



The view we present this week represents the outlook from the windows of the home of E. F. Stephens, Crete, Neb. The back ground is apple and pear trees. The shrubs are tree honeysuckles, snowballs, roses, with many other varieties that are not outlined and brought out in the picture. The thought is to illustrate that the farm home may have pleasant surroundings with attractive shrubs and trees, and plenty of flowers for the yard and also to cut for the house through the season.

Some suggestions regarding preparation of the ground for and planting of shrubs and roses may assist in securing the desired result. In preparing to plant roses or shrubs near the average town or farm dwelling, do not hope to succeed if a small hole is dug in either prairie or bluegrass sod, expecting roses or shrubs to compete with grass or weeds, or a hard crusted surface. A good way is to spade up a border in area large enough to contain the number of roses or shrubs desired. Spade this twenty inches deep; make it as fine as possible; add one-fourth of the bulk of very fine old cow-yard manure; often places can be found near town where manure was hauled out years ago and has rotted down to a fine mold. Prepared in this manner the soil will be fertile; it will not easily bake or dry out. After planting be sure to maintain a mulch of fine soil by frequent cultivation. In watering, always water under the surface. Water abundantly each time, maintaining an open, loose surface. If for any reason cultivation is impossible, protect by careful and thorough mulching. At the approach of winter protect the roots with ample mulching, using fine old manure, leaves, or even old hay. It pays to tie up even our hardy roses before winter sets in.

Among the varieties which will be easy to handle will be found, first, such strong growing shrubs as Snowball, Lilac, Tartarian Honeysuckle, Spirea Van Houtti, Syringa or Mock Orange. The honeysuckles are easily grown, and among them such varieties as scarlet trumpet or coral, sweet scented monthly, Halleana, would be found desirable.

Among the roses which may be planted with confidence are such climbers as Baltimore Belle, Queen Prairie. Among the H. P. roses Gen. Jacqueminot, Paul Neyron, John Hopper, Mrs. John Laing. Of the white roses Madam Plantier, Coquette des Alps and Coquette des Blanches are desirable.

One of the hardiest vines for covering door or porch is the Ampelopsis Quinquifolia or Virginia Creeper, and if in addition to those, two or three evergreens are planted in the back ground where their foliage will show in winter, the result will be pleasing.

Do not expect to get the best results in a solid bluegrass sod. Let these roses and shrubs preferably be in a border where grass is kept out and let the lawn be in another direction.

If you desire any of the above varieties address E. F. STEPHENS, Crete, Nebraska.

SAINTS.

O saints, dear saints, so present, yet so far, I cannot touch you with my hand or trace The aspect of your strength, your faith, your grace! Between us lie the years, the gulf, the bar; But, as one tracks the starlight to the star And finds no dark nor flame forsaken space To fret the beauty of its burning face Because the splendor swallows blot and scar, So time has framed you with an aureole More circle rounded than your age foreknows. No frailty now can quench that fire of soul! The things ye willed and did not, those ye do! The gifts he strove for, in my sight are true. Your perfect parts have made perfection whole. —Edward Caneroft Lefroy, From His Life and Poems.

AN ISLAND ROMANCE.

An old traveler who, as special correspondent, story writer and theatrical manager, has visited nearly every part of the globe, in the person of J. Charles Davis, is now here for the purpose of paying the way for J. Cheever Goodwin and Woolson Morse's musical comedy, "Lost, Strayed or Stolen." He thus describes one of the odd corners of the world:

Probably the quaintest and most interesting island that dots the waters of the world is what was known until after the last English victory over the French as the Isle de France. It is Mauritius, French in everything but government, which is English. Mauritius is the home of romance and a veritable gold mine for the story teller and novel writer. It is the scene of good old Father St. Pierre's "Paul and Virginia," and the visitor to Port Louis, the metropolis and principal seaport, who would attempt to leave the island without driving out and visiting the grave of Paul and Virginia would be considered an unromantic, unsympathetic heathen. It is situated in a peaceful valley and reached by a short drive from the capital.

This little island is one of the most cosmopolitan places in existence. French, English, German, Spanish, Italian and a few American merchants are engaged in business in the bazaars along the water front, while Africans, Malays, Persians, the natives of Madagascar, coolies from the Malabar coast, Moors from the strait of Gibraltar and the natives of upper India elbow each other in the market places, and one hears the language of every land in a half dozen blocks.

The superstitions of every country and the weird tales growing out of the traditions of all lands have been brought to the island, taken root and grown to be observed by the lower classes of all nations, and consequently the island has become the favorite hunting ground of the story teller in search of genuine novelty, particularly in the weird and mysterious vein. Bossant and Rice obtained the story of "My Little Girl" from Mauritius. It was here that the story of the "Queen de Mere" had its birth. Here the legend of the enchanted cavern yawning for the reception of shipwrecked sailors, with their two gates, one leading to the celestial empire and the other to hades, is repeated and believed, and those who cross the

island to its northern and most inhabited shore can see two great openings, the bottom of each being below the low water mark and the top being high enough to admit the rigging of a sailing vessel, awaiting for him to choose which way he will go, but with no guidepost or trademark to assist him in his choice.

Although the government of Mauritius is English the official language is French, and in order to travel without inconvenience one must speak it well, but in order to get at the weird and mysterious it is necessary to have an interpreter who is an East Indian and who appreciates the value of getting at the bottom of a subject after having once entered into it. While returning from a visit to the famous gardens of Curpepe I halted at a little refreshment house, and in conversation with the proprietor discovered that he was not only an old resident, but a man well versed in the folklore of the island and one who would talk if allowed to.

