## DE AND FOREVER.

Dec. 31 1945

es our own forever, God taketh

y per beyond our vision, but our shall find there out

miting is all accomplished, and mitily shadows lift, r is given for grieving, and the

at God for doubt.

the waiting bitter and count the

th we are dust, and He pitietn

Talth has grown to fullness and dieses changed to song, Il ant the fruit of patience and shall r not again.

meants, who dumbly in darkols fle bes m

during a dear lost prove of a vanished day, and with this m

in are forever our own.

ten ft nøver sway. Deolidge, in Sunday School Times.

SE TO THE RESCUE. BT WILLIAM GRANT.

e-room of General Lawcountry house, Person-his niece, country Lawford, a very pretty girl of r, tall, alim, carnation-chooked, with a quantity of yellow gold hair.

HE was dre going out, and had net finished writng the direction on a letter. She rang. The butler came.

"This for the post, please," said Louise, plainly. "Yes, miss."

Louise sighed. nt out by the door which com-ted with the conservatory. Ten

ong room remained silent,

block struck four.

VB.

19

the door from the ante room maked gently, and there entered again, having changed her cos-

# Burely it must be Louise?

t was his charming puzzle? sight the alimness, the features, saling complexion, the dark res, the gold of the hair, the letune effect, were identical in who went out and the girl who

ise's air there had been quiet, pensive, gentle, , and her decorative locks , and way, and coiled with the style of her dress completed the idea-it r. from dainty head to

had one word written all

with five flirtations, an impending offer from her host's eldest son, three new gowns—in all of which she was disappointed—and the prospect of a week full of dancing. To Mrs. Can-ningford she had said that she was wanted at home. Now fib turned truth. Louis did want her. Boss, the capricious, had left her boxes at the station and walked up through the lance. She took the abort

Contraction of the second

out across to the house by the orchan and the Near Field; the homely of doors stood open and not a soul ha cen her arrive. She enjoyed the ensation of being present in the ouse, as it were, incognito. It ande her feel, she decided, like a

She walked to one of the window Some way off, sauntering dismally on the lawn, she perceived an unknown man. He was big and good looking. Rose was relieved. She had feared that the exterior of an Australian ogical. As she observed him he came closer and looked up. From behind the window curtain Rose showed a bit of her face.

His eyes met hers. He made a kind of salute. He - took her for

The experter maiden, perceiving his muckly averted glance, instantly had her mind set at rest on one important

"Why, he's got it very badly in-deed," she said to herself as she left the window-"as badly as Louie, every bit. Poor little things I Poor Babes in the Wood I What's to be os in the Woodl What's to be done?"

Rimless double eyeglasses, lying on

Rimless double eyeginsses, lying on the chimney piece, caught her atten-tion. General Lawford's vision was as keen as a hawk's. Obviously, there-fore, the owner of these things owned also the beautiful short-sighted eyes nentioned by Louis. At onse Rose had an idea. She laughed; then grew grave; slipped the sysglasses into her pocket, and ran upstairs to come down again in ten minutes-Louie

One of her sister's plain white ging-ham gowns did something towards the transformation, the arrangement of transformation, the arrangement of the hair more. The saucy vine ten-dril treases were straightened back under Louie's large brown garden-hat; till that gold seemed trying to hide itself; and when, too, the witch,

dropped her eyes and drooped her neck. A soft veil stole over her prooking charms; Rose ishness and oguishness were exercised, flown like pair of butterflies, while towards the a pair of butternies, while towards the huge canopy cedar-tree, Louis's fa-vorite haunt, this sweet cheating fig-ure glided thoughtfully—and met Sau-

marez.

He stopped with an awkward air. "Starting for the parsonage, Miss Lawford?"

"No. For the cedar tree." "Not going to the meeting?" "Beally, it is too late." Saumarez looked a little bit brighter.

THE NEBRASKA INDEPENDENT.

"I oan't resite postry when I've just MANY TIMES IN DANGER. been stung by a wasp-almost." But-you remember the evening of the day before yesterday?" "Of course."

"When we were in the boat, you know, on the lake, and the moon was "Heavenly !"

"But you woren't heavenly." "Don't be hard on me, Mr. Sau-

"It is you who are hard. Why did you refuse me what I asked of you

Rose turned away her head.

