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AN EVENING PRAYER.

Life's opening voyage, Lord, Thou didst safely keep
O'er childhood's sheltered bays;
As now the tides of age around me creep,
Protect my shortening days.
Thou didst defend my youth when sped my bark
Out toward the open sea;
As I approach the shore, unknown and dark,
Still guard and care for me.
Recalmed by idle winds on placid seas,
Thy vigil did not cease;
Now tempests beat, and when I shrink from these,
Impart uplifting peace.
When Joy, bright-winged, poised lightly on the prow
Thou gently didst restrain;
Though sorrow often voyages with me now,
My troubled soul sustain.
When many ships were nigh and skies were bright,
I knew Thy presence sweet;
As one by one they vanish in the night,
Draw near me, I entreat.
Lord, Thou hast been companion, friend and guide
O'er life's unresting sea;
When Death, the gentle Pilot, stands beside,
Oh, make the port with me!
—Francis E. Pope, in Boston Evening Transcript.

BORN TO SERVE

By Charles M. Sheldon,
Author of "IN HIS STEPS," "JOHN KING'S QUESTION CLASS," "EDWARD BLAKE," Etc.

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CHAPTER III.

SERVICE IS ROYAL.

The Ward pew in the Marble Square church was about half way down the aisle and in the body of the house. As Barbara walked down the aisle she was conscious of a feeling of excitement hardly warranted by the event. As she passed into the pew first, leading Carl after her, as the arrangement of seating had been planned by Mrs. Ward, she noticed Mrs. Ward's face. It was very grave, and there was again present in it that uncertain element which had set Barbara to guessing once or twice how far her mistress would venture to cooperate with her in the matter of solving the questions belonging to housekeeping.

But Barbara was a young woman with a good reserve of common sense, and she at once dismissed all foolish speculations and resolutely gave her thoughts to the service of the hour. She was naturally and healthily religious and was prepared to enter into the worship with no other thought except her need of communion and devotion and reception of truth.

When the minister came out of his study room into the pulpit Barbara noticed a look of surprise on several faces near her. She heard the lady in the pew next to her say in a whisper to another: "Where is Dr. Law to-day?"

"He is in Carlton. This must be Morton, their new minister."

"He looks very young. Do you suppose he can preach any?"

Barbara did not hear the answer, but she had not been able to avoid making a comment to herself on the youthful appearance of the minister. But when he began the service by giving out the first hymn the impression of extreme youthfulness disappeared. He had a good voice and a quiet, modest, reverent manner that Barbara liked. His prayer helped her. And when he began to preach there was a simplicity and earnestness about his delivery that was very attractive. He did not try to say too much. The sermon was written, but the reader had evidently tried to avoid being so closely confined to the pages as to lose a certain necessary sympathy with his hearers which the use of the eye alone can secure.

Barbara was really interested in the entire sermon, and as a whole it helped her. Her happily trained religious nature had taught her to look with horror upon the common habit of criticism and comparison when attending a church service. The main object of going to church was to get help to be a better Christian, she had often said in little debates over such subjects while in college. If the sermon was learned and eloquent and interesting as well as helpful, so much the better. But, if it had every quality except helpfulness, it missed the mark. To be able to say after hearing a sermon: "That has helped me to be a better person this week," is really the same thing as declaring that the sermon was a good sermon. Anything that helps life is great. All sermons that give courage or peace or joy, or inspire to greater love to God and neighbor, are great sermons.

So Barbara was lifted up by the message of the morning; and when the service was closing, during the hush that succeeded the benediction, as the congregation remained seated for a moment, she uttered a prayer of thanksgiving and a prayer of petition for patience and wisdom in the life she had chosen, much blessed and comforted by the service of the morning.

As Barbara came out into the aisle again, Mrs. Ward was standing near the end of the pew opposite. She beckoned to Barbara.

"I want to introduce Miss Clark to you, Mrs. Vane."

An elderly woman with very keen blue eyes, and the sharpest look out of them that Barbara had even seen, spoke to her abruptly but kindly as she came up, Carl still clinging to her. "Very glad to see you, Miss Clark. You must come in and see us some afternoon or evening. O, I know who you are, just a servant; and we are rich, aristocratic folks and all that. My grandfather was a blacksmith in Connecticut. His ancestors were from Vane's of Arlie in Scotland. Good, honest, working people as far as I can ascertain. I want you to meet Miss Barnes, who is helping us at present."

She introduced the young woman who was standing behind her, and Barbara somewhat shyly shook hands with a heavy-faced girl, who, however, smiled a little. Barbara was astonished at Mrs. Vane, and instantly concluded that she was a character in the Marble Square church and in Crawford, as indeed she was.

