PRIMROSES.

Primroses lightly that swing
Delicate, saffronly pale,
Lowly their message bring,
Here, where the dank grasses cling,
Filmy with dawn's dewy veil.

Smoothly the brook's ripples sing
Voices of pebble and shale,
Echoes that seem to say "Hail,
"Primroses."

Piercing old winter's tense mail,
Flower-shafts, fair and so frail
Sheltered 'neath April's soft wing;
Vainly the rude winds assail
These, the first heralds of spring,
Primroses.

THE GREAT FLOOD TIDE.

One stormy night in November, Skipper Colby gave an extra turn to the stout rope which fastened his boat to the little wharf. Then he looked up at the revolving light in the high tower. "Aye! Flash away! Do your best to tell the poor fellows out yonder to keep away from such a treacherous coast as this!"

Before he started for the little weather-stained house by the tower he turned his face once more toward the black, tossing water. "It's going to be a wild night," he muttered. He turned away and had nearly reached the little house by the tower when the door was thrown open and the ruddy firelight streamed outside, showing the figure of a gray-haired woman and of a slight young girl peering out anxiously in the fast-gathering gloom. "Where's Meg?" broke from their lips at the same time.

"Safe and sound! For some reason the school board put off examining the teachers until to-morrow and Meg concluded to stay over night. Whew! How the wind howls!"

"Meggy" and "Peggy" were the light-keeper's twin daughters. So much alike were they that strangers could scarcely tell them apart, but on watching them closely one could see that Meg's laugh was the merrier, and that she carried herself a little more proudly than shy little Peggy.

On the day following the storm the skipper sat by the fire mending some nets, while Mrs. Colby and Peggy began preparations for the simple evening meal. The fury of the wind had spent itself during the night and the dangerous waves had subsided. Peggy glanced often at the little clock on the shelf. "Will you watch the coffee, mother, while I see if Meg is coming?"

She threw a shawl over her shoulders and ran down to the wharf, where she stood watching a small black speck off the "point." In a few moments she was able to make out Meg who was pulling for the shore with strong steady stroke. The boat shot up to the landing and the young girl sprang out. One look at her sorrowful face answered the question trembling on Peggy's lips. "O, Meg! You dear darling Meg! You didn't get it after all."

"It isn't only losing the place—it's the unfairness that hurts me so. Bertha Day's papers were the only ones that had a higher mark than mine. You see, they had an examination down at the city about a month ago, and they used the same set of papers that we did. Bertha found it out and went there and took the examination just as if she was trying for a teacher's place. She didn't pass, but she knew just what the questions were to be and she's been studying on them all this while."

"And you need the money and she doesn't for her father is well off. Oh, the meanness and dishonesty of the rich! Why, Meg, ever since I can remember she's always been saying or doing some hateful thing to us."

Meg rose to her feet. "I was so sure of the place," she murmured brokenly. "Oh dear! Everything looked so bright when I went away yesterday morning and now its all dark and dreary as it is out yonder," and she pointed to the dull, leaden sky and gray stretch of water.

Peggy crept close to her side and threw one arm around her in close embrace. "It can't be all dark and dreary so long as we have each other," she said. "I am only sorry for your sake, dear Meg. For my own part I am glad—oh, so glad! I shall not be awake any more nights dreading your going away. There's nothing now to come between us."

The long winter had passed, and now the warm April sunshine had come again, and the white sails once more dotted the blue water.

One morning word was brought that the light-keeper's mother, good grandmother Colby, who lived several miles down the coast, was ill with rheumatism. The skipper and his wife prepared to go to her at once. "It looks pleasant enough now," he said to Meg, scanning the sky anxiously, "but I shouldn't be now days surprised if it blows pretty lively afore night. And it's about time for the big springtide. If it should come you'll get along all right; it's never but once blew high enough to cover the path 'twixt here and the tower, an' 'tain't noways likely that 'twill now, but in case it should happen, all you've got to do is to watch, and take a bit of food and go into the tower so that you can see to the light, and then wait till the tide turns."

In the morning the girls busied themselves with the housework. About 3 o'clock the sky became suddenly overcast and little puffs of wind came skurrying across the water. During the two hours that followed the wind steadily increased, driving the waves with a sullen roar on the little beach. When Meg went to start the light she found that the mist had given place to rain, and she heard the thunder of the surf on the "Backbone." She had just returned to the kitchen when a loud knock was heard, and on opening the door two girls, with pale faces and clothing drenched with rain, crowded shivering into the room. They were Bertha Day and the daughter of a wealthy gentleman who had boarded with the Days for two summers past.