"You had a perfect right to do so," Saumarez continued in mournful acsats, "but I want to know why you bjected so decidedly to giving me

"You shouldn't think so much about " murmured Rose.

"But it would have made me ex-

tremely happy." "I am sure I wish you to be happy." "Then will you be kinder now?" This was very eagerly said. "Now?"

"Well. I haven't much more time for begging and praying in. Come! I do want one badly. I believe you're yielding! I see you're yielding!.... May I choose which sort I will have?" "Sort! Mr. Saumarez, I really-" "The dreamy or the earnest, I

"I can't quite-" "Miss Lawford, I hope you don't imagine, by-the-bye, that I go about aking every young lady for her pho-tograph? Yours would not form one ograph?

A light flashed into Rose's face. She turned it full on Saumarez.

"That was just my difficulty," she mid. "In an ordinary way I-I don't said. "In an ordinary way 1-1 don't give my photos to men. Girls do, I know. My sister Rose, for instance, she soatters hers freely among her-among man friends; Lut, somehow, I oan't like to do it, Mr. Seumarez."

Exquisite acting, "You think me very old-fashioned, I dare say?" she added, looking up, looking down, blushing-yes, blush-

ng, the minx i "I think you—I think you—" stam-"I think you—I think you—" stamnered Saumarez. "Old-fashioned? "erhaps. You scarcely belong to these latant times. You're Miranda; you're

Imogene!" "You shall have the photograph," said Rose, quietly. "You see how it was, I didn't know if you really cared-"

"Uared! Cared! Miss Lawford! Louie | Louie-"

"Stop I" Guilty, excited, pale now, she put up a hand.

"It is not Louie, Mr. Saumareznot Louie, but her sister Bose. She wrote to me-I came home unexpect-edly and found the letter. She poured out her heart in it, she was in a difficulty about you, she's so distrustful of herself. She-Look, here she comes? I'll slip into the house. 'I'ell her you at Sidmcuth, on the Devonshire coast,' love her, and you'll have the best, the when a boy shooting sparrows accilove her, and you'll have the best, the when a boy shooting sparrows acci-loveliest, the dearest, the happiest dentally discharged his gun at the win-

MUNOR OF THE DAY.

Nothing is more discouraging than Insppreciated sarcasm. -- Life. Teacher-"Now, Tommy, tell me

what ruminating animals are?" 'Iom my-"Them what chews their cuba.

Leidum Fedd (at the door) - "Kin I whose wife is out wheeling)-"I am he."-Pack.

"Mr. Duffington hasn't any society nauners whatever." "Is he awk-ward?" "No, but he doesn't like ten." -Chicago Record.

"Mr. Duffington hasn't any society manners whatever." "Is he awk-ward?" "No, but he doesn't like tea." -Chicago Record.

Anerohist-"The land should be sa here as the water." Goldby-"Per-her; but would you use it any more han you do the water?"-Truth.

"I didn't realize how short he was intil I heard what Miss Pinkerley aid about him." "What was that?" "She said he was every inch a gentlenan."-Puck.

"It is, indeed, hard," said the melincholy gentleman, "to lose one's elatives." "Hard?" snorted the gen-leman of wealth. "Hard? It is im-possible."-Cincinnati Enquirer.

"Willie, what was "the preacher's ext?" "Somethin' about havin' faith ike a grain of some kind of seed, an' ayin' to the mountain 'git a move on ou l' an' it'll git."-Chicago Tribuna. wo souls with but a single thought, ("Twere better had they none) for the thought they had was the old, old

thought, That two can live as cheap as one. —Detroit Free

He-"Well, did you hear anything bout that Jones-Prown affair?" She -"Oh, yes! I can't begin to tell you mere youth, made another attempt to injure the Queen. He was transported ill I heard." He-"I suppose that neans you won't be able to stop."for seven years. A bricklayer was the next seeker after notoriety. He fired at the Queen as she rode in her carriage, on July 9, 1849, but his pistol missed, and he was sentenced to seven years' transpor-

Artist-"I flatter myself this last bicture of mine is an excellent one." Another Artist-- "My dear fellow, you Ion't flatter yourself half as much as you flatter the picture."-Roxbury

Majesty was returning from a visit to the deathbed of her uncle, the Duke of Cambridge, an ex-captain of hussars rushed forward and struck her on the Bunson (amazed)—"That your un-sle! Why, man, you told me your uncle had both his legs carried away at Sedan." Jimson—"So he did. He face with a small stick. The blow caused a wound, but the Queen was not carried them away himself, pretty fast, I tell you !"-Tit-Bits.

