

THE RIVER OF LIFE

The more we live, more brief appear
Our life's succeeding stages;
A day to childhood seems a year,
And years like passing ages.

The gladsome current of our youth,
Ere passion yet disorders,
Stains lingering like a river smooth
Along its grassy borders.

But as the careworn cheek grows wan,
And sorrow's shafts fly thicker,
Ye stars, that measure life to man,
Why seem your courses quicker?

When joys have lost their bloom and
breath,
And life itself is vapid,
Why, as we near the Falls of Death,
Feel we its tide more rapid?

It may be strange—yet who would change
Time's course to slower speedings,
When one by one our friends have gone
And left our bosoms bleeding?

Heaven gives our years of fading
strength
Indemnifying fleetness;
And those of youth, a seeming length,
Proportioned to their sweetness.

—Thomas Campbell.

Daisy's Blue Beads.

BY MRS. MOSES P. HANDY.

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"Mother," said Daisy Mason, impatiently, "why on earth don't Jo Davis ask Emily to marry him and be done with it? He has been coming here to see her every Sunday night since I can remember, and nothing comes of it."

"Oh, well," replied Mrs. Mason, soothingly, "there's no hurry. They are young, and have plenty of time. I am sure I'm not anxious to have Emily married. I don't know what we should do without her."

"Nor I," admitted Daisy. "But I am tired having people ask me when he and Emily are going to be married. It would be relief to my feelings to be able to tell them that they were engaged."

"I don't see what people have to do with it. It is none of their business who comes courting Emily."

"No, it isn't, and that is just what makes me mad. They talk as if Jo was just flirting."

"Now, Daisy, you know that is ridiculous. Everybody in town knows that Jo fairly worships the ground Emily treads on. Why, he never looks at any other girl."

"Then, why don't he speak out? Mother, do you think they can be engaged?"

Mrs. Mason shook her head. "No, indeed, Emily would have told me, certain, sure."

"Yes, I suppose she would. But he ought to ask her. I wonder Emily stands it. I wouldn't, I know. Father ought to ask him his intentions. I've a great mind to do it myself."

"The idea. As if father would do such a thing. Why, it would scare Jo to death, and Emily would die of mortification."

"And then we should have two funerals instead of a wedding. I don't care, somebody ought to do something. It makes Emily ridiculous, and I'm going to tell her so."

"No, Daisy, don't do any such thing," said her mother. "All people aren't alike, and you would only hurt your sister's feelings. You know Jo is dead in love with her, and he will tell her so when he gets ready."

"Well, I wish he'd hurry up. I don't think much of a man who wants to marry a girl and hasn't spunk enough to say so. I think I see any man treat me like that." And Miss Daisy gave a toss to her pretty head which boded ill to the man who should try it.

In a small country town where



"Oh, Daisy, really?"

everybody knows every one else, most men and all women take a lively interest in the affairs of their neighbors. In Hayville Jo Davis' courtship of Emily Mason was one of the stock subjects of gossip. The two had been keeping company for five years, more or less, and Hayville was agreed that they ought either to double or quit. There was no apparent reason why they should not be married. Jo had a good farm left him by his father, and his old mother would be all the better of a daughter-in-law like Emily. Jo's parents had married late in life, and Jo was an only child. It was fragments of this gossip which, reaching Daisy Mason's ears, had wrought her up on the subject. Daisy was Emily's younger sister, the prettiest girl in all Hayville, with a dozen or so of beaux, whom she led a dance.

There is many a true word spoken in jest. Daisy felt that decided something ought to be done. She had already tried to help matters by effacing herself upon various occasions, entertaining her own visitors on the porch when Jo came, so that the presence of others might not prevent him from proposing to Emily. To her disgust these small maneuvers had been fruitless;

now she felt that more vigorous measures were necessary.

There was a third sister in the Mason family, a little girl twelve years next to Daisy. Rosy Mason was general pet, not only in her own family, but with most of the neighbors. Naturally a clever child, constant association with her elders had made her wise beyond her years, and her bright sayings were told and quoted all over town. Jo Davis was especially fond of her, and paid her almost as much attention as he did to Emily. It was to this little sister that Daisy turned for help in the present emergency.

"Rosie," she asked, "can you keep a secret?"

"Course I can," answered Rosie, indignantly. "Don't you know mother says I never tell anything I oughtn't to?"

