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SHEEP-HERDING.

A gray, slow-moving, dust-bepowdered wave.
That on the edges breaks to scattering spray.
Round which my faithful collies wheel and bark
To scurry in the laggard feet that stray;
A babel of complaining tongues that make
The still air weary with their ceaseless fret;
Brown hills akin to those of Galilee,
On which the shepherds tend their charges yet.
The long, hot days, the stark, wind-beaten nights;
No human presence, human sight or sound;
Grim, silent land of wasted hopes, where they
Who came for gold oft-times have madness found;
A bleating horror that foregoeth speech,
Freezing the word that from the lip would pass,
And sends the herdsman groveling with his sheep,
Face down and beast-like on the trampled grass.
The collies halt, the slow herd sways and reels,
Huddled in fright above the low ravine,
Where wild with thirst a herd unshpherd-herd
Beat up and down—with something dark between;
A narrow circle that they will not cross,
A thing that stops the maddest in their run,
A guarding dog too weak to lift his head
Who licks a still hand shriveled in the sun.
—Shariot M. Hall, in Land of Sunshine.

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 IV.—CONTINUED.

Hilda, who had given signs of being in a hurry, rose and walked toward the door. Barbara also got up, and, somewhat to Mrs. Vane's surprise said: "I think I'll go, too. I'll walk along down town with you, Hilda, if you don't mind."

Hilda nodded and Barbara was not quite sure that she was pleased to have her company; but Barbara had been thinking of a plan, and she needed to be with Hilda a little while in order to carry it out. So the two went away together.

They had walked down the street half a block, when, in answer to a question, Hilda said she was planning to do some shopping.

"Let me go, too; are you willing?" "I don't mind," said Hilda, but with a note of hesitation that Barbara could not help remarking.

They went into several of the smaller stores, where both of them purchased one or two small articles, and finally entered the great store of Bondmans.

Hilda knew one of the girls in this store, and as they stood by the counter she introduced Barbara. The girl behind the counter stared hard at Barbara, but returned her greeting civilly enough, and then began to giggle and whisper with Hilda. Hilda seemed nervous, and repeatedly looked at Barbara as if she were in the way; and Barbara, thinking the others might have some secrets, walked over to the opposite counter. She had been there only a minute when a young man sauntered up to Hilda and the friend behind the counter, and all three began to talk together. He was not a bad-looking fellow, but Barbara quickly put him down as that class of weak-headed youths who might be seen almost any Sunday evening walking down the main street of Crawford in company with one or more factory girls.

This time Barbara did not attempt to avoid watching Hilda. A floor-walker in the store, going by at the same time, glanced sharply at the young man; but he was apparently buying something. The floor-walker turned at the end of the counter, and came back; and this time he looked longer at the two girls, and finally beckoned to the one behind the counter. She turned very red, and came over to where he stood. He whispered something to her that made her turn pale and instantly she went back and completed the sale of some little articles that Hilda had bought, giving the floor-walker, as she did so, several hateful looks. Hilda and the young man continued to talk together while waiting for the change. When it came, he seemed to hesitate and finally looked over at Barbara. Hilda said something, and he answered and walked slowly out of the store.

Barbara came over, and Hilda picked up her purchases.

"Are you ready?" "Yes," Hilda said shortly, and after a word from the girl behind the counter they went out.

They walked along for some distance and then Barbara ventured to say: "Why didn't you introduce me to your young gentleman friend?"

Hilda colored deeply as she answered slowly: "I didn't suppose you would care to know him."

"Why not?"

"Well, you're not really one of us," said Hilda, looking sideways at Barbara.

Barbara could not help smiling. "How not one of you?"

"Mrs. Vane told me you're not really working out."

"What am I doing?"

"I don't know," replied Hilda, hopelessly, and then was silent. Barbara made her decision rapidly.

"But I'm working out just as much as you are, Hilda. What is the difference?"

"You're educated," said Hilda shortly.

"But that has nothing to do with the fact of my being a servant in Mrs. Ward's house. I want to be friends with you, Hilda. Aren't you willing?"

"I don't mind," Hilda answered, in a tone that Barbara did not think very encouraging. They walked on a distance without speaking. Then Barbara became conscious that across the street, nearly opposite, the young man who had come into the store was walking, and Hilda knew it as well.

Barbara looked at the girl again and the look determined her next question, even at the risk of losing what little hold she might have on Hilda.

"I am going to turn down here to Mrs. Ward's," she said as they reached a corner and stopped. As they stopped, Barbara saw the young man linger and finally stop in his course. "I hope you won't misunderstand me," Barbara continued, looking into Hilda's face with great frankness. "But does your young gentleman friend visit you frequently at Mrs. Vane's?"

