how the sabers flashed bri ht at your call! ward the long line went, firm as a wall low they are mingling, the feeman and foe-lashes the saber with blow after blow!

This is a sight for a soldier to see! Bucke, oh. Burke! sing load in your gloe! Sing of the valiant who victory win, Sing of the heroes who died 'mid the din-

Those have won glory and lasting renown,
These, fallen heir to a hero's bright crown.
Bugle, ch. Begle! sing honor and praise
To those who were brave through those sad,
darkened days -W. D. Dowling.

### BLIND JUSTICE

BY HELEN B. MATHERS.

CHAPTER V-CONTINUED. I gave him his reward with a heavy heart, and when he had lit my fire, arranged my luggage, and taken orders for what I required from the village, he retired.

With him went Judith's last chance, and day after day, night after night, I brooded in that solitary hut, trying to build possibilities out of impossibilities, theories out of nullities, until at last my brain worked no longer, and whether sitting by the hearth, or wandering about those glorious cliffs, to whose beauty I had become blind. I possessed less intelligence and reasoning power than a dog.

Jake brought me daily the food,

fuel, and drink that I needed, but we exchanged bare syllables, and I saw that he feared me, believing with the rest of the village, that I was mad.

Shadows would steal about my door after dark, half-seen faces peered curiously in on me as the fire-light illumined the corners of the illomened room, but Steve was not one of those furtive visitors, he had not attempted to see me since I parted with him at the prison gates.

I guessed that he spent every allowable moment with her, and at others pursued his old calling as fisherman, and I knew that hope must be as dead in his heart as it was in mine.

CHAPTER VI.

I was sitting one evening before the fire, neither sleeping nor waking. a vegetable more than a thinking human being, when I heard Jake's

knock at the door.
I said "Come in." listlessly without opening my eyes, but the tread of two men instead of one sounded on the threshold, and I looked up to see a man of great stature following Jake, clad in a picturesque costume of whose nationality I was not at first

"Awh," said Jake, "hore be a fren" o' Seth Treloar's. Him be comed a long journey over t' see 'an. so I broffed 'un here. Him's in his tantrums cos him can't say how-dee doo, but on y Seth Treloar, Seth Treloar, loike any Jimmy ninny."

My heart leaped, my pulse bounded, as I looked at the stranger, for here was confirmation strong that Judith had told me the truth about the man in Styria to whom Seth would have even, crossed his features. sold her, and if she had told the truth in this one particular, why not in all?

He stood looking at me in an atti- When shall I see her?" tude of unconcerned grace, hearing nationality was. I counted it a piece must be prepared for your visit."

of rare good fortune that I was abla
to address him in his own tonguo. I had lived a good part of my life in which I could see he prided himself.

Vienna, and had almost as thorough "Meanwhile," I said, "remain here a knowledge of Austrian as of Fnglish. In fact my one gift was the and all in it is at your service." gift of tongues. and I could talk He thanked me civilly enough Jake and bade the new comer be

He brightened visibly as I spoke, otherwise a strong if not forbidding face of pronounced Austrian type; and as he took the seat opposite mine, I was able to define his class as that of a rich herdsman, probably from Upper or Middle Styria, where the men are famous for their vigor and physical strength, and indeed his provincialisms of speech (which I do not find it necessary to repeat here) soon convinced me that I was

"You came to see Seth Treloar?" I said, as he sat impassive, waiting for me to speak.
"Yes," he said. "I've waited for

him four, five. many weeks, and still he came not—so I am here." "Seth Treloa. is dead." I said very distinctly.

The man's face changed, but he did not move a hair's breadth from his attitude, and I thought I had never seen so impassible a mortal, or one less likely to be overthrown

by fate than he. "Seth Treloar is dead." he repeated slowly, "and where is Seth

Though he knew not a word of English save Seth Treloar's name, and the name of the place he had come to. he asked the question calmly, as though it were a perfectly natural thing to journey a thousand miles to fetch a woman whom he had never had seen. "She is alive," I said slowly.