"Yes, but this is different. I want you to ask Jo Davis if he and Emily are going to be married."

The little sister was shocked. "Oh, Daisy, I couldn't. Mother would be angry, and Emily wouldn't like it a bit."

"Listen, Rosy. They won't mind at all if you do it the right way and don't let anybody know I put you up to it. I'll give you my blue beads if you will."

"Your blue beads? Oh, Daisy, really?" exclaimed Rosie, but still she looked doubtful.

"Yes, my blue beads, for your very



"I am indeed, if she'll have me."

own. Now, listen. You know Jo wants to marry Emily, everybody knows it, and we are all willing that he should, but he is so bashful that he don't dare ask her. Now, if you help him out he will be fonder of you than ever."

"I think she would say yes if he asked her, don't you, Daisy?"

"Of course I do; but she can't if he doesn't, and she would be pleased, too, so you see nobody would mind, don't you?"

"Are you sure, Daisy?"

"Yes, dear, quite sure. And then think what fun it would be to have a wedding in the family. I would be bridesmaid and you and Jo's little cousin Nellie would be flower girls. You would have a beautiful new white dress, and a big hat all flowers and chiffon; oh, it would be grand. You know I wouldn't ask you to do anything wrong. Then you shall have the beads, as soon as you ask him, and if mother and Emily are angry I will take all the blame. But they won't be. Everybody will be glad."

During the next day or two Rosie's wise little head did a great deal of thinking. The more she pondered the more it seemed to her that Daisy was right. Jo must love Emily or he would not come to see her so often. He never went to see any other girl. People certainly expected them to get married. Had not old Mrs. Brown, who was always trying to find out everything, endeavored to pump her, Rosy, again and again, and called her a silly little puss, because she told her nothing. Then she did so want the beads. Not even Carrie Wells', that all the girls at school made so much fuss over, were as pretty as they. So she questioned Daisy once more, and Daisy reiterated her assurances, saying:

"The next time Jo and Emily are by themselves, and Jo calls you his little sweetheart, all you have to do is to tell him that you had rather be his little sister, and ask him if he isn't going to marry Emily; he will be your brother if he does, you know. How can he mind that?" And Rosie agreed that he couldn't.

Fortune favored her. The next Sunday was a bright September day, and Joe and Emily had the parlor to themselves. Daisy had discreetly gone for a walk, and the rest of the family were sitting out on the porch. Rosie went to the door of the parlor and peeped in. They sat, Emily and Jo, one on one side of the table, one on the other, as they had so often, talking quietly as usual.

"Come here, Rosie," called Jo.

Rosie went in and took her stand beside his knee. He drew her to him and stroked her curly hair. "You're my little sweetheart, aren't you?" he asked.

Rosie shook her curly head. "I'd rather be your little sister. I'd like that. You are going to marry Emily, aren't you?"

Emily turned crimson, but Jo laughed delighted. "I am, indeed, if she'll have me."

"Oh, she will, won't you Emily?" and the little matchmaker Ned.

Having taken the plunge, with Rosie's aid, Jo's bashfulness vanished, and when Mr. and Mrs. Mason came in a little later they found Emily and her accepted lover waiting to receive their consent and blessing.

Rosie wore the blue beads to school on Monday. There was but one drawback to her happiness: everyone made so much of her, and her honest little soul shrank from accepting the credit which belonged right, to another.

"Please let me tell them the truth about it," she begged of Daisy, but Daisy said "No."

State Capital Observations.

Expressions Emulative for the Good of Republican Supremacy.

The republicans of Lincoln have every reason for congratulating themselves and the city over the result of the primary election. The nominees were selected by the direct vote of the rank and file of the members of the party, and an absolutely unassailable ticket has been put in the field in consequence. In the old days when men were allowed to name delegations from their own wards with the understanding that they might trade them in any way they wished, the party was humiliated by some of the nominations made by almost every convention.

The Lincoln system has shown itself to be the cleanest and best means yet devised for selecting the nominees of a political party. It has revolutionized the municipal government of this city in less than five years. It has driven out bossism and installed the individual citizen and taxpayer in his rightful position as dictator of the management of the party. The Lincoln system is now firmly entrenched in the city, for it would be a bold ward politician to even suggest a return to the convention plan. If the members of the county central committee wish to assist in the growth of the party they may do so by providing for the extension of the Lincoln system to the entire country.

