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NEMAHA, . . . NEBRASKA.

TO LOVE.

A few quick years, methought, would cause youth's fancies
To fall away like blossoms early blown; And Time, I sighed, would take my rich romances

And grant me bare contentment for my

And yet, while Spring and Summer bring their posies, My sages gather dust upon their shelves; For still I take the violets and roses As hints of something sweeter than them-

And still a bird can set my pulses beating— Nay, ev'ry year I love the mavis more! I always think he sings of some glad meet-

Of listless days and longing safely o'er.

I still receive the secrets of the ocean.

The strange, long wonder stories of the

And see the sun's desire, the moon's devo-And in them all some dearer thought I

O Love! O Love! the years have made you splendid; "Tis glory where I hoped for scarce a

gleam.

The fancies and romances are not ended—
Time has but blessed and beautified each

-J. J. Bell, in Chambers' Journal.

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 VIII.

MINISTRY IS DIVINE. Mr. Morton broke a very embarrassing silence by saying in a quiet voice, although his manner showed still the great excitement that he evidently felt: "Mrs. Clark, I have no doubt you are greatly surprised to see me here."

"It is a great pleasure, I am sure," Mrs. Clark murmured. Barbara had turned around so that the young minister could not see her face as she sat partly concealed behind the lamp on the table. It was very still again before Mr. Morton spoke.

"You know, of course, that I have no preaching service to-night. I have just come from my young people's

meeting. I-"

He paused, and Mrs. Clark looked attentively at him, and then at Barbara, sitting with head bowed and life-" cheeks flushed, and a gleam of sudden perception of the truth began to shine out of the mother's face as she turned again toward the minister. Barbara had never confided directly in her mother, but Mrs. Clark but he had possession of her hand as had been blessed with a remarkably beautiful and true love experience in her own girlhood, and with all her faults and misunderstanding of Barbara during the trial of her experiment with Mrs. Ward she had in various ways come to know that Barbara had grown to have much interest in the brilliant young preacher. Barbara had probably made a serious mistake in not giving her mother a frank confession. But Mrs. Clark had never really supposed until now that the minister might have a feeling for Barbara. She began to feel certain of it as she rapidly noted Mr. Morton's evident agitation and the look that he gave Barbara as he stopped suddenly.

"We are glad to see you, I am sure," Mrs. Clark said, coming to his rescue. Through the memory of her own sad loss and all her recent trouble rose the sweet picture of her husband's wooing. If Barbara's happiness for life now consisted in her possible union with this good, strong man, Mrs. Clark was not the mother to put needless obstacles in the way. In this matter her mother had a certain largeness of character which Barbara did not at that time comprehend.

Mr. Morton had grown calmer. He began to talk of matters belonging to his church and his plans for the social settlement. Gradually Barbara recovered herself from the first moment's panic. She came out from behind the defense of the lamp, and began to ask questions and take part in the conversation.

"But still," she was saying after half an hour's talk had been going make up for it in part by giving you on, "I do not quite see how you are a loving and dutiful son, if you will going to interest Crawford people in the plan you suggest until you have made a practical beginning, even if it which he easily read in her smiling is on a small scale. The people are face, he turned to Barbara, who had

very conservative." "That's true." The minister sighed a little. "But I do not see how you Clark asked as she faced them both, are going to interest the public in thinking to herself that she had never your servant girls' training school un- seen so much real joy in two faces til you have demonstrated its prac- anywhere in the world. tical usefulness. I don't doubt its wisdom, of course," he added, quick- have given him my answer." She laid ly. "But it must require a good deal her head on her mother's breast as of courage on your part to make a be- she used to do when she was a little ginning in view of what you know girl, and Mrs. Clark felt with the painmust be the criticism and prejudice ful joy of a good mother's heart that

that are inevitable." "As far as courage goes," said Bar- her daughter's life, and that hencebara, frankly, "It seems to me you forth this man had become to Bar-

money Mrs. Ward and Mrs. Vane have promised me, I shall be quite independent to work out my plan as I please. Whereas you are obliged to overcome the prejudice of a whole church full of people, many of whom do not believe in social settlement work connected with the church."

"I wish there was some way," Mr. Morton exclaimed, eagerly, absorbed in thought of his plans, "in which we could combine your plans and mine. The training school would fit in so beautifully with my ideas."

He spoke in his enthusiasm, for the moment, thinking only of the plans as existing apart from the persons. But, as Barbara lifted her face to his and then dropped her eyes, while a great wave of color swept her cheeks, he realized how personal his exclamation had been.

And just at that juncture, Mrs. Clark, without a word of apology or explanation, rose and walked out of the room. Morton blessed her as she shut the door. There are some things in the love chapter of youth that cannot be told except to the heart of youth itself.

