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THE BOW IN THE CLOUD.

All day long the clouds had lowered,
And the rain had swept the earth,
Till it lay all fair and lovely
As when God first gave it birth;
And the sunset splendor falling,
Set a rainbow in the sky;
And I learned life's hardest lesson
As the clouds were drifting by.

For the radiant sunset glory,
Falling on my raptured eyes,
As the clouds were lifted, thrilled me
With a rare and sweet surprise.
But if life were all fair weather,
As the fleeting days go by,
We should never know the beauty
Of the rainbow in the sky.

As the sun seems all the brighter
For the troublous clouds that rise,
So our tears but clear our vision
For the rainbow's glad surprise.
And our hearts are all the purer
For the Father's chastening hand,
While our faith grows clearer, trusting
Where we cannot understand.

So if hearts were free from sorrow,
Eyes were never filled with tears,
We should never know the rapture
When the Comforter appears—
When we rest upon His bosom,
As the passing moments roll,
And the Father's smile caressing,
Sets a rainbow in the soul.
Edith Virginia Braadt, in N. Y. Observer.

A RECONCILIATION.

BY MARY CLARKE HUNTINGTON.

The grass in the front yard had been newly mown, lending an added trimness to the well-kept place. Tulips in the borders on either side the long gravel walk made riotous patches of color under the morning sun. Suggestion of lilies of the valley drifted from the south garden wall. Above the open front door tall lilac bushes touched tops, and the heavy odor of their blossoms spilled itself upon the hush that seemed to hang over everything.

In the instant during which he glanced about the familiar surroundings this hush smote keenly upon the senses of the man descending from the rickety stage, but he turned with an unchanged face to assist his companion in alighting. She was a tall, well-built woman of 35, whose eyes and mouth betrayed habitual dissatisfaction, and whose vivid coloring was set off to advantage by her fashionable black. She kept step with him as they went up the walk.

"I feel quite tumbled to pieces from driving three miles in that demoralizing stage. It is ridiculous that the people here in Bloomington do not insist upon a better conveyance from the station to the Center. It is positively a penance to have to come here."

She spoke petulantly, glancing at her husband as though he were to blame for the occasion that had brought them. He did not seem to hear, and from an irritated desire to gain his attention, she went on: "Do tell me, Gerard, if I am all in a muss."

"You can go at once to your room and attend to your toilet," was his brusque reply. Then he went eagerly up the steps to meet an elderly woman who appeared in the doorway.

"Aunt Ann!" He stopped to kiss her, still keeping her hand.

His wife held out the tips of immaculately-gloved fingers, and, only waiting for affirmative answer to question as to their room being ready, swept her soft draperies upstairs. Miss Ann Boynton led the way into the sitting-room, and sank upon the long haircloth-covered sofa. Gerard took a large chair opposite.

"I began to fear you were not coming," she said, tremulously.

"Only illness would have kept me from coming. Your telegram reached me duly, but Marguerite thought it necessary to order new black, and that delayed me." There was a ring of impatience in his voice as he said this. "Is there not something I can do? Are all preparations made?"

"All."

"At what hour is it to be?"

"At three this afternoon."

"I ordered some flowers sent on."

"They have come, and are arranged. Will you see them?"

He made an almost womanish gesture of dissent.

The sweetness of lilac bloom filled the silence that fell between them. Gerard remembered many springs ago of picking every blossom, and cutting the bushes, which were slender then, as whips for himself and Henry. Despite his two years' juniority he was ever the one who rushed first into forbidden things. He remembered also the punishment that followed—as it usually did follow his many heedless acts of mischief—and of how, while he was still smarting from acquaintance with the lilac whips which he had unwittingly cut for his own undoing, his father had sought him again, and holding his hot, wet, angry face against a broad shoulder whispered how sorry he was to have to punish his little boy—whispered also of a circus in town the next day, and that he and Henry might go. Then he remembered walking down through the orchard with small clinging fingers clasped in large tender ones, and tears dried by happy certainty that after all his father was the best father in the world.

The blur passed from his eyes, and he found himself looking at a picture hung above the sofa in an oval frame. It had been taken during early manhood, but Gerard could trace strong resemblance to the face last turned to him in fatherly welcome. Beside it was the picture of a pretty young woman with flowing curls—his mother. She had died while he was very young, leaving him only a dream-like recollection of kisses and soothing, and touch of loose hair against his cheek. Aunt Ann was the only mother he had known. She, seeing now where his gaze turned, took a small leather case from the old-fashioned stand beside her.

"This is the best picture your father ever had taken. He was 40—just your age. The sands of his life ran a long time. He would have been 88 in June."

