



#### A Village Picture.

Yon lies the village, beneath the hill.  
White are the houses, the church is white,  
And the steeple shines like a shaft of light  
In the summer noon, and all is still.

Sloping down to the river side  
Are sunny meadows, green and wide.  
The river, winding to and fro  
In gleaming curves, runs deep and slow.  
Here and there, in a lazy pool,  
The lily-like water-grasses grow,  
And oft, as wand'ring breezes blow,  
They whispered, like a restless school.

Sweet are the fields with summer flow'rs.  
The wild-rose blooms along the hedge;  
Broad water-lilies star the sedge,  
And clover-banks are fresh with show'rs,  
Under the woodland's grateful shade  
The blue-bell no'rs, and in the glade  
The modest violet, all alone,  
Hides by a gray and mossy stone.

#### Wagner's Boyhood.

In great musicians, as in great poets,  
the gift of genius usually manifests itself at an early age. Mozart and Keats are only brilliant examples of what may be called a general law. It is the more interesting, therefore, to note a case like that of Wagner. His step-father, Ludwig Geyer, who died when the boy was seven years old, was very fond of him, and on the evening before his death, we are told, asked the little fellow to play on the piano two operatic airs which he had been taught. Richard played them not so very badly, and the sick man said in a feeble voice to his wife, "Do you think he might have a taste for music?"

The next morning the mother talked to the children about their dead father's affection, and said to Richard, "He would have liked to make something of you." The boy never forgot the words.

At that time, however, no one would have dreamed of making him a professional musician. When he was 9 years old his mother devoted him to a classical education. He is described as a headstrong, "fantastic" child, who would fly into a passion at nothing, but who, nevertheless, gave himself up to an enthusiastic study of Greek, and soon became his master's favorite pupil.

He took lessons upon the piano, almost of course, but had little taste for the instrument, and found the technique of it a bore. His teacher after awhile dismissed him as incorrigible.

For all that, the boy even then had dreams of being a composer, and a few years later, at his own request, he was put under an instructor in harmony.

The poor man had a hard time with his eager but headstrong pupil, and before long he, too, was constrained to give him up in despair, saying, like the professor of the piano, "Nothing can ever be made of the boy."

And yet the boy was to become, if present judgments are to be trusted, one of the few great musicians of the world.

#### Unbecoming.

"One of the greatest Blemishes of the Fair Sex" is the subject of a quaint warning addressed to the reader of "The Young Ladies Conduct," a wise and witty essay on behavior, published in London in 1722. The book is one of the first written specially for women. It is rather amusing reading now, but

Judge Field.

it contains food for reflection which has not been at all hurt by age.

"Above all," the writer urges, "avoid Anger which is a professed Enemy to Reason, Prudence and Advice. This Passion once let loose and encouraged soon grows domineering, and quarrels with the most trivial things in Nature. A drop of Rain falling on the Angry Person's Garments is Cause enough to raise a Tempest in the Mind that Reason cannot quell.

"There is a Consideration I should think has Weight sufficient to allay this Passion, that is, that there is nothing so pernicious to the Fair, and puts so bad a Face upon them. It gives an ill-natured Cast to the Eye, and a disagreeable Sourness to the whole Countenance; it makes the Lines too strong, and flushes the face worse than Brandy; I have seen it overspread the face with heat Spots, as a Lady has been chiding of her Servant for the Breaking of a Glass, or Pinning her Manteau away; and indeed never knew any Angry Woman preserve her Beauty long.

"Be carefully then to nip this unruly Passion in the Bud; suffer not yourself to be made uneasy for Trifles, so will you sooner stifle your Anger upon greater occasions; to get such a Conquest over the Heart will be a Triumph worthy of yourselves. Anger is the very Death of Beauty, Grace, and Virtue. Consider Ladies how far you are addicted to this unbecoming habit and reclaim yourselves by the contrary Virtues of Patience, Meekness, and Forbearance."

#### He Lost His Fish.

Private Sampson was spending his first summer in Montana, where he had ample opportunity to indulge in his favorite sport of trout-fishing. One afternoon he had been unusually successful, but just as he was setting out for camp with a heavy string of fish, he caught sight of a great pine which had blown down and was lying with its top in the water; just the place for hooking a monster trout.

He had been fishing up a deep and rapid mountain stream, the banks of which were thickly grown with brambles and service-berry bushes, among which he had to thread his way, his rod in one hand and his heavy string of fish in the other.

Pushing along to the fallen pine, he climbed upon it by dint of hard scrambling, holding on as best he could with both hands full. The tree was close to the bank and the stream was boiling.

He was in the midst of the branches, crowding onward, when suddenly, just over the roaring torrent, something on the other side of the tree rose up close beside him—an immense she-bear, with her cubs beside her.