Hilda turned red, and at first Barbara thought she was about to give an angry reply. Instead of that she began to laugh a little.

"Yes, he calls sometimes. He's in the packing-house on night force."

Barbara looked at Hilda earnestly a moment, then abruptly turned, saying "Good-bye," as she left. She did not look back, but was as certain as if she had that the young man had instantly crossed the street and joined Hilda.

"And what business is it of mine if he has?" Barbara vexed herself with the question as she walked along. "I am glad she said he called. Mrs. Vane must know it. What business is it of mine if the girl meets him this way? He probably has very little other time. Shall a girl out at service have no society, no company? O, the whole thing is of a miserable piece with the entire miserable condition of service. What is to prevent girls like Hilda throwing themselves away on young men like this one? And who is either to blame her or care one way or the other if she does? And what possible prospect is there for me or any one to change the present condition of things?"

Barbara walked slowly back to her work, depressed by the events of the afternoon. What, indeed, could she do, if, as Mrs. Vane said, the very people that needed to be helped into better ways of living did not care to be helped; if, like Hilda, they saw no farther and cared no more for better things than the little episode of the store and the young man suggested.

She felt so helpless in view of future progress that when she went up to her room that evening she was in great need of comfort, and in her search for the passages having servants in mind she came upon that one in Titus, second chapter, ninth verse:

"Exhort servants to be in subjection to their own masters and to be well pleasing to them in all things; not gainsaying; not purloining; but showing all good fidelity; that they may adorn the doctrine of God our Saviour in all things."

"I don't think there is any danger of my 'purloining,'" Barbara said, smiling a little. "Although I have sometimes been tempted to do a little 'gainsaying,' especially when Mrs. Ward has one of her severe headaches. I really believe I have tried to be 'well pleasing' and also establish a reputation for 'good fidelity.' But that is a wonderful end to the exhortation: 'That they may adorn the doctrine of God our Saviour in all things.' If a servant, a slave in Paul's time, could go on serving with that end in view, what shall I say of myself? Is my service of such a character that it adorns like a jewel that which in itself is a jewel to begin with, the doctrine of God our Saviour? This is a high standard for a hired girl, Barbara. If you live up to it, it will keep you busy."

She offered her prayer with great earnestness that she might have the leading of the Spirit of Light, and in her prayer she remembered Hilda, fearing she knew not what for the girl, realizing as she never before had realized the many dangers that face working girls in large cities, and realizing, too, that, if she accomplished any great things as she sometimes dreamed she might, it must be done by the aid of a power greater than her own, for never before had she felt her own human weakness so strongly.

For the next three weeks the days went by in an ordinary way for Barbara; but, when she had time to reflect on them, she acknowledged that they had contained important events for her. It is because we are not able to see the bearing of what occurs day by day upon the entire programme of life that very often we do not count each day's sum as a part of the sum total.

Barbara had been unusually confined to the housework. Mrs. Ward had been again subject to an attack of nervous headache, and the whole of the care had been thrown upon Barbara. Mrs. Ward had now learned to trust her implicitly. This did not mean that the sharpness of her manner under stress of her headaches had entirely disappeared; but Barbara had learned almost perfectly how to anticipate her wishes, and the girl's great love for Carl and his complete trust in her, together with Barbara's cheerful, competent handling of the entire kitchen, had all united to capture Mrs. Ward's affections. She was content, even in her enforced idleness, to lie still with her pain and indulge in a great feeling of thankfulness for such a treasure in the house.

She was talking of it one evening with her husband.

"Do you realize, Richard, what a prize we have in Barbara?"

"She is certainly a most remarkable girl. The most competent servant we ever had in the house, isn't she?"

"Without any comparison. And I want you to build that room as soon as you can."

Mrs. Ward had mentioned the matter of the room over the kitchen, and he had agreed that it was not suitable for a girl like Barbara.

"Or any other girl, Richard," Mrs. Ward had said.

"Yes, I'll have a carpenter come right up and look over the house. We shall have to raise the roof over the kitchen."

"Why can't we at the same time enlarge the kitchen so that Barbara can have a corner of that carpeted off for her own when she does not want to run upstairs? I saw Mrs. Rice's kitchen the other day. It is unusually large. One end of it is neatly fitted up with a table for books or sewing material, several comfortable chairs, and pictures on the walls—a very cozy, comfortable corner, where her girl can receive her company or sit down to read or rest."

"But Barbara never has any company, does she?" Mr. Ward asked, with a little amusement at the look his wife gave him. "She hasn't any beaus, as all our other girls have had."

"No," Mrs. Ward answered, thoughtfully. "But—"

"Well, what?"

