

Nebraska Advertiser.

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CALVERT, NEBRASKA.

MY SWEET.

My Sweet has golden hair,
And willful, laughing eyes—
A darling mouth, she's wondrous fair,
But O my patience sadly tries!

My Sweet has coral lips,
And roses in her cheek,
And witching voice; she lightly trips—
O that she always me did seek!

My Sweet is loving, too,
She makes the darkness bright;
Her smile's as dear—'Tis true she's true;
But O she laughs at me outright!

My Sweet—good gracious me!
O how my spirits fall!
Zounds! there she goes with Harry Lee—
She's not my Sweet at all!

—Margery Deane.

"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 Borrowed Bravery, of Faith, Loyalty, Courage and Patient Trust.

[From All the Year Round.]

CHAPTER V.—CONTINUED.

Gradually it became evident to most of them that the case was hopeless, and those Captains who had once looked confidently to making Lal their own, returned to their former habits of friendly communications, and asked her advice and opinions in the matter of honorable proposals for the hands of other young ladies.

Three suitors still remained, and, each in his own way, refused to be sent away.

The first of these was Captain Holstius, whose acquaintance we have already made. He was, of course, in the Norway trade.

Perhaps it is not altogether fair to call Captain Holstius a suitor. He was a lover, but he had long ceased to hope for anything except permission to go on in a friendly way, doing such offices as lay in his power to please and help the girl whom he regarded—being a simple sort of fellow of a religious turn—as Dante regarded Beatrice. She was to him a mere angel of beauty and goodness; in happier times she had been that rare and wonderful creature, a merry, laughing, happy angel, always occupied in good works, such as making plum duff for poor humanity; now, unhappily, an angel who endured suspense and the agony of long waiting for news that would never come.

For the good Norwegian, like all the rest, believed that Rex was dead long ago. Captain Holstius was not a man accustomed to put his thoughts into words; nor did he, like a good many people, feel for thoughts through a multitude of phrases and thousands of words. But had he been able to set forth in plain language the things he intended and meant, he would certainly have said something to this effect. I think he would have said it more simply, and therefore with the greater force:

"If I could make her forget him; if I could substitute my image entirely for the image of that dead man, so that she should be happy, just as she used to be when I first saw her, and if all could be as if he had never known her, I should think myself in Heaven itself; or, if by taking another man to husband, and not me at all, she would recover her happiness, I should be content, for I love her so much that all I ask is for her to be happy."

It is a form of disinterested love which is so rare that at this moment I cannot remember any other single instance of it. Most people, when they love a girl, vehemently desire to keep her for themselves. Yet in the case of Captain Holstius, as for marrying her, that seemed a thing so remote from the region of probability, that he never now, whatever he had done formerly, allowed his thoughts to rest upon it, and contented himself with thinking what he could do for the girl; how he could soften the bitterness of her misfortune; how he could in small ways relieve the burden of her life, and make her a little happier.

Lal accepted all he gave, all his devotion and care. Little by little, because she saw Captain Holstius often, it became a pleasure to her to have him in the house. He became a sort of brother to her, who had never had that often unsatisfactory relative a brother, or, at all events, a true and unselfish friend, much better than the majority of brothers, who gave her everything and asked nothing for himself. She liked to be with him. They walked together about the wharves of the Commercial Docks in the quiet evenings; they moved out together on the river in the little dingy, she sitting on the stern gazing upon the waters in silent thought, while the Norwegian dipped the sculls gently, looking with an ever-increasing sorrow in the face which had once been so full of sunshine, and now grew daily more overcast with cloud. They spoke little at such times to each other, or at any time; but it seemed to her that she thought best, most hopefully, about Rex when she was with Captain Holstius. He was always a silent man, thinking that when he had a thing to say there would be no difficulty in saying it, and that if anyone had a thing to say unto him they could say it without any stimulus of talk from himself. Further, in the case of this poor Lal, what earthly good would it do to interrupt the girl in

her meditations over a dead lover, by his idle chatter?

When they got home again she would thank him gently and return to her household duties, refreshed in spirit by this companionship in silence.

