

THE OLD GARDEN.

Its gate vine-bung, unhinged, swings low. No latch nor key to shut me in; One step to solitude, and lo! There is no world of stir and din.

THE TRANSFORMATION.

"It is your turn this evening, Atherton, to relate the most thrilling story which you can truthfully vouch for."

Jack Gray, a darkeyed student at whose room in Cambridge a few of his intimate friends had gathered, resumed his fragrant Havana, and sent upward a blue wreath of smoke as he settled himself in a more comfortable attitude for listening.

"Turn the gas down a little, Jack; you know Atherton is not quite so fond of story telling as some of us more loquacious ones, and as out of respect to his aristocratic habits nothing stronger than lemonade graces the round table this evening, we must grant him every other indulgence in our power to lubricate his utterance as orator of this occasion."

"No need of reminding me that my forte is not story telling," he said, "but if the club will allow me to read a few facts I picked up last summer I think I can pass muster. I had them from a lady who was entertained, with her husband at my home in Virginia. I had never met the couple before, and was particularly attracted by Mrs. Gray. She must have been nearly 40 years of age, but was remarkably youthful in appearance."

"I will tell you an episode of my life that is so strange I fear you can hardly credit it, and so painful to me that it is burned into my memory; the story has never before fallen from my lips."

"I am a seceder. In his youthful days my husband loved and married a beautiful woman. I have been told that upon her bridal eve the orange blossoms that confined her veil were not more fair than she."

"What a charming bride!" was softly whispered among the guests. So attractive and loving was she in character, well did I realize that it was indeed my memory; the story has never before fallen from my lips."

"After the festivities of the hour she had a loving adieu to all and hastened with her husband to enter the carriage waiting at the door. Scarcely had the impatient horses turned from the veranda when the rustling of a rabbit in the hedge startled them, and leaping aside, in an instant they overthrew the carriage. The coachman jumped from his seat without injury, while the horses, freeing themselves from the shafts, dashed wildly down the avenue."

"Anxious friends immediately surrounded the vehicle. Mr. Gray proved to be uninjured, but Alice, his lovely bride, was dead."

"I pass over the grief and horror of the scene. Three days later they buried her, still in her bridal robes, on the plantation, beneath the shade of a branching tree, and I was allowed a tiny stream of water, its sweet murmur, so dear to her in life, forever singing a soft lullaby to her long slumber. Here her sorrowing husband kissed for the last time the marble forehead and sweet, smiling lips, almost more beautiful in death than in life. Then, lonely and sad, he sought his distant home."

"Years passed before he thought again of marriage, and when he sought my hand, well did I realize that I could never be as dear to him as the bride whose memory he would keep green. But I was an orphan, and you who know my noble husband cannot wonder that I gladly accepted him."

"Several years passed, fulfilling all my hopes and desires of contentment and happiness I had anticipated before marriage. Then an event occurred which for a time made life a nightmare of agony and finally despair."

"While I was seated, one day, upon a vine-covered veranda, occupied with an interesting book, Mr. Gray stole quietly behind me, and placing his strong, loving hand upon my shoulder, startled me by saying: 'I must leave you to-morrow for a short journey. The parents of my first wife have decided to make their future residence abroad, and as the old plantation must go into other hands, have granted my request to have Alice's remains removed and placed in my own lot in the cemetery here.'"

"I had no desire to change his purpose and bade him adieu on the following morning. All this occurred at the time when guns and ammunition were being conveyed over the borders from Texas for our approaching war, and all the railroad officials were on the alert for suspicious looking boxes."

from a solid block of marble. By some strange chemical process Alice's earthly beauty had been rendered immortal. The slight completely overpowered Mr. Gray, and it was some time before he could resume his journey. When he did so he was a changed man. Of course I knew nothing of this at the time; the facts came to my knowledge afterward. Soon his return I hastened to welcome him home, but started with terror at the worn look of his always kindly face. With ill concealed constraint he returned my greeting. Then, in measured accents he told me of what had happened, and his absent manner revealed how his thoughts had wandered to the past."