"If she had, we would ask her to invite them into the parlor. Of course, we can't expect a girl as attractive as Barbara is to go through life without attracting some one."

"Unless her place as a servant—"

begun Mr. Ward.

"But why should that make any difference?" Mrs. Ward asked, irritated by the suggestion. "O dear, don't suggest my losing Barbara. Whoever gets her for his wife will get a perfect housekeeper and a rare, sweet girl in every way; but we shall lose the best servant we ever had, and then our

troubles begin again, Mr. Richard Ward."

Mr. Ward was silent awhile, and then he asked about Barbara's plans for solving the servant question.

"I don't think she's done anything lately. I know she hasn't. Mrs. Vane sent over the other day to inquire when she was coming to see her again. My illness has kept Barbara very close to the house lately."

If Barbara had heard this talk, it might have encouraged her to confide in Mrs. Ward as to a matter which had begun to trouble her somewhat, and that matter was no less than the action of her own son Alfred Ward.

It was now nearing the end of the college vacation, and the young man would soon be starting back to college to enter on his senior year. During the weeks he had been at home he had spent a great deal of the time about the house. He was behind in two of his studies, and was working a little to make up.

One day Barbara while at work in the dining-room heard him wrestling with a German sentence in Faust. He seemed to be unable to render it into good English, and Barbara naturally began to translate it for him without looking at the book.

"Isn't this the meaning?" she said, and then gave a very good interpretation, Alfred listening as he lounged on the sofa, book in hand.

"Of course 'tis. That's just it! What a numskull I must be! Wish you'd translate the whole thing for me," the college youth ventured to hint.

"Thank you, no, sir! I have other work to do," Barbara had laughed.

But from that little incident she began to note little irritating attentions paid to her, at first insignificant, but the last few days before the young man departed for college they were unmistakable, and Barbara was annoyed and even angered. She was really much relieved when he had gone.

But that experience was not at all to be compared with a discovery she made as to Alfred's habits, and it was a matter of regret to her afterward that she did not inform Mrs. Ward of it. It was the fact that several times she felt certain the young man had been drinking. She had never known him to be intoxicated; but she was sure he had more than once been dangerously near it, and it was a matter of surprise to her that Mr. and Mrs. Ward seemed so indifferent to it.

"Oh dear!" Barbara sighed, as she went the rounds of her daily task, carrying this added burden of knowledge. "Is there no family without its skeleton? Ought I to drag it out for their inspection, if they don't know of its existence? It hardly seems to be my business. And they must be blind not to have noticed as much as has been apparent even to a servant."

It was a week after Alfred's departure that Mr. Ward announced the news of Mr. Morton's acceptance of his call to Marble Square church. It was in the evening after the supper work was all done; and Barbara, as her custom had been for several days during the remodeling of her room, was seated with the family in the dining-room, which was also the favorite living-room, helping Mrs. Ward on some sewing. Lewis and George were reading, and Carl was playing on the floor near Barbara.

"I have Morton's letter of acceptance, Martha. As chairman of the supply committee it came to me today. It is a good thing for Marble Square church. The people had sense enough to call him without going through a long course of candidacy."

"When is he coming?" Mrs. Ward asked.

"Two weeks from next Sunday. The church at Carlton released him under special conditions, because they could get a man at once to fill his place. We're fortunate to get a man like Morton. He has a future."

"Barbara made me a gingerbread man once; and we called it Mr. Morton, didn't we, Barbara?" Carl spoke up suddenly, after a absorbed silence during which he was apparently not listening to a syllable that was being said.

"Where is Mr. Morton going to stay?" Mrs. Ward asked.

"I don't know yet. I wrote him that we would be delighted to take him in here, but we didn't have the room."

"And I told Barbara," Carl broke in as if nothing had been said since he spoke last, "that I thought the gingerbread man looked just like Mr. Morton, and she said she thought it didn't. I wish Mr. Morton would come here to live, don't you, Barbara? Wouldn't that be fine?"

Barbara did not answer, and Carl got up off the floor, and went over to her and pulled her work out of her hands.

"Carl! Carl! You mustn't do that!" his mother exclaimed.

"Say, Barbara, don't you?" Carl persisted.

"Don't ask so many questions," replied Barbara, almost sharply.

"I haven't asked many," Carl pouted; but he went back to his game on the floor, wondering in his childhood mind what made the usually gentle Barbara so cross.

"I think the Brays can take him in, I hope they can. It's so near by that we can have him with us often. We'll be right on his way to church and back," Mr. Ward remarked as he settled himself to the reading of the evening paper.

[To Be Continued.]

"Qui Vive?"