"For mercy's sake hurry and get us some dry clothing," said Bertha, ungraciously.

Meg's brow clouded, but she neither stirred nor spoke.

"Don't stand staring there! It's stupid! Can't you see that we're half dead with the cold? Miss Howard's father had to come to East Creek on business connected with the new railroad and he brought her with him. It was so pleasant this morning that we two girls rowed over to the cliff. I don't know what we should have done if it had not been for the light here," she continued, addressing her companion. "There isn't another house on the whole road. These girls," and she turned toward the twins contemptuously, "are the light-keeper's daughters. I used to go to school with them."

The insolent words brought a flush to the stranger's cheek. "I am sorry to trouble you," she said touching Meg's arm gently, "but I should be so glad of some dry clothing. I take cold so easily."

Meg's face cleared instantly, and in a few moments the two visitors, in dry garments, sat by the fire eating the food which Peggy placed before them.

Meg started quickly for the door. "Hand me my waterproof, Peggy. I'll run into the tower once more to make sure that everything is right for the night."

In a few moments she came back pale and breathless. "The water is nearly up to the doorsteps. I can't get to the tower, and it's overflowed behind the house, too. If I had only watched as father told me!" Under her directions the three girls hastily gathered the few valuables of the house and carried them up to the sisters' room on the second story. And they did not get to work any too soon, for by the time they took up the last load a small stream of water had forced its way under the door and ran gurgling across the room.

The hours of the night wore wearily on, but Meg was so hopeful and calm that she helped to keep up the courage of the others. She paid several visits to the hall and each time came back more sober and thoughtful, but she said not a word. The water was already half way up to the second floor.

She remembered with a shudder how old and frail the house was. "If it will only hold out" she thought. The last time she went out she found that the water had gained on them. Slowly but surely it was climbing upward. But there was this to be thankful for—the wind had abated somewhat and the rain had ceased.

When she returned she said to her guests, "Lie down; you need rest more than we do. If there is any danger I will call you."

Bertha and Miss Howard soon fell into a light doze. Meg sat quietly, holding Peggy's hand in hers. "Peggy," she said earnestly, "if the water gets much higher we must go up on the roof. It is about on a level with the second landing on the lower stairs. The window is never fastened and we can open it easily from outside, and the window ledge is very broad. You know the ladder that leads up to the opening in the roof? It's long enough to reach across. You see, don't you? We must use it as a bridge and crawl over! Once in the tower we are safe from the highest tide. I wish we could have got there before."

Peggy started, as a strange quiver like a tremor ran through the house. In an instant Meg was by the bed arousing the sleepers. "It is the house, Peggy! I thought I felt it before, but I was not sure. One or two more rockings like that and it will be all over with us!"

The four frightened girls climbed up hurriedly through the skylight and drew up the ladder after them. As they stepped out upon the roof, the moon struggled through a rift in the clouds and the flashes of the great light showed them on all sides a dreary waste of water. Nothing else was visible save the tall, white tower close beside them.

Meg crept to the edge of the roof and with Peggy's help shoved the ladder out by the fitful flashes until it rested firmly on the stone ledge of the tower window. "Now go," she said reassuringly to Miss Howard. "Don't be afraid! Hold fast to the sides of the ladder and feel your way on your knees from round to round! Then wait for fla ash and raise the window."

After a few moments of suspense the young girl reached the tower safely. Then it was Bertha's turn, but she had to be urged and scolded and threatened by turns, until Meg lost patience. "You are wasting precious time—and perhaps lives," she said solemnly, as there was another quivering of the house under them.

"Meg, go yourself. Don't wait for her; she isn't worth it!" cried Peggy, beside herself with tear.

But Meg seized Bertha by the arm and forced her out on the ladder, and she too managed to make the passage safely.

"Now, Peggy, it's your turn."

The young girl drew back. "Not before you;" but the sound of Meg's voice silenced her. Grasping the sides of the ladder she worked her way cautiously over, but as her feet touched the window ledge she felt a sudden dipping of the frail bridge, and house, ladder and Meg sank out of sight in an instant, and the only answer to her despairing cry, "Meg! O! Meg!" was the mad rush of the cruel waters.

* * *

In the handsome new stone church in the village is a magnificent stained glass window, placed there by Mr. Howard in memory of Meg. A small marble tablet underneath tells the simple story of the young girl's heroism. At the bottom of the window, in quaint lettering, are the words, "Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends."

