

# THE NEBRASKA ADVERTISER

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## IN PEACE.

A Martyr's Tomb in the Catacombs.  
"In peace," one wrote above thee through  
his tears,  
While overhead Rome thundered death  
and doom;  
The fading line for eighteen hundred years  
Has faced the darkness marshaled round  
thy tomb.

In peace. Through stormy ways thy spirit  
came  
Unto the silence of thine haven here;  
In peace thou sleepest, whom the flood or  
flame  
Swept home to rest beyond the reach of  
fear.

In peace. The sudden sound of trumpet  
call,  
The swarm of savage hordes by land and  
sea,  
The crash of kingdoms swaying to their  
fall,  
The rending earth have all been peace to  
thee.

In peace. Before the patience graven there  
Our faithless lips grow dumb, our faint  
hearts bow.  
God give us strength like thine the strife  
to bear,  
And peace beyond the strife to find as  
thou!

-Mabel Earle, 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 VIII.—CONTINUED.

There was a little embarrassment at the first greeting with the Wards, but it soon passed off and in a few moments the young minister was chatting delightfully. His happiness was on his face and in his manner. He had never looked so noble or so handsome, Barbara's heart said to herself, almost wondering whether it was all a dream from which she would soon be rudely awakened. But it was no dream like that. Her heart sang as she began to realize its reality.

"O, by the way," Mr. Ward said suddenly, turning to his wife, "Martha, how about that rule that we made long ago, that the hired girl should receive her company in the kitchen? Why did I go to all the expense of furnishing that new kitchen if the girl is going to sit here in the parlor?"

Mr. Morton jumped to his feet, and walked over to Barbara.

"Come, Barbara," he said, with a touch of humor that equaled the occasion. "Come out into the kitchen where we belong. This is no place for us."

Barbara rose, blushing and laughing.

"Yes, I see. Just an excuse to get rid of us," Mr. Ward said, as the lovers walked out.

"We want to live up to the rule of the house," Mr. Morton retorted. They went out into the room where Barbara had spent so many hours of hard toil and, when they were alone, the minister said: "Dear, do you know, this room is a sacred spot to me? I have thought of you as being here more than anywhere else."

"If I had known that," Barbara said, gently, and she no longer avoided the loving brown eyes that looked down at her, "it would have lightened a good many weary hours. I feel ashamed now to think of the quantities of tears I have shed in this little room."

"The thought that your life has gone out in service here, Barbara, is a beautiful thought to me. What a wonderful thing it is to be of use in the world! I thank God my mother brought me up to reverence the labor of the hand in honest toil. There is nothing more sacred in all of human life."

Then they talked of their love for each other, and were really startled when the door suddenly opened and Mr. Ward called out from the entry: "Gas and coal come high this winter. You can draw your own inference."

They rose, laughing, and came back into the parlor, where Mrs. Ward apologized for Mr. Ward's interruption.

"Don't say a word, Mrs. Ward," Morton said, gayly. "I shall soon have Barbara all to myself."

"How soon?"

"I don't know quite," Mr. Morton looked at Barbara.

"There will be mourning in this household when she goes," Mrs. Ward replied. "I never expect to have another girl like Barbara."

"I'm sorry for you, but you can't expect me to feel any sorrow for myself."

"Yes, that's it," Mr. Ward put in, ironically. "You preachers are always talking about sacrifice, and giving up, and all that. I notice that, when it comes to a personal application, you are just as grasping after the best there is as anybody."

"Of course," said Morton, cheerfully, looking at Barbara.

"He is going to suffer for it, though," Barbara came to the rescue of Mr. Ward. "He may lose his church just as you are going to lose me."

"I don't think so," Morton answered,

calmly. "But if I do—" He did not finish, but his look at Barbara spoke volumes. It said that he had found something which would compensate for any earthly loss.

When Morton had gone, Barbara slipped up to her room. Her happiness was too great to be talked about. The thought of what her lover, her "lover," she repeated, had said about service, about the image of herself daily in that kitchen, made her tremble. She had tried to accustom herself to the thought of Christ's teaching about service. Her study of the different passages in the Bible referring to servants had given her new life on the subject. It had all grown sweeter and more noble as she went on. And now that her life had been caught up into this other life, a new and clearer revelation of labor and ministry had come to her. Never had Barbara offered a truer prayer of thanksgiving than the one that flowed out of her heart to God to-night. Never had the depth and beauty of human service meant so much to her as now, when human love, the love sanctioned by Jesus and made holy by His benediction, had begun to translate common things into divine terms.