This sentinel's challenge has passed into a proverb, and is often used in this country almost as a substantive, "on the alert" or "ready for action if necessary." But what is its origin? The Standard Dictionary explains it to mean "Who lives? who goes there?" as if one of these expressions were equivalent to the other; but few seem to have noticed that, if so, vive should be in the indicative instead of the subjunctive mood. Vive la republique! means "May the republic live!" (i. e., continue), and qui vive? should mean not "Who lives?" but "Who may live?"

The difficulty was queried in your contemporary, L'Intermédiaire, and an answer by J. L. seems to explain it. He says that the old French challenge was Qui va la? but when many phrases—particularly military—were introduced from Italy, this was supplanted by Chi vi va? ("Who goes there?") as Qui vive?—Notes and Queries.

SCHOOL AND CHURCH.

The University of Berlin has 6,857 students this winter. Munich comes next, with 4,203.

The total number of students at the universities of Germany this winter is 35,513, as against 34,363 last winter.

Miss Sarah Scoville Whittlesey, of Yale, has been appointed professor of political economy at Wellesley college.

Charles L. Hutchinson, the millionaire banker of Chicago, has been a church worker and a Sunday school superintendent for the past 24 years.

President Clark, of the Christian Endeavor society, proposes a registration of Endeavorers who are willing to promise to maintain family prayers in their homes.

A native of Basle, Switzerland, has donated the local university 300,000 francs for the founding of chairs of critical theology, philosophy and biology, which are to be free from all interference by church or state.

Dr. Thomas Chowder Chamberlain, one of the most widely known geologists of the country, has been elected for his sixth term as president of the Academy of Sciences of Chicago. He is also professor of geology in the University of Chicago and editor of the Journal of Geology.

South Germany's oldest monastery, the Benedictine abbey of Wessobrunn, founded in 735 and confiscated in 1803, has been restored to the Benedictine order by Baron von Cramer-Klett, a Protestant, and will soon be reoccupied by monks. The baron bought all the lands and remaining buildings of the old abbey for 900,000 marks from the Bavarian state and sold them to the Benedictines for a nominal sum.

KANSAS FARMERS' WIVES.

Are Now Notable for Accomplishments That Were Undreamed Of a Few Years Ago.

One having access to the Kansas newspapers cannot have failed to note the unusual number of marriages which took place during the holiday season. It has been said that the office of the probate judge contains the barometer of material conditions in every county. What we know for sure is that young folks usually consult their pocketbooks in making arrangements for marriage, and that in good times these matings are much more frequent, says the Kansas City (Mo.) Journal.

Those who have gone a little deeper into the subject than a mere mathematical calculation must also have noticed a great difference in those friendly little notices given by the newspapers, particularly when the bride and bridegroom have come from farmer families. Twenty years ago a marriage notice of a farmer, couple in Kansas would, nine times out of ten, have mentioned approvingly that the bride was a master hand at butter, or she was one of the most successful raisers of poultry in the township, or that she "possessed those habits of industry which fitted her to be a farmer's wife." Now an equal proportion of such notices will recite that the bride is a fine musician, that she is a graduate of such and such an institution; that she won a prize in elocution, or that she was noted among her associates for proficiency in some of the arts.

And the difference in these notices makes the vast gulf which has opened between the past and the present with respect to farm life, no doubt to the uneasiness of those who fear that the rugged industry once considered essential in successful agriculture has taken its departure. Yet there are those on the other side who cheerfully accept the belief that a woman who can play the piano may be quite as much of a helpmate to the farmer as the woman who can play only on the washboard. The fact is that modern methods, particularly modern machinery, have revolutionized the business of agriculture and it no longer requires the man-killing, get-up-at-three-o'clock-in-the-morning industry which formerly was the price of success. And this revolution has come as much to the farmer's wife as to the farmer. So here's to the farmer's bride who can play a nocturne while the electric churn is churning, or who varies the monotony of her calling by writing essays on decadent art!

Bees as War Messengers.

From Russia comes a suggestion to the effect that honey bees should be tried as military messengers in place of homing pigeons. It is urged that for such purposes they would be preferable to birds in more than one way, inasmuch as they could hardly be intercepted, and it would certainly be out of the question for the most skillful marksman to hit such a carrier. As for their size and small carrying power, a bee could transport a good deal in the shape of documents, if the latter were transferred by micro-photography to a minute piece of paper. This piece of paper might be fastened to the insect's back, and on the arrival of the little messenger at its destination the writing could easily be enlarged. The homing instinct of a bee is as strong as that of a pigeon, and its method of finding its way to its hive is the same as that whereby the bird gets back to its cote from a great distance.—Cincinnati Enquirer