"And well, and beautiful?" he said. "She is well," I said, "and she must always be beautiful."

His face flushed, but he said calmly. "She is at Trevenick? May I see

She is not here. When Seth died, I took his hut and am living here alone."

The Styrian looked around with something like disgust in his face.
"A poor place for her," he muttered, then aloud, "how did he die?" He was in splendid health when he left me to fetch his sister. Not one beast of all my herd was smoother or sleeker than he, and he hated the life here in this little Cornish hole. and he knew he would go back to woman whom he has never seen, and £2,437,000,000.

brought me"-his voice died in a low mutter, and he gazed down at the ground frowning, but more with vexation I thought than regret. "Where is she?" he said, looking

me full in the face. "How can I tell?" I answered haughtily, for the coolness of this

rich peasant angered me. "I never spoke to Seth Treloar in my life." "Yet you have seen her," he said.

with a piereing look, "and I too will see her before another sun has risen.' "Perhaps you cannot." I said la-conically, "did she know that you were coming?"

"I sent her word by her brother," said the Styrian with an unconscious loftiness that well became his grand stature and characteristic face.

"How came he to your country?" I asked curiously.

"He was wrecked with some others on our shore," said the Styrian, "starving and in rags, and I took pity on him and employed him as a shepherd. He was quick at picking up our tongue, and the life suited him, he became industrious and avaricious and one day I saw by accident in his hut a picture of a woman so beautiful that it set my heart on fire, and he told me that she was his sister, and as good as she was beautiful.

He drew from his breast a silver locket and showed me the face within. It had been taken at Plymouth and was very beautiful.

"I struggled and fought against such folly, but my peace was gone, and I took no pleasure in my flocks and herds, and at last I said to him, Go home to your sister, tell her that if she will be my wife. I will make her a good husband, and to you—to you I will give the post of chief shepherd.'"

"You took her consent for granted," I said, "but a woman usually has some voice in the matter."

"Seth said she would be quite willing." said the Styrian calmly, "and I sent her a noble marriage gift by him of a hundred golden pieces; he said that like all women, she loveo money, and even if she had another love that would decide her.'

So here was the secret of the money found in Seth's belt, truly the rascal had been clever, for, failing Judith's highly improbable return with him to Styria, he possessed the means of keeping himself in comfort for years.

"Where is that money now?" said

the Styrian sharply.
"I don't know," I said.
The Styrian looked at me searchingly as if to read my very thoughts, and I gave him back gaze or fgaze. "You are not deceiving me?" he said: "she is not married?"

"No," I said truly enough, "she is not married." For her prayer and Steves that they might be married before her child was born, had been refused on the ground that the church could not sanctify a union that she had committed a crime to bring about.

"A look of intense relief, exultant

"I was beginning to fear," he said, that the man had fooled me, -but he is dead and I have wronged him.

"You shall see her," I said, "but but not understanding Jake's words, not yet. She is away at a considera-and having now decided what his bie distance from this place, and she not yet. She is away at a considera-

as my guest, the place, such as it is,

He thanked me civilly enough, and argot in half a dozen. I dismissed I then proceeded to get out food and wine; which I set before him. He did not touch the latter, but asked for milk and I observed that he ate and the smile brightened what was much butter and sheese, but scarcely any meat.

Apparently half asleep in my chair, watched him closely, but found nothing to gratify my curiosity, until the meal was slone, when he drew from his pocket a small horn box. shook some of its contents (which I could not see) into the palm of his hand and rapidly swallowed it.

Whatever it may have been, it brought to his face much the same satisfied expression as that worn by the drain-drinker whose craving is for the moment appeased, and when he sat down opposite me. I felt half inclined to ask him what his secret refresher was.

But as self-constituted host I had some duties to perform, and when I had improvised a rude bed for him. and removed the plates and dishes, I found the Styrian, accustomed to his early hours and early rising. half asleep by the fire, and considera bly to my disapointment. he shortly after disrobed and turned in.

