

### DUTY.

She wore her duty as a crown,  
And in her passing up and down,  
One came who laughed to see her wear  
Such trifle with so grand an air.

She took it off. "One cannot be  
A laughing stock for such as he."  
Behold! her feet once swift to go,  
Move now reluctantly and slow.

She walks a prisoner, looking down  
At that which binds her limbs in pain.  
Who wears not duty as a crown,  
Must drag it as a chain.  
—Good Housekeeping.

## The Eutaw Flag

By Mary E. Ringgold.

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Charleston, South Carolina, "the City by the Sea," on the morning of February 14, 1777, was unusually cold and dreary. Sleet and snow whirled hither and thither, and a biting northeast wind made it advisable for all not obliged to face the storm to remain within.

Jane Elliott was seated near a window, mechanically passing her needle through a dainty piece of embroidery. She felt a chill at her heart; the premonition of parting from a much-loved parent, now dangerously ill.

An elderly woman entered the room. "Mr. Elliott is awake," she said, "and wishes to see you."

Rising quickly, the girl went to her father's bedside.

"Ginnie," he murmured, using his favorite name for her, as with trembling touch he smoothed her hair, "do not weep because I am soon to leave you. For long years I have missed your dear mother's sweet smile. I shall be glad to go in search of her. You have the same smile, the same laughing blue eyes and tender mouth. As women of your type love only too well, it behooves you to be exceedingly careful in your choice of male companions. Most women's lives are made beautiful or utterly ruined by the love they accept. You must not stay here. This land of rebels is not fit for my sweet flower. Promise that, when left alone, you will return at once to England."

A deep pallor in the girl's face replaced the flush of a few minutes before.

"It is time for the doctor," she exclaimed, rising. "I think he is coming."

"Ginnie," said her father, "you have not answered—"

Without apparently hearing him she left the room. Outside the door she paused.

"I could not promise and I could not answer," she murmured, "for, heaven help me, I love a rebel who glories in his defiance of England's king."

By evening the storm passed away. The stars shone brightly; the moonlight glorified all surrounding objects. Again Jane Elliott stood near a window, at the back of the house. She saw a familiar form enter the gate. She opened the door. A moment later Capt. William Washington stood before her.

"Why have you come here?" she asked. "I thought you were miles away with the rebels."

"You must know," he replied, "I returned to see you: sweet face once more. To carry in my heart, amid the tumult and strife of battle, a picture of azure eyes, and sun-kissed hair; of dimpled chin and laughing mouth. These shall nerve me to stand firm for the cause of liberty and right, until I return to claim them for my own."

"Nay, how can that be?" she asked. "My father to-day has commanded me to return to England as soon as—"

Her lip quivered. She could not complete the sentence.

"And you will obey him?" he questioned.

"Nay," she faltered, "I cannot let you go. I shall not return to England. When in battle your flag floats above you, remember I honor it for your sake."

"I have no flag to carry with me," he replied, "and there is no time to get one. I leave to-night for the camp."

"I will make you one," said Jane.

Cutting a large square from the heavy silk curtain and binding it with



"Ginnie," said her father, "you have not answered—"

gold braid taken from the girdle which had encircled her waist, she handed it to him.

"Take it," she murmured, "and keep it unsullied for the sake of your country and Jane Elliott. Both shall be proud of their hero, whether he returns bearing it triumphantly aloft, or folded above his breast."

A bell rang. It was the signal that visitors, perhaps the soldiers of the king, were approaching.

"God bless you, dearest," said Wash-

ington, taking the flag and kissing the hand that held it. "May He keep you safe until we meet again." Then he passed out of one door as the guests entered the other.

Mr. Elliott sank into a semi-conscious condition that night and became gradually weaker, until, a week later, as in a dream, he passed into that great unknown.

Jane did not return to England. Months and years passed. She received tender letters from Capt. Washington, full of devotion to her, to his country, and telling of his promotion to the rank of colonel.

In the spring of 1781 Jane sat near an open window, inhaling the fragrance of tea and cloth-of-gold roses, and watching the many-hued humming birds, as they flitted about, sipping sweet refreshment alike from the poisonous trumpet flower and the coral honeysuckle. The deep blue of the sky, the bright sunshine and a gentle breeze made a perfect day. Yet Jane was sad. She had not recently heard either from or of her lover.

She was startled by the opening of the gate, and looking up, recognized



"Jane, have you no word of welcome for me?"

Col. Tarleton, a British officer, though he wore the garb of a civilian.

"Miss Elliott," he said, standing near the window, "you do not know how delighted I am to see you."

"Are you just returned from the seat of war?" she asked. "If so, can you tell me anything about Col. Washington?"