"Not a day passed that he did not visit Alice's tomb. True as he had intended to be to me, this trial proved too much for him. I knew he blamed himself for ever calling another wife. Months passed. My health became delicate. By dwelling constantly on the great and strange misfortune which had deprived me of a loving care so justly mine, morbid fancies took possession of my excited brain. No harsh word ever fell from Mr. Gray's lips, but my presence at times seemed ignored by him. My own lips were sealed. I was ashamed to confess my jealousy of this dead image of a former love which was so cruelly robbing me of earthly happiness. I fell creeping upon my despair and madness, and in my frenzy determined to die forever that specter which was running two lives. But human nature has its limits of suffering. I wrestled long with the powers of darkness until delirium ended all further efforts to battle with the foe."

"In those hours I have since learned how my conscience-smitten husband listened to my ravings. To no one would he give up his post of watcher at my bedside. Returning health, after weeks of suffering from a terrible case of brain fever, restored his care. I made one day to find his cool hand upon my aching brow, and by the tender expression of his face knew I was reinstated in his love. As soon as my strength permitted he acknowledged his error, adding: 'I have buried forever from my sight that image of a dead love which made me recant to my marriage vow.'"

"From this hour my recovery dated. No hand seemed to me more lavish than the grave of the beautiful dead bride. For me the return of a husband's love created as great a transformation in my seemingly ruined life as the wonderful process in nature which transformed into that beautiful statue a lovely though dead form."

"As Atherton quietly laid down his paper silence reigned about the table for a time. Then Jack, without a shadow of his natural frivolity said slowly: 'You have kept us deeply interested in this wonderful phenomenon of nature, which laid the foundation for a story of human love rather out of the common line of love stories. Accept our thanks for the entertainment you have given us.'—Waverly Magazine."

"Singular Prussian Law. One of the most remarkable measures enacted by the Prussian Landtag during the session which has just been brought to a close is a law providing for compensation to agriculturists for damage done to their crops by game. The damage is not to be paid by the owners of the game, who almost invariably belong to territorial nobility, both great and small, but by the other agriculturists, farmers, and peasants whose crops the game has refrained from injuring on that particular occasion."

"This extraordinary method of squaring accounts must be attributed to the fact that the majority in the Prussian Landtag is composed almost entirely of petty territorial nobility—the so-called Rittergutsbesitzer. But it is incredible that a man so enlightened and progressive as the present Emperor of Germany should have given his sanction to a law which, in the words of the old proverb, 'rob Peter to pay Paul.' Indeed, under its provisions, it will become more profitable to have one's crops injured by game than to have them left undamaged.—Toronto Mail."

"How Ingersoll Got In. I was told recently a story of how Colonel Ingersoll's wit once obtained him admission to the office of Mr. Lamar, when that gentleman was Secretary of the Interior. In order to Accommodate members of Congress and Senators, Secretary Lamar had made a rule that during the hours between 11 and 12 o'clock daily he would see one case."

"Colonel Ingersoll coming to see him in that period was so informed by the darkey at the door, and as he was exceedingly anxious about getting a word with the secretary he gave the boy a half dollar to go inside and make this speech to the secretary: 'Mars Lamar, Col. Bob Ingersoll am outside and want to know, sah, as it am the hour for receiving Members and Senators, when you can see a gentleman, sah.' There were 20 persons in the room, and the laugh created by the darkey's speech caused directions to be given by the secretary to admit Mr. Ingersoll at once.—New York Press."

