

UNRETURNING.

Three things never come again:
Sorrow, my wish from the plain,
Reason from the dewy cloud,
Virtue from the broken cloud.

Never shall thy spoken word
Be a word of mine,
With its sweet and bitter wreath,
Woe and woe, whatever it be.

DOROTHY WHITCOMBE.

Why She Called Herself a "Mean Old Woman"

The sun was slowly rising in the East.
Brighter and brighter grew the great
round ball, until with a sudden movement
it seemed to burst, and a golden, dazzling
flood covered the sky; the birds were slowly
wakening; first a faint peep was heard
and as faintly answered, then a sudden
twitter, and the air was full of bird-voices.

It was just after the battle of Long Island,
where the Americans, pressed in on
every side, had suffered a serious defeat,
and the Tories were everywhere; in the
bushes, up the trees, taking possession of
comfortable farm houses, anywhere where
rest was to be found there also was found a
Tory.

Good Farmer Whitcombe, among all this
mass of British, was a true patriot in the
cause of freedom, but, residing as he did in
a Tory neighborhood, outside from very
near neighbors he was thought to be a loyalist.

Great consternation reigned in the kitchen
of the farm-house on that beautiful morning,
for news of the American defeat had
just reached there. Joel Ashley, the boy
who had brought the news, just now added
to his tale: "And do you know that they
are going to the different farm-houses,
demanding shelter and food. I shouldn't
wonder a bit but what they would soon be
here," he added, comfortingly.

"The nasty varnents, not a rest or a morsel
of food will they get here, and if they
demand it, why, they will find out with
whom they have to deal," and certainly
Miss Dorothy looked fierce enough to make
the bravest heart quail as she stood with
one hand upraised, as if to strike the foe
with a large iron spoon which she held,
and the other hand placed defiantly on her hip.

"Sh' sh!" murmured the old man, "if
these enemy hunger."

"Now, father, you just keep quiet; there's
no use in quetin' Scripture to me, when I
know them Britishers are comin'; you know
if 'twant for your bludness and my bein' a
woman, there would be two of the best
soldiers in the Continental army as they
would want."

Just then was heard the patter of tiny
feet, and the door was burst open, admitting
a little girl, followed by a young woman.

"The Tories have beaten!" exclaimed
Miss Dorothy.

"No!" the young woman answered, in
surprise.

"But I say that they have, and, what's
more, they'll probably come here and ask
for lodgin' and food. I'll give it to 'em—
food for thought." And Mistress Dorothy
bustled around setting breakfast on the
table.

"Well, well," was all Patty Whitcombe
could find to say, but she finally exclaimed:
"Mother, if you refuse them admission they
may seize the property and fire the house."

"That's so," the old woman said, musingly.
"I suppose if it comes to the worst we'll
have to let them in. Breakfast is ready;
come, father."

They had no sooner sat down when a
knock was heard at the door. The two
women looked at each other, and the old
man's lips were just framed to say: "Come
in," when his wife said: "No, you don't,
father; I'll meet 'em," but the younger
woman was even quicker, and the same set
down on her chair.

But for all her bravery, Patty felt a sort
of faint-heartedness creeping over her; she
threw open the door, and there, to confirm
her worst fears, stood two soldiers in the
uniform of the hated redcoats. "Good
morning, good mistress," said the older
man, stepping forward, "I pray you to give
us a bit of breakfast, for we have had a long
fast, and my comrades here is all but com-
pletely exhausted."

Considering her repugnance with a
mighty effort she managed to say: "You
and your comrades may enter and partake of
our breakfast."

glancing at them through her glasses. Her
daughter-in-law, noticing these glances,
stepped behind her and whispered: "Not so
fast, mother, not so fast, or they will
sawly suspect something."

"Don't fret; perhaps you would like me
to go up to them, and shake hands with 'em,
and say why didn't they come before, and
hope they'll stay, oh! the wretches," and the
old lady shook herself with a grim vehemence.