"What a liar Featherhorn is!" "Eh?" "Now that everybody is go-ing about saying 'I told you so," Featherhorn is pretending that he never had any idea how the election would go."-Indianapolis Jouanal. ack was made. In the early part of that year a boy ran up to the Queen with a pistol and a petition. He was arrested before he could fire, how-ever, and was declared insane. Ten year later a madman, named Bobert year later a madman, named Robert Maclean, aimed a pistol and shot at the Queen as she entered her carriage

"But what real objections can you have to women riding the wheel, Mr. Growell?" "To tell the truth, I don't mind admitting that I object to its mostly because so many of them ride better than the men."-Cincinnati Enquirer.

"And you, my friend," shouted the street corner orator, "are you a sup-porter of our American institutions?"

# The Dreaded Jonsumption Can Be Cured.

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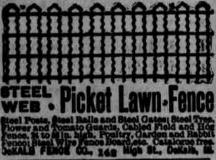
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Address, T. I. HUBD, Land and Industrial Age "Soo" Railway, Minneapolis,

NEVER ATTEMPTS MADE OF QUERY VICTOBIA'S LIFE The British Reler tias Had More

Hairbreadth Recapes From De Than Any Other Soversign. SINGULAB fact about Out

BINGULIAB fact about Queen Victoris is that she has not only sivays enjoyed excep-tionally good health, and that even at her present advanced age she is unusually strong and well, but that she has had more hairbreadth es-

apes then any other sovereign in his-ory. No fewer than seven attempts ave been made on her life, and there ave been many occasions when the meen has seemed to be face to face th death.

Hyde Park was the scene of the first stempt on the Queen's life, which was made by a youth of seventeen, who, on the 10th of July, 1840, fired at Her Majesty with a pistol. The Prince Consort, to whom the Queen had been married a few months before, happily new the youth in time to draw his wife down beside him, so that the ball passed over her head. The mad youth was for some time con-fined in Bedlam and was afterward al-

ined in Bedlam and was afterward al-lowed to go to Australia. Only two years passed away before the second attempt, when, almost on the same spot, a man named Francis fired at the Queen as she was again driving with the Prince. The shot missed, and Francis was sentenced to death for high treason, the sentence being afterward commuted to trans-portation for life by desire of the Strangely enough, on the very day Fer Majesty's elemency became known, a hunchback named Bean a

Less than a year after this, as Her

It was 1872 before another

at Windsor railway station.

eriously hurt.

ribbons challen d, flowers stood out, dim-ny, glances bewildered, the spoke, the red lips knew, was a banner, the figure a hand a mischief, the smile

ed the letter which Louise o the butler, and which he wn on the slab in the anteressed to Miss Rose are of Mrs. Canningford,

ecret is out. General Law two orphan nieces. Twin ouise and Rose. The girls oh alike as Venetian gla me mould, filled both with ine, but the one wine is the other still. down and opened her let-

t Ross"-she murmured, al-""h'm, h'm, h'm-dear sumstism . . . . mySunday out first for two months--oh ! what's this?" interest increased.

aie, Louie, my little Louie !" mage which excited this ex-

o not said much to you about with nucle. He is rather nice t, nicer than most of the men He writes, and his poems ight a good deal of by the He looks distinguished, has

ul eyes and is very near-sight-We were great friends at first; now-the more I feel I like him, more disagreeable I seem to get. to hate me, and yet he does not always look at me as if he did. he is so diffident, and I think he my having plenty of money, be-be has not much. Though so y, his postry is not so particularly table. He can't afford to stay in mories as he would like to do; he as to go back to some horrid business a Australia, and he leaves us to morforming, having a visit to pay to ried sister before he sails. I am atraid of his seeing how much I and his going that I should think I

by appeared civil. Oh, Rose, if you were but here! You help me, I am certain. Of a, it is perfectly probable he has thought of me in that way, only lon't know. This very afternoon in going to a meeting of the G. G. B. at the parsonage. I didn't like atay at home, lest he should gness the for the sake of a last talk alone him. Some people are coming mer, so there will be no chance and he is to be off by 7 a.m. I can be in such utter misery it all I cannot understand, for I

kpown him six weeks. s, darling, don't think me

and lett Mrs. Canningford's

"I suppose you haven't noticed my sysglasses anywhere?" he went on. "I can't lay my hand on them." "Never mind now," said Rose gent-ly. "Why not come and be idie." "May I?"