Sitting over my solitary pipe and the coffee I presently prepared, I had ample leisure to consider the strangeness of the man's unexpected arrival, but in no way could I perceive that he would influence Judith's fate one jot.

Why, then, had I pressed hospitality upon him, and after com-mitting myself to a lie that would, in all probability. speedily discover, saddle myself day and night with a man who could at best be but an irksome companion

to me? I cannot tell, save that I clung to straws and if Judith's wild assertion, that Seth Treloar killed himself, were true, then this man, who had lived in his company for years, and must intimately know his habits, might be able to throw some light upon what seemed a wholly incredible thing. "This Styrian." thought I, "must be a man of no common tenacity and strength of will, to start off, knowing no word of English except Seth Treloar, Trevenick,

prosperity; ay, and become rich if he I see well enough that he is not a man to be trifled with; now he is here. I may keep him quiet for a day or two, no longer; but during that time he can learn nothing from the villagers as they cannot speak his tongue, and he cannot speak theirs. Meanwhile I shall have leisure to study him, and extract from him all that he knows about Seth Treloar.

After-but the morrow should take care of itself.

It was with a distinct feeling of happiness and almost of hope that at last I knocked the ashes out of my pipe, paused awhile to look down on the calm, healthy face of the Styrian. strong even in the abandonment of sleep, and mounted the narrow stairs that led to the only chamber the hut afforded.

#### CHAPTER VII.

The room was empty when I descended early next morning, and the house door stood open showing the moving sparkle of the sea, fretting itself against the translucent green

and yellow of the sky.

Early as it was, Jake had already been here, for a pitcher of milk (only partly full as if some one had drunk from it), some bread, and other articles of food were placed, as usual, outside the door, and when I had taken these in, I proceeded to make my preparations for breakfast, and then strolled out in search of my visitor.

I knew pretty well who would be his companion, for Jake was as inquisitive as a squirrel or a monkey, and as they had but one word upon which to ring the changes of conversation, instinct guided me to the churchyard, where, sure enough, I found both men standing before a plain tombstone, upon which was inscribed.

SETH TRELOAR. DIED APRIL, 188-

I approached them unobserved, and saw that the Styrian desired to ask some questions of Jake, and that his powerlessness to do so moved him to a deep inward rage.

He clenched his sinewy hand with gesture that spoke volumes, and turned a look upon Jake before which the man drew back, but the Styrian's passion was quickly controlled, and he moved slowly away in the direction of the hut

He gave no heed to the beauty of he passed, he never lifted his boat the surroundings through which once his head to draw in a breath of the pure, sweet air, nor cliff, nor sky, nor sea had power to win a giance from him, as he moved forward sunk in profound thought. his uncommon dress marking him out as a beacon upon which all the villagers crowded to their doors to gaze.

Jake, unconscious of being himself followed, kept a few paces behind the Styrian; and when the latter entered the hut, hovered about outside, desirous to enter, but fearful of being caught by me on my return. The preparations for breakfast showed him that I was abroad, and presently he too stepped over the threshold and disappeared.

Now I am not usually either a spy or an eavesdropper, but on this occasion I decided to be both, and, turning in my tracks, I made a circuit and so got to the back of the hut, and quietly into the small place dignified by the name of the secret room, where was the small grating that gave directly on the kitchen. looked in. Jake was in the act of lifting the iron ring of the trap-door. and the Styrian, with indifference in his expression, was looking on.

My first impulse was to smile. for Jake had literally one eye on the door, fearing my return, and the other on his companion, who only frowned and looked puzzled as Jake pointed to the black void below, repeating "eth Treloar, Seth Treloar." over and over again.

[TO BE CONTINUED. ]

Making Stamps nare.

A Brussels stamp collector's paper asserts that a certain Don Juan Cardillas, in Montevideo, who had been collecting the blue postage stamps of 5 centimes with the figure of General Santos, issued in Uruguay in 1853, for a long time and had purchased about 100,000 of these stamps for the sum of \$15,000 francs, lately called together all the members of the society of postage stamp col-lectors and asked them whether they knew of a means of making postage stamps rare. On their replying that they knew of none, he struck a match and set on fire all the stamps he had collected, which he kept in a wire basket.

