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AUBURN, : : NEBRASKA.

OUT OF TOWN.

Close the shutters, Mary, darling;
Close the blinds, and leave no crack;
Put our pet imported stalling
In the second story back.

Pull the blinds at every casement
Draw into the windows all;
Take the peevish to the basement,
Take him there and keep him still.

Swathe in dull brown-linen covers
All the parlor-furniture;
Tell the cook to see her lovers
At the door with air secure.

Set us then our meals diurnal
In the back room gently down—
Put it in the *Evening Journal*
That "the Smiths are out of town."
—Puck.

CHRIS.

"Chris!" came floating faintly up
"Le broad stair-case."

"What is it, Valerie?"

And Chris stepped to the door.

"Run down to Farlan's, and get
some more of that lace ruffling,
please."

When Valerie Richards tacked her
"please" on last, she always meant to
have her own way. So Chris took
down her linen ulster, and donned her
pretty shade hat, with something of a
sigh.

With the mercury up to—well, Jack
said 'twas up farther than he could
count—the prospect of a two miles' walk
over a hot, dusty country road
doesn't seem particularly inviting.

"You must hurry, Chris," as she
passed the sewing-room, "for, when
Guy gets back with Keith Falconer, I
shall want you to help me dress."

So obliging little Chris hurried. Half
way to the village she espied a phantom
which she instinctively knew contained
her cousin Guy and his chum, Keith
Falconer.

For the good opinion of this latter
gentleman, whom she had met a
few times before, she had already conceiv-
ed quite a respect. And as our
little Chris had the good sense to
realize that the aforesaid good opinion
of most gentlemen isn't usually
heightened by the appearance of dusty,
red-faced heroines, she tilted her hat
down over her face at the lowest angle,
and, lowering her sun-umbrella perilously
near her nose, tried to skulk by
without being recognized.

Of near-sighted, absent-minded Cousin
Guy she had no fear, but with Mr.
Falconer it might be different. Any
way she got by, and hurried along to
Farlan's, the great commercial emporium
of the little village.

Coming back, with head aching,
blood boiling, and eyes before which
little black specks seemed continually
dancing, Chris conceived the brilliant
idea of slipping in the back door, and
up stairs, thus avoiding observation.
Which idea she immediately put into
execution.

Now it so happened that Keith Falconer,
catching sight of the little dusty
figure slowly entering the side gate, be-
came suddenly convinced of the necessity
of solving in his own mind its
identity with that of a certain other
little dusty figure which had crossed his
line of vision something more than an
hour since.

Making his excuses to the ladies, he
stepped lazily out through the long
French window to the piazza. Once
out of sight he quickened his pace till
he reached the back door, which stood
invitingly open. A grape-vine grew
conveniently near, and, inwardly blessing
the hand that planted it, Mr. Falconer
ensconced himself comfortably in its
shade.

Chris, coming slowly up through the
shrubberies, had not seen this little
strategic play. But raising her
eyes she became attracted by a much
more vigorous and expressive pantomime—
Valerie at one of the open win-
dows waving her hand furiously, beck-
oning her to hurry.

Obedient to this mandate, Chris started
to run; a projecting root caught the toe
of her boot, and she fell heavily to the
earth.

In an instant Keith Falconer was by
her side; in another, had raised her
slight form, and, supporting her with
his strong arm, inquired anxiously if
she was hurt.

"No—that is— Oh, I don't know!"
was her frightened and bewildered re-
ply.

Then, of a sudden, she burst into
tears, and darted into the house.

Perhaps if Miss Valerie Richards had
been aware that the sewing-room win-
dow was directly above the afore-men-
tioned grape-vine, behind which Mr.
Falconer had again seated himself, with
a somewhat disturbed countenance, the
greeting she gave Chris might have
been a trifle less shrill; her key-note
pitched a trifle lower.

