EASTER.

The darkness flees; from eastward streams: A softened ray of golden light, Like sharp edged swords the morning beast fleat back the forces of the night, atil across the arching skies o shadow of the midnight lies.

The Hly's shapely cup unfolds, The petals as strong wings outspread. And like a tear the center holds A dewdrop that the night has shed; But, as all tears on Easter day, The drop reflects the dawn's bright ray,

The northbound flocks of song birds rest A moment in their gentle flight, With carols joyful, unrepressed, They greet the dawn of golden light: And ere again on wing they start The song finds echo in man's heart.

From deathlike sleep the world awakes And throws aside stern winter's chains; From elavery all Nature breaks

To greet the Day of Spring which reigns, and Death's dark gates are opened wide by the eternal Eastertide.

FLAVEL SCOTT MINES.

AN EASTER PACKAGE.

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LITTLE man and a little woman were talking in low tones one Easter eve in the darkened sitting room of a house beside whose front door rusty crape streamers flut streamers flut-tered. They were brother and sister.

The man had a commonplace face, with a pleasant look usually upon it. A sparse, stubby beard grew around the lower part of his face and under the edge of his chin. It stopped at the ears, of course, but was continued just behind them by another sparse, stubby fringe of hair, which reached around the back of his head. The entire top was hald and shining.

The woman was short and slender and very trim in person and dress. Her face was not so round as her brother's; her hair, just turning gray, was parted carefully and smoothed away over the forehead and behind the ears into a coil low in her beach.

"Yon're real mean an graspin, Jot," the woman was saying somewhat shakily. "An how you can be, with poor pa a-lyin there in the parlor, I don't see. I wouldn't begretch him anything nice naow. I'm sure it was all his'n, and he airned it by workin hard."
"Now, Dot, don't you take on so. Can't you talk sensible 'thout cryin, I wonder? I knowed pa well enough. He wouldn't 'prove o' no sech outlay as you seem to want. We'll come to the poor'us yet if you're bound to go on so."

"Come to the poor'us!" she ejaculated, her eyes flashing. "I ain't aftered o' that, anyway. I wouldn't be mean enough to think o' sech things while poor pa is waitin to be buried. Mebbe you'll want to go an dig the grave yourself, to save payin fur hevin it done."

The brother made no reply to this. He sees and walked cautiously to the door of the parior and opened it a triffe. "Come is, Mr. Gregory," he whispered to the waiting undertaker.

"We've decided to hev the hearse, Mr. Gregory," said the brother: "an give us a plain wood coffin with proper trimmins."

Mr. Gregory soon departed. He had heard the discussion between the brother and sister, and was not slow in telling of it.

The Trynns had lived for years in one of two frame houses built "double," the enly structure of the sort in Fairway.

People thought old Jacob Trynn eccentric when he built in that manner. When

o Trynn

the when he built in that manner. When the houses were done they went by the name of "The Twins," a time honored jobs which was meant to be a pun on the

wher's last name.

The family was also called "The Twins," and finally every one forgot how the name was spelled. There had been originally the father and mother, a son and a daugh ter—curiously enough twins—also a younger son. The mother faded out of life after five years in the little house. The father five dong enough to see his twin children confirmed in solitary ways of living. They was about fifty when the old man, four years post the allotted threescore and ten of human strength, died. Their names were Joshua and Dora, familiarly shortened to Jot and Dot. The younger son had gone away after the mother died, to "manch it" in Colorado, and had not been heard from for several years.

The end came to Jacob Trynn suddenly and formed the chief topic of conversation at the store. The tale told by Mr. Gregory was not long in reaching there.

"Heard anything about the trouble up to Twins'?" asked Hi Anderson, the stage driver, who generally had the news before the rest did.

"No; is there any? What about, Hi?" asked his hearers.

"Wal, it's shout how they shell put the cid man under. Dot, she wanted him to hev a cloth covered casket an a hearse, but Jet he said 'twan't no use goin to sech wner's last name. The family was also called "The Twins,"



DOT HAD A GOOD CRY. posse. He 'lows that a good coffin is ell enough, an says 'tain't so fur to the sayin graound but what the bearers kin alk. Mr. Gregory says he gin in, though, beant the heaves."

The usual slow stream of talk and con-acture followed these statements, some sking Dot's side, some Jot's. Some were seard to make ill willed speeches about both, and there was a great deal of free

"Jos, he's mighty close, you know," said me. "B'pose thar ain't never been a time risen Dot wouldn't give in, but 'pears she ranted this pretty bad."