"My father and Mr. Vane were in college together," Barbara said, as they moved down the aisle.

"Are you sure?" The sharp eyes seemed to look Barbara through.

"Yes, ma'am. I have heard father speak often of Thomas Vane. Before he mentioned the fact of your living in Crawford."

"Mr. Vane would be glad to see your father again. Ask him to call." "Father died last winter," Barbara answered in a low voice. The tragedy of that business failure and sudden shock which resulted in her father's death was too recent to be spoken of without deep feeling.

"Dear me! It is strange Thomas never told me. Perhaps he did not hear of it. Is your mother living?"

"Yes," Barbara told her the street. "She must come and see me after I have called. She is alone, you say?" And again the sharp eyes pierced Barbara.

They had reached the door and Mrs. Vane tapped Mrs. Ward on the shoulder.

"Mrs. Ward, you see that Miss Clark comes to see me. I want a long talk with her. Don't be afraid, my dear. I don't want to know any more than you are willing to tell her. But I'm interested in you, and perhaps I can do something to help."

She hurried out, leaving Barbara in some uncertainty as to what kind of help she meant. Would this woman of wealth and social position help her in her plans for solving the servant-girl problem?

The Wards were still standing near the door, and Carl was pulling Barbara's dress and crying to her to hurry home for dinner, when the young minister came up and shook hands heartily with Mrs. Ward. At the close of the service he had come down from the pulpit and had gone through one of the side doors leading into the church vestibule. He had been talking with some of the people out there, but the minute Mr. Ward appeared he came over and greeted him.

"Very glad to see you and hear you, Morton, I'm sure," Mr. Ward was saying as Barbara came into the vestibule. "Been some time since you and Alfred came in to see us together."

"Yes, I've been too busy since I left the seminary with the work in Carlton. How is Alfred?"

"O' he's quite well," Mrs. Ward answered, as Morton looked at her. "We expected him home a month ago, but he had to give up coming at the last minute on account of some society doings. But—" by this time Carl had dragged Barbara out past Mrs. Ward—"allow me to introduce Miss Clark, who is—" Barbara looked at her quietly, and she continued, "who is working for us at present."

Mr. Morton bowed and shook hands with Barbara, saying as he did so: "I'm very glad to meet you, Miss Clark."

And Barbara, listening and looking with sensitiveness to detect a spirit either of patronizing or of indifference, could not detect either. He spoke and looked as any gentleman might have spoken and looked at any young woman who was his equal in society.

"Won't you come home to dinner with us, Morton?" said Mrs. Ward, heartily.

"I'm stopping at the hotel; I think I had better not come to-day."

"Well, when do you go back to Carlton?"

"To-morrow at two."

"Well, then, come to lunch to-morrow noon."

"I shall be glad to, thank you," he said, and he bowed pleasantly to them all as he passed over to the other end of the vestibule to speak to some one else.

"Mr. Morton was a senior in college when Alfred entered," Mrs. Ward explained to Barbara, as they walked out of the church. "He had an opportunity to do Alfred a great kindness, and our boy never forgot it. He used to come home with him quite often during the last term Mr. Morton was at college before he entered the seminary."

"He's a very promising young man," said Mr. Ward, positively. "I like his preaching. It's sensible and straight."

"And interesting, too," Mrs. Ward added, her heart warming to the young man who had befriended her son. Just how much Ralph Morton had helped Alfred Ward not even the mother ever knew. But it was during a crisis in his young life, and the brave, simple nature of Morton had gone out to the young fellow in his trouble very much like a rescue. But men do not rear monuments to this sort of heroism.

Barbara walked on in silence, but in her heart she also had a feeling of gratitude for the young preacher whose courteous greeting no less than his helpful sermon had given her courage. At the same time, she was conscious of a little whisper in her mind which said: "Nevertheless, Barbara Clark, in the very nature of the case you are not privileged to move in the society of young men like Mr. Morton, as long as you are a servant. You may be college bred, and you may be as refined and intelligent as he is; but he could never look on you as an equal. His courtesy was paid to you as a minister would be courteous to any woman, but not as an equal in any sense. You never could expect to sit down and talk together, you never could anticipate the enjoyment of his company or—expect that he could ever call to see you as—as he might call to see—"

Barbara colored deeply as she allowed the whisper to die away in uncompleted fragments of imagination. She was the last girl in the world to have foolish, romantic dreams of young men. She had never had a lover. No one had ever made her think of any such possibility. She was singularly free from any silly sentiment such as girls of her age sometimes allow to spoil the freshness and strength of a womanly heart. But she was romantic in many ways; and, being a woman and not an angel or a statue, she had thought at times of some brave, helpful, strong life that might become a part of hers. The world-old cry of the heart for companionship, the hunger, God-given to men and women, was not unknown to Barbara within the last year or two when she had begun to blossom into womanhood. The thought that her choice of a career in service had put her outside the pale of a common humanity's loving smote her with another pang as she walked along. It seemed that there were depths and heights to this servant-girl problem that she was constantly discovering, into which she might never descend, and out to which she might never climb.