Gerard took the case. The grave eyes seemed looking back into his own with familiar kindliness.

"Tell me about it. Was he ill? Did he suffer much?"

"Had he been ill I should have written so. My letters told you of his gradual weakening of body and mind through many months. He missed you and Henry greatly as he failed. He would sit hours at a time by his window here and look down the road. I think he was watching for one or both of you to come. And then, toward the last, he sat oftener on the back porch, with a lingering expression in his eyes. He seemed to be taking a farewell of the hills he had always known and so soon must leave. He did not speak often of you or Henry. You know he was a reticent man. The morning of the day he died he asked when you were coming home, and then he said: 'If I could only know them reconciled—my two boys.' An hour or so later I came in, and he was sitting where you sit now, with the album on his knee. I spoke, but he did not answer." Tears were falling fast over Miss Ann's withered cheeks. "He had died looking at the picture of you and Henry, taken together as children."

A blur passed again before Gerard's eyes. He could not see the tintype in his fingers.

"Do you think that Henry will be here—in time?"

"He has been here through it all. He came the day his father died."

The pronoun "his" touched Gerard. It seemed to put him at an immeasurable distance from the still form which, without asking, he knew lay in the closed parlor. As mischievous little boy, as wild young lad, he had received the larger measure of tenderness, perhaps because followed by the larger measure of anxiety, but in the ten years of estrangement between the brothers Judge Boynton had turned most to the elder son. This had not been unnoticed by Gerard, though his rare visits home kept him from feeling the difference. New interests had crowded out the old. Excitement of hours spent on "change" had put the even tenor of Bloomington days far in the background. Until this moment he had not realized with what strong bonds home associations still held him. The life of which he had grown to think as narrow and primitive and slow now seemed to have held the essence of true existence. The rich broker, noted among business men for his keenness and sagacity, having an influence that extended widely beyond his palatial home and that had brought him many responsible positions, suddenly felt himself pitifully alone. He thought of the woman upstairs with the beautiful face and the haughtily-poised head, but the thought brought no sense of nearness to any human being. There he met his aunt's eyes—still wet and shining with almost maternal tenderness. He was not alone, after all. He got up and went over to her, putting a hand on her shoulder.

"I will go in and see him now."

Shut into the darkened parlor—before him only that coffin covered with the costly flowers which he himself had chosen, Gerard Boynton stood still. He felt something keeping him back—something that stood between him and the dead man, and that would not let him look upon the quiet face. And he knew what it was. The estrangement that had grown between two brothers fronted him now like a visible thing. It was taunting him with its power to hold him away—it was reminding him that his was the blame.

He remembered well how it began. He had come for a summer vacation, and found at the old home a girl whom Henry had brought as his fiancée—a girl delicate and shy, with the sweetest smile in the world. And because of the smile, because Miss Ann petted her, and his father talked of her, and Henry followed her with looks of devotion, he had slipped into a way of trying to please her more than anyone else could please—succeeding so well that one day Henry paused in the library door with gray eyes blazing black in colorless face, and quivering lips hurling such words as "traitor" and "scoundrel" at the brother who stood thus holding a frightened girl in his arms and giving back defiance for indignation. There were tears from Miss Ann and reproaches from the judge; Henry shut the bitterness of a heart made void into his own room for days; the girl with the smile went back to her people, and Gerard went also.

But while with Henry it had been the love of a life time, with Gerard it was only a phase. His passion dulled with distance; his letters grew less frequent,

and stopped altogether after one evening at a club reception when a pair of magnificent black eyes looked into his own. He married the eyes and a fortune with them. The fortune invested had been many times doubled, had brought him the reputation of being a speculator who always came out gilded, but the eyes had brought him only a splendid creature, who threw over her fan at some ballroom gallant such smiles as she never bestowed upon her husband after the novelty of married life had worn off, and left his great house to the devices of servants for months at a time while she flung herself into the gayety of watering place and mountain resort, or visited some foreign city of note. What disappointment Gerard Boynton might have felt concerning his marriage he accepted with consciousness of a girl's smile chilled unto death and a brother's days embittered because of his faithlessness.

It was knowledge of being in the wrong that made Henry's intense, pained words so rankle in his mind. He had never forgiven that last interview where such bald truths compelled his ear. He had gone out from his brother's presence with a set and sullen face, and had never spoken to him again. If the two chanced to meet on home visits they avoided each other, and neither Miss Ann nor the judge deemed it best to notice their averted eyes. Under stress of such emotion as these sad hours aroused, Miss Ann, for the first time, had spoken to Gerard of the long estrangement. She had touched upon this subject often with Henry, but he always answered that he could not be reconciled to one who did not wish reconciliation.