And so the news was dispersed.

Mo one ever quite-dared to speak to the fryums shout their quarrel, as reported by de. Gregory. Had it been a difference on my other subject, people would have



fairs, but this they let alone. In a few weeks' time everybody was surprised by the announcement that the Trynns had notified their tenants in the other house to vacate. No one could find out definitely at first what reason they had for giving up that much of their income. Jot worked in the drum shops, Fairway's one industry aside from farming, and Dot sewed drum straps at home. They had a fine garden, which furnished their table and left something to sell besides, so they got along comfortably and could lay aside something for their declining years.

Presently the village was electrified by the news that Dot was going to live in the other house. The trouble began with the different wishes about the father's funeral. Neither brother nor sister could let the subject alone, and the more words they had the more the trouble grew. At last matters came to a crisis.

"'Pears like you don't want I should stay with you any longer, Jot," said his sister after some discussion one day.

"I don't know's I care," he replied. "Eff Pre got to be hectored absout all the rest of my days, a pretty life I'll lead."

"It's as much your fault as mine," she declared. "You won't never let me alone no more. P'raps we kin git on better separate."

"Jest so," said Jot; "I'll tell the Blakeses

"Jest so," said Jot: "I'll tell the Blakeses they'll hev to git out, an one o' us kin live thar."

"I'll go into the other haouse," offered Dot timidly. She felt very sorry she had begun the subject of a separation. So did he, at heart, but neither would say so. "You'd never be able to get it clean, an I've had my hands into all sech work, you know." "Jest as you like." was Jot's laconic re-

When the Blakes had gone, the sister when the Blakes had gone, the sister went in to clean the house. It was built exactly like the other one, only everything was "the other way around." It was the same and yet not the same, and she felt sorry she had offered to be the one to move. Jot helped her carry in her part of the things with which the old home was well filled. Each seemed to strive in little ways to give in to the other desired. ways to give in to the other during their last days together, the only difference being about the possession of the tail old clock. Jot insisted on keeping it.

"I hope it'll allers be a-tickin out your meanness." Dot said indignantly. After the change was made she sat down and had

a good cry.
bure enough, the little man grew uneasy.
Her wish came true at night when he was

Her wish came true at night when he was busy about the house. "Mean—man," "mean—man." he heard very distinctly. Finally he stopped the clock and felt meaner than ever to keep it useless.

After they had been separated a week Dot went into the other house while Jot was away at work. Each had always made a point of leaving the back door key under the rag mat on each back doorstep, "in case o' suthin happenin," they said. She wouldn't go in before, but she did now, and held up her hands in horror at his un-



"THAT IS MY UNCLE."

Sidiness. She began to straighten it up, itealthily at first, as if she were afraid some one would overhear her. She discovered in the pantry some baker's bread, and her heart reproached her, for she knew Jot hated any but homemade. It took but an instant to run home and get a nice loaf, to which she added a pie. These she placed prominently on Jot's pantry shelves. Then, as the whistles were sounding for 6 o'clock, she went home.

Then, as the whistles were sounding for 6 o'clock, she went home.

On the next Sunday afternoon, while his sister was out, Jot went into her cellar and brought up her tubs for Monday's washing, setting them out on the bench. Monday morning she went in when there was a chance, gathering up his small wash, and taking it home nicely laundried Tuesday afternoon. Then Jot began putting up her clotheslines for her. So, gradually, they siviy exchanged work in a way that

would have been comical if it had not been pathetic. They talked together casually of course, but neither would show a particle of interested feeling toward the other.

On the Saturday before Easter Hiram drove up to the Trynn property with a tiny passenger—a little girl six years old. There was a tag attached to her person which had written on it, "Mr. Jacob Trynn," and the proper address.

"Now, sit right still," he said kindly to the little creature, as he reined in his horses. Then he got down and walked up the path to the old Trynn house. Jot was away, for it was not quite 6, and Dot, henring the knock at her brother's door, pur her head out of her own.

"What now, Hiram?" she asked. "Who is the side to path to the old Trynn house. Jot was away, for it was not quite 6, and Dot, henring the knock at her brother's door, pur her head out of her own.

"What now, Hiram?" she asked. "Who is the given up this here livin alone an"—"Haow did you know that was wins a "Haow did you know that was wins a goin to say?" interrupted her brother.