Senator Miller of Buffalo having been delegated by his committee to visit the reform schools at Kearney and Geneva, submitted a voluminous report. In his report on the Kearney school he says:

"The school consists of seven substantial brick buildings, very much out of repair, situated on a high bluff overlooking the great Platte valley. The view is one of the grandest in the state. A change in the administration has recently been made, Hon. J. N. Campbell retiring from the superintendency and Prof. J. T. Mallalieu assumes the duties; the latter speaks well of the efficient work of his predecessor. The present superintendent comes in thoroughly equipped for efficient work, having served in this capacity with credit, for eight years, and has lately visited similar institutions in other states for the purpose of studying their methods.

"There are at present 129 inmates, divided into four families, with one teacher and one matron for each family.

"The boys are called up at 6:15 in the morning, prepared for breakfast which is served in a large hall of the mechanic building at 7:00. Five hours each day are devoted to study in school, and five hours to work in the various industrial departments. During the summer months the boys have from 6:30 p.m. to 8 p.m. for recreation; while during the winter months they have play rooms in the buildings.

"We consider this school of vast importance to the state; designed as it is to greatly reduce the criminal class, taking the boys who are so unfortunate as to without proper home training and instill within them habits of industry, self-reliance and noble aspirations."

Representative Hanks offered the following resolution in the house last week:

"Whereas, It has pleased Him who is infinite in wisdom and controls all things in His divine power, to remove one who was a member of the Twenty-seventh session of the Nebraska legislature, the Hon. David Brown, of Otoe county, by death, therefore be it

"Resolved, That it is the sense of the joint bodies of the legislature to mourn the loss of one who has served his people so many times in public office with honor to himself and credit to the great state of Nebraska; be it further

"Resolved, That we honor the memory of the Hon. David Brown. We, his neighbors, and all persons acquainted with him, honored and respected him during life. He was a good citizen, a correct man, and a loving and faithful husband and father. He represented in himself the best citizenship of the state, and in his death we have sustained a great loss, and the state is deprived of a good citizen; be it further

"Resolved, That these resolutions be spread upon the journals of both bodies of the legislature, and a copy be forwarded to his widow and son, to whom we offer our sincere sympathy in their hour of grief. And also one be sent to the local newspapers of Nebraska City."

The following companies have filed articles of incorporation with Secretary of State Marsh: Uinta Petroleum company of Omaha and Uinta county, Wyoming, with a capital of \$10,000; Paxton Mitchell company of Omaha, with a capital of \$60,000; Puritan Cigar company of Grand Island with a capital of \$5,000; Seward Dry Goods and Millinery company of Seward with a capital of \$15,000.

The legislature must cut the garment according to the cloth. Nebraska is prosperous and rich, but her assessed valuation is quite low and the constitution limits the state levy to five mills and there you are. Let not the appropriations overrun the probable revenue for the coming biennium. That is one of the bounden duties of a legislative body to perform. Overlaps should be left entirely to the sapient municipal governments. They do not interfere with the nation's affairs.

Acting Governor Savage has issued a requisition for Fred Brailey, who is wanted in Boyd county on the charge of criminal assault. The complaining witness is May Allgor. Brailey is under arrest in Marshall county, Minnesota. The state agent who will bring him back to answer the charge is Herman Stamer.

Nebraska's reception by the occupants of the reviewing stand on Pennsylvania avenue was a compensation for the trouble it took to get there. It is an earnest of the feeling entertained toward this state by the leaders of the nation's affairs.

The new battleship "Nebraska" will be constructed, according to the decision just made by the secretary of the navy, by Moran Bros. of Seattle. The bid of this firm was above the limit set by the government, but the people of Seattle were so anxious to establish the ship building industry in their city that they raised a fund of \$100,000 to enable the firm to take the contract at the government price without losing money. The new ship will be an object of interest to all citizens of Nebraska who visit the chief city of Washington during the period of its construction.

The death of Representative Brown increases the difficulty of securing an election with republican votes. The full number of members of the legislature at the beginning was 133.

TRADE AND PROFIT.

A DISTINCTION WHICH SOME PEOPLE DON'T GRASP.

Namely, That a Country May Have an Immense Volume of Trade of the Sort That Carries with It No Gain in Wealth.