In her Bible-reading that night she found a passage in the sixth chapter of Second Corinthians that pleased her very much. It did not belong first of all to the service of a house-servant; yet Barbara felt quite sure, as she read, that if Paul had been questioned about it, he would have said that the teaching applied just as well to house-ministry as to ministry anywhere else. This is the passage which she read: "Giving no occasion of stumbling in anything, that our ministry be not blamed; but in everything commending ourselves, as ministers of God, in much patience, in afflictions, in necessities, in distresses, in stripes, in imprisonments, in tumults, in labors, in watchings, in fastings; in purity, in knowledge, in long-suffering, in kindness, in the Holy Ghost, in love unfeigned, in the word of truth, in the power of God; by the armor of righteousness on the right hand and on the left, by glory and dishonor, by evil report and good report; as deceivers, and yet true; as unknown, and yet well known; as dying, and behold we live; as chastened, and not killed; as sorrowful, yet always rejoicing; as poor, yet making many rich; as having nothing, and yet possessing all things."

"Have I been a 'minister of God?' How often I have complained and shed tears over little things as I have tried to minister to the needs of this house! Surely at its very worst I have not endured the hardships that Paul speaks of. I know he is speaking of preachers, probably, of missionaries of the cross. But I am sure he means that anyone who 'ministers to the real needs of life is a 'minister of God.' And, if I have really been a minister of God, how little I have realized its meaning!"

"Help me, my Father," Barbara breathed her prayer, "help me in the thankfulness for the great joy of my life to live as a servant of Thine. Through all these possible hardships may I learn to keep close to Thee. Help me to bless other lives and give them encouragement and a true thought of ministry. It is all so wonderful, my Father! Thou hast led me in ways so unforeseen by my poor selfishness. It is all too wonderful to me. Oh Thou Great but loving God, I thank Thee. In the name of Him who has redeemed me. Amen."

It was the next day that Barbara had a call from Mrs. Vane. The old lady had met Mr. Morton; and, reading his happiness in his whole person, she asked him bluntly to tell her all about it.

"My dear," she cried as she kissed Barbara on both cheeks and shed a tear out of her sharp eyes, softened by her love for Barbara, "I congratulate you both! It is wonderful; but I knew all the time that he loved you and would have you and I knew that you would give yourself to him. It is all as it should be. The Marble Square church is a great institution, but it is not so great as love. I want you to be married at my house. Morton is one of my boys. I knew him as a child, and I love him as a son."

"I don't think mother would allow me to go away from her, even to you," Barbara answered, smiling and blushing until she looked like a picture. Mrs. Vane and Mrs. Ward both thought as they stood looking at her. "We have arranged to be married at mother's."

"That's best; yes, that's best!" The old lady nodded approvingly. "No church display, no show, no cheap or vulgar flaunting of self on the occasion of the most sacred experience in a girl's life. I always said Ralph Morton deserved the best woman on earth for a wife and he's getting her. The good God bless you both!" And the impulsive old lady kissed Barbara again; and, when Barbara went back to her work she remained some time with Mrs. Ward, talking over the great event; for it was truly great to Barbara and Morton and his friends, and indeed to all Marble Square parish.

For, when the news of the minister's engagement became known in Crawford, as it did in a very short time, because he made no secret of it,

there was consternation in Marble Square church and in society generally.

"Is it true?" Mrs. Rice solemnly asked Mrs. Wilson the first time they met after the news became known, "is it really true that Mr. Morton is going to marry Mrs. Ward's hired girl? It is simply awful. It cannot be."

"I'm afraid it is," Mrs. Wilson answered, clasping her hands with a tragic gesture as if some terrible calamity had taken place. "I had the information direct from Mrs. Vane, who had it direct from Mr. Morton himself."

"It will break up Marble Square church, that is all!" Mrs. Rice said, decidedly. "A thing like that is too serious a social departure for even Mr. Morton to make. As much as people like and admire him, not even his great talents can excuse such a great social blunder."

"They say," Mrs. Wilson suggested in a hesitating manner, "that the girl is really well educated, and not just an ordinary hired girl. You know Mrs. Ward has told us something about her going out to service in order to help other girls realize its dignity and—and so forth."

"It makes no difference!" Mrs. Rice replied sharply. "She is known as a hired girl. The idea of being obliged to look up to her as our minister's wife! Will you submit to that?"

"Supposing she proves worthy of her place?" Mrs. Wilson suggested, feebly.

"It's out of the question!" Mrs. Rice answered, positively. "The whole thing is awfully unfortunate for Marble Square. If Mr. Morton had only chosen some girl of good social rank, Miss Dillingham, for example. But, as it is, I for one—"

Mrs. Rice did not finish what seemed like a threat, but scores of other women in Marble Square felt and spoke just as she did, and the outlook for a great disturbance in the parish was very good.