"Wal, I s'picloned you was gittin ruther tired o' livin alone, an I know right well I am. Then thar's Mabel. We both want ber; an besides, I don't know's we've got much time to spend in bickerin. We're both gittin along in years."

"Yes," added Jot, "thar's no sense in tivin in both these hacuses when we kin live jist as well in one, with room enough an to spare, an the rent from this one we kin lay by fur Mabel if she gits well. Please God she will!"

The child was better when morning came, and as soon as she could be moved she was carried into the next house. As

"What now, Hiram?" she asked. "Who

"What now, Hiram?" she asked. "Who on airth hev you got thar?"

"The nicest leetle package you ever see," he replied. "It's directed to your father an naterally I come to the old door, forgit tin that you wa'n't thar. I reckon you air the one to see to the leetle thing. She come all the way from Coloraydo, an she says her name is Mabel Trynn. Her pa's dead."

He turned away to get the child, and Dot fluttered about sorrowfully and yet

Dot fluttered about sorrowfully and yet joyfully. "It must be Jack's child," she whispered with tears in her eyes. "Jack's

"Here she is," shouted Hiram in the front doorway, and Dot wiped her eyes with her clean white apron and went for ward with outstretched arms.

child again and again, taking her in her lap and crying over her at intervals while removing her wraps. "What's this?" she asked when she found an envelope pinned securely in the inner pocket of the child's

"Papa's letter," said the little one. It told how he was ill and could not get well; how he had not strength to bring his child to the old home and the father he supposed was still living, and described in a few words the various kinds of business in which he had engaged since they heard from him last. He had lost his wife, who was an orphan with no near relatives, not long before the date of the letter. He wrote of what little property he had in vested for the child, and how he had seen to all the details of its settlement by some one who would forward proper papers, and closed with a sad farewell.

Hiram met Jot as he drove up the village

"I brung you an express package for Easter jest now, Jot," he said, stopping his horses, "I left it dnown to your haouse. Your sister she took it," and cracking his whip Hiram drove on, leaving Jot standing

"Wal, I vum!" he said aloud. "Wonder what it is," and off he started again. "Thar hain't no one as I know of to send me an Easter package." he soliloquized. "He says Dot took it. Why on airth didn't he leave it to my haouse? He knows where the key allers is as well as I do. Jest as likely as not Dot took the wrappers off to see what it is. Women is so curus."

Reaching home he entered his own door first.
"Nothing here," he ejaculated, after glancing hurriedly assured. "I didn't think she'd keep it. Gosh, shat's that?" as the sound of clear, children laughter was heard got company. I b'heve I'll see who it is afore I go in."

When the change of homes had been made, in the process of a general cleaning. Dot had removed the covering from a disused stovepipe hole between the two houses and it had not been replaced. Perhaps she had thought it would not be so lonesome if she had some means of communication between the two sitting recents. between the two sitting rooms. Jot now placed a chair under the hole and climbed up. As the cellings were low he could easily see through into the next room.

Yes, Dot had company, but only a tiny little girl. "Who in Sam Hill is that?" said he. ("Sam Hill" was one of the strongest ejaculations Jot ever used.) "I never see a young 'un araound these parts as putty as that. Wonder whar its ma is?"

After waiting patiently a few minutes to see or hear if she were anywhere near, he clambered stiffly down.

"Ud better as a cit my package as long."

"I'd better go an git my package, as long as it's only that leetle gal she's got fur

comp'ny."

He stepped carefully over to the other house and entered without ceremony.

"Dot," he began in an aggrieved tone, "whar's my express package? I met Hi daown the road a piece, an he said he'd left suthin here fur me an you took it. Why didn't you let him leave it in my haouse?" with a slight emphasis on the possessive arconoun.

The little girl, sliding off from her aunt's lap, stood looking at him with her great,

"Oh." she said suddenly, "that's my Un-cle Jot! My paps telled me about him. What's the matter wiv your head?" she asked in the next instant. "Ain't you got

asked in the next instant. "Ain't you got any hair?" shaking her own sunny curls, "Who on airth is she?" asked Jot, turning a bewildered face toward his sister. "That's the express package you're lookin fur, and her name is Mabel Trynn. Read that. It was pinned inside her coat," handing him the letter. "She's Jack's child. Poor Jack!" Jot repeated when he had finished, wining away a few tears. "Wal

finished, wiping away a few tears. "Wal, little gal, I don't know as I kin take very good keer of you, but I'll try fur Jack's

"Why, good land, Joshua Trynn!" ex-claimed Dot; "you don't think o' takin her in tother haouse, do you? You know very well you can't take keer of a little girl like that."

girl like that."

