principles of the criminal law, for they have never either studied or practiced it. With this want of knowledge of the very law they are seeking to administer, they try the case not on its merits, to determine the guilt or innocence of the man, but they try it by some technical rule which has really no relation to the guilt or innocence of the accused.—North American Review.

The Rulers of England. Kings have governed England for 898 years, queens for 120 and protectors for 11 years. The average reign of the kings has been 23 1/2 years, of the queens 30 years, the average reign of all the sovereigns being between 23 and 24 years. The average reign of the kings of the Angevin dynasty—30 1/2 years—is greater than that of any other reigning family, although the average reign of the house of Brunswick very nearly approaches it. The average of the Yorkist kings—8 years—is the least of all. Four sovereigns of England have been of the Norman dynasty, and reigned 88 years; eight were Angevins or Plantagenets and reigned 345 years; three were of the house of Lancaster and reigned 62 years; three of that of York and reigned 24 years; five were Tudors and reigned 99 years, and there have been six sovereigns of the house of Brunswick, which has existed now for 181 years.

Enterprising. Inste Business Man (white with anger at being disturbed)—You book agents make me so angry with your confounded nerve and impudence that I cannot find words to express my indignation. Book Agent (jumping with enthusiasm)—Then, sir, you are in luck. I have here the very thing you need—a dictionary of the English language, containing all the words and slang phrases known, and only 5 shillings. Take it, and you will never be at a loss to express yourself again.—London Tit-Bits.

He Whistled. He—Nice dog! Have you taught him any new tricks since I was here last? She (sweetly)—Oh, yes; he will fetch your hat if you whistle.—Boston Globe.

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