Monetary Item.

A few nights ago a policeman halted a supicious looking colored man who had a trunk on his shoulder.

"Where are you going with that trunk?" asked the minion of the law.

"Der family I has been boarding wid has been axing for money, and as dey was done gone out ter-night I tuck advantage of de opportunity to get inter some family what has some consideration for de panicky condition ob de money market," was the reply.—Texas Siftings.

Husband of a Doctress.

An eastern bank cashier married recently a handsome woman, by profession a doctor. They had scarcely reached home from church when a summons came for the bride to visit a patient. She hastened away, and was gone six hours. In the meantime the husband had to entertain the guests and look pleasant. What he thought is not known.

Rights of Smallpox Patients.

Judge Thayer of Philadelphia says that no person can be legally compelled to leave his house and be treated in a hospital, even if he have smallpox or other contagious disease. It is the right of the patient to stay in his house if he chooses.

FOR OUR LADY READERS.

MATTERS THAT WILL INTEREST THE LADIES.

Black Lace Dresses—New Style—Midsummer Millinery—To Encase Pretty Feet—Women as Post-prandial Speakers—Women at the World's Fair.

Black Lace Dresses—New Style.

Some of the newest black lace dresses are made up over colored silk—a very sheer dotted Brussels net made up over Spanish yellow, mignonette green, or crimson, is very effective. It may be trimmed with rosettes of velvet or of satin ribbon, forming a girdle or plain, high collar. There are other gowns, trimmed with Marquise lace, which come in pretty renaissance patterns, in flower festoons and baskets of flowers, or bow-knot designs. These dresses are simply made straight full skirt over satin, and a round waist or bodice, with the skirts so concealed under drapery, that the dress has the effect of a Princess design in which the waist and skirt are in one piece. Narrow passementeries of gold cord are used extensively on these dresses, as well as jet cabochons. The satin skirt of such a lace dress is cut in the fashionable bell shape, with a thin lining of cambric, or without a lining. These skirts are made with a simple seam in the center of the back, with darts taken in below the waist to fit the figure below the waist around the hips, but no other seams, though there are some bell skirts with gored seams on either side the front, and it is considered by some of our modistes that these skirts fit more gracefully. Two or three ruffles, not over two or three inches wide, are set on the bottom of this satin skirt, and there is a balayeuse of pleating set under the edge, which gives the desired bouffant effect to the edge of the skirt. The popularity of skirts of black or colored silk, trimmed with scant flounces of Chantilly lace, extending from the edge of the skirt to the waist in a succession of three or five, is a feature of the season, when worn with Louise Quinze coats of Pompadour brocade. Thus a pale yellow satin, flounced to the waist with sheer black net, figured with baskets of flowers, is made up with a Louise Quinze coat of bengaline or satin, powdered with tiny yellow cowslips. This charming lace gown is designed especially for a matron's afternoon dress. It is of sheer black net, figured with leaf sprays in black chenille. It is trimmed with light figured silk and black and gold galloon. The kilted flounce at the foot of the dress is of figured silk, headed by a band of galloon. A narrow vest of the figured silk, strapped by three bands of galloon, furnishes the bodice. The high full sleeves are of figured net, and extend nearly to the elbow, where they are held by a band of galloon, and the rest of the arm is covered by a close coat sleeve of figured silk.—Good Housekeeping.

To Encase Pretty Feet.

In shoes, our elegantes now wear square or rounded toes for the ball; as for walking, no other style is now considered chic or comme il faut.

Now the pointed toes are out of fashion, it is discovered that they made the feet look larger, on account of the extra length they were compelled to be.

Square toes also make the foot look longer. The most becoming shape is the round-toe shoe—such as ballet girls wear, and which fits the foot to perfection, without making it look extra long or extra wide.

Heels, though still low, are shaped a la Louis XV. There is no harm in this, so long as they are not too pointed or too high.

It would be better to have no heels at all to the shoe. The foot would then remain elastic and the walk more graceful; but, alas! ladies will not understand this, and I can only record fashion without any hope of seeing any advice I may give or suggest followed.

As for stockings, when not of the same color as the dress, they are still worn black, when the dress is of a dark color. Black stockings, however, are having the sides embroidered to match the color of the dress or else to have them open-worked for home and walking.

Evening stockings are either lace or so richly embroidered that they almost defy the pen to describe them.

Garters also, when worn, are really too rich for their object. Their clasps are of real gold, with the wearer's initials in diamonds on them. They are attached to an elastic ribbon to match the stockings in color.—Young Ladies' Fashion Bazar.