It is a maxim not sufficiently understood that the most refreshing thing in the world, when one is tired and sorry, disappointed or vexed, is to sit, walk or remain for awhile silent with a silent friend whom you can trust not to chatter, or ask questions, or tease with idle observations. Pythagoras taught the same great truth, but obscurely and by an allegory. He enjoined silence among all his disciples for a term of years. This meant a companionship of silence, so as to forget the old friction and worry of the world.

The Norway ships come and go at quickly-recurring periods. Therefore Captain Holstius was much at the Commercial Docks, and had greater chances, if he had been the man to take advantage of them, than any of the other men. He was also favored with the good opinion and the advocacy of Captain Zacharissen, who lost no opportunity of recommending Lal to consider her ways of the Norwegians. His admonition, we have seen, produced no effect. Nor did Holstius ask for his meditation any longer, being satisfied that he had got from the girl all the friendship which she had to offer.

The other two suitors, who would not be denied, but returned continually, were of coarser mold. They belonged to the very extensive class of men who, because they desire a thing vehemently, think themselves ill-used if they do not get it, fly into rages, accuse Providence, curse the hour of their birth, and go distraught. Sometimes, as in the case of the young Frenchman whose story is treated by Robert Browning, they throw themselves into the Seine, and so an end, because the joys of this world are denied to the poor. At other times they go about glaring with envious and malignant eyes. At all times they are the enemies of honest Christian folk.

One of these men was Captain Nicolas Borlinger, whose ship sailed to and fro from Calais to the port of London, carrying casks of sherry for the thirsty British aristocracy. It is not a highly-paid service, and culture of the best kind is not often found among the Captains in that trade. Yet Nick Borlinger was a happy man, because his standard was of a kind easily attainable. Like his friends of the same service, he loved beer, rum and tobacco; like them he loved these things in large quantities; like them he delighted to sit and tell yarns. He could also sing a good song in a coarse baritone; he could dance a hornpipe—only among brother Captains, of course—as well as any fo'k'sle hand; and he had the reputation of being a smart sailor. This reputation, however, belonged to all.

It was an unlucky day for Lal when this man was allowed a right of entry to Rydquist's. For he immediately fell in love with her and resolved to make her his own—Mrs. Borlinger—which would have been fine promotion for her.

He was a red-faced jolly-looking man of five-and-thirty, or thereabouts. He had a bluff and hearty way ashore; aboard ship he was handy with a marlinpike, a rope's end, a fist, a kick, or a round stimulating oath, or anything else strong and rough and good for knocking down the mutinous or quickening the indolent. Behind his hearty manner there lay—one can hardly say concealed—a nature of the most profound selfishness; and it might have been remarked, had any of the Captains been students of human nature, which is not a possible study; save on a very limited scale, for sailors, that among them all Nick Borlinger was about the only one who had no friends.

He came and went. When he appeared no one rejoiced; while he stayed he sang and laughed and told yarns; when he went away nobody cared.

Now, a skipper can go on very well as a bachelor up to the age of thirty-five or even forty. He is supported by the dignity and authority of his position; he is sustained by a sense of his responsibilities; perhaps, also, he still looks forward to another fling in port, for youthful follies are cherished and linger long in the breasts of sailors, and are sometimes dear even to the gravity of the Captain. When a man reaches somewhere about thirty-five years of age, however, there generally comes to him a sense of loneliness. It seems hard that there should be no one glad to see him when he puts into port; visions arise of a cottage with green palings and scarlet runners, and, in most cases, that man is doomed when those visions arise.

Captain Borlinger was thirty-one or so when he first saw Lal. She was in her housekeeper's room making up accounts, and he brought her a letter from a "Rydquist's man," introducing him and requesting for his admission. She read the letter, asked him what his ship was, and where she traded, and showed him a room in her girlish business-like manner. This was in the year eighteen hundred and seventy-six, shortly before she met Rex Armiger.

Captain Borlinger instantly, in her own room, at the very first interview, fell in love with her, and, like many men of his class, concluded that she was equally ready to fall in love with him.

All the next voyage out he thought about her. His experience of women was small, and of such a woman as Lal Rydquist, such a dainty maiden, he had no experience at all, because he had never known any such, or even distinctly resembling her. The talk of such a girl, who could be friendly and laugh with a roomful of Captains, and yet not one of them would dare so much as to

chuck her under the chin—a delicate attention he had always heretofore allowed himself to consider proper—was a thing he had never before experienced. Then her figure, her face, her quickness, her cleverness—all these things excited his admiration and his envy. Should he allow such a treasure to be won by another man?