When Sunday came, Barbara prepared to attend service. She had not been for several Sundays, not since the time of the scene at the Endeavor society. Mrs. Ward wondered at her lack of nervousness. There was a self-possession about Barbara, now that she had committed her future to the young minister, that Mrs. Ward admired. She began to have a real respect for her in addition to her affection.

When Barbara went down the aisle with the family and entered the Ward pew with the rest, it is safe to say that every eye in Marble Square church was directed toward her. What people saw, very many of them to their great surprise, was a lovely face, free from affectation or superficial prettiness, without bashful consciousness of her prominent position. Every woman in the house could not help acknowledging: "She looks like a lady." Love had done much for Barbara. It is a wonderful power to dignify and bless.

There were hundreds of people in Marble Square church that morning



"GAS AND COAL COME HIGH THIS WINTER."

who had just come from the perusal of one of Crawford's most sensational Sunday papers, which with a cruelty that was actually Satanic, and a coarseness that was actually criminal, had printed what it called, in startling headlines: "A Spicy Tale of a Hired Girl and a Preacher. The Rev. Mr. Morton, of the Fashionable Marble Square Church, to Wed a Hired Girl. Full Particulars of the Engagement. With Snap-Shots of the Parties." There were two columns of description that were worthy of authorship from the lowest pit, accompanied with what purported to be reliable pictures of the two lovers. And it was from the perusal of all this horrible invasion of every sacred and tender private feeling that the human heart holds dear, that most of the men and women had come into church that morning to add to the sensation by almost as heartless and cruel a scrutiny of Barbara and Mr. Morton.

Barbara did not know all of this; but, even if she had, her love was so pure and great that it is doubtful whether anything could have obscured her perfect happiness. When her lover rose up to preach, she never felt more pride in him, or more confidence in his powers.

He fully justified all her expectations. Unlike Barbara, he knew quite fully all the venom and vileness of the paper in question. On his way to church, grinning newsboys had flaunted the pages in his face and shouted their contents in his ears. From all that, he had gone into his room, and after the sustaining prayer that had refreshed and quieted his soul he had gone out to face the people. But he had first faced God. He was not in the least afraid of the people after that.

It is doubtful whether Marble Square church had ever heard such preaching before. It is doubtful whether Morton had ever before had such a vision or delivered such a message. The spell of his power was on all the great congregation. Hearts that had come to criticize, to sneer, to ridicule, were touched by his words. Members of his parish who after reading the paper had fully made up their minds to sever all connection with the church changed their minds during the wonderfully sweet and helpful prayer that followed the sermon. Ah, Barbara and Ralph! The Spirit of God is greater than all the evil of men. If victory comes out of all this suffering for you, it will be due to God's power over the selfish, thoughtless, cruel children of men.

When the service was over, Barbara quietly went out with Mrs. Ward. In the vestibule they were met by Mrs. Dillingham, who had come out of the other door from a side aisle.

With scores of people noting what was said and done the majestic old lady greeted Barbara with a courteous and even kindly greeting that was unmistakable and created a genuine sensation, for no family in all Marble Square church had higher connections than the Dillinghams.

"My dear Miss Clark," Mrs. Dillingham had said, "your mother was kind enough to return my call. You have not been so good. Will you come and see me soon?"

"Indeed I will, Mrs. Dillingham, if you have forgiven my neglect of your invitation so far."

"I'll forgive anything in a Dillingham. You don't forget you're one of us, as I have said before."

She swept out of the vestibule grandly, holding her head a little higher than usual, and Barbara blessed the nobility in her that was unspoiled by all her riches and social rank. Probably nothing that occurred that morning made a deeper impression socially. The old lady had not said a word about the engagement. She had too much delicacy and good taste. But it was just as plain as if she had welcomed Barbara as her minister's wife that she accepted the situation without a thought of remonstrance and was prepared to act loyally towards Mr. Morton, respecting his choice and even ready to defend it before any and all of her influential acquaintances.

Miss Dillingham was at the other end of the vestibule while her mother was talking to Barbara. She did not approach Barbara, and, so far as could be seen, did not even look at her during the service. Her proud, handsome face was directed, however, with a fixed and painful gaze upon the preacher through all the service. If at the close Alice Dillingham calmly shut the door of her own heart over its dream of romance in which the talented preacher of Marble Square had begun to be adored, it may be that Barbara fully understood it; and in avoidance of her by the one who had lost what Barbara had gained, Barbara saw no cause for personal ill will. When the heart aches, there are times when it must ache alone, and riches and beauty are no security and no comfort.

The weeks that followed this eventful Sunday were crowded with incidents and meaning for Barbara. She remained nearly a month with Mrs. Ward, until help had been secured, and then with mutual sorrow the women parted, Barbara going home to make preparation, with her mother's help, for her marriage.