It is needless to say that I allowed him to, and while we were enjoying some really delicious Manilla cheroots under the shade of a great banyan tree, just back of his house, he told me the following story:

Shortly after it became impossible for many members of the old French nobility to live comfortably in belle France a country nobleman, accompanied only by the young and beautiful daughter, left the mother country behind and arrived at Port Louis with little excepting the family jewels, plate and honor. The father and daughter brought with them an old priest who had been Ninette's instructor and almost constant companion since the child's dying mother confided her while but a toddling infant to the good old man's care. With a few house servants the count set up a modest establishment on the northern part of the island, purchased a small plantation and began the cultivation of sugar cane, which is the principal industry of the country.

Under the fostering care of her father, the priest and the old family servants Ninette grew to womanhood without having often crossed the boundary lines of the little plantation on which they lived. Her favorite recreation was reading, and she indulged this education of pastime in a bowerlike nook on the very face of the cliff overlooking the ocean. Here she would spend the delightfully balmy afternoons watching the native craft either going to sea, sailing away into the blue distance until their lateen sails looked like the wings of a flock of sea gulls or coming up out of the blue waters of the Indian ocean and growing larger and more distinct until the songs of the native sailors could be distinctly heard in her cliff top nook.

She reached the age of 19 when one morning she encountered a young stranger in the person of the son of a wealthy banker who lived many miles over the side of the mountain and who, pursuing his favorite pastime of shooting red winged partridges, had scaled the cliff and, following his dogs, almost stumbled into Ninette's retreat. The young man, after apologizing, with-

drew hastily, but his dogs, enjoying the caresses of the timid but delighted girl, refused to answer his call, and he was obliged to return to induce them to follow him.

From this incident there grew an acquaintance as carefully conducted as the strictest rules of the old French family conduct would prescribe. And one morning the count was somewhat surprised to receive a visit from the young man's father and mother, who had driven from the extreme end of the island for the purpose of introducing themselves and requesting permission for their son to pay his addresses to Ninette. The motherless child was introduced to the woman who desired to be her mother-at-law and her husband. Family history and family matters were discussed at length, and the planter and his wife did not depart until the desired consent had been obtained. After this the young couple were betrothed, the engagement duly announced, and at the expiration of nearly a year the date of the marriage set and made public, when one day Ninette, while reading in her favorite nook, was overtaken by one of those fierce storms for which the island is famous, and in attempting to regain the top of the hill slipped and fell down through the tangled underbrush, cut and scarred by jagged rocks, to the sands below. Here she was found by friends, who were alarmed at the stern and her absence and started out to search for her.

She was carried home almost lifeless, and for several days hovered between life and death, until the vigor of youth enabled her to recover sufficiently to understand the terrible accident that had befallen her. Her once beautiful features were so cut and scarred that after one horrified look into a hand mirror the poor girl turned away, sent for her father and announced her intention of entering a convent as soon as she was well enough to do so.

The almost distracted lover had ridden over from his mountain home day after day to inquire after her condition. His parents had made repeated calls, and kind hearted strangers hitherto excluded from the count's domain by the cold, exclusive disposition of its owner now came and offered sympathy and assistance daily. As soon as the attending physician decided that Ninette had sufficiently recovered to be able to boat an interview with her lover without serious results the almost frantic young man presented himself, only to be tearfully informed by the old count that his daughter desired him to convey her undying love with every assurance that it would remain unchanged until death, but that as the fearful accident that she had met with had disfigured her so that she was confident she could not survive Henri's expression of horror when he looked upon her poor mutilated features she would beg him to remember her as he saw her last, and that she would ever cherish his memory in the convent retreat that she desired to be conveyed to as soon as her health would permit.

Sadly and silently the young man took his departure, to return two days later, when he came instead of on horseback as was his wont, in the clumsy

old family carriage, from which he was assisted to alight by a favorite servant, when he said to the astonished count: "Take me to your daughter. Tell her that the changes in her features I can never know. She will always be as sweet and beautiful to me as when I saw her last. I shall never see her again, but cannot live without her society. Take me to her. She will see no looks of horror, for I am blind."

Henri, after leaving the count's door, had ridden to his own home, taken a last look at the scene that he had loved since boyhood, and then summoned a Hindoo fakir, and after a long consultation submitted to a painful operation that deprived him of his sight forever. The devotion that could not exist outside the atmosphere of mystery and superstition that hangs heavily over the little island was rewarded, and the descendants of Henri and Ninette now live in the beautiful little valley back of the capital and tell of the veiled woman who conducted the blind planter over his estate, and who was his guide and companion until both were laid to rest near the scene of their first meeting, where a marble tablet set in the side of the cliff marks the spot and makes it almost sacred to the residents of the island.

I returned to the city, and it was several days before I was able to completely shake off the indescribable impression caused by what the old innkeeper stoutly asserted was a true story of the love of Henri and Ninette.—San Francisco Chronicle.

His Own Idea.

It is said that General Crittenden used to tell with great glee a story of the reply once made to him by his son, then a little boy of 8 or 9 years.

A day or two after the battle of Chickamauga the little fellow went into camp. The general rode during the battle a horse which went by the name of John Jay, a great favorite with his small son. The child showed great delight at seeing his father again, but at last, in the midst of a vigorous hug, he asked suddenly:

"Papa, where is John Jay?" "Oh," said his father gravely, "your horse behaved very badly during the fight. He insisted, like a coward, on taking me to the rear."

The boy looked at him searchingly for an instant. Then his eyes gleamed, and he held up a remonstrant little finger, pointing it at his parent.

"Papa," said he severely, "I know John Jay would never have done that of his own will. It must have been your work."

There seemed to be nothing for me to say," the general usually remarked to conclusion, "and consequently I forbore to argue the matter."—Youth's Companion.

FANCY HOGS WANTED.

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