Then he thought of her business capacity and that snug and comfortable business at Rydquist's. What a retreat, what a charming retreat for himself, after his twenty years of bucketing about the sea! He pictured himself a partner in that business—sleeping partner, smoking partner, drinking partner, the partner told off to narrate the yarns and shove the bottle round. What a place for a bluff, hearty, genuine old salt! How richly had he deserved it!

He resolved, during that voyage, upon making Lal Rydquist his own as soon as he returned. They met with nasty weather in the Bay, and a night or two on deck, which he had always previously regarded as part of his profession, and all in the day's work, became a peg for discontent as he thought of the snug lying he might have beside—not in—the church-yard in the Seven Houses.

The more he thought of the thing the more clearly he saw, in his own mind, its manifold advantages. And then, because the seclusion of the cabin and the solitude of the Captain's position afforded unrivaled opportunities for reflection, he began to build up a castle of Spain, and pictured to himself how he would reign as king consort of Rydquist's.

"The old woman," he said, "shall be the first to go. No useless hands allowed aboard that craft. Her room shall be mine, where I will receive my own friends and count the money. As for old Zacharissen, he may go, too, if he likes. We shall get more by a succession of Captains than by feeding him all the year round. And as for the feeding, it's too good for the money; they don't want such good grub. And the charges are too low; and the drinks ridiculous for cheapness. And as for Lal, she'd make any house go, with her pretty ways."

About this point a certain anxiety crossed his mind, because the girl herself rather frightened him. In what terms should he convey his intentions? And how would she receive them?

When he got back to London he hastened to propose to Lal. He adopted the plain and hearty manner, with a gallant nautical attitude, indicating candor and loyalty. This manner he had studied and made his own. It was not unlike the British tar of the stage, except that the good old "Shiver my timbers!" with the hitch-up of the trousers, went out before Nick Borlinger's time. Now it must be remembered that this was very shortly after young Armiger's departure.

"What you want, my hearty," said Captain Borlinger, "is a jolly husband, that's what you want; and the best husband you can have is a sailor."

Lal was accustomed to propositions of this kind, though not always conveyed in language so downright, having already refused four-and-twenty Captains, and laughed at half-a-dozen more, who lamented their previous marriages for her sake, and would have even seen themselves widowers with resignation.

"Why a sailor, Captain Borlinger?" "Because a sailor is not always running after your heels like a tame cat and a puppy-dog. He goes to sea, and is out of sight; he leaves you the house to yourself; and when he comes home again, he is always in a good temper. A sailor ashore is easy, contented and happy-go-lucky."

"It certainly would be something," said Lal, "always to have a good-tempered husband."

"A sailor for me, says you," continued the Captain, warming to his work. "That's right; and if a sailor, quartermaster is better than able seaman; mate is better than quartermaster. Wherefore, skipper is better than mate; and if skipper, why not Nick Borlinger? Eh! Why not Nick Borlinger?"

And he stuck his thumbs in his waistcoat-pockets, and looked irresistible tenderness, so that he was greatly shocked when Lal laughed in his face, and informed him that she could not possibly become Mrs. Borlinger.

He went away in great indignation, and presently hearing about Rex Armiger and his successful courtship, first declared that he would break the neck of that young man as soon as he could get a chance, and then found fault with his own eyes because he had not struck at once and proposed when the idea first came into his head. Lost! and all for want of a little pluck. Lost! because the moment his back was turned this young jackanapes, no better than a second mate in a steamer, cut in, saw his chance, and snapped her up.

For two voyages he reflected on the nature of women. He said to himself that out of sight, out of mind, and she would very likely forget all about the boy. He therefore resolved on trying the effect of bribery, and came offering rare gifts, consisting principally of an octave of sherry.

Lal accepted it graciously, and set it up in the Captains' room, where everybody fell to lapping it up until it was all gone.

Then Lal refused the donor a second time. So the sherry was clean thrown away and wasted. Much better had made it run for his own consumption. We know what happened next, and none rejoiced more cordially than Captain Borlinger over his rival's death.

