

UNBELIEF.

There is no unbelief.
Whoever plants a seed beneath the sod
And waits to see it push away the cold
He trusts in God.

Whoever says the clouds are in the sky,
"Be patient, heart, light breaketh by and by,"
Trusts the Most High.

Whoever sees health winter's friend of snow
The silent harvest of the future grow
God's power must know.

Whoever lies down on his couch to sleep,
Content to look each sense in slumber deep,
Knows God will keep.

Whoever says, "tomorrow," "the unknown,"
"The future," trusts the power alone
He dares down.

The heart that looks on when eyelids close
And dares to live when life has only woes
God's comfort knows.

There is no unbelief,
And day by day and night, unconsciously,
The heart that lives by faith the lips deny,
God knoweth why.

—Edward Bulwer Lytton.

ALL FOR LENKEN.

When Meyer came to Pineville, he gave his name as Wilhelm Windmeyer, and it was promptly changed by the citizens to Bill Meyer.

He came direct from the fatherland to make Pineville his home. He thought it was his duty, too, to tell everybody he had left a sweetheart behind, and that it was for her sake that he was working to make a home. His name was Lenken. She was very beautiful, he said, and so good that it seemed almost a miracle she had lived to the age of 20.

It was this loyalty to the girl he had promised to marry who was so far away that made Meyer a favorite with everybody in Pineville.

But Meyer was a slow, easy going fellow, and the one thought about Lenken seemed to occupy every cranny of his thinking apparatus to the exclusion of every other thought. He was a very small man, and that and the wooden leg he wore, he said, had saved him from doing duty as a soldier.

Meyer found employment with Judge Peterkin. The wages were low, but it was a steady job, and that was what Meyer most desired.

During his first year in Pineville Meyer gained a little sum of money and lost four fingers and part of his nose. He was trying to whistle "Die Wacht am Rhein" down the barrel of an old musket when the gun went off accidentally and carried away part of his nasal organ. The fingers were cut off with a small circular saw used for cutting firewood.

Two fingers on one hand were cut off first. When the wounded hand had been tied up, Judge Peterkin, his daughter Molly and Aunt Phyllis, the cook followed Meyer out to the woodshed to be shown how the accident had occurred.

"It must have been a piece of pure carelessness on your part," said the judge, looking very severe. "Now show me how it was done."

"I was singing 'Over Die Garten Wall,'" said Meyer. "Den I pick up a stick of wood like dis"—picking one up with his un wounded hand—"und den I hold it like dis, und den de sticck shlip like dis, und then my fingers vas cut off dis." And that was how Meyer came to lose the second two fingers.

The second year Meyer laid up another small sum of money and was divested of part of an ear, two toes and a good deal of his hair. The ear and toes were lost accidentally and the hair inidentally from natural causes.

"Why, Meyer, Lenken won't know you when she sees you again, you are such a wreck!" said Molly to him one day.

"Well, maybe so!" he sighed, but in a moment the confidence in his sweetheart's steadfastness returned. "Oh, she was so good, Miss Molly, and so beautiful," he said, "dat it makes no difference to her how I look! She vas all true de time."

Then Molly thought she would see if Meyer would not pay her a compliment.

"How does Lenken look, Meyer? Does she look something like me?" she asked.

"Like you?" he exclaimed. "Lenken don't look like nobody. Miss Wiggin look like you maybe, but Lenken vas different."

Miss Wiggin was Meyer's rival beauty in Pineville, and the reference to her made the latter flush very red in the face. Meyer laughed merrily.

"You don't look poory ven you look like dat, Miss Molly," he said.

Then there came changes, and Meyer did not profit any by them. Judge Peterkin died, Miss Molly married, and Meyer had to look out for himself as best he could. True, Molly still interested herself in him as much as possible, but she had new cares and new duties now that claimed her attention most of the time.

But Meyer was always hopeful and in good humor. His every thought, act and deed was to accomplish something to bring the day nearer when he could write to Lenken and tell her that he had made a home for her. It was all for Lenken.

"How long since you heard from Lenken?" Molly asked him one day.

Meyer thought awhile.

"A little over two years ago," he replied.

"And when did you write to her?"

"Oh, dat vas three years ago."

"Meyer, you ought to be ashamed of yourself," cried Molly. "You must sit down here right now and write Lenken a long letter and tell her that you are still alive. Why, don't you know that she is grieving all the time and imagining that all sorts of accidents have befallen you?"

"Maybe so. I never t'ink of dat."

"For all you know, too, she may have got tired waiting and married some one else."

That brought Meyer to his feet and made him prance around on his wooden leg pretty lively for a minute.

"No, no," he cried. "Lenken is true. Vy, she

A Canadian traveler who has spent a couple of years in the far northwest, part of the time along the Pierce river, says that there are in that country at least four herds of wild buffalo, numbering altogether not less than 2,000.

Don't annoy others by your coughing, and risk your life by neglecting a cold. One Minute Cough Cure cures coughs, colds, croup, grippe and all other throat and lung troubles. North Platte Pharmacy.