Rose merely walked on. Lonie's manner of going, like a dove's, just brushing the ground with modest feathers, was maintained to perfec-tion. And when Rose was seated with Saumares to one side of her, but not too near, the madeap felt safe. He sat silent, with his eyes on the

"Louie would have imitated him, 1 mppose," said Rose to herself. "No wonder the affair didn't get on."

She watched him cleverly, and the first time he glanced up she was ready with a smile. Not one of those conscions, confident, arrowy, brilliant, killing affairs, which in her own char-acter she would have produced for the benefit of the Australian; but a smile

benefit of the Australian; but a smile it was that scarcely showed, slyly hov-ered, suddenly faded. Saumarez, how-ever, contrived to see it without his glasses, and it emboldened him to say: "I had no end of a good time'here."

"I am so glad !"

A sigh. "I shall never forget this place." "It's nice of you to think so, at any ate."

Silence. Rose, impatient, kicked out her skirt; then reflected that Louie never did so, and sat estentationsly still.

"Have you had any inspirations lately?" she inquired after a time. "Oh, not much."

"I'm sorry! I do so love your DAMA.

"Then hang fame !"

He turned a delighted look upon her. "Why," said Rose to herself, "Louie has simply starved the poor thing! I'll throw him another fat little bit, that I will !"

"Lots of them I have by heart," she emarked aloud.

- "No, Miss Lawford !" "Yes, Mr. Saumares !" "Say me one. Your voice-Do
- lease do !"

Rose gave a loud scream. "What's the matter?"

"A wasp !" "Where?"

"On me!"

"Where on you?"

"Hand. Ob, it's gone! Oh! am I stung?"

Stiffly she extended her hand, the ac-simile of Louie's in form. Saumarez, trembling, received the pinky little marvel into his broad palm, and looked at it closely, so closely that Bose thought—but he didn't. "Am I?" she cried.

"No, no !" The hand was softly withdrawn. It had done ifs work. Saumares drew his chair closer and said resolutely : "Miss Lewford."

"Yes."

"You never

girl in America in your arms; and th --you'll forgive me!" She vanished.

"It was, indeed-it was a very wrong

thing to do, my darling Rose." "Did he remember to say again that you're Miranda-Imogen?"

"Hush! Oh, such joy !" "All I want to know is, what happans to afflicted pairs, like you and Mr. Saumarez, when they haven't a Rose?"-Modes and Fabrics.

#### Men's Perseverance,

It is commonly said that women are nore patient than men. Perhaps this is so as regards the bearing of unkind-ness, illness or privation, though the important admission must be made that, when a woman is impatient, she is ten times worse than a man. But if we can endure pain and anxiety better than our lords and masters, there is one thing we do less ; well than they, and that is to wait. "If a woman wants and that is to wait. "If a woman wants a thing she wants it right away." A man will toil for years, scheme, en-dure rebuffs, fight his way through obstacles, going on with dogged pa-tience from year's end to year's end in pursuance of some ambition, some end in life. He will not look to right or to left, nor grumble at the drudg-ery which he takes almost as a matter of course. But a woman, if she will persevere, will do so at the cost of an amount of nerve, wear and tear which would be incomprehensible to him. We are capable of heroic acts on the spur of the moment; when we are strung up to the effort we can stand fatigues that would overcome many a man. What we cannot endure is monotony. How many men are there, who, after thirty years of hard, rou-tine work and worry are fresh and hale still? Whereas a woman, unless she have change, either breaks down altogether or becomes prematurely aged. It is this radical difference in the temperament of the sexes that seem to oppose nature's "non possumus" to the theory that all employments followed by men are equally suitable to women. —Philadelphia Times.