"Are you in earnest? What can a rebel of the worst type be to you? Besides, I hear he is so illiterate he cannot write his own name."

"You have been misinformed," said Jane coldly. "At any rate," glancing at his hands, "he can make his mark."

Col. Tarleton frowned. So she knew that Washington had, by a stroke of his saber, cut off two of his (Tarleton's) fingers, while catching his horse's bridle in an attempt to make him a prisoner.

"One truth I did hear, however," he remarked. "Just after the battle of Cowpens, as he was riding through the woods, he met Miss Evelyn Morris, carrying her sick brother in her arms. She had fled when the fighting began in search of a place of safety. He conducted her to a friend's house. Admiring her bravery and courage in risking her own life to save the boy's, he fell desperately in love with her. The feeling proved mutual and they are to be married in a short time. He wins hearts so easily I wish I had seen him during the campaign."

"To me your memory seems poor," said Jane, "but had you looked behind you at the battle of the Cowpens, you would certainly have had that pleasure."

Col. Tarleton made no reply, but, bowing low, departed. She had scorned him, but he had left an arrow to rankle in her heart.

Jane left the window, passed into the garden, and seated herself on a vine-encircled bench. So this was the reason for his not writing. She was forgotten, or worse, discarded for a new love. It seemed impossible to believe it. He was too noble and honorable to be untrue to the woman he had taught to love him. Tears filled her eyes. Her head drooped. Why had he not written? She did not wish to believe it, and yet—

Suddenly the sound of martial music recalled her wandering thoughts. The victorious troops were passing through the city.

Her lover should be in command. Why was he not with her? Alas! Must she believe Tarleton's cruel tale? The music died away. She bowed her head on her clasped hand and became oblivious to all, save her own sad misgivings. She did not hear the gate open behind her nor see the advancing form, nor note the eager gaze of the eyes that rested lovingly upon her.

"Jane," said a familiar voice, "have you no word of welcome for me?"

"Why have you not written recently?" she asked, coldly, not raising her eyes.

"Look up and see," he replied.

"Forgive me," she said, seeing that his right hand was in a sling.

"I was wounded," he said, "but I have brought you back, unsullied, the flag you gave me. It is covered with glory. Long years hence, still known as the Eutaw flag, it will be cherished and honored by all Americans, but especially by the sons of Charleston. Will you not give me yourself in exchange for it?"

Jane trembled with joy. Tarleton had told a falsehood. "I have no choice," she replied. "Who could resist the hero of Eutaw and the Cowpens."

\*Author's Note.—The above named flag really exists, came into existence as stated in the story; is in the possession of the Washington Light Infantry, of Charleston, S. C., and is one of the few Revolutionary flags still in use. It is known as the Eutaw flag.

**Sure Thing.**  
A cablegram that travels around the earth is liable to have its dates mixed.—Baltimore Herald.

**Teaches Japanese.**  
Japanese is the latest language to be added to the list taught at the University of Chicago.

**Buenos Ayres.**  
Buenos Ayres has a population of about 800,000, and some beautiful streets and houses. What strikes the visitor is the multitude of magnificent equipages. The wealthy class down there lavish money on their turnouts.

**Cheap Money.**  
Colombia has in circulation \$653,000,000 of paper money from which nearly all value has departed. The paper money per capita is \$163 and it takes over \$100 of the stuff to pay a hotel bill for one day.

**Breaking Himself In.**  
"Lord" Barrington, in jail in St. Louis on a murder charge, is most fastidious in the matter of neckwear, changing his neckwear several times a day. He may get a "necktie" shortly that he will want to change and can't.

**Cheap Labor in Sicily.**  
Machines are used in Sicily for extracting the oil from lemon peels. Each machine can deal with 8,000 lemons a day. One woman and one boy manage a machine, and their pay is 16 cents a day.

**Repose for Women.**  
In Boston there is a woman who is making a good living by teaching repose, getting \$2 a lesson. She declares that too many women burn the candle at both ends, and wear out long before their time. This lady demonstrates the necessity of complete relaxation of the muscles.

**For Safety's Sake.**  
"Look here, you," remarked Assur Banipal of Babylonia, "be sure to spell my name right in that inscription over my public library. And put it down that I am the King of Assyria. I don't want to run any chance of being taken for a Scotch steel king later on."

**Deflecting Public Attention.**  
As a little diversion to get the mind of the public off revolution and such things a hermit priest in Russia is to be canonized as a saint. Better that this man should be a saint, the czar doubtless argues, than that he himself should be an angel.

**Spoiled It All.**  
Dr. Reynolds, health commissioner of Chicago, made the pleasing discovery that the juice of the grape killed many disease germs. Then the doctor spoiled his great labor by sitting up nights and further experimenting until he found that lime and apple juice had about the same effect. Overwork is always unsatisfactory.