"If you aren't suited with the situation you've found, you can come back to us any time," Mr. Ward said, as his wife kissed Barbara and made no attempt to hide her sorrow plainly shown by the tears on her face.

"Thank you," responded Barbara, laughing through her tears, for it was a real grief for her to go; "I am afraid I shall never come back. But, if you will come and see us, I will promise to bake some of your favorite dishes for you."

She waved her hand to them as they both came to the door and bade her an affectionate farewell and soon turned the corner, with a grave consciousness that one very important chapter in her life had come to a close and a new one had begun.

[To Be Continued.]

### The End.

"Miss Sharpe—Vera," he began, "you must know why I have been coming here so much; why I sit here in the parlor with you night after night and—"

"I suppose Mr. Pinchpenny," Miss Vera Sharpe interrupted, "it's cheaper to do that than to take me out anywhere."—Philadelphia Press.

### Truth and Prejudice.

Very few people want to know the truth, unless it fits their prejudice.—Aitchison Globe.

## LONG LEASES OPPOSED.

The Bowersock Bill for Disposition of Pasture Lands Will Not Be Reported at This Session.

Washington, April 22.—There will be no legislation at this session of congress providing for the leasing of public lands for grazing purposes. Mr. Lacey, of Iowa, chairman of the house committee on public lands, stated that the committee would not hold any further hearings on the Bowersock bill and would not take any action upon it or upon any other grazing bill at the present session. It has developed that the interests in the public lands are so conflicting that it will be impossible to pass any bill that will be acceptable. Binger Hermann, commissioner of the general land office, has ended the prospects of legislation by appearing before the committee and protesting against the proposed leasing bill. Commissioner Hermann asserts that any grazing bill providing for long-time leases of the public lands will retard homesteading and the settlement of the public domain.

## MAY IGNORE THE HOUSE.

Senate Republicans Have Scheme to Authorize Treaty Negotiations to Cover Tariff Concessions to Cuba.

Washington, April 22.—The senate committee on Cuban relations met Monday afternoon to begin consideration of the Cuban reciprocity bill sent over from the house. At present it looks as though Senator Platt and other senate leaders were disposed to report a bill which would disregard all of the work done in the ways and means committee of the house; ignore the compromise relative to the immigration and labor laws, and simply authorize the president of the United States to enter into a treaty with the new Cuban government, when organized, which would have for its object concessions on the part of this country amounting to 25 per cent. of the Dingley rates. In the bill the proposition will probably be put in the shape of an authorization to collect 75 per cent. of the Dingley rates on Cuban products.

## GOT IT FROM NATIVES.

American Soldiers First Saw Macabebes Scouts Administer the "Water Cure"—Fatal in One Case.

Washington, April 22.—The senate committee on the Philippines Monday resumed the examination of witnesses in the investigation of affairs in the Philippine islands. Grover Flint, of Cambridge, Mass., who served as first lieutenant in the Thirty-fifth volunteer infantry, testified that he had been a witness to the water cure, as administered to the natives by the Macabebes scouts and that this was done to get information as to the whereabouts of their guns. The guns were delivered. The following day some men of his own regiment applied the cure, but their act was without the authority of their commanding officers. Flint had been, he said, a witness to at least 20 cases of water cure. He never had seen any one die as a result of the cure but had seen a hospital corps working on a native who had been rendered unconscious.

## EDWARD BATSON CONVICTED.

Missouri Young Man Will Probably Hang for the Murder of His Employer and Family Near Lake Charles, La.

Lake Charles, La., April 22.—The jury in the case of Edward Batson, charged with the murder of the Earl family, returned a verdict of murder in the first degree. The penalty is death. Batson worked for Earl and one morning neighbors discovered the family of six murdered in their home. Suspicions soon pointed to Batson and he was arrested by officers of Grundy county, Mo., while visiting his mother near Spickard, that state.

## Fatalities in Oklahoma Storm.

Guthrie, Ok., April 22.—Numerous fatalities are reported from the recent storms that passed over southwestern Oklahoma. In the vicinity of Leger Mrs. James Johnson was killed by a house being blown against a tent she occupied and Contractor Reed and wife, of the Frisco corps, were suffocated by a tent falling on them. Three persons are reported killed at Mountain park and at Lone Wolf the lightning killed Adolph Foutz.

## Dr. Talmage Was Thrifty.

Washington, April 22.—The will of the late Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage was filed here yesterday. It leaves an estate valued at more than \$300,000, of which about \$250,000 is in personal property, consisting of secured notes, United States four per cent. bonds, stock and cash in bank, furniture and household effects.

## A Lawyer Drops Dead in Court.

Topeka, Kan., April 22.—D. W. Dunning, a lawyer, of Hutchinson, dropped dead just as he concluded an argument in the federal court yesterday afternoon.