When a reasonable time, as he thought, had elapsed, he renewed his offer with effusion, and was indignantly, even scornfully, refused. He con-

cluded that he had another rival, probably some fellow with more money, and he looked about him and made guarded inquiries. He could find no one likely to be a rival except Captain Holstius, who appeared to be a poor religious creature, not worth the jealousy of a lusty English sailor; and, later on, he discovered that a certain American Captain called Barnabas B. Wattles, who came and went, having no ship of his own, and yet always full of business, was certainly a rival.

Captain Wattles puzzled him, because, so far as he could see, Lal was no kinder to him than to himself. Always there was present to his mind that vision of himself the landlord or proprietor of Rydquist's, counting out the money in the front parlor over a pipe and a cool glass of rum-and-water, while Lal looked after the dinners and made out the bills.

"Bills!" he thought. "Yes; they should be bills with a profit in them, too, when he was proprietor!"

Rage possessed his soul as the time went on and he got no nearer the attainment of his object. He could not converse with the girl, partly because she avoided him, and partly because he had nothing to say. Worst of all, she told him when he ventured once more to remark that a jolly sailor, namely, Nick Borlinger, would restore her to happiness, that if he ever dared to propose such a thing again he would no longer be admitted to Rydquist's, but might stay aboard his own ship in the London Docks, or find a house at Poplar. Fear of being sent to Poplar kept him quiet.

There remained the third suitor, Captain Barnabas B. Wattles.

When he made the acquaintance of Lal, a skipper without a ship, it was in the year eighteen hundred and seventy-seven. He was an American by birth, hailing, in fact, from the town of Portsmouth, New Hampshire, and he was always full of business, the nature of which no man knew. He was quite unlike the jovial Nick Borlinger, and, indeed, resembled the typical British tar in no respect whatever. For he was a slight spare man, with sharp features and hairless cheek. He was not, certainly, admitted to the privileges of Rydquist's, but he visited when his business brought him to London, and sat of an evening in the Captains' room drinking with any who would offer gratuitous grog; at other times he was fond of saying that he was a temperance man, and went without grog rather than pay for it himself.

He first came when Lal was waiting for that letter from Rex which never came; he learned the whole story; and either did not immediately fall in love, like the more inflammable Borlinger, being a man of prudence and forthright, or he refrained from speech, even from the good words of courtship. But he came often; by speaking gently, and without mention of love and marriage, he established friendly relations with Lal; he even ventured to speak of her loss, and, with honeyed sympathy, told the tales of like disasters, which always ended fatally to American sailors. When she declared that Rex could not be drowned, he only shook his head with pity. And in speaking of those early deaths at sea which had come under his own observation, he assumed, as a matter of course, that the bereaved woman mourned for no more than a certain term, after which time she took unto herself another sweetheart, and enjoyed perfect happiness ever afterward. He thought that in this way he would familiarize her mind with the idea of giving up her grief.

"When she reflected," he would conclude his narrative, "that cryin' would not bring back any man to life again, she gave over cryin' and looked about for consolation. She found it, Miss Lal, in the usual quarter. As for myself, my own name is Barnabas, which means, as perhaps you have never heard, the Son of Consolation."

With such words did he essay to sap the fidelity of the mourner, but in vain, for though there were times when poor Lal would doubt, despite the fervent ardor of her faith, whether Rex might not be really dead and gone, there was no time at all when she ever wavered for a moment in constancy to his memory. Though neither Borlinger nor Barnabas Wattles could understand the thing, it was impossible for Lal ever to think of a second lover.

He would talk of other things, but always came back to the subject of consolation.

Thus one evening he began to look about him, being then in her own room.

"This," he said, "is a prosperous concern which you are running, Miss Lal. I guess it pays?"

Yes; Lal said that it paid its expenses, and more.

"And you've made your little pile already out of it?"

"Yes," said Lal, carelessly, "there was money saved."

His eyes twinkled at the thought of handling her savings, for Captain Wattles was by no means rich. He forgot, however, that the money belonged to her mother.

"Now," he went on with an insinuating smile, "do you never think the time will come when you will tire of runnin' this ho—tel?"

Lal said she was too busy to think of what might happen, and that, as regards the future, she said, sadly, that she would rather not think about it at all, the past was already too much for her to think about.