"Sprinting With Bruin. The Seattle (Washington) Press relates that recently Miss Jessie Gordon, daughter of a rancher who lives in the woods in Kitsap county, while returning home after visiting her uncle, saw a big black bear standing within a few feet of the trail and apparently waiting for her to come closer. Woman-like, her first impulse was to scream at the top of her voice; her second, to start for home at the fullest speed along the trail. She had over half a mile to go. The bear, apparently scared by the shriek, started on a parallel track in the same direction, over fallen logs and through thick brush. There was a neck-and-neck one, both contestants making good time. Finally on arriving at the young lady's home the bear politely passed around by the back into the woods, while the other contestant passed like a whirlwind into the front room by the open door and fell exhausted on the floor. She did not go into hysterics, but suggested to her father, as soon as she regained her breath, that he 'might as well take his gun and look for that bear instead of standing there asking fool questions.'"

THE YOUNG FOLKS CORNER.

SPECIALLY DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF THE YOUNG.

Grandma's Pumpkin Pies—Regularity of Habit—The Young Stranger—A Whistling Well—His Mouth Needed Stretching.

Grandma was expunging company for dinner—the minister and his wife and little girl. So she was very busy that morning cooking all sorts of good things, and among the other things were the famous pumpkin pies, made just as her grandma had made them."

"Her grandma! Why, it almost made Nannie dizzy to think about grandma's grandma. Nannie was standing on a chair close beside the table, helping grandma cook. She had come out in the country the day before to try and get over a gripe."

"I should think," said Nannie, "that that way to make pumpkin pies wouldn't be very good, 'cause it's such old style."

"Old style's the best for pies, I guess," laughed grandma. "You see it ain't. Now I suppose, child, you never do have 'em in the city, do you?"

"Only the kinds that lives in cans," answered Nannie. "And papa says that they can't hold a candle to yours; but I never could see why they'd want to."

"I should think they couldn't!" said grandma, decidedly. "And now child we are ready for the seasoning. Just hand grandma the spice box over there, won't you?"

"Nannie put her nose down to smell when the box was opened. 'Ah, how good, grandma! It smells more like Christmas than ministers' folks, I think.'"

"There's ginger and mustard standing right beside each other," said grandma. "That's the beauty of doing our own work, dear, 'cause they look just alike; but I could go to them in the dark, and not make a mistake."

"Just then some one knocked at the sitting-room door, and grandma had to go. 'Now, dearie, don't get into mischief, will you?' she said, as she started."

"And Nannie did not really intend to, but grandma was gone a long time, and by and by Nannie began to think it would be a good joke to put the mustard in the place of the ginger. 'Papa dearly loves a joke,' she thought, 'and so do I. How they all will laugh!'"

"So quick as thought, she changed them. 'Now, p'raps it will be better than ginger, maybe I'll discover something,' she thought, trying to quiet her conscience. When grandma came back, everything looked all right, and she hurriedly seasoned the pies and put them in the oven."

"The land knows Mrs. Pipkins is the beater of a stayer," she said, as she shut the oven door, and looked at the clock. "But everything was ready when the minister's family came, and grandma's cap and Nannie's apron were stiff and spotless."

"The dinner was good, and they all ate as though they enjoyed it. And grandma, who justly prided herself on her cookery, beamed with delight over the way things disappeared. When the pies were brought on, the minister's wife said, 'Now we are to have some of the famous pumpkin pie that we have heard so much about.' Nannie's heart plumped down like lead as she looked at grandma's happy face as she handed around the great golden wedges."

"But what was the matter with it? They all took one mouthful, and then a hasty drink of water. Grandma quickly tasted hers, then looked at Nannie's crimson face, and Nannie burst out crying. 'Oh grandma, it was a joke,' she sobbed out. No one laughed at all, but grandma arose and took Nannie's hand and took her upstairs and put her to bed right in broad daylight."

"O Grandma," said Nannie, when they had all gone, and grandma had come upstairs, 'I am disgraced forever! I'll never play a joke again.' 'It's no joke at all, when it hurts folks' feelings,' said grandma. And Nannie has been very careful ever since to remember that.—Mrs. L. E. Chittenden in Youth's Companion."