The two invaders were not so fierce and
terrible-looking, indeed, for soldiers who
had just won a victory; they looked strange,
but very neat and disarming. Mistress
Patty felt a stir of sympathy in her heart,
for the younger man reminded her so vividly
of her husband, who was so bravely fighting
in the true cause; in fact, little Dorothy
went up to him, laid her dimpled hand on
his knee, looking trustfully up in the hand-
some face bent over her, and said: "Papa."

"And where is papa, my dear?" he asked,
gently lifting the child on his knee.

"Why, why, oh, fighting!" she
cried, her grandmother's voice
sounded in her grand old voice, and she
seemed to be going to feed the
chickens and you'd better help her," with
that she began to busily clear off the table.

"I don't suppose you want any thing more?"
she suddenly said, when the table was al-
most cleared.

"No, we have had sufficient, thanks to
your kindness," courteously replied the
older man.

"Tain't no thanks to me at all," she re-
turned, tartly, "you're soldiers, so I had to
do it."

"What an exceedingly curious cream
cup!" exclaimed the younger man, taking
the curious piece of workmanship up and
examining it, with the air of a connois-
sor. That was the last drop in Mistress
Dorothy's cup of bitterness which was al-
ready overflowing. She had let them enter
her house, given them their breakfast, and
now, after allowing them all these liberties,
always under protest, they now
begin to criticize her property was too
much; she snatched the cream cup out of
the astonished man's hands, and began ex-
citedly: "You'd better go now, you'd better
go, you've had your breakfast and a little
rest, and at this time of day visitors ain't
wanted 'round the farm."

"But, my dear madam," the young man
broke in, "I assure you I mean no harm,
and really my friend and I need a rest so
badly that we are afraid we must trespass
on your hospitality;" her face, a faint
smile crossed the young man's face, "a
little longer; give us but a bed to rest our
weary limbs a little while and then we will
depart."

Dame Dorothy looked at the young man
sternly. "In my days, young man, when
folks told us we wan't wanted we got out."

"But, madam," the older man interposed,
"circumstances alter cases, remember that
these are strange days, and strange things
happen in them; but by the way, madam,
are you a Tory or a rebel?"

"Taint none of your business," was the
uncompromising reply.

"Well, will you allow us a bed?" he
asked.

"I think it's time you was a startin',"
was the laconic answer.

"Then since it becomes a necessity I de-
mand it in the name of—" Here something
seemed to choke him, for he seemed unable
to go on.

"Well, if I must I suppose I must, but if
ever I wished a feather bed was filled with
pine needles, I wish that that one was,"
and with that she opened a door disclosing
a comfortable bed-room. They silently en-
tered the room, and she, with a bang of
the door, fled to the kitchen. "There, I've
gone and done it," she said, in high wrath,
"I've harbored two British soldiers under my
roof, and if any body ought to be taken
before General Washington and convicted as
I say I feel like that one, Joel Ashley,"
she said, suddenly, turning to the boy who
was the sole occupant of the room and who
was gazing at her in bewilderment, "I've
got an errand for you." "Yes'm," he said,
meekly enough. Joel was always meek
when the madam was in such a wrath.

"You know where the Continentals are
stationed about ten miles from here, eh?"
Joel nodded. "Well, you just stir yourself
and go over there and tell their commander
there are two redcoats in this house and if
they want them to come for them, right
away, right away, mind you; now hurry."

And Joel did hurry.

Madam sat rocking herself violently to
and fro. "There, you've gone and done
another mean thing," she said to herself,
angrily, "Doin' a mean thing is just like tell-
in' a lie, you do one and you'll surely do an-
other; I guess I'll just peck in the room
and see if they've set it afore yet." She
tiptoed across the hall and looked through a
crack in the door, then her conscience
smote her worse than ever; carelessly lying
on the bed, his fair, handsome face
looking so worn and thin even in sleep, he
reminded her also of her soldier boy. The
older man was wearily writing at a table,
resting every once in the while, but soon re-
suming his task.

