

**First National Bank**  
O AND TENTH STREETS.  
Capital, \$400,000.00.  
Surplus, \$100,000.00.

**OFFICERS:**  
E. S. HARWOOD, President.  
CHAS. A. HANNA, Vice President.  
F. M. COOK, Cashier.  
C. S. LIPPINCOTT, Assistant Cashier.  
H. S. FREEMAN, Assistant Cashier.

**Columbia National Bank,**  
(LINCOLN, NEB.)  
CAPITAL, \$250,000.

**Officers and Directors.**  
JOHN B. WHITNEY, President.  
T. E. SANDERS, Vice President.  
J. H. McCAY, Cashier.  
F. E. JOHNSON, H. P. LAU, THOM COCHRAN,  
E. R. SIER, T. W. LOWERY,  
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General Banking Business Transacted.  
COLLECTIONS A SPECIALTY.

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D. G. WING, Asst. Cashier.  
Richard's Block, Corner  
Eleventh and O Sts.  
LINCOLN, NEB.  
Capital, \$250,000.

**Directors:**—I. M. Raymond, Lewis Gregory, S. H. Burnham, T. W. Lowery, G. O. Dawson, C. H. Morris, A. J. Sawyer, E. E. Brown, F. W. Little, A. W. Burnham, G. W. Lamberton, D. E. Thompson.

**German National Bank**  
LINCOLN, NEB.  
Capital, \$100,000.  
Surplus, 20,000.

JOSEPH BOEHMER, President,  
HERMAN H. SCHAEFER, V-Prest.  
CHAS. E. WAITE, Cashier,  
GEO. H. SCHWAKE, Asst. Cash.

8 per cent on Deposits Paid at the  
**Lincoln Savings Bank**  
AND SAFE DEPOSIT COMPANY,  
Cor. F and Eleventh Sts.  
THE ONLY SAFE DEPOSIT VAULTS IN LINCOLN

**DIRECTORS.**  
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C. T. ROGERS, E. O. PHILLIPS,  
A. W. WEBSTER, E. R. SIER,  
Albert Watkins, Henry Veith,  
Fred Williams, Henry R. Lewis,  
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**NEBRASKA Savings Bank.**  
CAPITAL, \$250,000.00.  
Stockholders' Liabilities, \$500,000.  
Pays interest on savings accounts and time deposits. Furnishes exchange free to customers.

John Taylor, President.  
James Kilburn, Vice President.  
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**Real Estate Loans**  
On farms in Eastern Nebraska and improved property in Lincoln, for a term of years.

**Lowest Current Rates.**  
R. E. & J. MOORE,  
RICHARDS BLOCK,  
Corner 11th and O Streets, Lincoln.

**CAPITAL Steam Dyeing**  
AND CLEANING WORKS,  
No. 113 N. Twelfth St.

**T. C. KERN, D. D. S. Dentist.**  
Rooms 25 and 26, Burr Block,  
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**PHOTOGRAPHER**  
Has at great expense replaced his old instruments with a new Dallmeyer, direct from London, and is now better prepared than ever to do fine work, from a locket up to life size. Open room 10 a.m. to 4 p.m. Sundays.  
**STUDIO, 1214 O STREET.**

**TURKISH BATHS AND MASSAGE PARLORS**  
Corner 15th and N Streets.  
EVERYTHING FIRST-CLASS.

PHONE 724.  
ENGRAVING  
ARTISTIC DESIGNING  
S. 30. ST. LINCOLN, NEB.

# ON EVERY SOLDIER'S GRAVE.

It's lonesome—sort of lonesome—it's a Sunday day to me.  
It 'pears like—more'n any day I nearly ever see it, with the stars and stripes above, a-dutterin' in the air.  
On ev'ry soldier's grave I'd love to lay a lily there.

They say, though, Decoration days is ginerly observed.  
'Most ev'rywhere—especially by soldier boys that's served—  
But me and mother's never went—we seldom get away—  
In pint o' fact, we're allus home on Decoration day.

They say the old boys marches through the streets in column's grand,  
A-follerin' the old war tunes they're playin on the band—  
And citizens all join in—and little children, too—  
All marchin' under shelter of the old red, white and blue.



