TURNING THE CLOCK'S HANDS.

I found young Shortem standing there
On tiptoe on the highest chair.
Turning the hands upon the clock
"Des fas' as I can make 'em waik."
"Why, naughty Shortem." I protest.
"Up to the clock you should not olimb."
"I fought," said Shortem. "It was best
To turn it roun' to suppor time."

And then young Shortem danced away
And went unchided to his play,
For do we not all love to climb,
And turn the laggard hands of time,
And whiri the slow-paced hours away
To some far, beatific day?
Up to the clock that ticks our doom
We all, like Shortem, love to climb,
And pass from this "between meal" gloom
And turn it 'round to supper time.

A WILLOW BY THE BAR.

In the city of Newton, beside an old-fashioned country house, stands a large willow tree. Long years ago it drooped over the barnyard bars, the milkmaid.

setting, and its last r .ys touched her one whom Molly sought was not there. dimpled arms, the gold of her hair, and the stream that fell with a musidropping of the milk, and her white hauds looked as graceful as those of days.

who had stolen up to the bars and cattle, and she tended it carefully. stood regarding the unconscious singer admiringly.

"Are you charming the birds and by it myself."

do you class yourself?" she asked,

He laughed. "I certainly am not a bird," he said, "and I hope I am not a beast."

John paused by the bars, and, "This will make a shade for you some day, Molly, and I will love you as long as it lives."

"It will be dead by to-morrow night," Molly replied, teasingly. "Nay, you can keep it alive if you will."

She remembered the words and their double significance long after. her that he had enlisted in the army. to go with them. "It will do you and that in one more week he would good," her cousin said. "You will go away. Molly bore the news bravely, but her heart seemed like lead in her bosom. And when the day came that took him from her, she flung herself down by the willow and sobbed out her grief alone.

Letters were not plenty in those ters with a frown and to brood over them in secret.

After a few months a furlough was ears. He would see her soon. How long the way seemed!

When he reached the neighboring town he fell in with an acquaintance who was very glad to see him, and the two men set out fr 'n the inn where John had stopped to rest. As they walked along his companion told John all the home news, and just before they part-d he said: "You did well to come home and look after your sweetheart. Her handsome cousin is consoling her

only too we'. in your absence. The words were spoken merely to tease John, but to his jealous soul they were "confirmation sure." He muttered an unintelligible reply and strode away.

What if her cousin had stolen her heart away. She was all he had in the world to love; his "one ewe lamb." Walking slowly along. buried in thought, he became aware of voices and the sound of laughter. Two persons were coning towards him but they did not yet see him.

It was Molly and a very handsome man whom John at once surmised was "Cousin Harry." Molly was laughing gaily, her cheeks were flushed and her eyes sparkling with fun. John was not more selfish than other men, but it would have been gratifying to him to see her looking a little pale and thin for his sake. But to see her so har and enjoying life so well madd - him.

He stood still, loo'ing at her. Presently she saw him a.1 sprang forward with a glad e v. both hands outstretched. There was no answering smile on his face, nor did he move one step towards her. She paused, chilled and frightened.

"Why, John!" she cried: "what is the matter?"

Her cousia, in the meantime, see ing that the newcomer was her lover. had strolled discreetly away.

"You have borne my absence well!" John said with a speer. 'You look quite contented!"

"What do you mean?" asked Molly in perplexity.

"I mean this!" replied her lover, all his fierce anger blazing forth: "If you don't promise me never to speak again to that whiskered baboon who was with you, I'm done with you. forever!"

Molly's face had grown very white and set. "I admire your choice of language," she said quietly. "Your speech is not only elegant but so

"Never mind my language," he replied roughly. "It suits your conduct very well!"

"Certainly not," replied Molly in a low voice. "My cousin was my play mate and has been a kind friend to chanter love.—American Cultivator. "Will you promise me?"

me always. I would not be so unjust

"If you do not promise," he said, "I will never look on your face again!"

"As you please," she replied carelessly. After a moment's silence, she drew his ring from her finger and held it out to him, saying, "I do not care for this any longer."

