

ENGAGED!

She lingers still in the driving mist, Striving to keep his shadow in sight.

He, hurrying off to catch the train, Hopes that his people will like the match.

LOST HIS BEARD.

"Rezonville! Gravelotte! Montrotout! What a long time ago it all seems—half a lifetime, monsieur!"

"You want an anecdote of our troop, monsieur? Well, you shall have one. You may take it that we were picked men.

"A good creature, that Marie. We were devoted to her to a man, but she reserved her smiles for Leon, and, if I must say what I think, the inmost recesses of her heart for monsieur le docteur.

"Poor Marie! M. Vendome thought nothing of her. "Cambert hated Leon and would often say while stroking his thick, black beard:

"There are plenty of Prussian combs for cutting, Corporal Cambert," our sergeant would reply. "Let us carve them, my friend, before we practice on each other.

"Ah, well, the campaign was in its infancy then, and France, like a bride who decks herself for her nuptials, had gone out to espouse the god of war, little dreaming what the children of her marriage bed would be.

"Leon's face turned scarlet. 'Man or boy,' he answered, 'I will wager my silver rosary, blessed by the holy father himself, against that beard of yours, of which you think so much, that I ride before you into the fight when next we charge the Prussians.'"

"'Agreed!' replied Cambert lightly. 'Have the goodness to accept my assurance mademoiselle, that I shall present you with a silver rosary in a little time.'"

"'Marie shall have the rosary, but she shall also have your beard to stuff a pillow for her favorite poodle,' answered Leon, and then, looking daggers at each other, they parted.

"The morrow was the day of Gravelotte, and we heard that we were to charge the blue tunics and drive them out of the plantation of hop vines behind which they lay concealed.

"'Ah, this is work for men,' grunted Cambert, as he looked to the left, on which side rode Leon, with myself next in line.

"'Look to your beard, Cambert,' answered Leon, laughing scornfully. 'You will never carry it into another fight.'"

"The word was given, and off we went. Tell you about it? What shall I say? Only that the air was thick with a mist which smelled of sulphur and that a swarm of bees from hell itself seemed buzzing round our ears.

"'Glad of war!' I said to myself. 'Had it only been my left arm some Prussian should pay for this!' I was thinking of myself, of course, for it is not good or agreeable to charge Prussians with one arm unless, but I saw what passed near me—I saw very well, though the gray mist seemed turning red.

"Young Leon was the next. A bullet struck him below the breast, just above the belt, a little to the side—a disagreeable spot that! Strike yourself with four figs, monsieur, so—just there, and you will know what I mean. I heard

him groan 'O Jesu!' and saw him throw out both his hands into the air. Then I knew what had happened.

"In another instant he would fall backward over his horse's haunches and lie on the ground with a Prussian bullet in his internals and his comrades' horses trampling the beauty in his young face. On I went, the blood trickling down on to my saddle, my teeth gritting together and a pretty strong resolve in my soul to see some Prussian fluid very soon.

"'Holy Virgin!' Jean Joseph Cambert's voice reached me through the screaming and the hissing of the bullets. He was speaking grimly. 'Courage, comrade,' he said; 'you win your wager, for you ride before me toward the enemy's line.' And, monsieur, it was so! Leon St. Paul had been caught as he fell, and lay across the saddle of his rival, supported by his left arm.

"What followed then? You must picture it for yourself, for I cannot. Some of us never reached the hop vines, some never returned, but those who left us had Prussian comrades on their journey to the other world, be sure of that. Ah, ha, on that journey a good soldier of France is comforted by the presence of a detached Prussian, though in life no road is broad enough for them to travel amicably.

"When it was over we returned, and we three, Cambert, St. Paul and I, were still together.

"Cambert bore St. Paul to the place where M. Vendome and Marie Emmanuel were at work. They were both covered with blood and sweat. The surgeon groaned as we brought the youth in, for, as I have said, he loved St. Paul, but Marie uttered a cry which was hard on Cambert and made him look more grim than ever.

"I was in very great haste to part company with my right arm, but I stood aside to give young Leon his chance. A right arm is a good friend and sticketh closer than a brother. But even the best friend is sometimes de trop.

"The surgeon ripped the garments up with his scissors and tore them from the wound, disclosing the white flesh of the patient's body, but just then Leon roused and tried to drag himself on to his side, away from the healer's hand, muttering something that seemed to imply that, exclusive to the last, he would not be touched or handled in our presence.

"The surgeon drew back irresolute, which was indeed strange with moments so precious and gaping wounds waiting for him on every side.

"Then it was that the vivandiere spoke, turning to those who stood within the door of the hut, moved by such curiosity as men can feel who are used to scenes of blood.

