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NEMAHA. - - - - - - NEBRASKA.

ALONE.

That's little Jimmy—come on, Jim,
And give the madam here your hand.
I've had much worryin' with him
Since his mother's burial, and
It seems sometimes his words'll make
My heart, in spite of strivin', break—
Always askin' where she is,
And longin' for his mother's kiss.

I ain't a tryin' to forget
Priscilla's memory, you know—
Jest want to be resigned, and yet
He of'en makes the teardrops flow.
Jest now, when up the road you come,
He couldn't see you plainly from
The place he wus—his hands he'd clap,
And cry: "There's mammy comin', pap!"

She ust to sing some melerdy
At night when gettin' him to sleep;
He misses it and comes to me,
And in my lonely arms will creep;
An' "Sing to me like her," he says,
Till I again can see her face,
And see the smiles she had for me,
And all the days that ust to be.
—Will T. Hale, in Chicago Times-Herald.

"A Child Shall Lead Them."

BY EBEN E. REXFORD.

LITTLE Davie was a cripple. He had never been able to stand upon his feet. His poor, shrunken limbs were weaker than a baby's. "He'll never walk, the doctor says," Davie's father said to the workmen in the great factory on the afternoon when he first brought the little lad to stay among the whirring wheels and turning spindles until day's work was over. "You see, he don't often get out of the house, and I thought maybe he'd like to see the factory, so I brought him along." And then he made a rude little bed for the boy out of his coat in a place where he would be in no one's way, and left him there to amuse himself as best he could while he went to his work. The workmen noticed that often he looked over to Davie and smiled a tender message to him, and the little lad would nod back to his father and smile, too, or give a wave of his thin little hand, as if to say: "I'm all right, father, don't worry about me."

"He's a bright little fellow," the workmen thought, as they looked at the boy and saw what a sunshiny look there was in his face, in spite of its pallor. And when he saw that they were looking his way he would smile at them, as if to say that he would be glad to make friends with them, and that rare, sweet smile of his went straight to the hearts of the men, and they were loving, loyal subjects of the crippled lad from that first day of his coming among them. When the factory shut down they came and spoke to him and said they hoped he'd come again and often, for his bright face was like sunshine in the dusty place, though they did not put it in just those words, but what they said meant that. And Davie said he would be glad to come whenever his father could bring him. So it came about that he was a frequent visitor after that, and you may be sure that when he came again he did not have to get along with one poor coat for a bed. He could have the coat of every man in the factory if he wanted it. It was not long before he knew the men by name, and always he had a smile for them or a word of greeting. Now and then a man would bring him an apple or some other little treat like that, and the lad would say "Thank you" so sweetly and so gravely, but always with that smile about his eyes that more than once the eyes of the workmen got misty as they looked at him, for out of the thin little face shone the light of a world that was not far away, and they felt that he was not to stay with them long.

"You've got a dear little boy there," the superintendent of the factory said to Davie's father one day. "He's got a knack of making everybody like him. I don't see how he does it. He doesn't seem to make any effort, but the men are all stanch friends of the little fellow, I see. He's got on the good side of them in some way."

"He was always that way, sir," answered Davie's father. "There's something about him that seems to draw folks." And then the man looked over to the boy with a nod and a smile, but the superintendent noticed that when he turned back to his work a tear was trembling on his lashes. Very likely he was thinking of a time not very far away when the little life would be ended on earth, and henceforth it would draw his thoughts and his heart heavenward.

Little Davie brought a wonderful influence for good into the factory. Men who had been rough and rude of speech and action spoke in gentler way when he was there and behaved in manlier fashion. One day two of the workmen got angry and one began to swear at the other. Little Davie heard him and his face grew very grave and sad. "Come here, please," he called to the angry man. It seemed as if the lad's influence was irresistible, for in the middle of his quarrel he turned away from his opponent and obeyed the lad's command.

"Oh, don't say such wicked things," cried Davie, reaching out and getting hold of the man's hand. "Please don't! Don't you know that God hears you?"