He went quickly over to where Barbara was seated on the other side of the table, and before she had time to be frightened he said, looking at her with love's look: "Barbara, I love you, and want you to be my wife and share all with me. Will you?"

Barbara sat all in a tumult, her heart beating fast, as in a dream wondering at it all. And it sounded very sweet to her. For she loved him truly. But she said, as she stood by the table looking at him: "But-I-cannot. It would be-"

"Tell me, Barbara," he said, a sudden smile lighting up his pale face, and his use of her name was again music to her, "tell me only one thing first. Do you love me?"

"Yes!" she cried, and it seemed to her as if one person in her had spoken to another, compelling the answer; and the next moment, she could not realize how, but it was like a world's life to her, his arms were about her, and in that moment she knew that for better, for worse, she had put her life into the lot of sharing with his.

Lovers do not count time like other people. After awhile he was saying: But tell me, Barbara, how I am to make my peace with Mrs. Ward. For. when she learns that I am going to get her hired girl, she will never forgive me."

Then Barbara's face grew grave. "Do you realize, Mr. Morton, what you have done? Can a young man ford-to-to-marry a 'hired girl?' church. Oh, if you had not compelled me to say 'Yes' so soon! I might have saved claimed, "you look perfectly charming you from making the mistake of your | this morning. How do you manage to

"Barbara," he answered, with sudden sternness that was assumed without answering her question, "if you ever call me 'Mr. Morton' again, I shall-" he left his threat unfinished; he spoke, and Barbara looked up at him and said softly: "What shall I call you?"

"Say-" "Yes. What?" Barbara asked, inno-

cently, as he paused. "Well, then," he went on, joyously, 'say: 'Ralph, I love you more than anyone else in the world. And I will walk with you through life because I love you-because we love each oth-

"You have taken advantage of me!" she exclaimed, brightly, and then, with glowing face looking into his, she repeated the words, whispering them. And, when she had finished, they were both reverently silent, while her eyes were wet with tears of solemn joy. They did not either of them realize all they had pledged to each other; but the God-given, human-divine spell of love was upon them, and the blessedness of it swallowed up all fears of the future. Once Barbara had given herself to him, it meant an end of doubt or fear. She might discuss with him the probable results to his social or professional standing, but she would never torture his mind or distress her own by vain regrets or foolish anticipations. The great truth of their love for each other

filled them both. They were so absorbed in their talk that they did not hear Mrs. Clark when she came into the room. Then Mr. Morton was suddenly aware of her presence, and he instantly rose and

went over to her. "Mrs. Clark," he said, "I took advantage of your absence to take your daughter from you. But I will try to

accept me as such." Without waiting for her reply,

come to his side. "What did you say, Barbara?" Mrs.

"Oh, mother!" Barbara cried, the world's old story had come into have much more than I. With the bara all in all without displacing the before another person, "if he feels sat- chine.-Atchison Globe.

mother from her rightful share of affection.

They had many things to say now, and neither Barbara nor Mrs. Clark offered serious objections to the earnest request of the young man that the period of engagement might be a brief one.

"We know our minds quite well, I am sure," he said, while Barbara, blushing, nodded yes. "It will be best in every way for us to begin our home very soon. Barbara, you will have to give Mrs. Ward notice that you must leave. Poor Mrs. Ward! She is the only person I am sorry for right now!"

They were all silent for a moment, Then Mr. Morton said: "The servants' training-school will have to be a part of the social settlement now. You've lost your independence."

"I've gained something better," said Barbara, gently. Her love knew no restrictions, now that it was returned, and her heart leaped up to his in all his ambitions for helping to make a better world.

When he rose to go, Barbara went to the door with him. He had opened it and was about to step out when he turned and said, with a laugh: "I have forgotten my hat."

The missing hat was not found at once, and Mrs. Clark unblushingly said: "Perhaps it is in the sittingroom," and walked deliberately out there.

The hat was lying on a chair behind the table. The minister took it up and walked to the door again. Then he turned and said, while Barbara looked up at him: "I forgot something else."

Then he stooped and kissed her, and went out into the night, and it was like the glory of Heaven's brightness all about him, while Barbara turned and again met her mother with an embrace where both mingled their tears over the divine romance of this earthly life. God bless the repetition of the pure love chapter in human hearts. When it is deeply Christian, as in the case of Barbara and Ralph, it is approved of Christ and has the sanction of all Heaven.