"WE'VE TRIED THAT—ME AND MOTHER."  
With roses! roses! ev'rybody in the town!  
And crowds o' little girls in white, just fairly loaded down!  
Oh! don't the boys know it, from their camp across the hill?  
Don't they see their com'ards comin' and the old flag wavin' still?

Oh, can't they hear the bugle and the rattle of the drum?  
Ain't they no way under heavens they can recollect us some?  
Ain't they no way we can coax 'em through the roses just to say  
They know that ev'ry day on earth's they Decoration day?

We've tried that—me and mother—where Elias takes his rest,  
In the orchard, in his uniform, and hands across his breast,  
And the flag he died fer smilin' and a-risplin' in the breeze  
Above his grave, and over that a robin in the trees!

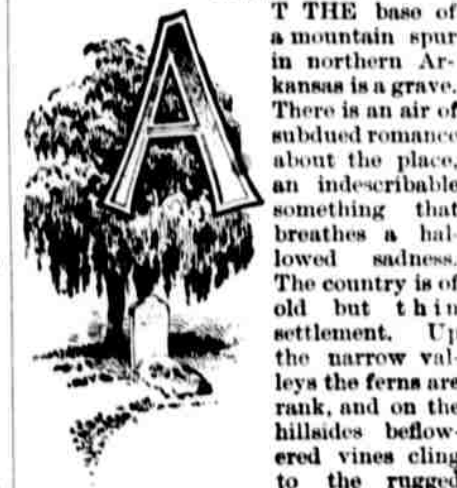
And yet it's lonesome, lonesome—it's a Sunday day to me.  
It 'pears like—mor'n any day I nearly ever see it, with the stars and stripes above, a-dutterin' in the air.  
On ev'ry soldier's grave I'd love to lay a lily there.

—James Whitcomb Riley.

# TOLD AT THE GRAVE.

A STORY FOR MEMORIAL DAY.

(Copyright, 1903, by American Press Association.)



THE base of a mountain spur in northern Arkansas is a grave. There is an air of subdued romance about the place, an indescribable something that breathes a hallowed sadness. The country is of old but thin settlement. Up the narrow valleys the ferns are rank, and on the hillside below vines cling to the rugged trees. The grave is under a willow that shades an open space. It is the only willow in the neighborhood. Once every year since the war a man and a woman have come from the north to decorate this lone grave. At first the woman, bright eyed and springy of step, was exceedingly handsome, but latterly time had ceased to be playful with her. The man was sturdy and of sober mien. He looked as if his life had always held a secret suffering. This man and this woman have rather a unique history.

At the time of the breaking out of the war John and Henry Archer, brothers so nearly alike that they were often taken for twins, lived in Lake county, Ills. John was engaged to marry Tress Pryor, and the day for the wedding was appointed, but before the time came a drum beat, and sturdy young fellows mustered on the grass.

It was evening, and Tress Pryor was standing on the veranda. John rode up, sprang off his horse and with a new accent in his manner—a peculiar bearing—came up the walk.

"Tress," he said, "did you see the men marching?"

"Yes."

"Do you know what it means?"

"They say it means war," she answered.

"It means more than that, Tress. It means that you are to marry a hero."

"I don't know that I understand you," she laughed. "Are you so dull, little sweetheart? It means that I am going to the war."

"It means nothing of the sort," some one exclaimed, and John, wheeling about, saw his brother Henry standing near.

"What's the trouble with you, Henry?"

"There's no trouble with me. I am simply sensible, and you, must not be foolish." He pointed to the girl. "There is your present duty. I am going to the war. You are going to stay here, and after awhile if we need you I will send for you."

"Well, now, this is a pretty come off," John declared. "You would make a hero of yourself and a drudge of me. You are not engaged to be married and

are therefore a patriot. I am in love and am consequently a coward. Tress, you needn't say a word. I am going to the war."

"I haven't said anything," the girl replied.

"Good, and it means that you give your consent."

"It means that you must do what you consider your duty."

"You are a brave girl, Tress."

"If not, I shouldn't be worthy of you, John."