The man looked about him in a startled way, for the boy's earnest manner made it seem almost as if God was in the room. He turned away with a sober face, and went back—not to his quarrel—but to his work. And that night, when the factory bell rang, he went to the man with whom he had had trouble, and told him that he was sorry for what he had said, and the two men came together to say goodnight to Davie, and tell him that the trouble was over.

"Oh, I'm so glad!" he cried. "So glad! And God's glad, too!" And his eyes shone so that the two men looked at him in a kind of awe, for it seemed as if there was a light in his face unlike any they had ever seen in any other face.

So, in his gentle, loving, "drawing" way, the little crippled boy preached a sermon powerful for good to the workmen in the factory. "One might as well try to be mean before one of the angels," one of the men said one day. "I guess he is an angel that's got strayed away from the place where he belongs," said another. "I can't help feeling just that way when I look at him. He'll find his way back to the place where he came from before long," said another. And then the men, with grave and thoughtful faces, separated, and each one of them went home with a tender thought of the child who had come into their lives with a ministry of good.

One day they noticed that Davie's father's face was graver than usual, and that he did not seem to care to talk much.

"He's got some trouble, I think," said one of the men. "I wonder if it's about the boy?" And his voice dropped into a gentler key. "I'll ask him." So he went over to the silent workman and said: "How's the little fellow, Thorpe?"

Little Davie's father looked up at the question, and opened his lips as if to speak, but no words came. His chin quivered and two big tears rolled down his cheeks.

The questioner put out his hand—it was the only way that occurred to him by which he could express his sympathy unobtrusively—and the two men felt their common brotherhood as never before as they stood there with clasped hands. Love and sorrow drew them together as nothing else could have done.

Soon it came to be understood that little Davie was drifting out of this life slowly, as a leaf goes down the stream. When his father would quit work he would be sure to find something left with his belongings to be carried home to the boy—an apple, a toy, a little picture, or perhaps a bunch of garden posies—and though he often tried to voice his thanks, he almost always failed to say more than "Davie'll be glad," and then the tears would come.

"Poor fellow, he loves the boy with all his heart, doesn't he?" one of the men said one day, as Thorpe went away. "But that's nothing strange. I'd like to know who could help loving him? I can't."

"You'd be a worse man than I ever took you to be if you didn't love him," was the response of his brother workman. "Why, men, I'm a better man than I was before I knew him, though there isn't much to brag of, as it is."

It was soon understood that little Davie was so weak that most of the time he kept to his bed. "He can't last much longer," they said. Then the men got together and had a little talk among themselves, and one of their number went to see the superintendent.

"We want you to let Thorpe off from work," he said. "We'll make up his time for him. It's on the little lad's account, you know. We thought he'd like to be with him as much as he could, sir."

"There'll be no work to make up," was the superintendent's reply. "I didn't know it was so bad. Send Thorpe to me."

"I've just found out that your little boy is sick," he said. "You are to go home and stay there until he's better. Your wages will go on the same as if you were here. The boys proposed to make up your time for you, but they needn't trouble themselves about that, it's all right. You should have told me about this and I'd have arranged matters before."

"It's very kind of you and the boys," said Thorpe, drawing his rough hand across his eyes. "It's been hard work to stay here all day and think of him so sick at home, and maybe wishing for me. Thank you, sir; I'll tell Davie about it." Then he put on his coat and hat and started homeward. But at the factory door he stopped and turned about and faced the workmen, who had not yet finished their dinner, and said, simply: "I've found out about it, boys. It was very kind of you, and I thank you, and—I'll tell Davie."

Many of the workmen went out of their way night or morning to ask about the little lad. And always the reply was the same—"A little weaker than yesterday." Every day the children of the workmen came with flowers from the little home gardens, or from the fields and pastures, and the sick child's room was kept bright and beautiful with these expressions of love and good will.

One day Thorpe appears at the factory again. But the men knew that he had brought no good news when they looked into his face.