Gerard knew that the attitude of the one injured had been his. After that last interview there was no reproach in his brother's manner, simply a waiting for such confession as was his due to receive. Gerard's stubborn pride had refused this confession—but he was making it to himself now with a bitter sense that wrong-doing brought the heaviest penalty on the wrong-doer. Surely Henry's life could not be more empty of something to be desired than was his own.

A door closed so softly that he did not connect the sound with entrance. He heard the piteous whine of a dog in the hall outside, and knew that Shep was mourning the stilled hand and voice of his master. He turned to quiet the animal, as though sound could disturb the sleeper's eternal calm, and saw his brother standing inside the room with hands full of lilies of the valley. It had been some time since they had met. With a kind of shock Gerard noted the slight stoop of shoulders, the eyes spectacled from close study, the hair beginning to turn gray. But Henry noticed the other's air of increased prosperity rather than the few wrinkles upon the handsome face. Shep whined again, more insistently. Henry spoke through the closed door, his voice partook of the hush in the dim room, but both heard the patter of soft dog feet turning obediently away.

The elder man went around to the further side of the coffin and placed the lilies upon the white satin pillow. To Gerard came vivid remembrances of some boys searching for these same blossoms along the sunny slopes of a garden wall, and shouting over each fragrant token of spring as only children with the season's freshness thrilling every pulse can shout. The feeling of old comradeship swelled up in his heart, breaking down the last barrier which was keeping him afar from that still presence. He went quickly forward, and bent over the coffin a face in which every best emotion struggled for the mastery.

Henry did not lift his face from that fine old countenance, touched with the immeasurable dignity of death, yet holding such semblance of life that it seemed those closed lashes must lift and the sealed lips speak. A lock of the thin white hair had fallen over the forehead, and Gerard put it reverently into place. The motion stirred Henry to perception of a difference in the man standing opposite. He looked up and their eyes met in a way that brought their hands together.

Again Shep whined at the door. A woman's voice spoke sharply to him from the landing. Mrs. Gerard was coming downstairs, and she disliked dogs. Shep's feet pattered slowly away to the sitting-room where Mrs. Ann still sat with the judge's picture on her lap. In the darkened parlor amid the hush and perfume of rare blossoms, the brothers bowed with clasped hands over the open coffin, and the aged face within seemed rapturous in its divine content.—Springfield Republican.

City Dogs and Country Dogs.

There is a marked difference between city and country dogs. A city dog turned loose in a pasture lot mopes along, paying no attention to the birds and other animals around it, but a country dog turned free in a city street, after the temporary embarrassment which countrified folks always feel, observes the sparrows to be unusually tame and numerous. Then comes a round of sport that makes the country dog feel itself very much at home. The country dog delights in chasing small birds and the city dog doesn't, but after a few hours' racing the dog's feet would be as sore as any clodhopper's that walked the stones for any length of time, especially on a hot day.—N. Y. Sun.

SUMMER GOWNS.

Dainty Dresses for the Heated Season.

Exceedingly pretty this year are the organdies and muslins, and for girls particularly there is a wide choice.

For a graduating gown an extremely pretty design is made up of lace-striped organdie and plain India mull. The outer skirt is mounted over a thin lawn underskirt. The edge of the front breadth is trimmed with three rows of Valenciennes insertion and a ruffle of Valenciennes lace—in all about three inches wide. At the foot of the skirt is a five-inch ruffle of organdie headed with a tiny beading. The underskirt of lawn has a lace-edged ruffle the same depth as the one on the skirt. The back of the skirt is gathered into about 3½ inches. The back of the waist is simply gathered under the belt, the ribbon of which is sewed into the underarm seam about half way down, from there it is crossed to the back and drawn round in front, here it is fastened into a loosely-tied bow. The waist in front is made of plain mull, as is also the lower puff of the sleeve. The waist is set on a gathered yoke of the same, with bands of narrow Valenciennes lace. It hangs over in a pretty, loose fashion, but so that the lines of the figure are not hidden. Narrow edgings of Valenciennes lace and white satin ribbon bows are the trimmings.

Another graduating dress which is much simpler is also of white organdie trimmed with Valenciennes lace. The body is made with a round yoke and a full ruffle trimmed with three rows of Valenciennes lace. The sleeves have bands of the lace and the skirt is edged with a ruffle trimmed with Valenciennes. It is made with a white lawn skirt, but can be worn equally well over any other color.