There was no time to hesitate. To run was impossible, and she was coming toward him, growling savagely. On the impulse of the moment Sampson dashed his string of trout full in her face! In doing so he lost his balance, and the next instant there was a tremendous splash and he disappeared in the boiling water.

He emerged some distance farther down the stream. He scrambled to the bank and looked back. There on the pine sat the bear, intently watching the hole where the man had disappeared.

Sampson did not go back to inform her that he was not there, but made for camp at good speed.

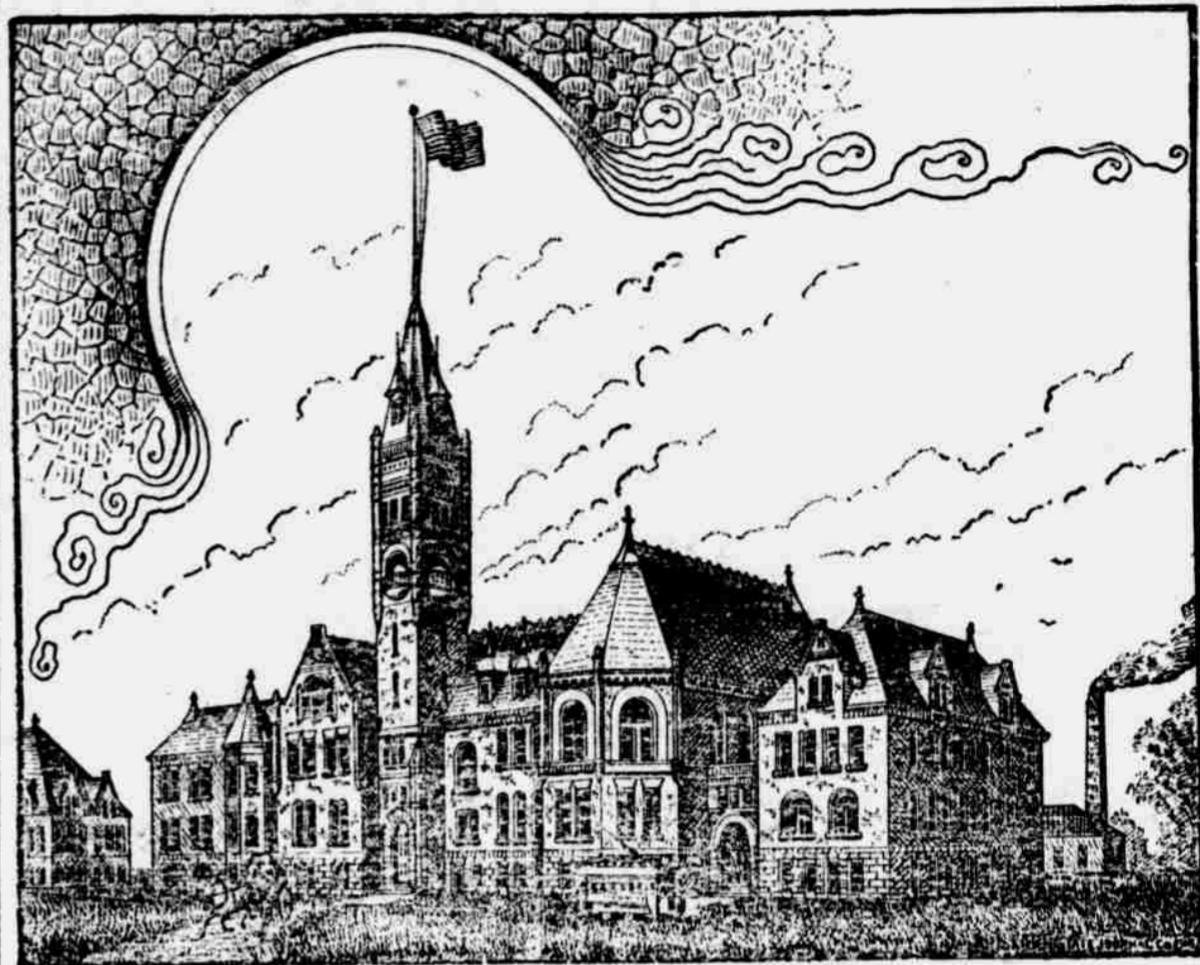
#### Could Afford It.

Strawber—Do you notice that the cashier in our restaurant has on a new gown every day? Singerly—Yes; but I am not surprised at it. Strawber—Why not? Singerly—She's the wife of the head waiter.—Cloak Review.

The cocoanut trees of Florida are due to nuts washed ashore from a wrecked vessel sixteen years ago. Now the state furnishes nearly all the cocoanuts used in the United States.

anner.

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