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NEMAHA. - - NEBRASKA.

THE KNITTERS.

All hall to the little brown fingers That pull the first blossoms of life, And hall to the strong hand that lingers To calm the hot pulses of strife! But where, with the last light caressing Their thin silver tresses, they sit, Our hearts call down favor and blessing Upon the old ladies that knit.

Their hands have long since dropped th

That age made too heavy to bear, And peace and repose are the guerdon That follows long labor and care. Ambition has burned down to embers; Hopes outgrow the old nest and flit. They sit by the fireside and knit.

Where now is the full mending-basket, Not empty one day in the year? Bpeak gently and low as you ask it, Lest the dulled ear bent near you should

hear. For the children have grown and departed. The work of the daylight is gone; In the twilight of life, tender-hearted, The knitters are waiting for dawn.

Full soon shall the light break above them That shines from the City of Rest. Full soon shall we gather who love them, To fold their frail hands on the breast. Oh, evening of life, slow descending, Rest gently upon each white head,

Till these fingers, the last stitches ending, Shall touch the first harp-strings in--Curtis May, in Youth's Companion.

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. While her room was in process of reconstruction, Barbara had been going home to stay with her mother. Mrs. Clark was only partly reconciled to Barbara's choice of a career; and when, this particular night, after the news of Mr. Morton's coming, Barbara arrived quite early (having excused herself soon on the plea of being very tired), M-s. Clark noted the signs of trouble in Barbara's face, and instantly questioned her about it.

"Your work is too hard, too confining, my dear. It is not at all the work for such a girl as you are, Barbara. It will kitt you."

"No, mother, I don't think it will," Barbara replied, bravely.

"But I don't see what good it is doing to anyone. You are just slaving yourself to death like any ordinary servant. Your talents as a teacher are wasted. Your social position is gone. You have buried yourself in a kitchen. Of what use is it? You might be in the world like other people, with some opportunities to rise and make the most of yourself, whereas now you are shut out from all the ordinary social ambitions and

accomplishments of other girls-" "Mother, don't, please," cried Barbara, and then to her mother's surprise she suddenly broke down and

began to ery softly. "There! I told you so! You are all worn out!" said her mother, coming to her and putting a loving arm about her.

"No, mother, I am not very tired in body. I'm just a little bit discouraged to-night," Barbara declared; and after a few minutes' crying, with her head in her mother's lap, she began to talk cheerfully of her plans. She was going to see Mrs. Vane again. She thought she could in a little time get Hilda interested and add one or two more to the inner circle. They were very kind to her at the Ward's. It was very much like home there. They were making a new room for her, and enlarging her kitchen. Barbara spoke of this last with a playful reference to a laughing remark Mrs. Ward had made while talking of the enlargement of the kitchen: "You can set apart this new corner for company, unless you will use the parlor when your beaux come to call." "I don't think I shall ever need it, mother; you are all the beau I want," added Barbara, gayly.

Her mother shook her head. "What company can you ever have, Barbara? You have forfeited all expectation of it by putting yourself into your present position. You are so situated that neither your inferiors nor your equals can meet with you socially. There is an impassable gulf between you and the young people of your own degree of education and refinement."

"Not necessarily, mother," Barbara stoutly protested. Perhaps a little unconsciously she was trying to give herself some hope. "Anyone for social world would not be influenced

by my position." "They couldn't help it, much as they might not wish to. Mrs. Ward is powerless, Mrs. Vane with all her wealth and influence is powerless to give you any real standing in society. Try it

and see." "I will," replied Barbara, as a plan occurred to her. "But, mother, why should I be shut out of any society I might choose to enter, simply because I am doing good, honest, useful labor with my hands?"

out, of course. We have gone over the ground a hundred times. But your position does shut you out. It is not a question of ought, but it does."

"Anyone I might care for would not regard my position," said Barbara,

stoutly. "Nevertheless, Barbara, you know as well as anyone that because you are a hired girl in Mrs. Ward's house you do not have the place in society that you would have if you taught school in Crawford. Why, even in the church it is clearly a fact that you cannot get the recognition that you would get if you were doing something else. Don't you yourself see that plainly enough?"

Barbara was silent. She was going over in memory the last few Sundays at Marble Square church. Since that first Sunday when she had gone with Mrs. Ward she had been every week except one. She would have been a very stupid girl if she had not noticed the difference between her reception by different ladies in the church and that given other young women. A few women to whom Mrs. Ward had warmly introduced her had treated her in every respect like anyone else, with neither a patronizing nor a hypocritical manner.

She had been invited into a Bible class by the superintendent of the Sunday-school, and had been welcomed without any notice taken of her position; but, as the weeks went by, she was simply ignored by the majority of people to whom Mrs. Ward had introduced her. One invitation from warm-hearted member of the class she had accepted, to take tea at her house; but her reception by other young ladies who met her there was not such as to encourage her to go again.