"I'm a mean old woman," she solilo-
quized. "But—there's Britshers." That
settled the question, and she returned to
her work.

Morning entered into afternoon, and af-
ternoon slowly melted into early evening,
the shadows were gently creeping over the
land, the birds were twittering a good night,
and still the soldiers slept. Softly, cau-
tiously, a band of fifteen men were wend-
ing their way towards the Whitcombe farm-
house; nearer and nearer they got, until
you could see that they wore the Conti-
nental uniform. They reached the house
and were met by its mistress; she pointed
to the room where the soldiers were, then
sat herself rigidly down in her rocking-
chair to have an argument with her con-
science.

Suddenly—what is that she hears? A
hearty laugh re-echoed throughout the
house. She hurried to the door where the
soldiers were. And what did she see? Her
two red-coats shaking hands heartily with
the Continentals. And what does she hear?

"Captain," one of the men says, "we had
given you and the Colonel up for lost, and
the camp was in sore distress about you."

And he, the admirer of the cream jug, an-
swers in a full, rich voice: "The Colonel
and I were surrounded by the British on
every side; we just escaped capture, stole
these uniforms from two dead Tories and
traveled, weak and weary, through bogs
and swamps to join you, but, overcome by
fatigue, stopped here for a few hours' rest.
But how did you come here?"

"We came to capture two British soldiers,
but instead have found our Colonel and our
Captain. Three cheers, men, three cheers!"
And they did cheer strong and hearty.

And Mistress Dorothy? She crept back
to the kitchen, rocked herself back and
forth, and said: "Dorothy Whitcombe,
what a fool you've been!"—Bertha Loomer,
in N. Y. Mail and Express.

Ink for Rubber Stamps.
To make a good ink for rubber stamps:
Take aniline, rose or violet, ninety grains;
boil this in one ounce of distilled water,
then add half a teaspoonful of glycerine and
half as much molasses. The crystals of the
aniline dye must be worked up with the
boiling water and the other ingredients
added in succession. This ink does not
readily smear, and yet does not easily dry
upon the pad.

ink for Rubber Stamps.
To make a good ink for rubber stamps:
Take aniline, rose or violet, ninety grains;
boil this in one ounce of distilled water,
then add half a teaspoonful of glycerine and
half as much molasses. The crystals of the
aniline dye must be worked up with the
boiling water and the other ingredients
added in succession. This ink does not
readily smear, and yet does not easily dry
upon the pad.

ink for Rubber Stamps.
To make a good ink for rubber stamps:
Take aniline, rose or violet, ninety grains;
boil this in one ounce of distilled water,
then add half a teaspoonful of glycerine and
half as much molasses. The crystals of the
aniline dye must be worked up with the
boiling water and the other ingredients
added in succession. This ink does not
readily smear, and yet does not easily dry
upon the pad.

ink for Rubber Stamps.
To make a good ink for rubber stamps:
Take aniline, rose or violet, ninety grains;
boil this in one ounce of distilled water,
then add half a teaspoonful of glycerine and
half as much molasses. The crystals of the
aniline dye must be worked up with the
boiling water and the other ingredients
added in succession. This ink does not
readily smear, and yet does not easily dry
upon the pad.

A MAN
UNACQUAINTED WITH THE GEOGRAPHY OF THE COUNTRY WILL OBTAIN MUCH USEFUL INFORMATION FROM A STUDY OF THIS MAP OF THE
CHICAGO, ROCK ISLAND & PACIFIC RY.
Its central position and close connection with Eastern Lines at Chicago and continuous lines at terminal points West, Northwest and Southwest, make it the true mid-link in that transcontinental chain of steel which unites the Atlantic and Pacific. Its main line and branches include Chicago, Joliet, Ottawa, La Salle, Peoria, Geneseo, Moline and Rock Island, in Illinois; Davenport, Muscatine, Washington, Fairfield, Ottumwa, Oskaloosa, West Liberty, Iowa City, Des Moines, Indianola, Winterset, Atlantic, Knoxville, Audubon, Harlan, Guthrie Centre and Council Bluffs, in Iowa; Gallatin, Trenton, Cameron, St. Joseph and Kansas City, in Missouri; Leavenworth and Atchison, in Kansas; Minneapolis and St. Paul, in Minnesota; Watertown and Sioux Falls, in Dakota, and many other prosperous towns and cities. It also offers a CHOICE OF ROUTES to and from the Pacific Coast and intermediate places, making all transfers in Union Depots. Fast Trains of fine DAY COACHES, elegant DINING CARS, magnificent PULLMAN PALACE SLEEPING CARS, and (between Chicago, St. Joseph, Atchison and Kansas City) restful RECLINING CHAIR CARS, seats FREE to holders of through first class tickets.