"'Go, go, my friends,' she said; 'monsieur must find that bullet, and this is no place for you. You all have had mothers, women of France, sisters, some of you wives or sweethearts. Retire, I beg. If I come to the door of the hut and say, 'My friends, it is the death'—here her strong voice broke—'then pray—pray for the soul of a brave daughter of France.'"

"We who had called the young soldier comrade and loved or hated him for his smiling, handsome face cast a strange look upon the silent figure under the doctor's hands. We saw with opened eyes, and every head was bare in an instant, for patriotism and the courage which God himself gives sometimes to his weakest commanded our respect as no other earthly attribute might.

"The doctor, with a gasping sob, turned to us as we drew toward the door of the hut. 'I loved the youth,' he said. 'I find that I have loved our sister. It is well that you should go—she wishes it—but courage, my brothers, the time has not yet come to say of our brave comrade in arms—may the soul of the faithful departed rest in peace.'"

"Well, monsieur, my arm was taken off and I did well enough. They extracted that bullet from young Leon's body, and the doctor kept it. A bit of German lead, of course, but made precious by a countrywoman's blood. They moved us to the house of a wealthy patriot, and she lay in the temporary ward among the men, but separated by a screen. My bed was next to it.

"Cambert came to visit us, clean shaven, and not half so fierce and grim without his mustache. When he left, he was weeping like a child.

"One day I heard Marie Emmanuel talking to the patient behind the screen, and then I heard the voice of Leontine St. Paul.

"How shall I face my comrades,' she said; 'how meet them, now I no longer dare to wear the dress in which they knew me?'"

"And the vivandiere answered: 'Meet them, dear friend, as the wife of our brave surgeon. He loves you—I have said it. Surely such women as you were meant to be the mothers of our future heroes.'"

"And what became of Cambert?" I demanded.

"Oh, he married," said the old soldier. "He has sons and daughters. Perhaps he married Marie Emmanuel. I have seen his daughter. She is very like Marie."—Cora Langlois in New York Journal.

Must Have Been a Loose Screw. For several minutes the young man did not speak. His heart was too full, it was enough for him to know that this glorious creature loved him; that she had promised to share his fate. With a new and delightful sense of ownership he feasted his eyes once more upon her beauty, and as he realized that henceforth it would be his privilege to provide for her welfare and happiness he could have almost wept with joy. His good fortune seemed incredible. Finally he whispered tenderly:

OH FOR SOMETHING TO READ!

And it's oh for a Bible or saving tract, A history, novel or two.

Then it's oh for Dickens, Thackeray, Sue And Lever and Lover's fun, The stately style of the scholarly Burke Or Hugo by the ton!

THE RAINBOW'S LUCK

BY C. D. LEWIS.

During the palmy days of the whaling fleet no craft sailing out of any port was referred to as often as the bark Rainbow.

The ship Wanderer went whaling from the port of Bristol, commanded by Captain Joseph Watkins. She was out 18 months and never took a whale.

On the second day after leaving port the bark came across a dead whale floating about which yielded 80 barrels of oil. On the fifth day, just as the decks had been cleared up, she came upon the scene of a fight between five whales and seven or eight of that species of fish known as the killer, which is the mortal enemy of the leviathan and the only known one he has in any sea.

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The lucky voyage of the Rainbow created much talk, and when Captain Watkins was ready to set sail again he had to turn sailors away by the hundred. This time the crew was shipped on shares, and no man had reason to regret it. In 150 days the bark was back in Bristol with 2,870 barrels of common oil, 320 barrels of "case" or fine oil, and the largest cargo of baleen, or whalebone, ever brought to port by a whaler.

When the Rainbow had completed her third voyage, Captain Watkins determined to remain ashore. There were so many men who wanted to buy the lucky ship that she was put up at auction. Men came from every seaport in England and Scotland to bid on her, and the price was run up until she sold for \$5,000 more than she had cost to build. She was bid in by a Bristol firm, and the command of her given to a Captain Travers. Her complement of men when ready for sea was 38, but so widespread was her fame as a lucky ship that there were over 700 applicants for the 38 places.

Three months after she arrived home on her third cruise the Rainbow went to sea again. Up to this time I had never seen the bark, but had heard all about her a dozen times over from men aboard of our whaling ship, the Nancy Lee of Marblehead. One day as we were cutting in a whale to the north of St. Helena the Rainbow came up from the east, and the two craft remained in company for three or four hours. The lucky ship had then been out of port 40 days without a capture and all were disgusted. More than that, she had been hurt by a severe gale and had three men hurt and lost sails and topmasts. Her luck had changed. Captain Travers was a fine seaman, an old whaler, and had never brought an empty ship into port, but the fact remained that the Rainbow had not yet even lowered for a whale.