When Barbara began her work at the Wards' next day, she had a natural dread of breaking the news to Mrs. Ward. But that lady unconsciously made a good opportunity. She came into the kitchen early in the forenoon and was struck by Barbara's beauty. She had noted it many times before, but this morning the girl's great love experience had given her face an additional charm. It is no wonder Ralph Morton fell in love with her. He said it all began from that Sunday when he with your position and prospects af- first met her at the Marble Square

"Why, Barbara," Mrs. Ward ex-



"MAY I COME IN?" HE ASKED.

keep looking so lovely? It is a wonder to me that the kitchen is not full of beaus all the time!"

Barbara laughed lightly. "I don't want a kitchen full of beaus. One is enough."

Mrs. Ward looked at her attentively. Then she said, somewhat gravely: 'Did you say one is enough? What does that mean?"

"It means-O Mrs. Ward, I am so happy!" She turned to her, and the older woman trembled a little and then said: "It is Mr. Morton?"

"Yes," cried Barbara, and Mrs. Ward put her arms about her and kissed her. Then she stepped back and looked at

her somewhat sorrowfully. "I'm glad for you, of course, but what are we going to do? It's always the way. The best girls I have always go and get married. But I never Barbara. If it was in a book, people would think it was quite improbable, "The idea!' they would say, of the brilliant preacher of Marble Square church, Crawford, the gifted young writer and lecturer, marrying a hired girl in his own parish!' Have you thought, Barbara, of the sensation this event will make in Marble Square

church?" "Of course I have not had much time yet to think of it, Mrs. Ward. If Mr. blushing at her own use of the name

isfied, the church ought not to give any trouble. Why should it? Do you think it will?"

"You're a hired girl in the eyes of most people in the church. They do not know you as I do. I am afraid it will make trouble for Mr. Morton."

For a moment Barbara's radiant face showed signs of anxiety. Then, with a smile: "I am not going to bormuch to be afraid of anything."

"If only people knew you as tered, tears in her eyes, caused by afthought of losing her out of the home. "You know what a welcome Mr. Ward and myself and Mrs. Vane and a few Mrs. Brown will say."

"Do you know-" Barbara spoke, not and Mrs. Brown will say as I ought to be? I am not going to marry them, but-but-some one else."

Then she smiled at her and said: "You must be very much in love, Barbara. smiths,' will have to be changed to Love laughs at Marble Square church."

"I don't laugh at it, Mrs. Ward. But honestly, I do not feel to blame, and I am not going to anticipate trouble. That would not be right towards him, for I know he counted all the cost before he asked me to share all with him."

Blessed belove like Barbara's! Truly can it be said of such love, it "beareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things. Love never faileth."

When Mr. Ward came home at night, he soon learned the news. Barbara had no silly or false sentiment, and she had agreed with Mr. Morton that the fact of the engagement and near marriage need not be kept secret from anyone, even for a short time. So Mrs. Ward told her husband. He was not sur-

prised. He had anticipated it. "Yes, you're going to leave us, just like all the rest," he said, in his bantering fashion, when Barbara came in with some dishes to set the table. Mr. Ward was in the reading-room, and Barbara stepped to the door and greeted him. "One of the rules of your new training-school ought to be: 'No girl who graduates from this school to go out to service shall be allowed to get engaged or married for at least five years.' What is going to become of all the competent girls if all follow your bad example?"

"I'm sure I don't know," Barbara

wered, demurely. "Won't you and Morton take us is to board when you begin housekeeping? I'm so used to your cornbread muffins and coffee for breakfast that I know I shall never be able to put up with any other kind."

"I don't know," Barbara replied, laughing. "It is possible that we may have a hired girl ourselves."

"Do you think so?" Mr. Ward said, with pretended joy. "Then Mrs. Ward and I shall have our revenge on you for deserting us, for you will then have the agony of the servant girl problem on your own hands and know how it is from the other side of the house."

"Perhaps that is one of the reasons I am going to have a home of my own, Mr. Ward. I shall be able to see the question from both standpoints."

"I hope you'll be spared our troubles," Mr. Ward spoke in a really serious tone this time. Then he added with great heartiness: "The Lord bless you, Barbara. You have been like a daughter to us." He choked as he remembered Carl in Barbara's arms just a little before he passed over. We shall miss you dreadfully. But we shall bid you God-speed. I don't know what the rest of Marble Square church will do, but you know that Mrs. Ward and myself will be loyal to our minister's wife."

"O, I thank you, Mr. Ward. It means everything to me," and Barbara retired somewhat hastily to the kitchen, where some tears of joy and feeling dropped on the familiar old table where Carl had so often sat watching her at work.

That evening Mr. Morton called. Barbara had finished her work, and was sitting with the family as her custom was, when Morton came in.

[To Be Continued.]