CHICAGO, KANSAS & NEBRASKA RY.
(GREAT ROCK ISLAND ROUTE)
Extends west and southwest from Kansas City and St. Joseph to Fairbury, Nelson, Horton, Topeka, Herington, Hutchinson, Wichita, Caldwell, and all points in southern Nebraska, interior Kansas and beyond. Shinkre passenger equipment elegant DINING CARS, magnificent PULLMAN PALACE SLEEPING CARS, and (between Chicago, St. Joseph, Atchison and Kansas City) restful RECLINING CHAIR CARS, seats FREE to holders of through first class tickets.

THE FAMOUS ALBERT LEA ROUTE
Is the favorite between Chicago, Rock Island, Atchison, Kansas City, and Minneapolis and St. Paul. The tourist route to all Northern Summer Resorts. Its Watertown Branch traverses the most productive lands of the great "wheat and dairy belt" of Northern Iowa, Southwestern Minnesota and East-Central Dakota. The short line, via Seneca and Kanabos, offers superior facilities to travel between Cincinnati, Indianapolis, Lafayette, and Council Bluffs, St. Joseph, Atchison, Leavenworth, Kansas City, Minneapolis and St. Paul. For Tickets, Maps, Folders, or any desired information, apply to any Coupon Ticket Office in the United States or Canada, or address, E. ST. JOHN, General Manager, CHICAGO, ILL. E. A. HOLBROOK, Gen'l Ticket & Pass' Agent.

H. CLARKE, President, Albany, N. Y. J. A. TULLEYS, Vice President, Robt. V. SHIREY, Treasurer.
NEBRASKA & KANSAS.
FARM LOAN CO.
PAID UP CAPITAL, \$50,000.
Red Cloud, Neb. Albany, New York.
DIRECTORS: H. Clarke, Albany, N. Y. Geo R. Beach, Balston Spa N.Y. W. H. Robeson, Albany, N. Y. E. S. Francis, Pittsfield, Ma R. V. Shirey, D.M. Platt, E. F. Highland, J. A. Tulleys, M. B. McN.
MO L CANED.
On improved farms in Nebraska and Kansas. Money furnished as soon as the security is approved. Principal and interest payable in Red Cloud.

HIGHLAND & WECLH
Addition to the city of Red Cloud
By far the most desirable property in Red Cloud
TENTH AVENUE
lots reasonable, location easy of access, Beautifully situated. Buy now

GUMP & WARNER,
REAL ESTATE & LOAN BROKERS
Negotiate Loans, Pay Taxes, Insurance Written
Call and examine our bargains. Correspondence solicited,
GUMP & WARNER.
Opera House Block Red Cloud

City Harness Shop
- BY -
J. L. MILLER,
- DEALER IN -
HARNESS COLLARS, SADDLES, HORSE-BLANKETS, WHIPS
HARNESS OVI
- Very thing usual kept in a first class harness shop.

RED CLOUD
Team Laundry!
P. A. HANSEN, Proprietor.
I take pleasure in informing the people of this city and vicinity that I have located again in Red Cloud, where I will be pleased to meet all who desire business in my line. I will assure you that I am here for the purpose of doing good work. All work guaranteed. Call and see me, at my place, south of P. O. P. A. HANSEN.