"Davie'd like to see you once more," he said, and then the strong man broke down and he hid his face in his hands and cried like a woman. There wasn't a dry eye in the room when the superintendent came in.

"The factory will be closed for the remainder of the day," he said, when he was told what Davie's father had said, and then he went up to Thorpe and gave him his hand in a warm clasp, and master and man met on common ground and felt the kinship of life's universal sorrow.

The workmen in the factory will never forget their last interview with little Davie. He was so pale, so thin, that he seemed more shadow than substance as he lay propped up in his little bed. When they came up to the bedside he spoke each one's name and smiled—oh, such a wan, white smile—but there was something so sweet and unearthly in it that more than ever they thought of angels. He thanked them for remembering him in so many ways. "I think it was because you loved me," he said. "Sometimes when the pain was very hard to bear I thought that and, some way, it seemed to make it easier. I used to like to come to the factory so much. But I shall not come there any more, I know that. That's why I wanted to see you again." Then by and by: "It's going to be lonesome for father when I'm gone, I'm afraid. Make it as easy for him as you can, won't you? He don't say much, but he feels your kindness, I want you to be sure of that. You've been so kind, so kind, and I hope you'll think of me sometimes, after I'm gone. Maybe I shan't know about it, but I think I shall, and if I do I shall like to think that you haven't forgotten me."

The next day little Davie died.

The superintendent called to offer his services. "Let me know what I can do for you and it shall be done gladly," he said.

"Thank you, sir," answered Thorpe, "but I don't think there's anything to do."

"I'll have the hearse sent round—"

"Thank you, sir," said Thorpe, "but—I'll carry the lad. I think Davie'd like it better that way. He was used to it, you know."

THE CHILD ASLEEP IN IT.

On the morrow was little Davie's funeral. The workmen had bought a white coffin for the child and the neighbors, as they came in, brought flowers so plentifully that it was almost hidden beneath them. It was unlike other funerals, because everything about the room was so bright and beautiful, and suggestive of life rather than death. The little form in the white casket seemed a sleeping child, so peaceful was the face that looked up from the pillow purple with pansies and sweet with lavender and rosemary.

The minister prayed—just a simple, tender prayer such as goes right to the heart of things, and seemed to say: "Peace, be still." And then the children sang a little song about Heaven and the angels, and after that the friends of the dead boy took their last look at the beautiful face among the flowers and then went out, leaving the father and mother alone for a little time with their dead.

Presently they went up the hill to the old churchyard, Davie's father walking ahead and carrying the white coffin in his arms. When they came to the place where the grave was dug it was hard to believe that a grave was there, for loving hands had covered the fresh earth with autumn leaves and the grave itself was lined with flowers.

"Suffer little children to come unto Me and forbid them not, for of such is the Kingdom of Heaven," the minister said softly, as the coffin was lowered into the beautiful grave. "Little Davie has gone to a land where there is no sickness. He is well there, thank God, well and happy. We shall miss him, but he has left with us the memory of a sweet and beautiful influence that cannot be forgotten and God be thanked for such memories. Let us pray."

They stood about the open grave with bared, bowed heads, and it seemed, some way, as if the prayer was near to Heaven. When the prayer was ended kind friends would have filled the grave, but Davie's father would not let them.

"I think Davie'd rather have me do it," he said. "It's the last thing, you know," and then they went away quietly and left him to his task. It was sundown before he went home. The little grave was like a bed round which a loving hand has tucked in the coverlet to keep warm and safe the child asleep in it.

"Davie'll know," he said.—N. Y. Ledger.

THE BABY GORILLA.

How It Made Away with Du Chaillu's Last Bottle of Brandy.

Of all Du Chaillu's African experiences the most delightful to me is that concerning the baby gorilla. I am punctilious in having him tell it me every time we meet, which is often. So I know the facts. Briefly they are these:

Paul on his first trip to Africa passed two years in the equatorial forest. He was very young, not yet of age. He hunted the gorilla, and shot a countless number of birds, which he stuffed. One day he snared a baby gorilla. The infant was white—at least gray—and almost hairless and human. It was, moreover, of an affectionate disposition and an inquiring turn of mind. Paul took to it and superintended its education. The affection was reciprocal, and the two were inseparable companions. That is, until one unfortunate day.