Carl awoke her from her thoughts by dragging at her dress, and saying: "Come, Barbara, let's hurry. I'm hungry. Let's hurry now and get dinner."

Barbara looked at Mrs. Ward. "Yes, go on with him if you want to. Lewis will be impatient. He ran on ahead before his father could stop him. I don't feel well enough to walk faster."

So Barbara hurried on with Carl and as she passed several groups of



"I WANT TO INTRODUCE MISS CLARK."

churchgoers she was conscious that she herself was the object of conversation. She could not hear very well, but caught fragments of sentences, some spoken before, some after, she had passed different people.

"A freak of Mrs. Ward's—" "Mrs. Vane's queer ideas—" "Perfectly absurd to try to equalize up—" "Girls have no right to demand—" "Ought to know their places—" "No way to help solve the trouble," etc., were remarks by the different members of Marble Square church that set Barbara's pulses beating and colored her cheek with anger.

"You hurt me, Barbara," exclaimed Carl as Barbara unconsciously gripped his little hand.

"O dearie, I am so sorry. I didn't mean to." In an instant she was calm again. What! Barbara Clark! You have not endured anything to-day! She had not anticipated anything before going to church. She had simply made up her mind to take what came and abide by it. What had actually happened was not a sample of what might happen Sunday after Sunday. Probably not. But it all

went with the place she had chosen. Perhaps it was not at all the thing for Mrs. Ward to do. It might not accomplish any good. But then, it—she stopped thinking about it and went on to the house to prepare the lunch. When Mrs. Ward came in, she found Carl satisfied with a bowl of bread and milk and Barbara quietly busy getting lunch for the rest.

Mrs. Ward offered to help with the work; but Barbara saw that she was very tired, and insisted on her lying down.

"I'll have everything ready very soon," she said cheerfully; and, as she went back into the kitchen, she was humming one of the hymns sung in the service.

"What do you think about to-day?" Mr. Ward asked in a low voice as his wife lay down on a lounge in the dining-room.

"You mean Barbara's sitting with us?"

"Yes. Will it help matters any?" "O, I don't know. I never would have done it if I hadn't happened to think of Mrs. Vane. She's rich and has an assured place in society. Her girls always come with her and she introduces them right and left to everybody."

"Yes, Martha, but Mrs. Vane is eccentric in all her ways. She is accepted because she is rich and independent. But have you noticed that these girls that come to church with her never get on any farther? No one knows them in spite of her introductions. I inquired of young Williams one Sunday if the Barnes girl was in the Endeavor society of the church, and he said he believed she came there three or four times and then stopped; and, when I asked him the reason, he said she did not feel at home, the other girls were better educated or something like that."

"That's just it. You can't mix up different classes of people. If they were all like Barbara, now, and knew their places—"

But just then Barbara appeared, and Mrs. Ward abruptly stopped.

When Barbara went out again, she said: "I don't know whether her going with us to-day did more harm or good."

"It did the girl good, I am sure," said Mr. Ward.

"O, well, I hope it did. But I'd give a good deal to know what Mrs. Rice and Mrs. Wilson and Mrs. Burns thought about it. They knew Barbara, for they have seen her here several times at our club committee meetings."

"You don't suppose they would talk about it, do you?" asked Mr. Ward, sarcastically.

"They were talking about it all the way home, or I'm very much mistaken."

"What an inspiring thing it would be to a minister if he could only hear the conversation of his congregation for half an hour after church service is over," said Mr. Ward, half to himself and half to his wife.

"Whatever else he got out of it, he ought to get material for another sermon at least."

"For more than one," added Mrs. Ward, wearily. And then Barbara called them and they sat down to lunch.

But just what Mrs. Ward's three friends did say is of interest, because it is a fair sample of what other people of Marble Square church said on the way home, and the young preacher might possibly have thought that there is still a distinct place left for preaching in churches, if he could have heard what those three women had to say about Barbara.

They came out of the church and walked along together.