"Yes," he said, "that time will come. It has not come yet, Miss Lal, and therefore, I do not say, as I am ready to say, Take me and let me console you. My name is Barnabas, which means, as perhaps you do not know, the Son of Consolation."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

RELIGIOUS AND EDUCATIONAL.

—A man in Knox County, Maine, who wanted to vote against a projected high school, wrote his ballot "Know."

—Omaha is to have a Young Men's Christian Association. Steps have been taken by some leading citizens toward organizing one.

—The number of white and colored pupils attending the public schools at Danville, Va., is the same—370 each. The average attendance is one point in favor of the white pupils.

—In Springfield, Ill., the young men of the Christian Association hold services in the jail every Sunday afternoon for the benefit of the prisoners. These brethren are sure of their audience rain or shine.

—President Cheney, of Bates College, Maine, has published an appeal for an addition of \$100,000 to the college's present endowment of \$150,000. The women of the country are asked to raise \$20,000 for the endowment of a chair.

—A young couple in Trousdale County professed religion on the same day in the same church, were baptized in the same creek, in the same hour, by the same minister, and were united in marriage before changing their baptismal names. —Nashville (Tenn.) Banner.

—At a meeting of Baptist ministers at Philadelphia, a resolution was adopted protesting in the name of Christianity against the arrest of Godfrey Hubert, a Baptist pastor at Skien, Norway, who was recently sentenced by the courts there to pay a fine of \$80 for baptizing a convert, both of whose parents were members of his church. It was resolved to request the Secretary of State to instruct the American Minister to Sweden and Norway to inquire into the case. —Chicago News.

—The Lee Avenue Baptist Church, Brooklyn, whose pastor, the Rev. J. Hyatt Smith, now a member of Congress, recently resigned after thirteen years' service, has dissolved under its former name, and a new church has been formed under the name of the South Baptist Church. The Rev. N. B. Thompson is now pastor. As the church edifice has been sold for an academy of music, a site for a new church is being looked for. Services will be held in the old structure for six months. —N. Y. Sun.

—A restless young preacher with a congregation of working people, in a manufacturing town, wrote to Prof. Phelps desiring his help to a better position, and remarked: "I am throwing myself away in this shoe town." Prof. Phelps wrote to the young man that he could not make a better throw. If by throwing himself away on these people, whom he considered unworthy of his superior talent, he could lift them up intellectually and spiritually, he was doing a work which would be worth the sacrifice. —Chicago Herald.

Women in Cities.

One of the curious revelations of the census is the large increase of females in cities. New York has nearly 25,000 excess of females over males, Boston over 18,000, and indeed in all the cities north of the Potomac and east of the Mississippi there are more women than men. In the olden times it was the men who came to the cities, leaving the women in the homesteads; but the changes in modern industry, but more especially the growth of manufactures, have had the effect of emptying country homes of the women who before did most of the making of clothing. In the times of our forefathers the weaving, spinning and other employments gave work to the females of the family in their rural homes. But with the growth of manufactures home labor was discouraged and employments were to be found only in the large towns and cities. It is the more surprising that women should come in such numbers to cities, as landladies do not like them, and prefer patrons of the other sex because they can pay them better and are not so much trouble in the household. But necessity knows no law. Women are in the field as workers, and to earn their living they must seek the large centers of population. The tendency is not a wholesome one, but society in time will doubtless do what it can to surround women with guards which they do not have in their rural homes. —Demorest's Monthly.

About Asteroids.

Every school-boy knows that there are small heavenly bodies in our solar system which are known as asteroids. They do not seem to be of much account, and are probably fragments of planets which have been shattered, or are segments of the larger globes which have been hurled out into space. If this took place when, according to the nebular hypothesis, the various bodies in space were incandescent, they would become globular in shape. Prof. Hornstein, of Vienna, has recently communicated to the world the result of his researches in connection with asteroids. He thinks the number of those with a diameter of more than twenty-five geographical miles is extremely small, and they were probably all discovered some years ago. He is of opinion, also, that few of them have a less diameter than five miles; indeed, the vast mass of asteroids seen through our telescopes are between five and fifteen miles in diameter. There is little scientific value connected with these inferior planetary bodies; they have no atmospheres, and cannot support life. We know that the material of which they are composed is very similar to that which formed this earth; but they may help some time to solve the great mystery of the creation of worlds. —Demorest's Monthly.