"Wal," said her brother slowly, "seein as I'm Jacob Trynn"—his middle name was Jacob—"the leetle gal b'longs to me."

"Haow air you goin to take proper keer o' her when you're away all day, I'd like to know?" Dot asked triumphantly.

"Wal, mebbe you had better keep her a spell, "said Jot slowly, "and then p'r'apa I kin hev her awhile when work gits slack."

Summer came with all its lovelinger and

Summer came with all its loveliness, and Mabel, who was not particularly strong when she arrived, grew the picture of glowing health. She was out of doors almost all day long, but every evening she went in for a romp with her Uncle Jot. Finally the shop was closed to repair some machinery. Then Jot demanded the child for awhile. She staid with him willingly enough until bedtime. Then she made enough until bedtime. Then she made such an outcry that after trying in vain to pacify her he carried her in to his sister, saying, "She'd better stay with you nights, but she must eat all her meals with me."

but she must eat all her meals with me."
And Dot, who had long ago resolved that
come what might she would never differ
from her brother again, did not object.

But the baby grew ill. Dot was awakened one night by her moaning. She soon
aroused her brother, and he hurried off for
a doctor. Mabel's illness was a short one
and not at all dangerous, but during it
neither brother nor sister left her except
when necessary. While they were watching one night—the night she was the worst
—Jot said suddenly:

"I do think, Dot, ef Mabel gits well, as
haow we'd orter"—

haow we'd orter"—
"Jest what I was a-thinkin. We'd bob ter give up this here livin alone an"-

she was carried into the next house, as was all the furniture her aunt had been was all the furniture her aunt had been using. In a few days a placard "To Let" appeared in a window of the dismantled house, and the village loungers had something more to talk about.

"That air leetle gal I brung them Twins was a right proper Easter gift, fer peace and good will came with her," said Hiram when he heard of the reconciliation.
On the first day Mahel was well enough

Hiram when he heard of the reconciliation.
On the first day Mabel was well enough to play about the house she stood before the old clock, which was still silent.
"Why don't it go?" she asked suddenly.
"I stopped it," said her uncle, a little shamefacedly.
"What fur, Jot?" asked Dot.
"Oh, wal, it—it bothered me," he replied.
"I orter ha' let you hev it, Dot. I couldn't a-bear to hear it."

"Never mind," she said softly: "we kin bear it naow. "Oh, yes, Uncle Jot, make it go," cried the child.

He did so, and she stood delightedly lis-tening to it at intervals in her play. "I know what it says," she called out after a

while; "your names."

They listened. Sure enough, they heard it plainly, "Dot—Jot," "Dot—Jot," and looked happily at each other over the head of the child who had interpreted its sounds

for them. 'We'll all keep together naow," said Jot

slowly: "you an me and Mabel an the old clock. There shan't nothin separate us any more. And it was so.

ANNIE ISABEL WILLIA

A Bondenu of Easter. At Easter time I feel the thrill Responsive to a bonnet bill, Which cometh in unasked, unsought--The aftermath of bonnets bought, And other things which lightly fill The wish of woman, and her will To keep it up until-until I rip and swear, because I'm caught At Easter time.

The holy rest, the gladsome still, Which gently as a purling rill Should soothe my soul and calm my thought.

Are busted as they hadn't ought To be by this same bonnet bill At Easter time. WILL J. LAMPTON.

Not a Competent Judge.



Mrs. Winterbloom-Didn't you think Miss Pinkerley's Easter solo a remarkably

fine effort? Mrs. Van Wicker-Possibly so, but I am afraid I didn't appreciate it. You see I live next door to her and have heard her practice on it for the past month.

She (after the Easter service)—Did you see me in the choir this morning?

He—Why, no. I wondered who was making all that noise.

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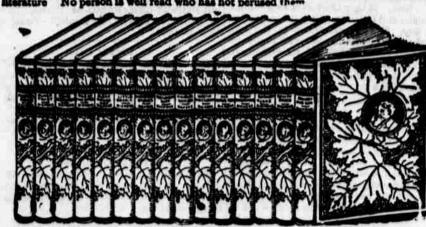
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