He snatched the pretty circlet from her and ground it savagely under his heel, then without a word turned and strode rapidly away. Molly watched him with anguished heart. All her anger was gone. Oh, why had she been so cruel? Why did she not try to soothe his wrath instead of letting her foolish pride separate them forever? Surely he would not leave her thus!

She watched for his coming every and cast its shadow on the quiet day until she learned that he was cattle as they waited patiently for gone again without one word for her. And so the days went by, till the war One evening a young girl sat in was ended. The troops came march-that barnyard milking. The sun was ing home with flying colors, but the

No one could tell anything about him. His comrades only knew that cal tinkle into her tin pail. She was the e had been a hard battle and the singing a merry tune in time with the last they saw of him he was fighting gallantly. Poor Mollý made the willow which he had set a monument any girl who plays the plane nows- to weep over as she would have went over his grave. She had a fence set So at least thought the young man around it to keep away wandering

She made no parade of her grief, but often in the midnight hours she woke with the sick, despairing beasts with your music?" he said at feelling of loss and pain. Womanlength. "I was rendered speechless like, she forgave her lover for his part of the quarrel and blamed only Molly start d, and the color flashed herself. All his goodness, every over her fare. "In which division generous act, every tender word, was remembered. She never thought that he might have been more patient with her girlish pride and folly:

"He loved me and I wounded him! He had no mother or sister; only me, and I sent him away with bitterness stooping, placed a willow wand he in his heart." Over and over she held in his hand in the ground, said these words to herself amid her sobs.

So five long years went by. Molly was outwardly but little changed, save that her laugh was not so merry nor her step so light as of yore. But her hand was gentler and her heart kinder for the trouble she had known.

Her cousin had married and lived near her. He and his wife were go-A few days after this, her lover told ing to Euro; and they urged Molly have somet ing to think of all the rest of your life." At length she yielded, and the three set sail one morning for foreign shores. She took a bit of the willow with her and kept it in water all the voyage.

One day the party stopped at a days, so the lovers seldom heard house in a little German hamlet. from each other. Molly spoke in They were to remain there a few days every letter of Cousin Harry and and to visit some noted places. When how kind he was to her. Indeed, it dinner was over the hostess said to ering everyone. The regiment has

"Do you think I might visit him," she asked.

"I am sure Frau Gottlieb will be grented John, and he started joy-grented John, and he started joy-fully homeward. Molly, Molly, her hostess. Molly readily gained her hostess. Molly readily gained consent to see the stranger and stepped softly into his room. He was asleep with one arm thrown above

his head. Molly's heart gaze a great bound as she saw him, for pale and wasted as he was she recognized her lover. She hurried out of the room, faint with contending emotions. How would he receive her? Was he still angry with her, or would the shock of her presence be too much for his strength? How should she make herself known?

him a message. She ran up to her room and took the bit of willow in her hand. Trembling with excitement, she gave it to Frau Gottlieb. "Put it on the gentleman's pillow," she said, "right where he will see it when he wakes!"

The sick man awoke and turned wearily on his pillow. His eye caught sight of the willow. He seized it w uderingly.

"Oh, can Molly have put it there?" The next moment he chided himself for the foolish thought. Yet he asked Frau Gottlieb eagerly if she put it there.

"Yes," she replied. "Thank you," he said, turning languidly away.

"The American lady told me to do so," said the woman. John started up. "Where is she?" he said. "Next door. Do you wish to see

her?" "Oh, yes! at once." Molly obeyed the summons immediately and found herself in the presence of her lover. "John." she

called softly, and going forward she knelt by his bedside. He laid his hand on her hair, saying: "Molly, does the bit of willow mean that you are true after all!"

"Yes, John," she whispered. The next day mutual explanations were made, and John told Molly how after the battle that day he had been found severely wounded and had been nursed through a long illness by strangers who did not even know his name. Then, heartsick and dis-couraged, the war being over, he had gone to Europe and had wandered

about till he fell ill. Happy days followed when Molly nursed her lover back to health. When he was strong enough, they went home together. The next day after their arrival they visited the

willow, now grown to a large tree. "You see. John, I did not let the twig die," said Molly. "God bless the willow!" he replied reverently. He stooped and kissed her just as the last rays of the setting sun shone

Maitre Labori, Counsel for Dreyfus, Fired Upon.