The Seal of State

It requires an order from the president of the United States to procure an impression of the great seal of state. Collectors of seals and autographs frequently write to the secretary of state for copies of the seal of state. The same formal reply is sent to all of them-that under the law no impression of the seal can go out of the department unless they are affixed to official papers. The president of the United States could give authority to a collector to obtain an impression of the seal, but no president has ever done so.

Not Easily Humbled. Little Miss Mugg-My mamma's new dress was made in Europe. Little Miss Freckles-Huh! That's nothing. Our new servant girl jus' landed las' week, an' all her clothes were made in Europe-so there!

The World's Money.

The world's money forms a very small part of its wealth. The amount now in use is estimated by Mulhall as £780,000,000 of gold, £801,000,000 Cornwall, England, in search of a silver. £846,000,000 paper; total,

## The Yousehold.

LetTaylor preach, upon a morning breezy, How well to rise while nights and larks are flying— For my part, getting up seems not so easy By half as lying.

What if the lark does carol in the sky, Soaring beyond the sight to find him out-Wherefore am I to rise at such a fly? I'm not a trout.

Talk not to me of bees and such like hums, The smell of sweet herbs at the morning prime-Only lie long enough, and bed becomes A bed of time.

To me Dan Phœbus and his car are naught His steeds that paw impatiently about— Let them enjoy, say I, as horses ought, The first turn-out!

Right beautiful the dewy meads appear Besprinkled by the rosy-fingered girl; What then,—If I prefer my pillow-beer To early pearl?

My stomach is not ruled by other men's. And, grumbling for a reason, quaintly begs Wherefore should master rise before the hens Have laid their eggs?

Why from a comfortable pillow start To see faint flushes in the east awaken? A fig, say I, for any streaky part,

An early riser Mr. Gray has drawn, Who used to haste the dewy grass among.
"To meet the sun upon the upland Well,-he died young.

With charwomen such early hours agree, And sweeps that earn betimes their bit and

But I'm no climbing boy, and need not be All up,-all up! So here I lie, my morning calls deferring,

Till something nearer to the stroke of A man that's fond precoclously of stirring Must be a spoon.

-THOMAS HOOD. Sweet Potatoes.

SPRING TIME ON THE FARM.

says: The native habitat of the sweet | the giblets, cut off tough parts and

potato is not definitely known. It is chop the remainder. Return to the

generally supposed to be of American liquor and add stock. Cook butter

origin, but we have no authentic ac- and flour together until rich brown,

count of where and when it was first and add to the soup; season; cook

brought into cultivation by civilized gently half an hour; stir in half a cup

man. The sweet potato is quite a of bread crumbs and in a few minutes

cut with a mowing machine and put duced. The worth of these things is

MEAT FROM THE POULTRY YARD.—The

farmer who is not making his plans to

supply his family the coming season

with meat from the poultry yard is making a sad mistake. Talk about

the economy a farmer must practice

when he pays three times as much for

his meat supply as is necessary. He

can grow chickens for 6 cents a pound,

or less, and surely there is no healthier

meat, nor any better adapted to the

warm weather than this. With a large

flock of chicks, abundance of milk, a

good sized patch of strawberries, and

a vegetable garden, the health of the

family may virtually be assured and the provision dealer's bill greatly re-

fully appreciated by the city resident

who counts these natural farm prod-

ucts all luxuries, saved in small quan-

THE FARMER BOY.-It is not the

work that drives the boys off the farm;

it is the social isolation and the hum-

drum routine of their daily duties, un-

relieved by relaxation of the whole-

some amusements that every young

nature craves. Let the boys make a

business of farming, give them abund-

ant opportunities for enjoying them-

selves by going to lectures, concerts, dramatic entertainments, and home

sociables, and they won't hunger and

thirst to an alarming extent for the

excitement and pleasures of city life. -

MUTTON BROTH. -Two pounds coarse.

Western Plowman.