"Tink I was married, too, maybe." The thought seemed to tickle him greatly. "You t'ink I would marry anybody but Lenken?" he asked.

"No, Meyer, I don't suppose you would or could, but with a woman it is different."

"No, it vas all de same," Meyer persisted.

"But are you going to write to her?"

"Maybe so, may be not," doggedly.

"Why?"

"I want to buy dat land you own down on de river," he said. "You sell me dat land. I write pooy soon maybe."

The master was not settled just then, but a few days later it was and Meyer became a landowner in Pineville.

"What are you going to do now?" asked Molly.

"I make a fine farm, one big garten, und build one little house, and Lenken und me live dera und get rich like everything."

"But suppose when Lenken sees how crippled you are that she won't marry you?"

"Und suppose ven I see how pooy she vas I say: 'Come, Lenken, I love you all de time. I loss one leg for you long ago, und I give all de rest for you afterward to make you happy.'"

"Did you loss your leg for Lenken, Meyer?" Molly asked, greatly interested.

"Maybe I did, but some older day ven Lenken come you ask her."

For once Meyer was rushing things. In a short while he had cleared several acres of land and a little later began to build the house. When the house was completed, he came to Molly in high spirits.

"Lenken is coming next week!" he cried. "Ach, Gott, I was so glad!"

Molly inquired the day, but Meyer could not tell her. He said he was going to watch every incoming train until she arrived. Molly, too, somehow managed to be at the depot at train time and watched Meyer.

"I am so curious to get a first glimpse at Lenken," she said to herself. "I have wondered so long what she looks like and have heard her praised so much by Meyer that the curiosity is almost killing me."

One evening when the train came in she saw Meyer rush forward and knew that Lenken had come at last. She peeped around the corner and saw a woman looking around bewildered. That woman had beautiful eyes. Molly looked straight into them for a moment; and everything else in the woman's appearance was forgotten.

"Come, Lenken," Meyer whispered, touching her hand. "Ach, du lieben!" he murmured as their eyes met. Then both turned, holding each other by the hand like children, and started to walk away.

As Molly looked after them she was a soft moisture in her eyes. Then she roused herself and, smiling, murmured, "Why, she must weigh at the very least 200 pounds!"

The bell of the locomotive rang out a warning. There were puffs and wheezing, and the train was in motion. There came a piercing scream, and the train stopped suddenly.

When Molly looked through the crowd that gathered in a moment to see what had happened, she saw Meyer lying on the ground, and Lenken was bending above him.

Molly pressed up closer. Meyer looked up and saw her. "It was for Lenken," he said, eyes twinkling merrily. Then he added: "Ent I tinks it vas only de wooden leg dis time." —And it was.

John P. Sjolander in St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Settled the Case.

"I was called upon in 1878 to defend a man who was charged with the most unusual misdemeanor I ever heard of my clerk entering on a court calendar," said a lawyer friend from the mountains. "A young farm hand came to me at the hotel where I was staying, my home being in another town, but my practice extending to the county seat I was then in. The swain told me he had been charged by a girl, to whom he had been paying attention, with giving her measles, she claiming that the disease, which had been epidemic in the neighborhood, had been communicated to her by kissing her repeatedly while the defendant was recovering from measles. The girl's surly father sued the bad boy, and the defendant two weeks later married the plaintiff and settled the costs of the suit to appease the wrath of her father." —Louisville Post.

The Woman Is White.

Here is one of Nugent Robinson's reminiscences of Wilkie Collins: "I was walking one day toward Hampstead Heath with Wilkie Collins. It was raining. Wilkie carried his white umbrella. Presently we sighted near a hedge a very pretty woman dressed in white and accompanied by a child. Wilkie stepped up to her and proffered his umbrella. She promptly accepted it, and I said to him as she disappeared, 'That's the last old 'ee' of it.' He laughed and insisted that it would be all right. He lived in Wimpole street and had given the young woman his address. Well, time went by until one day we two were again strolling, this time in Piccadilly. Suddenly a hansom was halted alongside his on his haunches and the same woman leaned out and handed Wilkie his umbrella. I discreetly walked on. That was the original of 'The Woman In White,' and she became Wilkie's housekeeper."

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A CATCH.

[From the tragicomedy of "The False Astrologer."] We know what is, but what will be? No one ever knew. The gods themselves cannot foresee. What can be told? what man may do. Prophecies are arrows shot in the dark At an unseen mark? If they miss it, we let them go; If they hit it, as sometimes they will, When the night winds thither blow, We magnify the stroke. Oh, the world is full of woe! The only thing we know Is that we live and die, Not the inscrutable why! Poor puppets of crumbling clay, The world goes round and round, And goes with it—like us to—Tomorrow underground.—Richard Henry Stoddard in New York Independent.

A MILD MANNERED PIRATE.

An Ex-Clerk Who Joined the Fierce Sons of the Spanish Main.