THE BULLET ENTERS HIS BACK.

row Lane-The Murderers Immediately Floo - Physicians Give It as Their Opinion that Labori Will Die of His

RENNES, Aug. 14.—Two men ambushed Maitre Labori, counsel for Dreyfus, and one shot was fired, hitting Labori in the back. M. Labori fell in the roadway. He is still alive. Maitre Labori left his house alone for the court about 6 o'clock yesterday

the suburbs of the town, about a quar-

ter of an hour's walk from the Lycee, the route being along a solitary road beside the river Vilsine. He had reached a point half way on his journey when two men who had evidently been lying in wait for him rushed out of a narrow lane and one of them fired a single shot from a revolver. The murderers were only a couple of yards behind the victim and the bullet struck Maitre Labori in the

back. The wounded man uttered an agonized cry and fell flat on his face. The murderers immediately fled through the lane from where they had emerged and both escaped. It was announced that the bullet

had entered the stomach. There was no outward bleeding and the physicians believe that M. Labori will die from the wound.

A later story has it that M. Labori was shot in the temple by a man who fired a revolver at him outside the court, and that the miscreant was arrested.

THE FIRST NEBRASKA.

Troops Celebrate the Fall of Manila

With an Elaborate Dinner. SAN FRANCISCO, Aug. 14.-Yesterday the First Nebraska celebrated the anniversary of the fall of Manila. The regiment was one of the first to enter Manila and many experiences and reminiscences of the capture are retold

by the boys to their interested friends.

Company L celebrated the event by
an elaborate dinner in its company
dining hall. The spread included all the delicacies of the season and was heartily enjoyed by the boys and their friends.

In the afternoon the camp thronged with large crowds of visitors and friends of the regiment, although the day was somewhat unpleasant, owing to the winds raising clouds of dust, which would circle around the tents and succeeded in covseemed to John that the two spent most of the time together. So after a little John began to the let- Molly was interested at once.

Molly: "There is an American gentle- made many friends in San Francisco and the boys are besieged with various invitations from their admirers, who seem to enjoy their acquaintance.

ON VERGE OF STARVATION.

Inhabitants of Atton Island in a Pitiable Condition. SEATTLE, Wash., Aug. 14.-A priv-

ate letter from Captain Slamm of the revenue cutter Grant, now with the sealing patrol in Bering Sea, states the inhabitants of Attou island were found by him in straightened circumstances, but in no immediate danger of starvation.

The inhibitants, numbering seventythree-twenty-three men and fifty women and children-were in a pitiable condition. Many of the children were partially naked and their elders but little better off. All were de-Ah! she knew how she could send pendent for bodily warmth upon the common practice of huddling five or six together in their "barabosos" or native huts. The only fuel on the island is a scant supply of driftwood.

The crew of the Grant gave the people all their spare clothing. The people were also suffering from a lack of salt. This resulted in much sickness and for a while the physician of the Grant was kept busy dispensing medi-cines. The Grant furnished the inhabitants rations. They had a very good supply of fish, roots and berries.

Recruits for the Thirty-Fourth.
CHAMBERLAIN, S. D., Aug. 14.—
Lieutenant Cushman A. Rice of the new Thirty-fourth regiment left here yesterday for Centerville. He had three applicants for enlistment here. two of whom were accepted. They were Ross Robinson of Irvington, Ia., and Herman J. Hanner of Beaver Dam, others. Wis. The latter served in Porto Rico and was mustered out several months

Negro Shot in Church.

Liscom is dead and the woman fatally injured. John and Bill Robertson, two negroes, charged with the shooting, were captured by members of the congregation, but later made their escape,

Cochin Will Make Inquiries.