A white dotted Swiss which is exceedingly dressy is made up over white tulle. The seams are all marked with insertion of Valenciennes lace, which shows the sheen of the silk through very prettily. The waist is shirred on the shoulders and hangs in blouse fashion over the belt, while the sides and back fit more snugly. A V-shaped piece of Valenciennes insertion is let in at the throat under a high stock collar of ribbon, while the sleeves are finished with ruffles of Valenciennes.—Harper's Bazar.

THEY WERE CALLED DOWN.

A Party of Students Tackled a Clown and Took a High Fall.

An interesting episode occurred the other day at New Brunswick, N. J., when 100 or more Rutgers college students attempted to run a circus according to their own ideas. They geyed the clown and he remonstrated, whereupon they geyed him all the more. The rest of the audience wished to see the performance and hissed the students, but the latter persevered in their efforts to stop the show. Finally the patience of every one was exhausted. "You look like gentlemen," commented the clown. "Bravo," yelled the 100 students. "But do you intend to annoy these 2,000 women and children (wild cheering) who have paid to see this show? (Cheers.) Have you no respect, have you no mothers or sisters?" (Loud cries of "No" from the students.) The clown stopped in despair. Suddenly he brightened up and yelled: "You needn't think you can run this show, even if you do wear 60-cent pants." Then the audience yelled and cheered, and the clown encouraged by the support, continued: "But don't be impatient, papa will send your board money next week." The students were quiet, but the rest of the audience shouted: "Bravo."

Then the clown told a story. "I was standing at the station last night," he said, "when a young man was struck by a locomotive. His arm was knocked off, his leg twisted out of shape, his ribs knocked in, his head cut open and his brains scattered along the track. The doctor came, patted the man's arm out, straightened his leg, mended his ribs and closed the gap in his head. The young man started off. Then the doctor discovered that he hadn't put the man's brains in his head. He yelled for him to come back, but the young man's friends said it wasn't necessary to bother about the brains, because he was going to college at New Brunswick." Everybody in the crowd cheered excepting the students. They were as meek as lambs, and during the remainder of the evening made themselves conspicuous by their quietness. Without an exception, it was the greatest "call down" the students have ever had, and it is the talk of the town to-day.—Troy Times.

Heavy Hats Injurious.

Heavy hats are condemned by the doctors as a serious means of producing headaches, wrinkled foreheads and gray hair; but the season's millinery apparently ignores any of these good reasons for the regulation of size and weight in headgear, and hats are larger and more heavily trimmed than ever. "Picture-hat headache" is a fashionable complaint just at present. The use of belladonna to beautify the eyes is said to be a growing evil among women whose vanity oversteps the bounds of good sense, but if they persist in its use blindness is pretty sure to be the result. Bicycle dress has brought about a reformation for some women in skirts for rainy days. They are worn short enough to clear the ground by four or five inches. For women who cannot hold up their skirts neatly and at the same time effectually this fashion is a blessing.—Chicago Tribune.

THE "WHITE TERROR."

Dreaded Russian Secret Police—The Story of Its Organization.

The third section, whose chief is spoken of in a whisper as the White Terror, is made up of the dreaded secret police. The organization of this force is a well-guarded mystery and therein lies its vast power. It is under the immediate control of the minister of the interior and its one particular business is to ferret out enemies of the czar and of the imperial government.

Much has been written about the third section, but no complete story of its organization has ever been told. Even the cleverest and most-relied-on detectives in its employ do not know the real facts of the matter. Americans who have lived in the principal Russian cities and who have written about it have only been able to obtain the barest skeleton of its formation, but that is as much as any one knows.

Secrecy and mystery form its foundation. How many men compose the force is unknown. They may number 5,000 and possibly 50,000. The section includes men placed in every walk of life, from the humblest to the most powerful, the artisan and the diplomat, the high army officer and the common soldier, the laborer and the society man, the merchant and the thief. In every big city the world over are men of the third section. They are in New York, Chicago, Boston, Philadelphia and all large towns of this country. They swarm in London, Paris, Berlin, Vienna, Constantinople and the great capitals of Europe. The cities of Asia are full of them.

Those in the Roman cities have no regular hours for reporting for duty, as in the case with members of the detective force in the ordinary city. They are on duty all the time. Few of the agents know one another. This is regarded as a great advantage. An agent would be in the company of nine other agents and not one in the group of ten would know that he was in the presence of fellow-officers. Their superiors confer with them in secret and they never meet at one place. It is an every-day occurrence for an agent to turn in a report accusing another agent of suspicious conduct. The latter is simply following up some case and the other, not knowing him to be a secret officer, makes his report. So elaborate, complete and extensive is this organized spy system that little goes on that does not reach the ears of some official.—Washington Post.

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