"The Buccaneers of Our Coast" is the title of a series of narrative sketches that Frank R. Stockton is writing for St. Nicholas. In speaking of John Esquemeling, who joined the buccaneers and became their historian, Mr. Stockton says:

It must have been a strange thing for a man accustomed to pens and ink, to yardsticks and scales, to offer to enroll himself in a company of bloody, big bearded pirates, but a man must eat, and buccaneering was the only profession open to our ex-clerk. For some reason or other, certainly not on account of his bravery and daring, Esquemeling was very well received by the pirates of Tortuga. Perhaps they liked him because he was a mild-mannered man and so different from themselves.

As for Esquemeling himself, he soon came to entertain the highest opinions of his pirate companions. He looked upon the buccaneers who had distinguished themselves as great heroes and it must have been extremely gratifying to those savage fellows to tell Esquemeling all the wonderful things they had done. Esquemeling might have earned a salary as a listener.

It was not long before his intense admiration of the buccaneers and their performances began to produce in him the feeling that these great exploits should not be lost to the world, and so he set about writing their lives and adventures. He remained with the pirates for several years and during that time worked very industriously getting together material for his history. When he returned to his own country in 1672, he there completed a book which he called "The Buccaneers of America; or, The True Account of the Most Remarkable Assauts Committed by Late Years Upon the Coasts of the West Indies by the Buccaneers, etc. By John Esquemeling, One of the Buccaneers. Who Was Present at Those Tragedies."

From this title it is probable that in the capacity of reporter our literary pirate accompanied his comrades on their various voyages and assaults, and although he was present at many of "those tragedies" he makes no reference to any deeds of valor or cruelty performed by himself, which shows him to have been a wonderfully conscientious historian. There are persons, however, who doubt his impartiality, because, as he liked the French, he always gave the pirates of that nationality the credit for most of the bravery displayed on their expeditions, and all of the magnanimity and courtesy, if there happened to be any, while the savagery, brutality and extraordinary wickedness were all ascribed to the English.

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Before a rainstorm the wind blows out of this well with great force, making a roaring sound that can be heard a long distance. The wind is so hot that water placed on the cover of the well will boil. The wind blows out only before a storm, and the severity and duration of the storm are always in exact proportion to the force of this current and its duration before the storm commences. It is therefore an accurate and trustworthy barometer, or vice versa, with equal accuracy, but remains quiet in settled weather.

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In winter a current of air is drawn in before a change of weather just as forcibly as it blows out in hot weather.

This current will freeze the water 120 feet from the surface of the earth as quickly as it would at the surface, and though many attempts have been made to use a pump in the well, they have all failed, and a number of pumps of different makes have been destroyed by the water freezing and bursting the cylinders and pipes.

The other five wells, which resemble this one in many respects, are all located within the radius of about one mile and vary in depth from 130 to 160 feet.

All sorts of theories have been advanced concerning an underground passage, but no outlet has ever been discovered, and if there is one it must be a great distance away in order to foretell the approach of storms so long in advance. —Philadelphia Record.

It Was Only the Old One.

A rough, awkward handed Lancashire girl was broken in by a benevolent lady, who tried to do a good turn for everybody, and in an evil moment she was given to clean to two very ancient openwork silver salt cellars with those rich and rare old royal blue glass receivers inside. One was over 100 years old, the other had been broken and recently patched, of which fact the girl was aware. She broke the other old one, and when she told her mistress she said she was "glad as how it was only the old 'un."

A Startling Declaration.

Wife—Richard, I am afraid we must part—

Husband—Good gracious! What for?

Wife (calmly)—Your hair in the middle hereafter. You are getting bald.—London Sun.

One of Max O'Rell's Experiences.

Once when Max O'Rell was staying at a hotel he had occasion to complain of the marked incivility and neglect of a waiter. The proprietor apologized, assuring Max O'Rell that no such complaint had ever been made before. When the waiter was reprimanded, he explained himself thus: "It's not to be expected that a self respecting Scotsman would wait on him with civility. Didn't you see we took to the kilts because our feet were too large to get through trousers?" —London Telegraph.

Missouri has the greatest loads of lead ore in the world. The kaiser and the czar are said to be lovers of bric-a-brac. The governor of Idaho, Frank Stennenga, never wears a necktie. We are anxious to do a little good in this world and can think of no pleasant or better way to do it than by recommending One Minute Cough Cure as a preventive of pneumonia, consumption and other serious lung troubles that follow neglected colds. North Platte Pharmacy.

TALL BUILDINGS.

The Skyscraper Considered as a Device for Saving Labor.

In the tall building it is emphatically a condition, not a theory, that confronts us. The many storied office buildings is a necessary product of certain economic factors which have operated in spite of the architects, and more intensely in the United States than elsewhere. This is what has made it so peculiarly an American product. Of these economic factors the cost of land, so commonly alleged as the controlling one, has really been the least important. Land in parts of Paris and London is as costly as in New York and Chicago, but the 15 story office building has never come into vogue there, while, on the other hand, buildings of 10 or 12 stories are not uncommon in American cities of the second and third rank, where land is relatively cheap. The cause of Nature decrees that take place each spring are so severe that a breakdown is almost sure to come. It is wise that all possible assistance be given during this period, as upon this purifying process depends the health for the entire summer. Everybody just now should take