As it was, the young man's reflec-
tions, pleasant or otherwise, were some-
what abruptly checked by:

"Where under the sun have you been
all this time? Here Watkins has been
waiting a whole half-hour for that lace,
and we began to think you were waiting
for Farlan to send to New York for it!
Hurry now and help her get it on, for
you'll have to do my hair in an hour.
Do for goodness' sake get rid of those
red eyes, for you've got to play this
evening, if—"

Then Mr. Falconer, with a curious little
smile on his face, left his retreat, and
retraced his steps to the piazza.

Chris, coming out of the sewing-room,
met Jack in the upper hall. Jack, be it
known, was the only real, "true-blue"
friend that Chris had in the whole Rich-
ards family. Uncle Richards was too
much immersed in business; Aunt Rich-

ards too much engrossed in getting a
rich husband for her daughter; and
the aforesaid daughter—Valerie—too
much taken up with the same idea.
Absent-minded, book-loving Cousin
Guy knew there was a "Chris," for he
had occasionally noticed that industri-
ous young person dusting his books, and
he had a vague idea that she always put
his dressing-gown and slippers in the
right place. If questioned about her,
however, I doubt if he could have told
whether she were eight or eighteen.

So in all "the wide, wide world"
"Chris reckoned only Jack as her one
friend and admirer.

"What is it, Chris? Has Val been
nagging again?" as he noticed her red
eyes, flushed cheeks and weary step.

"Oh, no, Jack," hastily, "it isn't
anything."

"Well, but it's something! You
wouldn't look all fagged out for noth-
ing," he persisted.

"I only got a little tired walking,"
she answered, evasively.

"Needn't tell me that!" and he
snapped his fingers derisively. "Or, if
you did, Val had a finger in the pie
somehow. I'd like to see a pie she
didn't have a finger in," he mutters.

"Come, Chris, tell a fellow all about
it," he added, suddenly changing his
tone.

And Chrissie does "tell a fellow all
about it."

Sympathetic Jack listens, part of the
time giving an imaginary Valerie a
piece of his mind, and then, in imagina-
tion, shaking hands admiringly with
Keith Falconer.

Chris remembers herself with a start.
"O Jack, I must help Watkins now,"
and leaves him.

"Yes," he mutters, wrathfully, "walk
two miles in the blazing sun, help Wat-
kins till tea-time, then rig out Val, and
afterward play quadrilles for the rest to
dance two or three hours! I don't see
what in thunder makes girls so hateful
to each other."

Jack had no idea of being profane,
but he was of the opinion that it took
strong words to express strong indigna-
tion.

That evening Miss Valerie Richards
found Keith Falconer rather more in-
different to her charms than was al-
together pleasing to that young lady. To
all her witty remarks he seemed insen-
sible, and was once rude enough to inter-
rupt a brilliant sally with:

"A'n't we to have the pleasure of see-
ing your cousin this evening?"

"My cousin?" she asked, arching her
jetty brows in well-simulated surprise.

"I beg your pardon, no," he answered,
"I had reference to Miss Eustace."

"O, you mean Chris! Why, I no
more think of calling her cousin than I
would Watkins, my maid. Her father
was only papa's half-brother any way,
and we're only keeping her till she can
get a better chance."

"Indeed!"

And the gentleman nodded rather too
stiffly to be entirely gallant, it must be
confessed.

A slight movement behind caused
both to turn. Chris, with a fierce little
flush on either cheek, stood waiting for
them to stand aside that she might pass.

"Oh, is it you?"

Miss Valerie didn't care to conceal a
certain scornful emphasis.

"Pardon me!" exclaimed Falconer,
much disturbed, for he knew she must
have heard that unkind remark a mo-
ment before. But he managed to
possess himself of the roll of music, and,
notwithstanding Miss Valerie's ill-con-
cealed disgust at this proceeding, accom-
panied poor little Chris to the piano.

There, although he exerted
himself to the utmost to be agreeable—
and no one could be more so when he
chose—he could not altogether banish
the cloud from the pretty face, or the
pained look from the tender brown eyes.

More than once he looked up to see
sudden tears creep back by a great ef-
fort, and perhaps this fact, together
with a strong personal interest,
made him more devoted and tenderly
solicitous for the welfare of his little
protgee than suited the fair Valerie.