As far as the church was concerned, she found herself simply passed by. There was no uncivil or coarse contempt of her. There was simply an ignoring of her as a part of the Marble Square congregation. For various reasons she had not yet gone to the Endeavor society. It met on Sunday night before the preaching service, and so far she had reserved her Sunday nights as sacred to her mother, who did not feel able to go out.

"I acknowledge what you say about the church, mother. But I may be partly to blame for it myself. I don't think the best people in Marble Square church think any the less of me for working as a servant."

"Maybe not, and yet even the best people are almost unconsciously influenced by social habits and traditions. Why, even the minister is influenced by them. This new young man, Mr.-Mr.-what is his name?"

"Morton," said Barbara, coloring; but her mother did not notice, as her eyes were very poor at night.

"This Mr. Morton, according to Mrs. Vane, is a remarkably good and sensible and talented young man; but, if



"YOU ARE ALL WORN OUT," SAID HER MOTHER

you were to join his church and become a worker there, you could not expect him to ignore the fact that you were a servant girl. He could not even forget that fact when he was speaking to you."

"I don't know why!" Barbara exclaimed almost sharply.

of any educated Christian gentleman anywhere," said Mrs. Clark, looking counted this the most remarkable. somewhat surprised at Barbara's ex-

elamation. whom I might care as a friend in the Barbara in a low tone, "would not Mrs. Vane introduced her to three or make any distinction between a serv-

ant girl and a school-teacher." You will probably learn all the bitterness of your position by painful facts. All the theories of social equality are amount to anything in the real world

of society." "I don't care for society!" exclaimed Barbara. "That is, for society represented by wealth and fashlon. But I don't believe any real Christian will Vermont Dillinghams?"

"I do not think you ought to be shut | ever make any cruel or faise distinc-

tion between different kinds of labor." "It isn't that altogether," Mrs. Clark wearily said, as if too tired to continue. "It's a difference in social instincts and social feelings that separates people. You will find it out from the same county. Is your fafrom experience in time, I am afraid."

When Barbara went back to her work the next morning, it was with a resolution to do something that look of interest. perhaps the talk with her mother had suggested. In the afternoon she asked Mrs. Ward for leave to go and

she was more excited than she had been in a long time.

"I want you to help me make a test, Mrs. Vane," Barbara said, as you." the old lady sat erect, confronting her and looking straight at her with bara. those terrible eyes. Barbara, however, did not fear them. She understood the character of Mrs. Vane thoroughly.

"Tell me all about it, dear," said Mrs. Vane.

Barbara went on, calming her you ever heard him preach?" excitement, but not her interest. When she was through Mrs. Vane said: "I am perfectly willing, my dear. But I think I know how it will come out, beforehand."

"But I want to prove it for my-

"Very well," Mrs. Vane replied, with the nearest approach to a sigh that Barbara had ever heard her utter, and Barbara finally departed to her work. If she had realized what results would follow the test Mrs. Vane was going to make for her, she could not have walked back so calmly.

CHAPTER V.

A TRUE SERVANT OF THE LORD.

The "test" that Barbara had proposed to Mrs. Vane was not anything very remarkable, either as a test or as an experiment. Mrs. Vane was to invite several people to her house some evening and invite Barbara with the rest, presenting her to her guests and treating her in every way like all the others. The curiosity that Barbara felt was in reality something in the nature of a protest against a remark made by her mother that society would not accept, under any conditions, a servant into its circle, and that not even Mrs. Vane with all her wealth and eccentricity and social standing could really do anything to remove the barrier that other people would at once throw up against her.

No sooner had Barbara perceived that Mrs. Vane was perfectly willing to do what she asked, and indeed peculiar zest, than she began to regret having asked her. Nothing would be gained by it one way or the other, she said to herself hesitatingly as she pondered over it. What if she should be welcomed for herself? That would prove nothing and help nothing. She would go to Mrs. Vane next day, and ask her to forgive a foolish impulse that had no good reason for existing; and that would be the end

But before she had found an afternoon to go and see Mrs. Vane that energetic lady had invited her company, and it was too late. Barbara said to herself that she would refuse her own invitation and not go, but Mrs. Vane next day wrote a characteristic note urging Barbara not to disapoint her.