**Advertises for Immigrants.**  
During the fiscal year 1892 the Canadian government spent nearly \$500,000 in the United States in advertising its lands and promoting emigration from this country, and, by its own figures, each homesteader cost it nearly \$10. This does not include the enormous sum spent by the railway companies for the same purpose.

**Italian Manufactures Revive.**  
Besides the ever-increasing revenue from thousands of travelers, Italy is earning increased sums by her rapidly reviving manufactures. The waters of the Alps and Apennines are giving her as cheap power by means of electrical plants as coal is furnishing to Belgium, Germany, England and the United States.

**Queen is Camera Fiend.**  
Queen Wilhelmina has become an expert photographer, seldom going out without her camera. The other day she saw a peasant woman in picturesque costume holding a baby in her arms. She asked permission to take her picture, to the great delight of the woman, who received a present after the snapshot had been taken, while the baby got a kiss from the queen.

**Evolution.**  
"What do you think of these experiments in aerial navigation?" asked the progressive citizen. "I regard them," said the man who doesn't approve of anything, "merely as renewed efforts on the part of the human race to make itself ridiculous. After we have learned to fly, I suppose we will be expected to perch on a limb and try to warble."

**Bankers Visit Workers.**  
In Germany workmen are visited at their homes on pay days by savings bank officials, to collect their savings for banking.

**Unexplored Region.**  
The unexplored antarctic region, which equals Europe in size, is the largest unexplored area in the world.

**Railroads in Alaska.**  
Four hundred and thirteen miles of railway are to be built in Alaska.

**Makes Division of Salary.**  
An English mayor has handed over his official salary to be divided between the poor and the town bands.

**Powers of Radium.**  
If a small quantity of radium is held against the forehead while the eyes are closed one will see light.

**Gay Wall Street.**  
Wall street is a cheerful place. It is no sort of a place for a man who refuses to be gay. It cheers up one day because a couple of dozen brokers have failed and the worst is over, and the next day it cheers up because no one has failed and everything looks so bright and prosperous.

**Sage Advice.**  
Strange to say, two persons who could not swim were drowned last week in the surf at Atlantic City. Usually the victims of surf bathing are the venturesome, because able swimmers. If you do not wish your children to drown do not teach them to swim.

**Takes Care of His Boy.**  
"Policeman Brown is very active in his efforts to catch the boys who play ball on his beat," remarked the captain. "Yes," replied the citizen, "he has a small boy of his own." "Ah! and does his own boy play ball?" "Yes, with the bats and balls his father takes from the others."—Philadelphia Ledger.

**WOULD REMAIN AN AMERICAN.**  
Andrew Carnegie insisted on retaining his citizenship.

Before Andrew Carnegie accepted the invitations of the cities of Limerick and Waterford he made careful inquiries as to whether the conferring of their freedom upon him would in any way interfere with his status as an American citizen. He had long interviews in the House of Commons with John Redmond, who represents the city of Waterford in Parliament; but it was not until he consulted his lawyers that he agreed to accept the proffered honor.

"I want no honors or titles or anything of the kind," he remarked to John Dillon, who is a close personal friend of his. "All I want is that what I am doing in the way of free libraries shall be productive of some good to the present and succeeding generations of Englishmen and Irishmen. I know that the 'freedom' of the cities of Waterford and Limerick entitles me to rank as a citizen of both, but you must never bother me with voting papers or anything of the kind, because I never intend to take any part in serious politics outside the United States."

Both Mr. Dillon and Mr. Redmond gave him a written assurance to that effect.

**AS OTHERS SEE US.**  
**Foolish Ideas of American Society Held in England.**

That some English people believe Americans capable of any sort of freakish notion under the guise of entertainment is attested by a paragraph in a recent issue of an English weekly. The writer, a woman, says that an American friend tells her that "a new Yankee notion is a 'crazy social,' at which the idea is that everybody and everything should look and act as insensibly as might be. The costumes, the women and men should be eccentricity personified, and the food served should be arranged to match." According to this chronicler at a recent "crazy social" the meats were served in jelly molds, jam pots or dust pans; the vegetables in cake baskets, the blancmange in a cake shovel, the ice cream in a stew pan, the wine glasses were filled with mustard, the jellies trembled in a saucepan lid, the cream was in a pickle bottle, the sugar in the salt cellars and the salt in the sugar basins. The things which ought to have been roasted were boiled, and salt flavored food which is usually sweet. Attempts were made to eat clear soup with dessert forks and ice cream with table knives.—Brooklyn Eagle.

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