For a Girl's Summer Trunk.

If you wear a fluffy bang, you want your alcohol lamp.

If you wear laced shoes, you want a dozen pairs of shoe-strings.

If you varnish or polish your shoes, you want a new bottle of blacking.

If you are inclined to sunburn, you want a pot of strawberry cream or some cold cream.

If you are fond of reading, you want your favorite books.

If you ever use pins, you want a block of black ones and a paper of white ones.

If you are a good girl and mend your clothes, you want some spools of thread, your needles, your thimble and some buttons.

If you make yourself sweet with infant-powder and a puff, you want a sealed package of powder.

If you use bonnet pins to fasten on your hat, you want a dozen of them.

If you are inclined to be ill-tempered and petulant, you want unlimited patience.

If you are inclined to be careless and inconsiderate, you want a very large package of energy and friendliness.

And if you are lacking in politeness, then you want to remember that surely she who claims to be a Christian, must, before everything else, be gentle in her manners.—From The Ladies' Home Journal.

Midsummer Millinery.

The sheerest and lightest materials are used for the midsummer bonnets. It is a transparent confection of gauze, lace or chiffon, shirred over a frame of ornamental wire, and it disdains even lining, though, as a matter of fact, no wire bonnet without the lining can be make comfortable, if the head is at all sensitive. For this reason many ladies prefer a hat of lace, straw or chip, in which a lining is permissible. There is certainly a great deal to be said concerning the fit of a bonnet. Very few people are aware that it requires nearly as much skill to fit a bonnet as it does to fit a gown. A well-fitted bonnet sets in place. It does not wabble uneasily and fall back and get out of place. It does not require pins, or devices of any kind, to keep it on. A properly filled bonnet does not hurt the head, but it requires an expert milliner to make it. —Good Housekeeping.

Women as Post-prandial Speakers.

We are assured that the after dinner speeches of women upon those festive occasions at which speech making is in order are becoming worthy of the sex. We are assured that the speeches made by the members of the Federation of Women's Clubs after the luncheon given to them by Mrs. Thomas A. Edison, at Orange, on Thursday last, were fine in their rhetoric, elevated in their eloquence, and captivating in their melody. Responses to ten appropriate toasts were made by as many women, and each speaker seemed to be the best until the next was heard. One of the speakers was compared to Dr. Chauncey M. Depew, and others of them were brought into comparison with other masters of the fine art of after-dinner speaking. Truly this is a progressive world for both of the sexes of mankind. —New York Sun.

Women at the World's Fair.

According to Mrs. Jonas French, our Massachusetts representative on the board of lady managers of the World's Fair, the Fair promises to be of "immense value to women." She says that Mrs Potter Palmer, of Chicago, "may be credited with very nearly the entire scheme of work as thus far laid out." One idea of the lady managers is to create funds that will enable worthy young working girls to visit the Fair. Another idea is to form a body of guides to do duty at the Exposition. These guides will be educated young women, and expert linguists will be given the preference. Everything possible will be done to represent American womanhood, and especially industrial womanhood, at the coming Exposition, and fully awake to the opportunities of the situation, the lady managers are throwing themselves heart and soul into their good work.—Boston Traveler.

A Few New Things.

The newest color is golden yellow shading into mauve.

The newest combination is old rose and dim blue.

The newest bonnet is a small jet coronet with a tiny bunch of flowers in front and a larger one behind.

The newest hat is the flat picture shape of black horsehair trimmed with yellow flowers.

The newest parasol handle is in black wood with pierced monogram in gold.

The newest way to arrange a lace flounce is to festoon it twice across the front of the skirt, first half way down and then near the edge, turning over the top in a hem and running in a ribbon.

The newest millinery flower is the yellow primrose.

The newest sleeve is wide and full at the top, but is not nearly so high as formerly.

The newest shade in straw is beetle's wing green.

Expelling Flies From Rooms.

It is stated that if two and a half pounds of powdered laurel-leaves are macerated or boiled in two gallons of water, until their poisonous quality is extracted, and with the solution a whitewash is made, by adding as much quick-lime as can be slacked in it, and if a room be whitewashed with this preparation, flies will not settle on the walls for six months. It is also asserted that if paste, made by stirring together one pint of the powdered laurel-leaves with one-fourth pint of glycerine, be applied to windows and door casings, a room so prepared will soon be emptied of flies. Two applications of this paste are said to be enough even to keep a kitchen clear of insects for a fortnight. There is nothing disagreeable or deleterious to human beings in the odor of the wash or paste, though laurel leaves or laurel water, taken into the stomach acts as a violent poison.