"You must not hesitate to come for fear of putting me in any awkward position, my dear. I am independent of any verdict of selfish society, and the few friends who do know and love me will treat you as if you were a member of my own family, and you may be surprised at some things yourself. For I have found after a much longer life than yours that there is still a good deal of human kind-ness yet, even among people of wealth and so-called fashion. On the whole, how ever, you will be doomed to meet with what you undoubtedly expect. Wealth and family connections and, above all, position are counted greatest in the kingdom of The time will come when the first shall be last and the last first; and, when that time comes, servant girls will be as good as duke's daughters and eat at the same banquets. You are not willing to wait until then; so come to my feast and prepare to be overlooked. But don't stay away for fear of hurting me.
way you can hurt me is to misunderstand
me. I don't mind that from my enemies.
They don't know any better. But my They don't know any better, friends ought to. Your friend,

"MRS. VANE."

This letter put Barbara more or less at her ease; and, when the night of the gathering came, she went to it quite self-possessed and prepared for anything. The reality of it she "I only used him as an illustration was not prepared for in the least, and among all her experiences she

It was to be rather a large gathering; and when Barbara arrived the "A Christian gentleman," replied front rooms were quite well filled. four ladies standing in the front hall. One of them was a young woman Mrs. Clark sighed. "It is useless about Barbara's age, elegantly for me to argue with you, Barbara. dressed and very distinguished locking, even to Barbara. Her name was Miss Dillingham.

"My mother was a Dillingham," beautiful, but very few of them said Barbara, simply, as an opening remark for conversation.

"Indeed. Your name is-"

"Miss Clark," said Barbara. "O, yes, Miss Clark. What branch of the Dillinghams, may I ask? The

"Yes. Mother's father was from Washington county."

The young "How interesting!" woman smiled in a very interesting manner at Barbara. "Then we must be related somewhere. Our family is ther living here in Crawford?"

"Father died last year," said Barbara, returning the young woman's

"It's rather strange I have not met you before," said Miss Dillingham. "You have been shut in on account see Mrs. Vane, and it was readily of your father's death." She looked at Barbara's simple black silk dress, When she knocked at the door and which was Barbara's one party dress, Mrs. Vane heartily bade her enter, very plain, but in perfect taste in every way. "But I thought I knew all the Dillinghams of the Vermont branch. Mother will want to meet

"Is she here to-night?" asked Bar-

"Yes. She's in the other room somewhere. Ah! There's the new minister of Marble Square church, Mr. Morton!" Miss Dillingham exclaimed. "I didn't know that he had come yet. I think he is perfectly splendid. Have

"Yes, I heard him once," replied Barbara; and the next moment Mr. Morton had caught sight of them, and came out into the hall and greeted them.

"Good evening, Miss Clark. I'm very glad to meet you again. And you, Miss Dillingham," he said in his simple but hearty manner.

"You are good at remembering names," said Barbara, because she could not think of anything brilliant to say. "I've understood that one of the difficulties for ministers is the task of remembering so many people."

"Yes, I've heard Uncle James say," spoke up Miss Danngham, orightly-Uncle James is rector of St. Mark's in Crawford," she nodded by way of explanation to Barbara-"I've heard him say that he could remember names that began with certain letters, but that he was completely forgetful of others. It must be very nice to have a distinguished memory for people's names. It is such a pleasing flattery to the people who are addressed. Every one likes to be remembered. He takes it as a special compliment."

"I don't know that I can claim any special faculty in that direction," the young minister replied, smiling. 'Your names come near the beginning of the alphabet, C and D. Perhaps that helps me. The fartner one gets into the alphabet, the more intricate and difficult the matter becomes."

"It's a very disppointing explanation, Mr. Morton," said Miss Dillingham, laughing. "We hoped, at least looked forward to it with a kind of I did, that it was something personal about ourselves that made you remember us."

"What, for example?" said Morton, gravely.

"For example, our-our looks, or-" Miss Dillingham turned to Barbara. "What should you say, Miss Clark?"

"Or our occupations," suggested Barbara, coloring a little. "But we've no occupations," said Miss Dillingham, carelessly.

least, I haven't any since finishing at Vassar. Mother wants me to study photography. What would you say, Mr. Morton?" "I?" The young man seemed un-

prepared for an answer. "O, I should say you would take a very good picture.

"Now, that's certainly a compliment, isn't it, Miss Clark?" she exclaimed, laughing again. "And yet they told me you couldn't talk small talk, Mr. Morton."

"I was trying to retrieve my blunder about the memory of the names," said Mr. Morton, laughing with them. But, if you really want my opinion about the photography, I think it would be a good thing for you to learn it. I believe everyone ought to have an occupation of some kind."

"Even society young women?" "Yes, even they," Morton answered with his characteristic gravit;, which, however, was not at an gloomy or morose. Young women like Miss Dillingham liked it, and spoke of it as fascinating. The reason it was fascinating was that it revealed a genuine seriousness in life. Not morbid, but interesting.

"What would you have us do, then? What can society girls like Miss Clark and myself do?"

Miss Dillingham asked the question seriously, or thought she did.