In the equipment of an African explorer it seems that good brandy is a deplorable necessity. Paul had got down to his last bottle. He naturally looked upon it as a most precious possession.

In Africa it is invaluable in cases of fever, and drug stores there are from 1,500 to 2,000 miles apart.

On the day mentioned Paul went out with his rifle looking for game. The infant stayed at home, apparently indisposed. Paul returned about sunset, and opened the door of his hut. He looked around, and then stood rooted to the threshold. No gorilla.

Yet there was. For a thin, cackling cry from one of the rafters drew his attention to the interesting picture of a child of six months and simian parentage, without clothing, sitting asquat a beam, with a bottle—his, and his last bottle—of brandy, and a human leer in his eye. The bottle was empty, and as Paul noted the agonizing fact the gorilla, which was full, came toppling down on him—dead.

That may seem comic to you. It was very tragic to Paul.—"Megargee," in Philadelphia Times.

BUGLE CALL UNITES FRIENDS.

Novel Expedient of a Tar to Find a Mate's House.

Walworth was witness on Christmas eve of a striking instance of nautical ingenuity and fraternity. A sailor from her majesty's ship Ganges arrived in one of the side streets of the district mentioned in search of a shipmate, passing a brief holiday with his parents, who lived somewhere thereabout, but whose address he had lost. He asked policemen and postmen and shopkeepers if they knew where a sailor boy from her majesty's fleet lived, but none of them were able to give the desired information, and the dwellers in private houses, whom he summoned by knocks at the door, were equally devoid of knowledge on the subject. The gallant tar was slightly nonplussed at so many rebuffs, but at length he met a man with a barrow selling paper decorations for Christmas. These hawkers always carry with them a long metal trumpet through which to announce their wares to the community. The sailor gave the man a penny for the use of the instrument for one minute, and then sounded with all his force the Ganges' "dinner call," adding: "If that doesn't bring out Jack, then he ain't in this locality—that's all."

Sure enough, in less than half a minute a window was raised 50 yards further down the street, a nautical-looking head showed itself at the aperture, and from strong, healthy lungs came the cheerful response:

"Ship ahoy! Full speed ahead, and here you are. Why, the grog's been awaitin' for you the last half hour!"

Thus the two found each other through a bugle call on a tin trumpet and spent a jolly holiday together.—London Telegraph.

A Few Nicknames.

Nearly all the famous personages of history have borne nicknames. Ben Franklin was "Poor Richard;" Andrew Jackson, "Old Hickory;" James Monroe, "The Honest Man;" Zachary Taylor, "Old Rough and Ready;" John Quincy Adams, "Old Man Eloquent;" James Buchanan, "Bachelor President;" W. E. Gladstone, "Grand Old Man;" Daniel Webster, "Black Dan;" Sir Walter Scott, "The Wizard of the North;" Henry Mackenzie, "The Addison of the North;" William Cullen Bryant, "The Poet of Nature;" Roger Bacon, "Admirable Doctor;" Washington Irving, "Goldsmith of America;" Charles XII. of Sweden, "Alexander of the North;" Francesco Albani, "Anacreon of Painters;" Pocahontas, "Lady Rebecca;" Julius Jacob von Haymon, "Austrian Hyena;" John A. Logan, "Black Jack;" Charles Dickens, "Boz;" Philip Sheridan, "Little Phil;" Marshal Ney, "Bravest of the Brave;" James Hogg, "The Ettrick Shepherd;" Stephen A. Douglas, "The Little Giant;" Duke of Wellington, "The Iron Duke."—Detroit Free Press.

Circulation of Pennies.

It is estimated that on an average each penny in circulation changes hands 11 times a week.

THE BABY IN CONVULSIONS.

Its Parents Driven to Distraction by the Nurse's Carelessness.