PARIS, Aug. 14 .- M. Denys Cochin, monarchist and one of the deputies for the Seine department, has written to the premier, M. Waldeck-Rousseau. announcing his intention to interpel-

Nothing but Trade and Good Will. RIO DE JANEIRO, Aug. 14.-Col. Brazil, in an important communication to the Aregentine press asserts that the United States want nothing of South America but trade and good will. The people today have been shouting for union between Argentina and Brazil. Tonight the president of Brazil gave another reception and banquet, followed by a ball. At the banquet the Argentine minister, Senor Poreis, toasted "The Eternal Union of Argentina and Brazil."

The Striped Cucumber Beetle. F. H. Hall of the Geneva, N. Y., Experiment Station says:

Poisons can be used with success against these beetles for only a short time in the spring, when they begin to in winter, in order that the cows might feed; and again, in the fall, against beetles of the new brood. This fall poisoning will succeed only where there is not an abundance of wild fall flowers; for the beetles will desert any polsoned crop for the unpolsoned flowers and will feed upon the flowers to the cows are still timed to "come in" a considerable extent, any how, if they are to be found. Many poisons were tested upon the cucumber fields of Long Island, during 1897 and 1898, including Paris green, laurel green, green arsenite (arsenite of copper) and lead arsenite. These were applied dry, in period a large proportion of the cows water, in Bordeaux mixture, and in resin-lime mixture, alone; and in various combinations. Green arsenite, dry, gave best results. It was found a waste of the poisons to apply them in Bordeaux mixture, as the mixture so repelled the insects that they would not eat the sprayed vines to secure the poison. These poisons, applied in water, are liable to burn or stunt the plants. It is necessary, then, if we wish to poison the beetles, to use a trap crop to attract the insects and to apply the poison to this crop instead of to the plants we design to protect. On small areas it may be advisable to shut in the small plants of the stagnation at another. It is perhaps

growing crop by the well-known clothtopped boxes; by the tent-like cloth covers spread over arched hoops or wires; by boxes made from a rectangular piece of cloth and two short 6-inch boards with cleats attached to insert in the soil and hold the boards upright; or even 6-inch wire platecovers. Covers, however, are too expensive on large areas and they have the disadvantage of frequently making the plants weak so that winds will snap them off or twist and ruin them when the covers have to be removed. If covers are used alone their removal leaves the unprotected vines not only for feeding places but for breeding places for the beetles.

Bordeaux mixture, if thoroughly and frequently applied makes as efficient a protection as the covers, is much cheaper and at the same time protects the plants from diseases. This mixture (1-to-11 formula) should be sprayed upon the cucumbers when they are just well up, again when they show the third leaf and the third time just before the plants commence to form runners. The early application can probably best be made with a knapsack sprayer and later ones by any good pump sprayer. The three applications should not cost \$2 per acre.

The Bordeaux mixture is a much better repellant, according to station tests, than kerosene, turpentine, tobacco dust, cow-manure, burdock infusion, slug shot, bug death or any other known compound. Indeed, all ing of cream Under ordinary condimaterials of this class, supposed to drive away the beetles by their distasteful odor, proved failures when and so pronouncedly asserts itself that used alone. Air slaked lime, dusted over the vines, will make them unpalatable to the beetles, but the lime is liable to stunt the plants. It may be used, with care, by those whose crop is not large enough to warrant purchase of spraying outfit.

All of these appliances or applications, covers, Bordeaux mixture or lime, merely protect the young plants until they are strong enough to stand the injury from the beetles; they do not kill the insects. To do this, trap crops are needed. As the squash is the beetle's favorite food plant, this vegetable should be planted-in single rows along the margins of small patches, in several rows around large fields-about four days before the cucumbers or melon seeds are sown, When these trap plants are up and the beetles appear about them dust about half the plants with green arsenite, reserving the other half for use if rain or heavy dew makes the poison soluble and kills the vines first treated. The beetles, attracted by their favorite tidbit will feed upon the squash vines and be poisoned by the arsenite. When the cucumbers or melons are up, unless they are protected by covers, spray with Bordeaux, and poison more of the squash vines. When the beetles commence to pair the squashes may be cultivated up, leaving only a few vines for the beetles to feed upon at flowering time, as the insects prefer the squash flowers and will not molest the

Beans may be used with some success as a fall catch crop, where wild flowers are not too plentiful. They should be planted on the cucumber or melon fields; and when the beetles DALLAS, Tex., Aug. 14.—A negro named Edward Liscom and the wife of William Daugherty were shot at church, near Sumonville, last evening. ed to liberal doses of poison as well.-F. H. Hall of Geneva, N. Y., Experiment Station.