Be that as it may, she fairly ground
her teeth in rage, as Keith Falconer
stood turning Chris' music, and once,
when he capped the climax by bringing
her an ice, Jack, who was peeping in
the window, was afterward heard to de-
clare:

"Val was so tearin' mad, she shook
her fist at the whole caboodle of 'em!"

"Caboodle" was a word all Jack's
own, coined for the occasion.

After that quadrille he took her out
to walk on the piazza in the delicious
moonlight, and made himself so pleas-
ing, talking with her so kindly and
gently, and insisting upon arranging
the fleecy Shetland shawl about her
shoulders to suit himself, that poor,
foolish Chris half wished that this
moonlight walk might last forever, and
the morrow of which she had such painful
forebodings never come.

The next morning Chris did not ap-
pear, and Aunt Richards commented
severely, in a general sort of way, about
people who would go wandering about
moonlight evenings. "If one was so
imprudent, one must expect to be sick,"
and so forth.

Valerie said very little, but that little
was so decidedly tinged with acidity no
one wanted more.

Keith Falconer felt uncomfortably
culpud-like, just as they intended he
should; but, contrary to their expecta-
tions, he understood precisely with
whom he had to deal. Besides, he had a
certain little scheme in his own mind,
which he meant, in a quietly determined
way peculiar to himself, to carry out.
Therefore his manner was urbanity it-
self, and he seemed so delightfully easy
and indifferent no one would imagine
that he ever took moonlight walks or
knew of any one who did.

Meantime, while one of the offenders
was pouring oil upon the troubled wa-
ters below, the other, in a little cham-
ber up three flights, was industriously
fashioning pale-blue satin bows for a
white muslin dress of Valerie's.

Nothing had been said to her about
last night's escapade, and Chris felt al-
most blissfully happy, even though she
had been working since daylight, and
the memory of the unkind words of the
evening before would sometimes thrust
itself upon her.

Valerie had come in early, and ordered
the dress finished for the lawn party
that afternoon. And Chris, singing
little snatches of song, worked away
for dear life, never wondering in the
least when Valerie informed her briskly
that probably she wouldn't have time to
finish the dress otherwise, and she
needn't come down to breakfast. Wat-
kins brought it up to her soon; and to-
ward noon Jack appeared with a mys-
terious white-tissue-paper parcel.

"How's this?" he remarked, trying
to appear careless and indifferent, and
making a sublime failure, throwing the
parcel into a chair.

A beautiful pale-pink sash, which
Chris had long coveted at Farlan's,
greeted her delighted vision.

"O Jack! dear Jack, is it for me?"
she asked, hugging him rapturously.

"Of course it's for you; how'd I look
with it on?" receiving her caresses
with good-natured patience. "Now
try it on, and see how it looks."

So it was tried on, and tied, and
looped, and bowed in every conceiva-
ble shape, admired by Chris and criti-
cised by Jack, who wound up with:
"I'll bet two cents you'll look better in
the whole kit of 'em this afternoon!"

Soon after, he took his departure, and
met Valerie on the stairs just going up
to Chris's room.

Whether a good or evil genius took
possession of the boy at this moment
it's impossible to relate, but he tiptoed
softly back to the door, and applying
his ear to the key-hole, listened dili-
gently.

An hour afterward, Keith Falconer,
returning from a gloomy and unsuc-
cessful fishing expedition—Guy was
busy on some critical review or other,
and couldn't accompany him—saw the
lad seated at the foot of the long
avenue of oaks near the road.

A fierce frown disfigured the usually
frank, boyish face, and his lips were
compressed in a manner not altogether
in keeping with his youth.

"Mr. Falconer, I should like to speak
with you," he began, abruptly.

"Very well, my boy, what is it?"
Keith asked, encouragingly.

"It's about Val—and"—after a mo-
ment's pause, "and Chris."

"Ah!"

Keith's face suddenly glowed with in-
terest.