Just as she was ready to leave us, however, two large whales spouted water within a half mile of the ships. They were a quarter of a mile apart, and while we lowered for one the bark took the other. We had but little trouble in killing our prey, which was a female and good for 70 barrels of oil. The other was a bull whale and evidently in bad temper. He first led the chase of three miles to the south and then showed around and waited for them to come up. When the mate's boat was within 500 feet of him, he rushed forward and ran it down, and as it floated astern of him he smashed

it with a blow of his flukes. Two men were killed by this blow.

Two weeks later, just as we had scrubbed our decks, and while we were under easy sail to the south of St. Helena, we lowered for a school of whales and got two. There were 12 in the school, and 10 went off to the southwest. We were making our captures fast to the ship when the Rainbow came down on us from the south. She was now 84 days out, and ill luck still pursued her. After parting from us she lowered for a whale and lost two harpoons and lines and had half a day's work for nothing. Two men had fallen from aloft, had broken arms or legs, and her captain had to come aboard of us to buy oil to keep his lamps alight.

As I was third mate of the Nancy Lee, I had an opportunity to hear of the feeling which prevailed aboard the bark. Her crew were on the verge of mutiny, and Captain Travers had become alarmed for his own safety. The men had come to regard him as a Jonah, and on the day he ran down to us had come to the decision that if the run of ill luck was not broken they would compel him to return to Bristol with an empty ship. Captain Travers was still aboard of us when a monster whale broke water within half a mile of the two craft. We got him aboard of his ship as soon as possible, but long enough before he reached her his mates had lowered and were away. The hour was 2 o'clock in the afternoon, and we knocked off work to see the fun.

There were those aboard of the Rainbow who said it was the same whale which had killed two men and smashed a boat to the north of St. Helena. Be that as it may, he had a harpoon sticking in him and was badly tangled up in a whale line. He was rolling on the surface when both boats came up and made fast at the same moment. For 15 seconds the monster did not move a fin. Then he started off with a rush and made a complete circle about both ships, leaving such a wake behind him that there were times when we lost sight of the boats in the foam. Having completed the circle the monster slowed about until he was head on to the first mate's boat. He lay for a moment swinging his lower jaw to right and left and then made a rush. The boat attempted to shoot ahead and avoid him, but he caught her with a swing of that terrible jaw and left only fragments behind as he came down between the two ships and went off to the south. The second mate's boat was obliged to cut loose to pick up the other crew, but three men, one of whom was the first mate, had lost their lives. When the extent of the calamity became known, open mutiny resulted.

The men demanded that the Rainbow be headed for Bristol, and two hours later she laid her course for that port and left us. Never did a more disgruntled crew reach port. The owners at once removed Captain Travers from command. The men scattered, and it was three months before the bark started out for another cruise. She had lost prestige, but she was still looked upon as a lucky craft and there was no lack of applicants when she was ready for sea. On this, which proved to be her last cruise, she was commanded by Captain Thorndyke, who was a whaler of 15 years' experience and had commanded some of the best vessels in the fleet. On leaving Bristol he told the owners he would come back with a hold full of oil or not at all.

We in the Nancy Lee had meanwhile transhipped 1,400 barrels of oil and worked our way down to Cape Horn and 300 miles south of it. We were cruising east and west, taking a whale occasionally, when the Rainbow came down on us for the third time. This was some nine or ten months after her last adventure, and she had made the trip from Bristol without sighting a spout. She came down to us at 10 o'clock one morning, remained here to until 2 in the afternoon and then headed away to the east.

We came about, and two days later sighted the Rainbow again. Neither craft had sighted a spout, but at 2 o'clock in the afternoon, as they lay within a quarter of a mile of each other, a whale broke water within a cable's length of the bark. He was so close to her that we had no show and did not lower. It was a lone whale and a big one, and we no sooner had him under our glasses than we saw that he was a fighter. There were half a dozen scars on his head, and the way he rolled about showed his temper. As he was head on to us he must have seen both ships and the two boats lowered for him, but he made no move until the mate's boat was close upon him and ready for a dart. She had made a half circle to get out of his line of vision and approach him broadside on, but he heard the approach and indulged in a strange manuever.

Few men ever saw a whale back water, and there are plenty of whalers that contend that he cannot. This whale, however, backed a distance of 100 feet, and with amazing swiftness, too, and striking the boat with his flukes he killed four men and reduced her to matchwood. Then he started straight for the Rainbow, and his rush was that of an avalanche. Every man of us had our eyes on him when he struck her on the port bow, and we plainly heard the crash of planks and timbers. After the shock he started off and settled down and was seen no more, but in ten minutes the Rainbow was at the bottom of the sea. Not a man saved even an extra jacket. There was scarce time for them to lower their boats when the bark pitched forward and went to her grave. We, of course, took them aboard, and after a few weeks they were landed at Bahia.

Every Boat Was Taken. Barnes Turner—Every seat was taken at our last performance. Roscius de Hamme—I heard about it. I was told that the audience carried off the benches as the only way of getting any return for their money.—Indianapolis Journal.

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