

Nebraska Advertiser.

G. W. FAIRBROTHER & CO., Proprietors.

CALVERT. NEBRASKA.

"COULD WE BUT KNOW."

Could we but know the secret cures
That lurk in every mortal breast,
We ne'er, by thoughtless word or deed,
Would add one pang to that unrest.

Could we but know of cruel wounds
That throbb and beat in many a heart,
How would we strive, by tenderest touch,
Some balm of healing to impart!

Could we but know what thorny paths
Full many weary pilgrims tread,
Would we not count it blessed boon
Sweet flowers on such dark paths to shed?

We cannot know. But if we list
To what the whispering angels say,
We, to our fellow-men, will be
Gentle and merciful always.

To help the needy, cheer the sad
And give the erring kindly care,
This will make the unseen cross
Of heavy hearts less hard to bear.

—Emeline Sherman Smith.

"LAL" RYDQUIST;

A Story of the Land and Sea.

BY WALTER BESANT AND JAMES RICE.

True Love and Woman's Devotion—Heroic Self-Sacrifice—The Happy Reward of Sorrow Borne Bravely, of Faith, Loyalty, Courage and Patient Trust.

[From All the Year Round.]

CHAPTER III.—CONTINUED.

"Look!" said Mrs. Rydquist, pointing cheerfully to the candlestick when her daughter returned with tears in her eyes and Rex's last kiss burning on her lips; "there is a winding-sheet, my dear, in the candle. To-night a coffin popped out of the kitchen-fire. I took it up in hopes it might have been a purse. No, my dear, a coffin. Captain Zachariassen crossed knives at dinner to-day. I have had shudders all the evening, which is as sure a sign of graves as any I know. Before you came home the furniture cracked three times. No doubt, my dear, these warnings are for me, who am a poor, weak creature, and ready, and willing, and hopeful, I am sure, to be called away; or for Captain Zachariassen, who is, to be sure, a great age, and should expect his call every day instead of going on with his talk, and his rum, and his pipe as if he were forgotten; or for any one of the Captains, afloat or ashore; these signs, my dear, may be meant for anybody, and I would not be so presumptuous in a house full of sailors as to name the man for whom they have come; but, if I read signs right, then they mean that young man. And oh! my poor girl—" she clasped her hands as if now, indeed, there could be no hope.

"What is it, mother?"
"My dear, it is a Friday, of all the days in the week!"
She rose, took a candle, and went to bed with her handkerchief to her eyes.

CHAPTER IV.

OVERDUE AND POSTED.

This day of days, this queen of all days, too swiftly sped over the first and last of the young sailor's wooing. Lal's sweetheart was lost to her almost as soon as he was found. But he left her so happy in spite of her mother's gloomy forebodings, that she wondered, not knowing that all the past years had been nothing but a long preparation for the time of love, how could she ever have been happy before? And she was only eighteen, and her lover handsome as Apollo, and as well-mannered. Next morning at about twelve o'clock she jumped into her boat and rowed out upon the river to see the Aryan start upon her voyage. The tide was on the turn and the river full when the great steamer came out of dock and slowly made her way upon the crowded water, a miracle of human skill, a great and wonderful living thing which though even a clumsy lighter might sink and destroy it, yet could live through the wildest storm ever known in the Sea of Cyclones, through which she was to sail. As the Aryan passed the little boat Lal saw her lover. He had sprung upon the bulwark and was waving his hat in farewell. Oh, gallant Rex, so brave, and so loving! To think that this glorious creature, this god-like man, this young prince among sailors, should fall in love with her! And then the doctor, and the purser, and the chief officers, and even the Captain, came to the side and took off their caps to her, and some of the passengers, informed by the doctor who she was, and how brave she was, waved their hands and cheered.

Then the ship forged ahead, and in a few moments Rex jumped down with a final kiss of his fingers. The screw turned more quickly; the ship forged ahead; Lal lay in mid-stream, careless what might run into her, gazing after her with straining eyes. When she had rounded the point and was lost to view, the girl, for the first time in her life since she was a child, burst into tears and sobbing.

It was but a shower. Lal belonged to a sailor family. Was she to weep and go in sadness because her lover was away doing his duty upon the blue water? Not so. She shook her head, dried her eyes and rowed homeward, grave yet cheerful.

"Is his ship gone?" asked her mother. "Well, he is a fine lad to look at, Lal, and if he is as true as he is strong and well-favored, I could wish you nothing better. Let us forget the signs and warnings, my dear," this was kindly meant, but had an unpleasant and gruesome sound, "and let us hope that he will come back again. Indeed, I do not

see any reason why he should not come back more than once.