"I suppose it seems sort of mean to
you for a fellow to be down on his own
sister—and I hate being a tell-tale, too
—but when a girl tells such lies as Val
told Chris this morning, about things
you said at breakfast, which I know you
never said; and twits her about trying
to attract a gentleman's attention, who
doesn't care a straw for her, and who's
just the same as engaged to somebody
else; and orders her not to stir out of
her room until after this gentleman has
gone; and stamps all over her new
sash which somebody has just given
her?"

Here, Jack's lip quivers, and he pauses
a moment.

"Did your sister say all this to Miss
Christabel?" Falconer asks, gravely.

"Yes, she did," answered Jack, reck-
lessly, "for I listened! I know that's
mean, too, but I don't care. And she
made me believe Chris was sick with a
cold and couldn't come down, when all
the time she was working on an old
white gown of Val's, and now she's cry-
ing."

And Jack breaks down again.

For a few moments Mr. Falconer
looks deeply thoughtful, then takes a
sudden resolution, and makes a con-
fident of Jack.

The lawn party passes off pleasantly,
and Valerie pronounces it a success.

From some distant shrubbery, Jack
alternately glares at her, smiles on
Keith Falconer, and then executes a
war-dance for his own private delecta-
tion.

Of course Miss Valerie knows nothing
of all this, and Mr. Falconer is so ami-
bly polite, and seems so sublimely
indifferent to the fact of Chris's absence,
that this ambitious maiden confessed to
herself that night, in the solitude of her
own chamber, that she must have been
a little precipitate in supposing he
would care for a little chat like Chris's.

"But after all 'twas just as well to
be on the safe side; men do take queer
fancies sometimes! Of course any
such affair is safely nipped in the bud
now!"

And this self-satisfied "nipper"
crept smilingly to bed, where she slept
the sleep of the just all night.

The next morning after all the family
except Chris and Uncle Richards had
assembled in the breakfast-room, Fal-
coner let fly the bomb-shell straight
into the enemy's camp!

"Jack, will you be kind enough to
ask Miss Christabel to step into the
breakfast-room for a few moments? I
shall be obliged to return to the city to-
day, on the next train, if possible, and
I should like to speak with her before
I go."

In the consternation and surprise
elicited by the information that he was
to leave so soon, the oddity of his re-
quest passed unnoticed. All were clam-
orous for him to remain, but, during
Jack's absence, he contrived to impress
upon them the fact that urgent business,
whose nature he could more fully ex-
plain in a short time, required his im-
mediate presence.

The numerous regrets were interrupt-
ed by the entrance of Chris, whose pale

face, dull, drooping eyes, and weary,
listless step, formed a strong contrast to
Jack, coming in behind her with an ex-
uberant appearance suggestive of walk-
ing on air.

Mr. Falconer turned to her instanta-
ly, leaving Valerie in the midst of a
very pretty, pleading request that he
remain.

"Miss Christabel, pardon me if what
I have to say seems abrupt or prema-
ture to you, but, indeed, I feel that I
may have already waited too long! I
believe the strongest feeling of my life
to be my love for you, and I cannot
leave without asking you to accompany
me as my wife. Will you go?"

The brown eyes, drooping before,
were wide-open enough now, at this
strange wooing, with a pleading, half-
bewildered look, scanning the faces of
the little group assembled in the room.

Aunt Richards and Cousin Guy ex-
pressed genuine surprise; Jack, beam-
ing with delight, was clapping his hands
softly; and Valerie—one glance at her
half-averted face, and the contemptuous,
scornful curve of her lip, was suffi-
cient. With a sudden graceful accession
of dignity, Chris held out one mite of a
hand.

"I will go," she said, quietly.

"God bless you, my darling!"

And Keith Falconer drew the trem-
bling little figure close to his own broad
breast, and gently stroked the rough
curls.

In his great happiness not much room
was left for unkind thoughts or harsh
words, but he couldn't resist the tempta-
tion of a parting shot.

"Your uncle gave his consent this
morning, and though, in Miss Valerie's
estimation, this may not prove a better
chance, God willing, you shall never re-
gret the change." —*Baldwin's Magazine.*

Painting Houses.