"That sounds very well," said Henry, "but without common sense bravery is but an aimless piece of foolishness. One soldier from our small family, I should think, is enough to prove our loyalty to the government."

"Henry, you needn't say a word. I'm going to the war."

The next day John and Henry were mustered into the service, and it was not long before they were under fire. One day in a skirmish not far from Fayetteville, Ark., John was shot while standing under a willow tree. He was so severely wounded that he thought he could live but a few hours, but when the next morning had come he showed signs of improvement. He was taken to the hospital, and his brother Henry was detailed to attend him until an advance should be ordered. One day there came to the hospital a young woman from Kentucky. She had been regarded as a belle in the blue grass country, but she gave up society and went south to nurse wounded soldiers. This young woman took special interest in John Archer. She made a romance of her duty, and at times when the wounded man seemed brighter than usual she would sit near his cot and read poetry to him. But upon this Henry began to look with disapproval, and once when the girl had gone to fetch another book he said to his brother:

"I don't think that's right, John."

"Don't think what's right?"

"Why, having that girl read love verses to you."

"She's reading to herself as much as she is to me."

"I don't know about that, John."

"I do."

"Well, but I don't think it's right, and I know Tress wouldn't approve it."

"Then why doesn't she come and read to me?"

"She doesn't know that you are wounded. I haven't had the heart to tell her."

"Hush; here comes Miss Bush."

Henry withdrew, but some one spoke to him, and he halted within hearing distance of his brother's cot.

"I didn't suppose you were so fond of poetry," said Miss Bush, speaking to John.

"I wasn't until I heard you read it."

"Oh, that's a compliment surely; but, tell me, since you acknowledge that I have pointed out the beauty of"—She hesitated.

"Tell you what?"

"Oh, nothing."

"But what were you going to say?"

"Something hardly proper, I fear."

"Tell me," she pleaded.

"Oh, I don't suppose that it amounts to anything. I was simply going to ask if there had not been a time when some girl stirred a poetic emotion in your heart."

A few moments elapsed before he replied. "I worked so hard when I was at home that I had but little time for"—

"For love?" she asked.

He nervously fumbled with the cover of the bed, and gently she arranged the pillow for him.

"Near our place," said he, "there is a girl that I've known a long time. I've known her about all her life, I guess."

"What about her?"

"Well, I told her that she should marry a hero. You see, I thought I'd go home covered with glory."

"Oh, you are engaged to her."

"Yes, in a way."

"In a way! Why, what a funny sort of an engagement that must be! Shall I read now?"

"If you please."

After returning home it was some time before Henry had the courage to call on Tress Pryor. But one evening he went to see her. As he entered the gate he saw her standing on the spot where she had stood when John came dashing up to tell her that he was going to the war. She reached out and took his hands, and for a time neither of them spoke.

"Tress, he died for his country."

"Not always, but sometimes," he answered.

"But do you believe that a man or a woman can love twice with equal devotion?"

"I don't know how it may be with others," he answered, "but I could never love but once."

"Oh, you have been in love, then, have you?"

"Tomorrow we start for the grave," he said.

"Yes, but you have not answered my question."

"I will answer it at the grave."

It was the 30th of last May. Henry and Tress sat under the willow. Another generation of school children had brought violets from wild places and had gathered blossoms on the mountain side. The grave was ablaze with red roses, white dogwood blossoms and bluebells. The sun was low. The cows, ringing their bells, were going home. Henry told a story which so often he had related:

"The skirmish was sharp, almost a battle, and there was danger everywhere, but John was too brave to stand behind the tree. I was not far away, and the bullets were buzzing thicker than bumblebees in our meadow, but somehow I was not afraid of being hit—my mind was centered on John. What difference could it have made if I had been shot?"

"Don't talk that way," she interrupted.

"But why should I have cared for myself? There was no one at home waiting for me to come back a hero." He paused for a few moments. "An increase in the firing to the left caused me to turn in that direction, and when I looked back John was down."

"You have never pointed out the place where the hospital stood," she said.

He was silent for a time. "I don't like to think of the hospital."

"Why?" she asked.

"Oh, on account of a woman!"