Everything went on, then, as if nothing had happened. What a strange thing it is that people can go on as if nothing had happened, after the most tremendous events! Life so changed for her, yet Captain Zachariassen taking up the thread of her discourse just as before, and the same interest expected to be shown in the timber trade! Yet what a very different thing is interest in timber trade compared with interest in a man! Then she discovered with some surprise that her old admiration of Captains as a class, had been a good deal modified during the last three weeks. There were persons in the world, it was now quite certain, of culture superior even to that of a skipper in the Canadian trade. And she clearly discovered, for the first time, that a whole life devoted to making Captains comfortable, providing them with pudding, looking after their linen, and hearing their confidences, might, without the gracious influences of love, become a very arid and barren kind of life. Perhaps, also, the recollection of that holiday at Hampton Court helped to modify her views on the subject of Rotherhithe and its people. The place was only, after all, a small part of a great city; the people were humble. One may discover as much certainly about one's own people without becoming ashamed of them. It is only when one reaches a grade higher in the social scale that folk become ashamed of themselves. An assured position in the world, as the chimney-sweep remarked, gives one confidence. Lal plainly saw that her sweetheart was of gentler birth and better breeding than she had been accustomed to. She therefore resolved to do her best never to make him on that account repent his choice, and there was an abundance of fine sympathy, the assumption or pretense of which is the foundation of good manners, in this girl's character.

It was an intelligent parrot which Rex had given her, and at this juncture proved a remarkably sympathetic creature, for at sight of his mistress he would shake his head, plume his wings, and presently, as if necessary to console her, would cry:
"Poor Rex Armiger! Poor Rex Armiger!"

But she was never dull, nor did she betray to any one, least of all to her old friend Captain Zachariassen, that her manner of regarding things had in the least degree changed, while the secret joy that was in her heart showed itself in a thousand merry ways, with songs and laughter, and little jokes with her Captains, so that they marvelled at the existence of a sweetheart at sea should produce so beneficial an effect upon maidens. Perhaps, too, in some mysterious way, her happiness affected the puddings. I say not this at random, because certainly the fame of Rydquist's as a house where comforts, elsewhere unknown, and at Limehouse and Poplar quite unsuspected, could be found, spread far and wide, even to Deptford on the east, and Stebney on the north, and the house might have been full over and over again, but they would take in no strangers, being in this respect as exclusive as Boodle's.

This attitude of cheerfulness was greatly commended by Captain Zachariassen. "Some girls," he said, "would have let their thoughts run upon their lover instead of their duty, whereby houses are brought to ruin and Captains seek comfort elsewhere. Once the sweetheart is gone, he ought never more to be thought upon till he comes home again, save in bed or in church, while there is an egg to be boiled or an onion to be peeled."

The first letter which Rex sent her was the first that Lal had ever received in all her life. And such a letter! It came from Aden; the next from Point de Galle; the next from Calcutta. So far all was well. Be sure that Lal read them over and over again, every one, and carried them about in her bosom, and knew them all word for word, and was, after the way of a good and honest girl, touched to the very heart that a man should love her so very, very much, and should think so highly of her, and should talk as if she was all goodness—a thing which no woman can understand. It makes silly girls despise men, and good girls respect and fear them.

The next letter was much more important than the first four, which were, in truth, mere rhapsodies of passion, although on that very account more interesting than letters which combine matter-of-fact business with love, for, on arriving at Calcutta, Rex found a proposal awaiting for his acceptance. This offer came from the Directors of the Company and showed in what good esteem he was held, being nothing less than the command of one of their smaller steamers, engaged in what is called the country trade.

"It will separate us for three years at least," he wrote, "and perhaps for five, but I cannot afford to refuse the chance. Perhaps, if I did, I might never get another offer, and everybody is congratulating me, and thinking me extremely fortunate to get a ship so early. So, though it keeps me from the girl of my heart, I have accepted, and I sail at once. My ship is named the Philippine. She is a thousand-ton boat, and classed 100 A.1, newly built. She is not like the Aryan, fitted with splendid mirrors, and gold and paint, and a great saloon, being built chiefly for cargo. The crew are all Lascars, and I am the only Englishman aboard except the mate and the chief engineer. We are under orders to take in rice from Hong-Kong; bound for Brisbane, first of all; if that answers we shall continue in the country grain trade; if not, we shall, I suppose, go seeking, when I shall have a commission on the cargo. As for

pay, I am to have twenty pounds a month, with rations and allowances, and liberty to trade—so many tons every voyage—if I like. These are good terms, and at the end of every year there should be something put by in the locker. Poor Lal! Oh, my dear sweet eyes! Oh, my dear brown hair! Oh, my dear sweet lips! I shall not kiss them for three years more. What are three years? Soon gone, my pretty. Think of that, and heart up! As soon as I can I will try for a Port of London ship. Then we will be married and have a house at Gravesend, where you shall see me come up stream, homeward bound." With much more to the same effect.