In going through the country, the eye
is wearied by the steady succession of
white houses, usually with green blinds
and red chimneys. Why we see so few
houses of other colors, I am unable to
say. Perhaps white is adhered to from
force of habit. A house so dazzling in
its whiteness that it could be seen from
anywhere within a goodly circle of
miles, like a white spot in a green map,
was our fathers' highest idea of beauty.
We became used to seeing what they
thought was particularly fine, and when
we came to build houses of our own, we
quite naturally did as our fathers did.
The consequence is that white houses
glare at us everywhere we go. If they
are toned down with trees and vines,
the effect is not so bad, but I can con-
ceive of no more self-asserting and dis-
agreeable feature in a landscape than a
great white house, standing in an open
yard, unless it is a red one. In summer
the contrast between a white house and
the landscape is too strong. In winter
there is none.

Before painting a house, we should
study the landscape about it, and de-
cide on a color that will be in harmony
with it. We do not want a green house.
I do not mean that when I say we
should select a color in harmony, but I
mean a color that is in contrast with the
prevailing tints of the landscape, and
does not conflict with them. There is
no reason why two harmonizing colors
should not be in complete contrast with
each other. A great many people get
the idea that harmony of color means
similarity, and that contrast means con-
flict. This is not the case. Drab and
blue contrast strongly with each other,
but there is complete harmony between
them.

For country houses I would advise for
open, exposed places, a pale gray, or
drab. There are complaints made fre-
quently that drab looks cold. It can
not look colder than white does, and
there is no reason why it should look
cold at all, if proper care is taken to
have the trimmings of the house of
some warm, cheerful color. I know a
drab house with deep, warm-toned
brown cornice and blinds, with plenty
of vines clambering up it to break the
monotony of the surface between the
windows, and it is one of the warmest-
looking houses I know of. In the sum-
mer it is refreshing to look at it. It
does not pain the eyes with its glare. It
reaches the top of the hill and come
within sight of it. A white house would
draw your attention at once; and no
matter how you might try to look at
something else, the white blotch on the
landscape would leave its impression in
your eye, and you could not help seeing
it. This gray house seems part of the
landscape. Its colors blend well with
the green above it. There are no large
trees around it, but there are vines, and
the general effect in summer is cool and
subdued, and in winter it gives a sense
of warmth and comfort. Why it gives
a sensation of warmth at one season
and of coolness at another, is explained
by the fact that summer is a season of
high, bright colors, and the drab is in a
lower tone of color than those prevail-
ing in the landscape. Winter is a season
of but little color, and then drab, in
contrast with the snow-covered earth,
becomes cheerful, and the deep-toned
trimmings, which should be seen on
every house painted in drabs or grays,
give a sense of warmth which they
would not have in summer when
all about it is in high, decided tones.

I am glad that we see fewer new
houses painted white now than for-
merly. The taste of the people is being
educated to a more correct knowledge
of what is fitting and appropriate. In
time to come we shall see few white
houses, and no bright red barns to give
us a sense of intense heat and conse-
quent bodily discomfort on a summer
day, when we are trying to keep cool.
—*E. E. Rexford, in American Agri-
culturalist.*

—A young woman of Mansfield, Mo.,
wears her hair seven feet long.

RELIGIOUS AND EDUCATIONAL.

—The Kaiser-Wilhelm, the youngest
of German universities, has 104 profes-
sors, 825 students, and a library of 525,-
000 volumes.

—Miss Louisa Howard, of Burlington,
Vt., has given \$5,000 to the University
of Vermont, for the establishment of
five scholarships, to be known by her
name.—*N. Y. Post.*

—The woman's suffrage organ in
Portland, Ore., gives much credit to the
girls in the public schools of that city
for their success in winning all of the
four medals offered by Mayor Thomp-
son to the best readers.

—A religious paper in the far West
says that since the revised version of the
New Testament has taken "hell" out
of several passages, and "fool" out of
several others, many people are taking
more comfort in reading the Scriptures
than they ever did before.