"It was a good sermon," Mrs. Rice began. Mrs. Rice was a plump, motherly-looking woman, and a great worker in the church and clubs of Crawford.

"Mr. Morton is a young man. He has a good deal to learn," said Mrs. Wilson positively.

"Dr. Law exchanges a good deal too much, I think," was Mrs. Burns' comment. "This is the third exchange since—since—last March."

[To Be Continued.]

An Exceptional Case.

"My dear sir," he began as he entered the room across the hall, "I find myself short by about—"

"Sorry, but I'm dead broke," interrupted the other.

"Is it possible? As I was saying, I find—"

"No use; can't help you."

"You mean you have no money to spare?"

"Not a red."

"Then let me lend you \$25. Here it is."

"But I thought—"

"Yes, I see, but it isn't the case. I was going to say that I found myself short of cats at the house by about half a dozen, and I wanted to ask if you had any to spare or could direct me to a cat store. As for money, you can have a hundred if you want it."—Boston Globe.

A Sure Thing.

Promoter—Now, in case the stock goes up you win.

Financier—Yes, but in case it goes down?

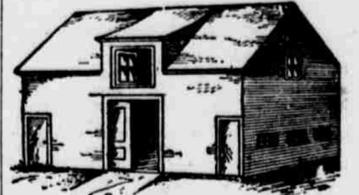
"Then I win. You see, this is a sure thing; one or the other of us is sure to win."—Ohio State Journal.



IMPROVING A BARN.

Roof Window That Gives a Chance to Unload Hay into the Loft from the Outside.

There are thousands of barns like the original of that shown in the cut scattered throughout the country, the roof space in which is but little, if at all, utilized, largely for the reason that the roof space is inaccessible. A barn was recently seen by the writer in which this difficulty was solved by the insertion of a roof window similar to that shown in the cut. This gives a chance to unload hay into the loft from the outside, either by hand or by a hay fork, and whereas the loft before was dark and poorly ventilated, it is now light and airy. The style



THE IMPROVED BARN.

of window that is shown is much better than the pitched roof dormer window that is sometimes put upon roofs. The style shown admits of having a large square window in front—especially useful if a hay fork is to be used.

The advantage of this changing a barn is that the loft can be floored over and the hay and straw stored in the second story, utilizing the space clear to the ridge pole. This leaves the first floor clear for a silo and quarters for the stock, giving more room for the latter, and affording a warmer barn, since many buildings are kept cold almost wholly because of the big empty space in the top—heated air always rising because lighter than cold air. With a window in each end of the barn above, and the new window in front, the loft will be as light as the first floor, while in summer this means of ventilation, with the loft floor to separate the upper part of the barn from the lower, will cause the lower part of the barn, where the stock is confined at night, to be much cooler than it otherwise could be.—N. Y. Tribune.

ONE BREED IS ENOUGH.

For the Average Farmer There Is No Money in Raising a Dozen Kinds of Poultry.

A single breed is better to have about than a dozen different kinds. There are many reasons for this. When considered from the fancier's standpoint, a single breed is about all one person can successfully care for, unless the fancier's whole time and attention are given to them. If this can be done, then as many varieties as there is space to accommodate may be kept to advantage. But even then it will be found that the fancier who puts his whole energy into one variety will progress more rapidly than the one devoting himself to many varieties. When taken from the standpoint of eggs for market, it will be found that it is more attractive for customers to have all the eggs as near alike as two hens' eggs can be; when for market poultry, it is to the credit of the seller to send to market a whole killing that are alike; and when it comes to the care of the fowls, one soon learns the habits and eating capacity of the one variety, and thus in feeding and treating them all alike good average results will be realized. But when they are in the flock, the active Leghorns with the less active larger breeds, when fed together, the active fowl will get too much, while the slower moving fowl will not have enough. For this reason, when kept in yards or colonies, it is better to keep hens to themselves and pullets to themselves.—Country Gentleman.

Hints on Wintering Ewes.

I do not think it advisable to keep the ewes too much confined. I always permit mine to run on the pasture during the day time, when the weather is suitable, and when they can get at the grass. At the same time I feed them some corn fodder. At night also, if the weather is mild, I leave the doors of the barn open, so they can go out and in at will. As to feed, I always give them all the clover hay they will eat up clean. For 100 head of sheep the grain feed consists of two bushels of oats and corn, mixed in the proportion of one-third corn and two-thirds oats.—John H. Henn, in Farmer's Review.

Good Money in Mutton.

Farmers who at one time abandoned sheep are again bringing them on the farms. They are also learning that there is more money in mutton than in wool.