Three years—or it might be five! Lal put down the letter, and tried to make out what it would mean to her. She would be in three years, when Rex came home, one-and-twenty, and he would be five-and-twenty. Five-and-twenty seems to eighteen what forty seems to thirty, fifty to forty, and sixty to fifty. One has a feeling that the ascent of life must then be quite accomplished, and the descent fairly begun; the leaves on the trees by the wayside must be ever so little browned and dusty, if not yellow; the heart must be full of experience, the head must be full of wisdom, the crown of glory, if any is to be worn at all, already on the brows. The ascent of life is like the climbing of some steep hill, because the summit seems continually to recede, and so long as one is young in heart it is never reached. Rex five-and-twenty! Three years to wait!

It is, indeed, a long time for the young to look forward to. Such a quantity of things get accomplished in three years! Why, in three years a lad gets through his whole undergraduate course, and makes a spoon or spoils a horn. Three years make up one hundred and fifty-six weeks, with the same number of Sundays, in every one of which a girl may sit in the quiet church, and wonder on what wild seas or in what peaceful haven her lover may be floating. Three years are four summers in the course of three years, with as many other seasons; in three years there is time for many a hope to spring up, flourish for a while, and die; for friendship to turn into hate; for strength to decay; and for youth to grow old. The experience of the long succession of human generations has developed this sad thing among mankind that we cannot look forward with joy to the coming years, and in everything unknown which will happen to us we expect a thing of evil. Three years! Yet it must be borne, as the lady said to the school-boy concerning the fat beef: "it is helped and must be finished."

When Mrs. Rydquist heard the news she first held up her hands, and spread them slowly outward, shaking and wagging her head—a most dreadful sign, worse than any of those with which Panurge discomfited Thaumast. Then she sighed heavily. Then she said aloud: "Oh! dear, dear, dear! So soon! I had begun to hope that the bad luck would not show yet! Dear, dear! Yet what could be expected after such certain signs?"

"Why," said Captain Zachariassen, "as for signs, they may mean anything or anybody, and as for fixing them on Cap'n Armiger, no reason that I can see. Don't be downed, Lal. The narrow seas are as safe as the Mediterranean. In my time there were the pirates, who are now shot, hanged and drowned, every man Jack. No more stinkpots in crawling boats pretending to be friendly traders. You might row your dingy about the islands as safe as Limehouse Reach. Lord! I'd rather go cruising with your sweetheart in them waters than take a two-penny omnibus along the Old Kent Road. Your signs, ma'am," he said to Mrs. Rydquist politely, "must be read other ways. There's Cap'n Biddiman; perhaps they're meant for him."

Then came another letter from Singapore. Rex was pleased with the ship and his crew. All was going well. After six weeks there came another letter. It was from Hong-Kong. The Philippine had taken on board her cargo of rice, and was to sail next day. Rex wrote in his usual confident, happy vein—full of love, of hope and happiness.

After that—no more letters at all. Silence.

Lal went on in cheerfulness for a long time. Rex could not write from Brisbane. He would when the ship got back to Hong-Kong.

The weeks went on, but still there was silence. It was whispered in the Captains' room that the Philippine was long overdue at Moreton Bay. Then the whispers became questions whether there was any news of her; then one went across to the office of the Company, and brought back the dreadful news that the owners had given her up; and they began to hide away the *Shipping and Mercantile Gazette*. Then everybody became extremely kind to Lal, studying little surprises for her, and assuming an appearance of light-heartedness so as to deceive the poor girl. She went about with cheerful face, albeit with sinking heart. Ships are often overdue; letters get lost on the way; for a while she still caroled and sang about her work, though at times her song would suddenly stop like the song of a bullfinch, who remembers something, and must needs stay his singing while he thinks about it.

Then there came a time when the poor child stopped singing altogether, and would look with anxious eyes from one Captain to the other, seeking comfort. But no one had any comfort to give her.

Captain Zachariassen told her at last. He was an old man; he had seen so many shipwrecks that they thought he would tell her best; also it was considered his duty, as the father or the oldest

inhabitant of Rydquist's, to undertake this task; and as a wise and discreet person he would tell the story, as it should be told, in few words, and so get over it without beatings on and off. He accepted the duty, and discharged himself of it as soon as he could. He told her the story, in fact, the next morning in the kitchen.