Household Hints.

GINGER SNAPS:—2 cups molasses, 1 cup lard, 1 tablespoonful ginger; flour to make stiff. Roll thin and bake quickly.

LEMON PIE:—1 coffee cup sugar, 2 cups water, 3 eggs, 2 tablespoonfuls flour, 1 tablespoon butter, juice and rind of 1 lemon. Bake with one crust. This is sufficient for two pies.

BERRY CAKE.—One cupful of sugar, one-half cupful of melted butter, one cupful of milk, four cupfuls of flour, berries to suit, three eggs, one and one-half spoonfuls cream of tartar, one spoonful of soda. Put berries in flour to prevent settling.

LEMON CRACKERS.—2½ cups granulated sugar, 1 cup lard, 1 pint sweet milk, 5 eggs, 5 cents' worth lemon oil, 5 cents' worth baker's ammonia; flour to make stiff. Roll thin and bake in a hot, quick oven. They will keep almost any length of time, and are very nice for lunches.

BISCUIT GLACE.—Put three-fourths of a pound of sugar with the juice and grated rind of four lemons; mix well with a quart of cream, and add six well-beaten eggs. Put in a water bath, and stir in some grated cake—sponge cake is the best—stir till it is of the consistency of a thick batter. When it is quite cold, freeze it. It is delicious with fresh or canned fruits.

LEMON ICE.—The favorite, is made by taking the juice of six lemons and the grated peel of three, and the juice and rind of one large sweet orange. Steep all together one hour, and then strain and add one pint of water and one pint of sugar; stir well until the sugar is all disolved, and then freeze. If you open your freezer three times during the operation, and stir up the contents well, it will improve the result.

Kindness Misconstrued.

Nowadays the uncharitable and the evil-minded are prone to suggest some ulterior object for deeds of common kindness. Little courtesies from man to man are magnified into attempts at shrewd diplomacy, and even the motherly care of a woman extended to a girl is credited with a sordid motive. The case in point is that of Julia Marlowe, the Cincinnati girl who has made such signal success on the stage. When seized recently in Philadelphia with an illness that almost insured fatality unless a dispensation of Providence should intervene, the sufferer was taken into the home of Mr. Alex. McClure, and treated as a daughter. She was the personal attention of Mrs. McClure, and physicians of noted skill were called in to preserve the life that promised so much for dramatic art. Miss Marlowe was nursed back to recovery, but the kind friends who so tenderly cared for her have become the victims for the scandal-mongers. The necessity for a denial pleas its own apology. —Cincinnati Inquirer.

An Infuriated Bear.

A large black bear entered a tunnel in the Santa Maria mine, in Tuolomne County, California, and attacked several miners. As the men realized their danger, which was made apparent only by the dim light of their candles, they grasped their picks firmer and attacked the brute. The foreman struck the bear first and drew blood; this infuriated bruin and he made a resistless charge on the men, extinguishing nearly all their candles and lacerating every one more or less. One man named Dougherty, had his scalp torn off by one blow of the bear's paw; others had the flesh of their arms laid bare. The contest in the darkness and close atmosphere lasted an hour, when the bear was killed, more by good luck than by skill. Exhausted as the men were, they dragged the bear out of the tunnel and took it to their station on a car.

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Editor Lincoln Weekly Herald.
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Notice to Non-Resident.

Fabien S. Potvin, defendant, will take notice that on the 23rd day of August, 1890, N. A. Merrill, plaintiff, filed his petition in the District Court of Lancaster county, Nebraska, against said defendant, Fabien S. Potvin (impleaded with J. Frank Harris) the object and prayer of which are to foreclose a lien for taxes on a certificate of tax sale, issued by the County Treasurer of Lancaster county, Nebraska, February 11, 1880, to plaintiff for [illegible] for taxes of 1880, on east half of lot 3, block eighty-eight, in city of Lincoln in said county, and on which the following items of delinquent taxes have been paid by plaintiff: [illegible] and that plaintiff prays that said Fabien S. Potvin be foreclosed of all interest in said lot, and the same sold to satisfy plaintiff's said lien and costs, including an attorney fee of 10 per cent of amount found due.

You are required to answer said petition on or before the [illegible] day of July 1891.

Dated June 11, 1891. N. A. MERRILL,
By [illegible], Atty. [illegible]