KINGDOM OF BANTAM .- Among the lean, chopped nutton; half an onion

different thing, botanically considered, serve.

from the Irish potato. The former is

an enlarged root, while the latter is an

enlarged subterranean stem. The sweet

potato belongs to the morning glory

family (convolvulaceae), and the Irish

potato belongs to the night shade

Farmers usually allow the tops to

decay on the ground. They make an

important feed for stock and especially

for dairy cattle. This is true in par-

ticular of the tops of the Vineless,

which remain green during very severe drouths when grass usually is

scorched and killed by a burning sun

and dry winds. Since they grow in bunches and stand up well they can be

up like regular forage crops. They

have also been recommended by a

have tried them and find them to make

a salad of very fair quality. Their

contents of protein, ash and crude

fiber rank about as high as they do in

the tuber. This is shown in the analy-

sis of the tops by Prof. D. Adriance, given in the table below. The analysis

was made last October 10th. Since

they are high in the content of water

and carbo-hydrates, they should be

mixed with a more dry and nitrogen-ous material for feed, such as cotton

Ash content ..... 2.735

Protein ..... 2.420

Crude Fiber..... 2.320

N. fr. Ext...... 7.9.5

seed or cotton seed meal.

farmer in this state for salad.,

family (solanaceae).

The Texas Agricultural Experiment

utary to Holland, is in other respects an independent state, politically with-out importance, yet happy, rich, and, since time immemorial, governed and defended by women. The sovereign is indeed a man, but all the rest of the government belongs to women. The king is entirely dependent upon his state council, composed of three women. The highest authorities, all state officers, court functionaries, military commanders and soldiers, are, without exception, women. The men are agriculturists and merchants. The king's body guard is formed of amazons, who ride in the masculine style. The throne is inherited by the eldest son, and in case the king dies without issue, a hundred amazons assemble and choose a successor from their own sons, the chosen one being then proclaimed lawful king.

A PLEASING MOMENT. - Squire Bis the "first citizen" of the New Eng-land town in which he lives, and is respected by all classes for his sterling qualities and abstemious habits. He has much of the courtliness of the old school, coupled with great personal dignity, yet tempered with so keen a sense of humor that he can appreciat. a joke, even though it be at his ow expense. He relates the following episode with relish: Not long since his business called him to New York. which is as much his home as is his native place. He hailed a Fifth avenue stage, and entering it, found it nearly filled. Sprawling across the aisle sat a man in that stage of intoxication which renders one careless of appearances. Squire B— attempted to step over his legs, but just then the stage gave a lurch and he stumbled over them. To the great amusement of every one in the stage, the man sat erect, and with maudlin severity said: "Man 'n your c'ndish'n oughter take er cab."—Harper's Magazine.

GIBLET SOUP .- Giblets from two or three fowls; two quarts of water; one of stock; two tablespoonfuls of butter; two of flour; salt, pepper and onion if station has been making some tests desired. Put giblets on to boil in the with the sweet potato. In a recent water and boil gently till reduced to bulletin the experimenter, R. H. Price, one quart (about two hours); take out



Mr. S. W. Daniels Netawaka, Kan.

### Tired, Worn Out Hood's Sarsaparilla Makes th

Weak Strong. "My husband has received great benefit from Hood's Sarsaparilla. He was afflicted with stomach and bowel trouble and at times was confined to his bed. After taking two bottles of Hood's Sarsaparilla, he was better. He now

Feels Like a New Man. Formerly upon rising in the morning he would feel tired and worn out. Last winter our chil-dren had the grip and we gave them Hood's

rsaparilla and now they are str artier than ever. We heartily reco

MRS. S. W. DANIBLS, Netawaka, Kansas. Hood's Pills are purely vegetable. Me.









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the advocates of women's rights. In until cold. Skim and strain. Return the Island of Java, between the cities to the pot with the rick [previously of Batavia and Samarang, is the king-dom of Bantam, which, although trib-hour, turn in hot milk, stir and serve. Best 88.00 a day house in the st