The following from the London Statist is very interesting reading, and the conclusion from our English cousin's point of view is certainly ingenious if not ingenuous. It will bear perusal:

"The foreign trade of the United States merits the careful attention of the people of this country and of the United States. From the United States we secure nearly 30 per cent of all the foreign produce we need for food and for manufacture, and the United States finds in Great Britain a market for nearly one-half of the products we send abroad. Now let us look at the other side of the picture. The United States purchase from this country less than one-fourth of their total imports of foreign produce, and we sell to the United States not much more than 10 per cent of the produce we send abroad. In other words, England buys from the United States nearly four times more produce than she sells to that country, and it is mainly in consequence of our huge purchases that the United States are able to buy from other countries silk, coffee, tea, etc., are able to provide the interest upon their foreign debt, to provide for freight and insurance companies, to meet the very large expenditures in Europe of American tourists, and to accumulate capital out of their foreign trade.

It will be noted that in the ten years from 1880 to 1890, when our imports from the United States declined, the total exports from that country also fell off, and that in the ten years from 1890 to 1900, when our purchases of American products greatly increased by reason of our great prosperity, the total exports of the United States also showed immense expansion. It will thus be evident that the further growth in American exports in a large measure depends upon the capacity of this country to buy more largely.

"The growth of the import trade of the United States and of our exports to that country presents a very different picture. • • • Compared with the total expansion in American imports, the increase in imports from this country has been insignificant.

Compared with the enormous expansion in our purchases from the United States, the slight growth in their purchases from us is a matter which requires very serious attention at the present time, when our trade with America is checked by the prohibitive tariff now in force.

"The question now has to be put. Has not the object of imposing prohibitive customs duties by the United States been fulfilled, and will not their retention have a very adverse effect upon American trade in the future? In 1896 it was essential for America to bring about a balance of trade which would enable the country to meet all its foreign obligations and to maintain its gold standard. But the decision of the American people in 1896 and 1900, together with the laws which have been passed and probable further amendments in the next session of congress have insured the maintenance of the gold standard and the necessity of restricting imports for this purpose has passed away. Moreover, in view of the great strides made by the manufacturing industries of America in the past ten years, there is now no doubt that American manufacturers are well able to meet any possible competition, not only in the home, but in foreign markets. Hence America no longer has reason for imposing either a prohibitive or a protective tariff. America has, indeed, now to face the question of how she may increase the prosperity of other countries, and in view of that prosperity still larger quantities of her produce abroad. To do this it is evident that she must be willing to purchase the products of other countries in return for the produce she sells."

There is one idea that our free trade contemporaries across the water do not seem to grasp, and that is that our foreign trade is incidental, not our whole existence. We have a home market that is almost immeasurable. It is from forty to 100 times greater than our foreign markets. And it is as valuable to us, as producers, as all the foreign markets of the world would be if we possessed them exclusively.

When we abandon our protective tariff we abandon our home market. It is a dozen years since Tom Reed told us the modern Aesop fable, and it will bear telling right here in case the youth of the London Statist never read it:

"Once there was a dog. It was a nice little dog. Nothing the matter with him except a few foolish free trade ideas in his head. He was trotting along happy as the day is long, with his mouth a nice shoulder of succulent mutton. By and by he came to a stream bridged by a plank. He trotted along, and, looking over the side of the plank, he saw the markets of the world and dived for them. A minute after he was crawling up the bank the wettest, sickest, the nastiest, the most mutinous dog that ever swam ashore."

As for increasing the prosperity of other countries so as to enable them to buy more of us, that reminds us of another little story. It was very dull times with Jonathan Plumb. So he took a dollar in pennies out of the till and gave them to the passing school children, some of whom came in and

spent their pennies at Plumb's candy counter. After they were gone Plumb says to himself: "Well, that was a lively bit of trade. Tomorrow I'll scatter two dollars." But at night as he cast up his accounts it all dawned on him and the profane candler summed it up as follows: "It makes a——lot of trade but d——little profit."

COMPETITION.

It Cannot Be Assured Unless Industrial Enterprise Be Encouraged.

Every few days we read an editorial paragraph in the Democratic papers calling attention to "an important contribution in another column." This "contribution" turns out to be a syndicated free-trade article. A short time ago it was a new tirade against protection by Henry W. Lamb. Now it is a "Trust Remedy," by Prof. Bascom of Williams college, upon whom the mantle of Prof