Uliborton's Ilistory of Ihebraska
zutbentic, Complete


How Heroee and Heroines Propose.
The bashul lover who shrinks from
the ordeaf of propen make up his mind how to put the fate tul question most effectively, might do worse than study the pages of fiction,
in whth he will find a wide range of proponals for his guldance, and als
a atimulus to his flagging courage. If be has a leaning toward the floric style of declaration he might copy the
hero of a recent novel, who thus pours ut his soul to the lady of his heart: my darling, does not my love cry out oo you in eve
every tremor nown a moment since first we me y soul. To not to ree you is the greatest misery ream
lance transports me to heaven, you than any earthly music. Tell sweeter ng that you love me-ever so ifttle man on earth
If our lover feels himself unequal
oar to such heights of eloquence might take as his model the bero Molly Bawn." "Darling," says Mr Surely you must care for me, be it would-But I will not think about it Oil. Nay, you will marry me? ou from the first night," protested the 'Little Minister' to Babbie. "No,
you only amused me," she said, like one determined to stint nothing of th
ruth. "Even at the well I laughed your vows." This wounded Gavin him, and he said, tragically, "You nev atways," she answered, "since I kne: What love was; and it was you who least she did love him. ng me?", asked Richard Feverel of Lucy Desborough. "Oh, Richard, yes;
for I remembered you." "Lucy, and did ou never pray that we might meet?"
I did." "My own! My own forever: "And you are mine!" "Lucy, my dark monotony on the branch of the ine. The sott beam travels round
hem and listens to their hearts. Their lips are locked.
Lovers who cannot make
mp their should be warned by Hiram Hey's ex-
perience in Halliwell Sutclife's "Shameless Wayne." "I've been think ng things, Martha," said Hiram, "sin I saw thee look so bonnie-like this
morn." "What sort o' things?" she free of crumbs. "Well, what's wran for a young 'un like th' maister
right enough for a seasoned chap Hik me," continued Hiram, smiling with
wintry foolishness. "Tm rather wask wintry foolishness. "I'm rather back
ward in coming forward, tha gees, but it came ower me t'other day that I mud varry weel look round and about
me; and it I could ton a me; and it I could find a wench-""
"Aye, what then, Hiram?" He paused and shuffled his feet. "Why, there's
niver no telling, niver nill," he satd, with an air of telling at

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to draw Hiram Martha exercise her arts mittal stage, untll at last she became angry. "Well, hest gotten owt to him abruptly. "Say? Well, now, I'm buckward in coming forrad, as I telled wench as iver- "Thod set-up Good day. Hiram. Th'art backard ; most things, I'm thinking," said Ma
tha, flouncing out into the yard Hiram should have taken a less from that other bucolic who, in a re-
cent novel puts his faith thus mantically, but boldly, to the unr When Dick, leaning against a pigsty bad suddenly felt himself compelled rupt a discussion on the culture of to
and matoes with the utterly inconsequent Daisy, keeping her eyes steadily fife?" the while on an elder porker, simply answered, "Yes, Dick." And therefn lies
the whole secret posal-a straightforward, simple quesswer. and an equally honest, direct anFrance," the hero of Mr. Stanley We man's fascinating novel, to the lady
whom he had loved so long, and now
saw in all the splendor of court dress, saw in all the splendor of court dress,
"I do not see here the lady to whom
came to address myself, and whom 1 have seen a hundred times in far oth-
er garb than yours, wet and weerry, and ishevelled, in danger and in tlight. Het have served and loved, and for her I have lived. I have had no thought that hem at her feet. But I do not see her
"No, sir?" she answered in a whisper, her face averted. "No, mademois-
elle." With a sudden brightness and quickness which set my heart beating she turned and looked at me. "inIt is a pity your love should be given elsewhere, M. de Marsac-since it is the Ah, mademolselle!" I cried kneeling before her, for she had come round to the table and stood beside me, "But
you?" "It is my will, too, sir," she anered, smiling through her tears. But in fiction, as perhaps in fact, Could anything be more charming oe willetiy Varden's self-surrender to I I always loved you-in my heart always did, although I was so vain and giddy. I hoped you would come rayed for it on my knees." And when ole round her waist, Dolly exclaimed, in trembling accents, "And now at last,
if you were sick, and shattered in evand sorrowful; if, instead of being eyes but mine the wreck and ruin of man, 1 would be your wife, dear
oue, with greater pride and joy than if
ou were the stateliest lord in EngEqually sweet is the scene in which ssed love of Lorna Doone. "Then, like me, seeing how alarmed I was. The
hand she offered me I took, and raised it to my lips with rear, as a thing too
good for me. 'Is that all?' she whis me, and in another instant she was
weeping on my breast." And all that the shy and awkward lover could say,
with Lorna trembling in his arms, world who could hold you so without
fancy for narrow braid as trim ming is shown in the model gown pie-
tured. This frock in the original wus of light blue mobair, criss-crossed by very full gored circular, trimmed with stitehed bias banas and an oddly cat
ront panel. The bod'*e was of the jumper sort, and was worn over
louse of allover embroidered batiste.

When a submarine boat becomes dis and cannot raise its crew is in a bad bredicament. To remedy the difficulty boat to be carried in and needed. In time of accident uncrew of the incapacitated submarine the containing chame craft and whe ed the bolts would ber has been noo. cear itsel with its human fretght would

Side Tracked.
Wigg-The last I saw of Younghis baby. How did you get rid out

Wagg-Oh, some fellow came along wo had just bought an automoblle, cape.-Philadelphia Record.