"Regularity of Habit. One of the most difficult of all minor habits to acquire is that of regularity. It ranks with that of order. The natural inclination of most persons is to defer until the last possible moment, or to put off to another time, where this can possibly be done. Yet habits of regularity contribute largely to the ease and comfort of life. A person can multiply his efficiency by it. His mind can be trained that at certain hours in the day it will turn to a particular line of duty, and at other hours to other and different labors. The very diversity is restful when attended to in regular order. But let these run together and the duties mix, and what before was easy is now annoying and oppressive. And the exact difference between many is at this point. There are those who confuse and rush, and attempt to do several things at once, and accomplish little, while others will quietly proceed from one duty to another, and easily accomplish a vast deal of work. The difference is not in the capacity of the two, but in the regular methods of the one as compared with the irregular and confused habits of the other."

"Tact is the Thing. Tact is one of the first qualifications of a business man, and the following little incident in the history of one of the most successful merchants shows a development of this trait early in his business career. Coming to New York from the country, without friends and with very little money, he found his way to 'lower Wall street,' and walking into the store of W. & Co., passed back into the counting room and waited modestly and patiently till he should divert the

attention of Mr. W., who was at that moment busily engaged with some friend. At last the frank, open face of the boy attracted his notice, and he addressed him with: 'What can I do for you, sonny?' 'I want a place, sir.' 'What do you do?' 'The boy answered eagerly: 'Most anything, sir.' 'Mr. W., partly for a joke and partly to rid himself of the almost too confident boy, said: 'Ah, ah! Well, just go out and borrow me a couple of thousand dollars.' The lad placed his hat on his head, walked out of the store, then passed slowly down Front street till he came to another large store in the same line of business, friends of the past, Mr. S. & Co., then with a bold but honest look he walked up to the head of the house and said: 'Mr. W. of W. & Co. sent me down to borrow \$2,000.' 'He did, my son? How is business up at your place?' 'The boy, having seen the appearance of large shipments, answered quickly: 'Very good, sir.' 'Two thousand dollars did you say?' 'Well, \$2,000 is all he told me, but if you have plenty I think he would like it if you sent him \$3,000.' 'Just give this boy a check for \$3,000 for W. & Co.," remarked Mr. S. to his cashier. The boy took the check, and with it returned to Mr. W., walking back into the office with an air of successful pride, and said: 'Here it is, sir.' 'Mr. W., taking one look at the check and then at the boy, said: 'Young man, come in here; you are just the one I have been looking for.' And giving him a desk he set him to work."

"The Young Stranger. The people did not intend to be cold and distant toward the young stranger. But they were. He came to church several times firmly resolved that he would make himself at home. Then he concluded that it was no use, and came not again. He is now an active member of a sister church a few blocks away. A dozen people shook his hand the first time they strayed into that church, and something in their warm grip said: 'Glad to see you, young fellow; don't know just who you are, but come again, come again.' He went again. And the next time the pastor and two or three dignified 'elders' and a lot of young folks and the big rich man who sits down near the front had swarmed about him, and found out all about who he was, where he had come from, what he was going to do, and assured him that they had a place in their church that he would exactly fit. That is the kind of a church our young man was long for, and he 'joined,' of course. That is a piece of history. It occurred not a thousand—not a hundred miles away. The people in the first church mentioned were kind-hearted people. They would have been pleased had the young man concluded to cast in his lot with them. But how did he know that?—Sel."

"AN UNCLAIMED ESTATE. Where the Friendless Sailor's Money Goes at His Death. When a sailor on an American ship dies at sea, at the next port that the vessel touches where there is an American consul his money and claims for money are turned over to the consul, who in turn send them to the United States circuit court office in this city or in the district where the sailor's relatives are required to file their affidavits in the court, setting forth that they are next of kin, and quite a sum of money thus drifts into the United States court clerk's office in the Federal building, says the New York Times. The amounts received range from \$2 to \$20 ordinarily, but sometimes the effects of a seaman of saving disposition amounts to much more. Recently two bank books calling for about \$2,000 and \$600 in cash were received."