GEO. O. AND R. D. YEISER,
PROPRIETORS OF THE
Webster County Abstract Office.
RED CLOUD, NEB.
Complete and only set of abstract books in Webster county. Grazing and arming lands and city property for sale.

R. V. SHIREY, Pres. HENRY CLARKE, Vice-Pres. JNO. R. SHIREY, Cashier
HOWARD B. CATHER, Assistant Cashier
FIRST NATIONAL BANK,
Red Cloud, Nebraska.
CAPITAL, = \$75,000
transact a general banking business, buy and sell county warrants, also county, precinct and school district bonds. Buy and sell foreign exchange
DIRECTORS:
Jas. McNew, J. A. Talley, G. W. Lindsey, R. V. Shirey, John R. Shirey, E. F. Highland, Henry Clarke, A. J. Kenney.

Furniture, Furniture
New stock and almost at your own figure.
Come and get bargains.
F. V. TAYLOR,
Opposite First National bank and Post Office.
Special attention given to undertaking.

RED CLOUD NATIONAL BANK
J. W. Sherwood, President.
W. E. Jackson, Vice-President.
L. P. Albright, Cashier.
P. A. Hansen, Assistant Cashier.
Capital \$50,000
Special Attention Given Collections
DIRECTORS:
J. W. Sherwood, H. Sherwood, L. P. Albright, Levi Moore, W. E. Jackson, Wm. Ducker and S. Norris.
Buy and sell Exchange
Make collections and do a General Banking Business.
Interest allowed on time deposits

THE TRAILERS LUMBER CO.
- WILL MAKE -
FIGURES,
POSITIVELY
Lower than any yard in the world.

POPE BROS.
keep on hand a full line of
Farm Implements !
of all kinds, which they sell at the
LOWEST LIVING RATES
and on the Best of Texas

Among their goods we call attention to the following:
Brown Planters, Checkrowers and Cultivators,
Manufactured by Geo. W. Brown & Co., Galesburg, Illinois.
Eagle Listers and Golden Eagle Cultivators,
Manufactured by Eagle Manufacturing Co.
Standard Planters, Checkrowers, Cultivators and Mowers,
Manufactured by Emerson, Talcott & Co., of Rockford, Illinois.
Hoosier Rakes
Manufactured by Hoosier Drill Co
Barnes Combined Cultivators, Tongue Walking Cultivators, Hay Rakes and Tongueless Cultivators,
Manufactured by the Barnes Manufacturing Co., Freeport, Ill.
The well known New Departure Cultivators,
Manufactured by the Pattee Flow Co.

Studebaker Wagons,
Buggies and Phaetons, the BEST GOODS ON EARTH Manufactured by Studebaker Bros., Manuf'g Co., of South Bend, Indiana.
The well known and reliable Deering Steel Binders and Mowers,
Manufactured by William Deering & Co., Chicago, Ill.
And Last but not Least, the World Renowned
BUCKEYE MOWER
and the Light Running
BUCKEYE BINDER.
Manufactured Aultman, Miller & Co., Akron, Ohio.
They have sold these goods for twelve years and time has demonstrated that they are unexcelled.
Star Wind Mills,
Manufactured by Flint & Walling Manufacturing Co.
Also Monitor Wind Mills and Waupun Vaneless Wind Mills.
You will observe that all their goods are first-class and manufactured by firms who have an established reputation. A full line of repairs for above goods.
The motto of the firm is "No Penitentiary Goods handled and no experiments made with new goods at expense of customers."

and crows \$665. A penny of Ethelred many virtues which raise man above the brute can find lodgment in his
-Three years after the landing of the English colonists at Jamestown, Va. hundreds upon the hunters, who are compelled to crowd upon the ground to escape being hurt.—St. Louis Globe
summer-fallowing, in which our fathers had so much faith, and by which they grew good crops of wheat.—F. D. Cur-
away because she had ventured to go to the public games without informing him of her movements.—Contemporary