He said quietly:
"Lal, my dear, the Philippine has gone to the bottom, and—don't take on, my pretty. But Cap'n Armiger he is gone, too; with all hands he went down."

"How do you know?" she asked. The news was sudden, but she had felt it coming; that is, she had felt some of it—not all.

"The insurances have been all paid up; the ship is posted at Lloyd's. My dear, I went to the underwriters a month ago and more, and axed about her. Axed what they would underwrite her for, and they said a hundred per cent.; and then they wouldn't do it. Not a atom of hope—gone she is, and that young fellow aboard her. Well, my dear, that's done with. Shall I leave you here alone to get through a spell o' crying?"

"The ship," said Lal, with dry eyes, "may be at the bottom of the sea, and the insurances may be paid for her. But Rex is not drowned."

That was what she said: "Rex is not drowned."

Her mother brought out her cherished erape—she was a woman whom this nasty crinkling black stuff comforted in a way—and offered to divide it with her daughter.

Lal refused; she bought herself gay ribbons, and she decked herself with them. She tried, in order to show the strength of her faith, to sing about the house.

"Rex," she said, stoutly, "is not drowned."

This was a most unexpected way of receiving the news. The Captains looked for a burst of tears and lamentations, after which things would brighten up, and some other fellow might have a chance. No tears! No chance for anybody else!

"Ribbons!" moaned Mrs. Rydquist. "Oh, Captain Zachariassen, my daughter wears ribbons—blue ribbons and red ribbons—while her sweetheart, lying at the bottom of the sea, cries aloud, poor lad, for a single yard of erape!"

"'Twould be more natural," said Captain Zachariassen, "to cry and alone with it. But gals, ma'am, are not what gals was in my young days, when so many were there as was taken off by wars, privateers, storms and the hand of the Lord, that there was no time to cry over them, not for more than a month or so. And as for flying in the face of Providence, and saying that a drowned man is not drowned—a man whose ship's insurances have been paid, and his ship actually posted at Lloyd's—why it's beyond anything."

"Rex is not dead," said the girl to herself, again and again. "He is not dead. I should know if he were dead. He would, somehow or other, come and tell me. He is sitting somewhere—I know not where it is—waiting for deliverance, and thinking—oh, my Rex! my Rex—thinking about the girl he loves."

This was what she said; her words were brave, yet it is hard to keep one's faith up to so high a level as these words demanded. For no one else thought there was, or could be, any chance. For nearly three years she struggled to keep alive this poor ray of hope, based upon nothing at all; and for all that time no news came from the far East about her lover's ship, nor did any one know where she was cast away or how.

Sometimes this faith would break down, and she would ask in tears and with sobbings what so many women bore of their lovers have asked in vain—an answer to her prayers. Ah! helpless ones if her prayers were mockeries, and her lover were dead in very truth!

CHAPTER V.

THE PATIENCE OF PENELOPE.

The longer Ulysses stayed away from the rocky Ithaca, the more numerous became the suitors for the hand of the lovely Penelope who possessed the art revived much later by Nimon de l'Enclos of remaining beautiful although she grew old. That was because Penelope wickedly encouraged her lovers—to their destruction—and held out false hopes connected with a simple bit of embroidery. Why the foolish fellows, whose wits should have been sharpened by the vehemence of their passion, did not discover the trick, is not apparent. Perhaps, however, the climate of Ithaca was bracing, and the wine good, so that they winked one upon the other, and pretended not to see, or whispered: "He will never come, let us wait."

The contrary proved the case with the lass of Rotherhithe. When, after two years or so, some of her old suitors ventured with as much delicacy as in them lay to reopen the subject of courtship, they were met with a reception so unmistakable that they immediately retired, baffled, and in confusion; some among them—those of coarser mind—to scoff and sneer at a constancy so unusual. Others—those of greater sympathies—to reflect with all humility on the great superiority of the feminine nature over their own, since it permitted a fidelity which they could not contemplate as possible for themselves, and were fain to admire while they regretted it.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

—There is said to be a farm in Worcestershire, England, which stands in twelve parishes and pays fifty different rates.

FACTS AND FIGURES.

—The product of California quicksilver mines last year was 60,851 flasks, and the exports by sea and rail were 45,773 flasks.

—The free circulating library in New York city contains 5,085 volumes, and is steadily growing in size and usefulness. But sixty-four per cent. of the circulation is in works of fiction.