"You have answered me at the grave,"

she said, looking away. "You were in love with her."

"No, I wasn't, Tress."

"Yes, you were."

"I swear I wasn't."

"Yes, you were."

"Tress, I hated her."

"Hated her! What for?"

"Because she was your enemy."

"My enemy! Henry, I don't know what you mean. How could she be my enemy?"

"She loved John."

"Oh, and is that all?"

"All," he repeated. "Isn't that enough?"

"To have made her my enemy? No."

"But—but—it's got to come now, John loved her."

"How do you know?" She was so quiet that he was surprised at her.

"I might as well tell you all now. Here," He took from his pocket an old and faded letter. "He told me to give you this, but I hadn't the heart. Read it."

The letter was brief. It was the breaking of an engagement. She read the letter and quietly handed it back to him. He gazed at her in astonishment.

"Tress," he cried, "on his deathbed he married that woman." She did not answer.

"I say he married her."

"Well?"

"Is it possible? Tress, I ought to have told you—ought to have given you the letter—but I thought you worshipped him. And why have you decorated his grave all these years?"

"Because he was your brother."

"What! I—I—don't!"

"Henry, oh, how stupid you have been, you!"

She did not complete the sentence. He had seized her hands. "Merciful heaven, girl, I have always loved you!"

"And, precious, I never loved John, because I loved you, but I was afraid you would despise me if I were not true to his memory. You engaged me to him. I don't know how, but you did."

The sun was down, and the music of the cowbells was far away.

OPHE READ.

Tired of It.

They have an amateur dramatic society in Connetquot, O., that played a tragedy the other night, in one scene of which Ronaldo thrusts his head out of the second story window of a prison and cries to Madeline, who is trying to get him out:

"Fly, dearest! Leave me to my fate!"

This was Ronaldo's first appearance on any stage, and he was considerably confused. When he came to the above scene, he lost his balance and fell heavily to the floor. Raising himself partially up and gazing mournfully upon the audience, he said in a sad voice:

"By gosh, I don't want to act any more!"—Exchange.

On a Plane.

As a magnificent steamer, the property of the Peninsular and Oriental company, was steaming into Southampton harbor a grimy coal lighter floated immediately in front of it. An officer on board the vessel, observing this, shouted:

"Clear out of the way with that barge."

The lighterman, a native of the Emerald Isle, shouted in reply, "Are ye the captain of that vessel?"

"No," answered the officer.

"Then speak to yer equals," said Pat.

"I'm the captain of this,"—London Figaro.

A Remarkably Good Boy.

Mother—How's this, sir? The teacher says you were not at school today, and the neighbors tell me you were playing in the street.

Little Johnny—Th' preacher said we mustn't go where we'll hear anything improper.

What would you hear at school, I should like to know?

Th' teacher said that today we was to begin on improper fractions.

—Good News.

Beating Dame Nature.

Drummer—It just beats all. I'm traveling for an umbrella house, and every town I've struck has been suffering from the drought.

Inventor—I am traveling with a n. in producing apparatus, and every town I've struck was knee deep in mud.

Drummer—I say, let's travel together.—New York Weekly.



northwest, but on time every year he would get off the train at the milk station near Tress' home.

One time when he came she said to him:

"It doesn't look right to drag you away from your business every year. My time, you know, doesn't amount to anything."

"Mine doesn't amount to so very much," he answered; "and besides it is a great pleasure to go there."

"Yes, it is. But tell me, Henry, why is it you have never married?"

"Oh, I don't know. Because there have been so many divorces, I suppose."

"That's a queer reason. But it isn't the reason, and you know it," she added, looking him full in the eye.

HE HAD SEIZED HER HANDS.

"Well," he replied, avoiding her gaze, "if that isn't the reason I don't know what it is. Perhaps I had a cause a good while ago."

"And you have forgotten what it was," she said, laughing, but in her laugh there was more of sadness than of mirth. After a time she asked, "Do you think a man's love is as constant as a woman's?"

"Not always, but sometimes," he answered.

"But do you believe that a man or a woman can love twice with equal devotion?"

"I don't know how it may be with others," he answered, "but I could never love but once."

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