### A One-Legged Joker.

"I saw a funny thing at one of the recent political gatherings," remarked a well-known politician yesterday. "Every one knows Charles Thorpe, the city salesman, but it is not every one who knows that he had the mis-fortune to lose his limb on the railrostune to lose his limb on the rail-road some time ago. He attended this meeting, which, by the way, was crowded, and stood throughout. A man at his side accidentally stepped on the cork foot of Mr. Thorpe, who made grimaces as though he was sufformed that the genial salesman had an artificial foot."-Columbus Dis-

low of the nursery in which the princess was playing. The shots passed close to the baby's head, but did not, tortunately, do any harm. When Queen Victoria was four

On many other occasions the Queen has been within an ace of death. When a child, six months old, she was

old her life was saved by an Irish soldier who happened to be passing when the royal carriage was over-furned. But for the soldier's intervention the carriage would have fallen on the Queen. Half a century passed away before the soldier knew whose life he had saved.

A yachting excursion was the occa-sion of an alarming accident when the Queen was a girl of fourteen. The young princess stood on a yacht watch-ing a storm that had suddenly arisen, when the topmast became dangerons. The pilot quickly conveyed the princess to a sate place, and the next min-nte the mast fell with a heavy crash on the spot where the royal passenger had been standing.

Twenty-one gears ago, when the Queen was crossing to Gosport from Osborne, there was a fatal collision with the royal yacht, in which three persons perished. But once more her life was preserved. On many other occasions the Queen

has been in great danger, such as when, in Angust, 1851, Her Majesty was in a railway accident, and when, soon after her accession, the horses attached to her carriage bolted. On each of these occasions the Queen's 

#### A Fish Aids Science.

There appears to be no limit to soientific ouriosty, especially in Ger-many. Recently Herr Regnard at Leipsic, wishing to ascertain whether fish are warmer than the water they live in, stuck a needle connected with a thermo-electric circuit into a living fish in an aquarium. The needle formed one element of the circuit, while the other element was immersed in the same water that contained the fish. The latter was not seriously injured by the needle, and quickly be-came indifferent to it. Then, as the fah swam about, carrying the needle, the ingenious savant closed the cir-cuit and kept watch of the galvanometer. It showed no deflection whatever, from which he concluded that the fish and the water were precisely equal in temperature, for had either been warmer than the other a current would have been generated in the cirouit.

### The Repairing Egg.

The uses of the egg are as numerous as the ways of cooking it. A late recommendation for making old leather-covered books look like new is leather-covered books look like new is, first to clean the leather by rubbing, it with s piece of fiannel, then to fill up any holes with a little paste or very thin leather. When this is secom -plished best the yolk of an egg well, rub the cover thoroughly and if the leather has been a smooth one pass a hot iron over it.

answered Weary Watkins, "Me?" "Lord bless you, mister, no. The institutions support me."-Indianapo-ILLUSTRATED LAND PRIMERS Nos 21, 22 and 44, mailed FREE to any address. lis Journal.

Little Ethel-"I wonder why men Little Ethel-"I wonder why men like to talk about their old school days?" Little Johnny-"I s'pose after they got growed up they is al-ways tryin' to find out where the teacher lives, so they can lick him."-Comie Cuts.

Gold by the Yard.

The beating of the innumerable litthe square pieces of gold which are used to cover domes and signs, and so on, forms a distinct industry in the gold trade which employs a large number of hands and requires no mall amount of skill.

The long, low building in which the work is carried on is filled throughout the day with the sound of hammers. On every side little boxes containing biny rolls of gold are to be seen, which, although only measuring an inch and a half in length, are each worth about 650. The gold is received in bars one-eighth of an inch in thickness, an inch in width and weighing 240 ennyweights. This is rolled out into ribbon thirty yards in length.

It is then given to the workmen in strips measuring seven yards, each of which is out into 180 pieces. These which is cut into 180 pieces. These are now ready to be beaten out by hand. They are placed (protected by fine skins) in a tool known as the slutch, and are thoroughly pounded out on a great granite block set in the

ground in such a way that there is absolutely no vibratory movement. The process is repeated several times, the gold as it spreads being continually subdivided until it is of the exact dimensions required.

The skins in which the gold is beaten are so delicate that they will tear as easily as paper, nevertheless they are of so fine a quality that they will with-stand the continual hammering for several years. The gold, which is finally beaten down to 200,000th of an inch, is rubbed with "brine" before being placed in the skins, in order that it shall not adhere to them. Easy as this work of testing out the gold may seem, it is, in reality, an art of a very delicate description. The workman must know to a nicety pre-cisely how hard or gentle the blows of his hammer must be, and also the exact spot on which they should fall. Accordingly a very superior class of men are employed in the business.— Pearson's Weekly.

# It is Just Wonderful

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