"Really, I am not competent to determine your duty in the matter," the young man answered, looking earnestly at Barbara, although Miss Dillingham had asked the question. "Perhaps Miss Clark can answer better than I can."

[To Be Continued.]

Practical Benefit.

Rivers-You've been having your hair singed, haven't you? What good does that do?

Brooks-For a man of your age and experience, Rivers, your ignorance sometimes astonishes me. It does the barber a quarter's worth of good .-Chicago Tribune.

Your Troubles.

Keep your troubles to yourself and everybody will feel sorry for you, but tell them and everybody will laugh .-Washington (Ia.) Democrat.

HUMOROUS.

Glad When He Stops .- "I admire that pianist's finish. Don't you?" "Yes; but I always dread his beginning."-Philadelphia Bulletin.

"Bitter cold, isn't it? Have any trouble keeping warm at your house?' "Oh, no. We have a blanket mortgage on the place, you know."-Indianapolis News.

Edith-"I want to tell you something, Bertha. Mr. Sweetser tells me he loves me." Bertha-"Oh, I wouldn't let that trouble me. Fred always was eccentric."-Boston Transcript.

No Flattery.-Miss Hoamley-"I understand you do very handsome work and make very pretty pictures." Photographer-"Yes'm, but I could give you an exact likeness if you wish."-Philadelphia Press.

"I detest cigarettes," petulantly exclaimed the villain of the play. "Can't I smoke a cigar in this scene instead?" "No; the cigarette is essential," replied the stage manager. "You are a very depraved sort of villain, you know."-Kansas City Star.

When the day came for taking the collection in the Sunday school, the children were asked if they remembered any texts appropriate to the occasion. A little boy held up his hand and repeated: "The fool and his money are soon parted."-Christian Advocate.

"Ah, will I never be released?" wailed the imprisoned heroine, beating her fair white hands wildly against the bars of her window, while from behind the scenes could be heard the hoarse chuckle of the villain. Many in the audience were seen to apply their handkerchiefs to their eyes. Her prayers for release rose again upon the still air and lost themselves in the echoing flies above. "Either git a habbyus corpus, leddy," shouted a friend from the gallery, "er walk out over de footlights." And the curtain came down with a whizz.—Baltimore American.

AN INDIAN GIRL EDITOR.

Young Cherokee Woman Who Publishes a Magazine Devoted to Red Men's Interests.

Miss Margaret Eddleman, a young Cherokee woman, is the editor and publisher of the Twin Territories, a 32-page magazine, filled with matter calculated to interest people living in Oklahoma and Indian territory. The magazine was started three years ago by Miss Eddleman, with the help of her elder sister. The latter married some time since, and the entire work now devolves upon Miss Eddle-

man, says the Chicago Chronicle. Among her contributors are various Indian chiefs of the five civilized tribes. None of these contributors accept any money for their work, as they are rich, but they have to be handled with great diplomacy.

Previous to the establishment of Twin Territories, Miss Eddleman worked with her father as a reporter upon the Muskogee Evening Times. This gave her her first taste for literary work, and she improved it.

The fame of the Twin Territories and its Indian publisher has spread. Not long ago a magazine publisher in London sought an article upon Miss Eddleman and her literary work.

Although she never speaks of her ancestry, not, as she explains, that she is ashamed of being a redskin. she has a "head right" among the Cherokees, and owns a good farm and participates in their regular distribution of tribal funds. Indeed, it was from her tribal income that she secured enough money to launch her enterprise.

Miss Eddleman is not yet 20 years old. Her form is slender and graceful, and she is considered one of the social lights and beauties of the five tribes, where the beauty of the women is far famed. Editorial writing is not the gift of Miss Eddleman, for under the pen name of Migno Shreiber she has published several serials in magazines. "Only an Indian Girl," "Lizouki, the Creek Girl," and "A Pair of Moccasins" are some of her stories which have won attention and praise from leading critics.

British Naval Discipline.

A curious story of English naval discipline has just found its way into print. When the Ophir, with the duke and duchess of Cornwall on board, was nearing St. Helena the signal was made to the attendant cruisers St. George and Juno, as it was desirable to reach port before nightfall: "Can you steam another knot?" and the Juno replied: "Yes, four if you please." This answer was regarded as impertinent, and when the vessels reached Portsmouth, as a mild form of punishment the Juno was ordered to lie up the harbor, while the more respectful St. George came alongside the dockyard. And the Juno, at last accounts, is lying at her moorings still. -N. Y. Commercial Advertiser.

Troubles of the Rich.

Mrs. Cobwigger-I suppose you find your social duties much more onerous since you became so rich?

Mrs. Parvenue-Yes, indeed, my dear. I have had to cultivate an entirely new set of acquaintances .-Judge.