Fungi Destroying Trees.-It is not only cultivated plants and trees which are subject to destruction from insects and diseases. Some of the fungi which attack the southern species of pines are ausing great damage among these trees. One of these kinds of fungi attacks only the older trees, entering late the government when parliament through a knot, and causing disintereassembles regarding its general pol- gration of the heartwood and eating it full of holes. Another fungus enters the tree through the roots, passing up into the trunk and destroying it.

Nitrogen exists in fertilizers in three Page Bryan, United States minister to distinct forms, viz., as organic matter, as ammonia, and as nitrates. It is the most expensive fertilizing ingredient.

Women Unknown There. There is a monastery at St. Honorat, on an island near Cannes, France, which has existed since the fourth century. During the fourteen centuries since it was built no woman has ever been allowed to enter its walls.

Regulation the Butter Trade. Before the factory system of butternaking became general in New South or any other ladies who wish to Wales, it was usual to arrange matters so that the calves were dropped late

obtain the full benefit of the early spring grass, says the Australasian. Thi general calving period has not departed from to any great ex-, even under the altered conditions of .sirying. As a rule the majority of during the months of August and September. Some of our dairymen, however, where the factory system is established, are arranging to have a greater number of calves arrive in the autumn, about April and May. At that are nearly dry, and, as a consequence, many of the factories are worked at a loss, or closed altogether, for lack of milk supply. Butter then becomes scarce and dear, and none being available for export the London trade is disorganized, greatly to the disadvantage of the producers. It seems clearly evident that by regulating the calving season, having half of the cows fresh in autumn, and the other half fresh in spring, farmers would make more money in the aggregate, and the work at the farms and factories would also be steadier, instead of there being, as at present, a rush at one season and true that the spring is the best season for exporting butter, but against that advantage there is the fact that, late in summer and all through winter, butter usually brings a higher price in Sydney than in London, There is something radically wrong in the system of management pursued, when, during one-half of the year, we export largely, while at another we import butter and pay higher prices for it. Regulating the calving season, and providing the cows with extra food when grass is scarce would remove that anomaly, and yield more profit to producers in the long run. The export of butter must in fact be maintained steadily all the year round, if the industry is to be permanently pros-perous. Erratic shipments are greatly complained about in London, but the dairymen of New South Wales, particularly on the Clarence and Richmond Rivers, are gradually altering their management in the direction judicated, and they hope soon to be able to regulate their butter output to a nicety every week in the year.

The Cause of Ropy Milk.

Bacteriologists now tell us, says the London Farmer, that the ropy condition sometimes assumed by milk or cream when "set" for ripening is due to the development therein of a certain form of bacterium-a near relative of the organism (Bacterium lactis) which is known to cause the souring or ripentions the bacterium which causes the iring of cream so rapidly none of the many other organisms which are known to be capable of thriving in milk are given the opportunity of making their influence felt: but when, from any cause—such as the presence of dirt, etc.-the other organisms are afforded the necessary facilities for development, they also soon begin to assert themselves, and in this way produce one or other of the many conditions which are known to affect injuriously the churnability of milk and cream. Heretofore the explanation usually given for the ropiness of milk was that it was due to the illhealth of the cows. May it not be, that, after all, this was quite a correct explanation, for is it not possible that the fact that the milk is obtained from cows which are constitutionally unsound may render such milk all the more susceptible to the attack and more favorable to the development of the organisms which are ne immediate cause of the ropiness?



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