—The New York Times, in a sixteen-
column article showing the progress of
religious denominations in that city be-
tween 1845 and 1882, shows that while
the population has increased 225 per
cent., the total Protestant church mem-
bership increased but 76 per cent.,
while the Catholic Church membership
increased 900 per cent., or from 50,000
to 500,000.

—The Board of Foreign Missions of
the Presbyterian Church have appro-
priated for the year 1882, and to May 1
of 1883, the sum of \$640,000. Since the
year 1833 the Board has received in gifts
and legacies \$10,496,330, and the en-
tire sum has been used in missionary
work. Thirty new missionaries are
being sent out by the Board this year.
—*Christian Union.*

—The Methodist ministers of Provi-
dence, R. I., recently discussed the sub-
ject of ordaining women. The disci-
pline of the church requires as quali-
fications for ordination "gifts, grace and
usefulness," and it was urged that the
unwritten law required the candidate
should be of the masculine gender. Dr.
Talbot, the presiding elder, said he did
not object so much to their preaching,
but there were other things involved
which they could not do; and one of
these was to baptize by immersion.

—Saghalien Instead of Siberia.

The *Novoe Vremya*, which is usually
well informed in administrative matters,
states in a leading article that the Rus-
sian Government is actively engaged
discussing a project for abolishing exile
to Siberia. This may seem an untrust-
worthy rumor to persons unacquainted
with Russian progress, but it is, in ef-
fect, altogether in harmony with the
tendency both of the Russian Govern-
ment and people to give over treating
Siberia as a huge Botany Bay, and make
use of it as a colonial adjunct, like Can-
ada or Australia. Of course a place
must still be found for the 30,000 exiles
who are deported from European Rus-
sia every year, and here the recent an-
nexation of Saghalien comes in handy
to play in the North Pacific the role that
New Caledonia plays in behalf of the
French in the South Pacific Ocean. Should
the island become over-crowded, as it
would very likely be in course of
time, unless the stream of exiles di-
minished, a second penal settlement
could be formed in the inhospitable
wilds of Novoe Zemlia, where a Russian
geographer has recently demonstrated
the winters to be not so bad as usual-
ly represented. Whether this be so
or not, or whether Novoe Zemlia
will ever succeed Saghalien, it
seems to be tolerably certain that
before long the indiscriminate distribu-
tion of exiles over the length and breadth
of Siberia will undergo a thorough over-
hauling. At present, exiles are shot
over the Urals into Asia in a most pro-
miscuous manner, scarcely a third re-
maining in the districts assigned to
them, and a large proportion wandering
about the country like vagrants. In a
word, in most essentials the deportation
of non-political convicts is simply a sort
of enforced colonization, with a suffi-
cient grant from the State to keep the
exiles from actual starvation. This in-
trusion of a needy criminal element has
always been a grievance to the regular
Siberians, and has been unanimously re-
garded by Russian statesmen as the
principal cause of the stunted growth
of the country during its 300 years' ex-
istence under Russian rule. Now that the
European railway system penetrates be-
yond the Urals, and the province of
Tobolsk has been placed on the same
home administrative footing as St.
Petersburg or Moscow, the deportation
of exiles to Western Siberia at least,
has become an anomaly; and of the two
they would be kept in hand better in the
Island Saghalien than in the eastern sec-
tion of that great appanage of the Rus-
sian Empire.—*London Globe.*

—Turks and High Schools.

"I wasted," said an old Turk, "ten
years of my life in one of the high
schools. In consequence of this I know
nothing. Had I gone to the schools of
the Softas I might have become a great
teacher. A high school teaches noth-
ing that people want to know. For
instance, they teach botany. They
spend weeks in explaining to a young
man that a rose is a rose! What earth-
ly use is that to any one? If a man
knows a rose when he sees it, he knows
it without having learned it in a book.
If he does not know that it is a rose, no
book will ever make him care to know
what it is. High schools never did good
to any body in this country." The
Turk was partly right. As in every-
thing else, so in education, the methods
adopted by the Turks are mere apish
imitations of what is found in Europe,
and always remain unmeaning forms
of exercise, a weariness to both teacher
and scholar.—*Turkish Life in War
Times*—*Dwight.*