He was a young attorney, and he sat in his office preparing for the trial of a case in court on the morrow. The telephone bell rang. His wife was at the other end of the wire, and this was her startling message: "John, come right home. Fly! Baby is in convulsions. Don't wait a—"

The receiver dropped from his hand with a crash against the telephone cabinet. He grabbed his hat and overcoat and shot for the elevator, pressed his finger upon the button and kept it there. He was pale and trembling as he entered the car, and he was agitated when he left it on the first floor and dashed out into the street. He hailed an empty hack, gave the jehu two dollars, and told him to drive to his residence on a run. A terrific dash through the streets, and he left the hack and ran into the house. Upstairs he went, and he found his young wife with their six-months-old heir in her arms.

The wife was crying as if her heart would break, and was making a good second to the baby, who was simply screeching at the top of its voice and kicking vigorously as it yelled.

She looked up at the father and in sheer despair exclaimed: "Oh, dear, John, what shall we do? Baby is going to die. Oh, don't stand there, but go and get something."

John fell over himself getting into the kitchen. He browsed around until he tipped over a pitcher of cream, broke a cut-glass berry dish, cut his fingers at the same time and finally skipped back up the stairs again with one bottle of castor oil, one bottle of Soy sauce, a cruet of vinegar, one package of baking soda, one bottle of salad dressing and the hired girl's tooth brush. He had gone to get something. He had scarcely entered the room, stepping on the tail of his wife's Angora cat as he entered, when his wife, looking aghast at his collection of remedies, ordered him out of the house. Then he did his first sensible thing. He went to the telephone and summoned the family doctor on a "hurry-up" call. Within 20 minutes the doctor was bending over the child, which was still engaged in its athletic performance to the music of its own yelling.

"Give me the child, madam," the physician said, calmly. He took the little yeller in his lap and began removing its clothes. One by one the garments were removed, until the doctor arrived at the article without which no baby's wardrobe is complete, and then he began unwinding that. The baby's screeches now became terrific, and John reached for a heavy window stick and said something about 'inhumanity to helpless infants.' The doctor paid no attention to John, but turned the youngster over on its face across his knee. Then he slowly pulled a big safety pin out of the di—garment, took it off and exhibited a place where the pin had passed through about a quarter of an inch of the baby's cuticle. He took from his medicine case a little vial of oil, anointed the wound and handed the nude little one back to its mother. With a look of disgust on his countenance the physician then left the house. In a short time the baby laughed.

John looked at his heir, then at his wife, and then, seizing his hat and overcoat, followed the doctor. That night at the hour of 12 John let himself into the house with his night key. He slept fitfully on the sofa in the sitting room. He had got home drunk.—Indianapolis Sentinel.

THE FAST CURE.

Often Times Better Than Any Kind of Medicine.

It is a disagreeable medicine, and one that is sometimes very hard to take; but cures, often, when nothing else can avail. There are many people in the world who use it, and are enthusiastic in its praise.

It has been known to demolish the hardest kind of a cold in a few days. A gentleman, whom the writer has in mind, always uses that method. He refrains from food, strictly and persistently, day after day, until the congested matter, which has gathered as a result of the congestion caused by the cold, has had time to pass along; which it does very quickly, when not clogged by the constant introduction of new matter through the mouth.

The old fool-proverb: "Feed a cold and starve a fever," has been responsible for a great many deaths. It was at first probably a very sensible saying, until it became abridged, and in the shortening had its meaning entirely subverted. "Feed a cold and you will starve a fever," would be nearer the mark, and is probably what the old maxim meant, even if first used in its present form.

You think you would starve to death, as a result of going without food for three or four days? You would do nothing of the kind; you would be all the better for the change—especially, if, as generally the case in colds, you are not particularly hungry. This is not "dieting." It is throwing the diet wholly aside, and giving nature a chance to arrange things, and resume the orderly functions of the body.—Every Where.

—A southern husking bee, with slaves, slave drivers and all, is to be one of the exhibits at the Paris exposition of 1900.