—It has cost twice as much to take care of the criminals as to educate the children of Nevada, the figures since 1865 being for State Prison, \$957,090; for schools, \$468,329.—*Chicago Times*.

—In New York there are 25,271 more females than males; in Philadelphia, 36,780; in Brooklyn, 23,872; in Boston, 18,422; in Baltimore, 18,631; in Washington, 10,673; in New Orleans, 17,806; in Louisville, 5,794; in St. Louis, 8,522; in Kansas City, 8,213; in Denver, 7,440.

—The clerk of the United States Supreme Court has salaries and fees amounting to about \$40,000 a year. No reporter is allowed to take notes on paper of plea or decision in that court while the court is in session. Each Justice has a body servant to whom the Government pays \$1,200 a year.—*Boston Traveller*.

—Statistics are sometimes valuable. The relative positions of man and woman in the sphere of conversation have been determined by an English statistician, who calculates that on an average every man speaks fifty-two volumes of 600 octavo pages per annum, and that every woman yearly brings out 520 pages of the same size in talk.—*Christian Union*.

—Kentucky and Illinois make the whisky. The total production of the United States for the fiscal year ending June 30, 1881, was 117,710,150 gallons, of which Kentucky produced 31,869,047, Illinois 30,001,408, Ohio 17,081,264 and Indiana 8,992,417 gallons. Where "Jersey Lightning" is manufactured is not stated, but judging from its fatal effectiveness it is an "out of the world" product.—*Chicago Journal*.

—It is estimated that in Egypt there is one lunatic for every 30,174 of the population; in Spain, one in every 7,184; and in England, one in every 357. Insanity is thus more frequent among those peoples who live indoors and are subjected to the greatest mental strain and anxiety. In New York State the special committee appointed to report on the insane found that there was one lunatic to every 384 of the population.

—A gentleman well acquainted with the Paris Bourse shows how much the Parisian middlemen made out of the Quebec Government loan of \$4,000,000 at 5 per cent. They took the loan at 98 and sold it at 102, thus netting 4 per cent., or \$160,000. But they put the real 5 per cent. loan in their pockets, and issued a so-called Quebec loan at 4½ per cent., thus pocketing the other ½ per cent. Capitalizing the ½ per cent. interest over a period of twenty years, and the amount is about \$400,000, in all \$560,000 that the middlemen held. But out of this came the expenses of getting the loan floated, say the large sum of \$55.—*Toronto Globe*.

WIT AND WISDOM.

—Edison is very fond of his mother—Necessity.—*N. Y. Com. Adv.*

—A fan exhibition in Philadelphia is proposed. Anything to raise the wind.—*Norristown Herald*.

—Some lives are like a footprint in the hard rock, enduring forever; and some are like a footprint in the sand, to be erased by the incoming tide.

—A scientist says it does not kill an oyster instantly to open its shell. Maybe not, but it surprises it considerably.—*Middletown Transcript*.

—No circus is complete without a beautiful woman, and Fogg, who is posted, says wherever a beautiful woman is you may look out for a circus.—*Boston Transcript*.

—It is said to greatly improve the temper of a razor to plunge it into hot water before using. A man, however, who is plunged into hot water at home finds his temper increased but not improved.

—We should have a great deal more domestic happiness if we would commit to memory the lines which the honest sailor composed for his sweetheart:

I'll be content with Annie Bread,
And won't have any but her.

—It is that good old lady, Mrs. Partington, who says very wisely that there is not much difference between a poet and a pullet, except in the spelling, for both spend most of their time in chanting their lays.

—An egg broken in Roxbury the other day was found to be volkless. If Roxbury hens can't afford to furnish yolks for their eggs at the present elevated price of fruit, it may reasonably be presumed that when the price gets down to sixteen cents a dozen they will lay nothing but the shell.—*Norristown Herald*.

—A boy in Troy, N. Y., hid behind a lumber pile to steal a board. A beam fell and hurt him, and the owner of the lumber was sued for \$20,000 damages. The day seems not far off when a burglar who drops from a window and breaks his neck will sue the man he was robbing.—*Detroit Free Press*.

—A two-foot rule was given to a laborer in a Clyde boat-yard to measure an iron plate. The laborer, not being well up in the use of the rule, after spending a considerable time, returned. "Noo, Mick," asked the plater, "what size is the plate?" "Well," replied Mick, with a grin of satisfaction, "it's the length of your rule and two thumbs over, with this piece of brick, and the breadth of my hand and my arm from here to there, bar a finger.—*Punch*.