A Begging Letter,

Perhaps the most wonderful of these epistles purported to come from an old woman who begged for money. thought until lately that you would do and detailed her ill success in obtainsuch a thing. Why, it's like a story, ing an order for a coffin for her daughter, who, she declared, was "in a ridiculous condition on the roof of her furnish a crop of wood for paper pulp. cottage." This statement seemed to open up such a vista of horrors that a mounted messenger was at once dis- between now and this time next year. patched to inquire into the case. It Don't forget this till the bushes are all was then found that the young woman was in rude health, and wanted the money for toilet purposes .- Cornhill removing one-third of the berries from Magazine.

Strange, Isn't Itt

There is a pinao, an organ, a man-Morton, Ralph," she added, shyly, dolin, a guitar and a fiddle in an Atchison family which rents a sewing ma-

MAKING FARM HOTBED.

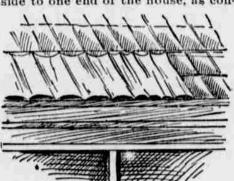
If You Have Neglected to Construct One This Year Save This Advice for Next Season.

The site for a bed should be on a slope facing south, and if sheltered on the north and west by buildings to Mrs. Ward's astonishment, she said, or grove so much the better. Mark a space on the ground at least one row trouble over it. I love him too foot larger each way than the sash to be used. Throw out earth to the depth of two feet, which should be Mr. Ward and I do-" Mrs. Ward fal- done in the fall. Fill this with horse manure having plenty of litter in it. fection for Barbara and sorrow at the Tramp it down firmly. Make a frame the size of the sash, set it over the pit, and put the sash on; if the frame is built so the sash fits inside, others will give you. But I don't know and cleats are nailed on the inside what Mrs. Rice and Mrs. Wilson and inch from the top to hold it, the sash cannot blow off or slip out of place. The north end sash should be from flippantly but with a sense of humor four to six inches higher than the which was a real part of her healthy south end. Bank round the outside nature. "Do you know, Mrs. Ward, I of frame with horse manure. The am afraid I am not quite so much in heat at first will be too intense, but fear of what Mrs. Rice and Mrs. Wilson when it has subsided to about 80 degrees put on five or six inches of the best soil obtainable, and sow the seed. Keep the temperature at Mrs. Ward looked at her doubtfully. from 70 to 75 degrees in the day time, and do not let it get below 55 at night. At night it may have to The old adage: 'Love laughs at lock- be covered with blankets or mats if very cold. Do not remove sashes to give air immediately after removing covering or the plants will damp off. Make the hotbed about April 1 and sow in it tomatoes and peppers. Sometimes it is best to start plants in boxes in the house, then about April 20 make a hotbed and transplant into it, giving each plant from four to six inches space each way. In this way tomatoes will be in blossom when it is warm enough to set them in the open air, which will generally be from June 1 to 10. Nothing is gained by putting them out as long as it is cold and frost may destroy them. Be sure to give plenty of air on warm sunny days. I lost a fine lot of plants one spring by neglecting to raise the sash one morning, says the writer; at noon when I went to look at them they were all dead, scalded as if by hot water. As the weather becomes warmer remove the sashes altogether in the day time, replacing at night. A couple of days before setting in the open ground, water very sparingly. Then take up carefully with as much soil as possible and transplant .- Farm, Stock and Home.

SHADE IN GREENHOUSES.

Simple Device Which Prevents All Danger from Injury to Tender Plants by the Hot Sun.

Shade in greenhouses to protect plants against the hot sun becomes more necessary as spring advances. A simple device to obviate such ill effects is shown in the sketch herewith. Two wires are stretched above the bench, and on these is hung, with brass rings, a length of cotton cloth, to be pulled over the plant or shoved aside to one end of the house, as con-



SHADE FOR GREENHOUSE.

ditions demand. The inner wire may be much higher than the other, thus being out of the way. The cloth will thus be nearly at the same angle of the slope over the bench as the glass roof. Each bench in the greenhouse can be thus provided with covers at a trifling expense of time or money .-Farm and Home.

ORCHARD AND GARDEN.

Do not any longer put off getting your garden seeds.

Cut away old and dead portions of the raspberry, blackberry, current and gooseberry bushes.

The average cost of growing an acre of sugar beets in Colorado, exclusive of rent of land, is about \$30.

Sunlight let into gooseberry bushes will reduce the number of those that produce mildewed berries.

Make up a list of plants and bushes needed this spring to keep up the assortment in your berry patch and to replace the dead and dying.

Under proper culture and protection from fire Norway spruce can in 25 or 30 years be grown of sufficient size to The berry patch can be cleaned out

now with less work than at any time leaved out.

A strawberry grower found that by the vines, allowing only the best to grow, he got one-third more berries by the measure, and that when sold in market they not only paid for the labor, but increased the profit.-Faria-