"The sailor was an old fellow who had put away his money carefully. No claimants have yet appeared to secure the money. It will be kept for several years, and then, if no one can put in a valid claim to the estate, it will revert to the government."

"Faneuil Hall. The original Faneuil Hall in Boston was completed in 1742, of brick, and about 100 feet in length by forty feet in width. This Faneuil Hall was almost entirely destroyed by fire in July, 1761; only the brick walls remained standing. It was rebuilt in 1764; and it was in this second Faneuil Hall that the town meetings of our Revolutionary period were held. By and by it was found necessary to enlarge the hall to double its original size. This was done in 1805, by adding a third story and rebuilding one of the side walls. It is this third hall which has so often echoed to the eloquence of Webster and Everett, of Choate and Sumner, and so many other statesmen and patriots."

"A Curious Paradox. The water which will allow our burning thirst arguments if they were condensed into snow, so it is stated by explorers of the Arctic regions that the natives 'prefer enduring the utmost extremity of thirst rather than attempt to remove it by eating snow.' Yet if the snow be melted it becomes drinkable water. Nevertheless, although melted before entering the mouth it assuages thirst like other water, when melted in the mouth it has the opposite effect. To render this paradox more striking we have only to remember that ice, which melts more slowly in the mouth, is very efficient in allaying thirst."

"And Prospects of Both. At a recent dinner party, the subject of eternal life and future punishment came up for a long discussion, in which Mark Twain took no part. A lady near him turned suddenly toward him and exclaimed: 'Why do you not say anything? I want your opinion.' Twain replied gravely: 'Madam, you must excuse me. I am silent of necessity. I have friends in both places.'"

"Real Estate Item. A.—Is land dear in Italy? B.—No, but the ground rents are awful. 'What's the cause of that?' 'Earthquakes.'"

SMOTE WITH POWER.

A Fearful Use to Which Dynamite is Put.

Among the many new uses to which gunpowder and other high explosives have been applied recently is that of engraving. By means of the force generated by the detonation of these articles the lines of delicate leaves, grass and insects have been impressed on the surface of the hardest iron procurable in the space of half a second. By old processes hours were consumed where machinery was used and any attempt was made to secure artistic results, and days where manufacturers resorted to hand work."

"Many recent experiments have been made, mostly by officers of the army and navy, which have demonstrated the efficiency of the methods. At Newport a few weeks ago a heavy charge of dynamite was exploded by several officers, who were delegated by the government to test a new method of electricity in fuses, says the New York Herald."

"Somehow a small dried leaf, without the knowledge of the officers, had slipped in between the dynamite cartridge and the iron block from which the charge had been fired. When the experiment had been completed the officers were surprised to find the perfect imprint of a leaf in the iron. The most delicate lines were reproduced with startling distinctness. A series of experiments, which were attended with remarkable success, followed."

"One of the officers who made the first experiments is now in the city, and he gave an account of his discoveries when I saw him at an uptown hotel the other night. 'I was rather surprised to find that it was possible to reproduce the outlines of perishable articles upon the surface of iron by means of explosives,' said he, 'and was at first skeptical, although I had often heard that a candle could be fired through an oak plank.'"

"When we found the imprint of the leaf we made several similar tests. They took place at the torpedo station in Newport. We placed several leaves and flowers between two plates of boiler iron and then fired a moderate charge of dynamite on the upper plate. The exact outlines, with even the veins in the petals of the flowers, were reproduced on the hard metal. Other and more extended experiments were attended with similar results."

"Another singular fact is that when exploded under the water the imprints are much finer than those produced in the open air. Frequently when a waft of gun cotton is exploded beneath the surface of the water the explosives will sink into the iron foundations so deep that the broken words and figures will be reproduced in raised characters on iron."

"Several manufacturers have followed the example set by the officers and some day probably dynamite will be put in practical use as an engraver."

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