

The Sunrise Never Failed Us Yet.

Open the sadness of the sea
The sunset broods regretfully;
From the far lonely spaces, slow
Withdraws the wistful afterglow.

So out of life the splendor dies;
So darken all the happy skies;
So gathers twilight, cold and stern;
But overhead the planets burn.

And up the east another day
Shall chase the bitter dark away;
What though our eyes with tears be wet?
The sunrise never failed us yet.

The blush of dawn may yet restore
Our light and hope and joy once more
Sad soul, take comfort, nor forget,
That sunrise never failed us yet!
—Celia Thaxter.

TIM WESSBULL

BY MAGDA THORBY

Skoetkap lies far up on top of the hills which surround the fjord and look down the Northern Sea.

It was just at the time when the country is crowded with tourists who come from all parts of the world to admire the midnight sun.

Tim Wessbull, the tall, broad-shouldered mate, sat on the piazza with Aase, the widow Rolla Regenholm's daughter, who wore a costly pearl necklace which he had brought her from India. She was beautiful as a classic goddess, but cold and haughty as a marble statue. Tim had fallen in love with her when he came back after an absence of two years, and her mother, though she had hoped to see her married to a richer man, had advised her to accept him.

"You better take what you can get, Aase. You will not always be eighteen, and you may not have another offer."

So Aase had accepted him and the honest sailor was happy.

"How sad it is that you must leave so soon," she said. "We cannot even go to dance together in the village."

"Yes, it is sad, Aase, and three long years will pass before we see each other again, but when I do come back, we will have enough to get married."

"Well, three years is no eternity, and I will think of you often."

"Next to him sat Hella Regenholm, Aase's fifteen-year-old cousin, an orphan, who was being brought up in her aunt's house. Aase's hair was as dull gold, while Hella was dark. She gave promise of great beauty. She looked plyingly at her cousin, who kissed Tim good-by, and thought as she saw him leave: "How big and manly he looks," and felt so sad for him that he should love her cousin, a heartless flirt, who cared nothing for him.

The time passed, Aase went to every dance in the village, while Hella was busy at home, making nets for the fishermen, wondering how any girl could care to go to dances without her sweetheart.

One night Aase came home very late. She was out of humor and spoke angrily to her mother.

"You should never have told me to accept Tim Wessbull. I wish I had never seen him."

"Why so?"

"The rich Peter Sorensen, who owns twenty fishing boats, asked me to marry him to-night. How stupid that I am engaged."

"Well, an engagement is no marriage; it is easily broken."

"But what will Tim say?"

"Who knows whether he will ever come back?"

"No; that is true. It is almost two years since I heard from him."

"But maybe his letters have been lost," said Hella.

"Mind your own business," Aase cried. Three days later Peter Sorensen came to the house and three



With Aase.

months later he and Aase were married.

She and her mother moved away to his large home and Hella was left alone in the cottage with Tiny Bjunyes, a weak-minded old spinster who had lost her reason when her sweetheart was drowned many years ago. Hella was quiet and sad and often sighed when she thought of Tim.

In the meantime Tim was working as first mate on the Russian bark "Scorsfyn." He went from Riga to Siberia, Japan, China and finally to Alaska. A passenger, Ivan Tschischamsky, came aboard here. He had made a fortune in Klondike and brought \$300,000 in gold with him he

told Tim, whom he took a great liking to.

One day during a storm the Russian was swept overboard by a wave and Tim, who was an excellent swimmer, jumped after him and rescued him, but pneumonia set in and Ivan, who realized that he was dying, made his last will, witnessed by the captain and two sailors, by which he left his whole fortune to Tim. The next day he died. When they reached San Francisco Tim left the ship, bought a draft on Christiania for \$300,000 and started homeward.

Tiny Bjunyes was sitting outside the



"So you have not forgotten me, Hella?" cottage making nets when Tim came up. They did not know each other.

"How do you come here?" he asked.

"I live here."

"Where is Aase?"

"You mean Aase Regenholm?"

"Yes."

"She is no longer. She is Aase Sorensen now."

He turned deadly pale.

"Hella came out of the house just then."

"Oh, Tim," she cried, "are you back?" He looked at her.

"So you have not forgotten me, Hella?" he said sadly.

She saw the sorrow in his eyes, and told Tiny to leave them.

"Tell me how it happened, Hella," he said.

"That will only make you feel worse, Tim," she answered.

"No, Hella! She was not worthy of my love, for I loved her higher than my life."

"Aase never knew what love is," she said. "She can neither love you, who are poor, nor her husband, who is rich, nor me, who was always in her way—she loves only money!"

"Did you think that I would return, Hella?"

"I knew you would. Men like you are always faithful. Your eyes could never lie. Will you take supper with us? We have only fish and bread."

"With pleasure, Hella."

"Then you will excuse me a little while."

She was gone.

Tiny came out.

"Did Aase ever speak of me?" he asked her.

She shook her head.

"Aase never spoke of anything but fine dresses and money."

"And her mother?"

"She only speaks of Aase's good fortune in getting a rich husband."

"And—Hella?"

"Hella often spoke of a man whom she loved, but I dare not tell you his name. She has made me promise never to do that."

"You spoke of me to her, though?"

"Yes, if you are Tim Wessbull."

Tim's heart almost ceased beating from joy, but he said nothing.

After supper he asked Hella to take a walk with him, and when they had reached the top of the hill and were quite alone he said:

"Hella, there are mistakes which a person makes and which he never discovers for years, and then all of a sudden everything becomes clear as the fog rises on the sea before the rays of the sun."

She looked at him without understanding. What could he mean?

"Hella," he continued, "I have never loved the heartless Aase, I know now, but I do love you as a woman was never loved before."

She listened to him with an expression of rapture, and the joy nearly made her faint in his arms. She was as in a dream, and when he kissed her

she whispered, "Is this really true, or do I dream?"

"No, Hella, it is the truth, and it has come to me like a revelation. But do you think that you can learn to love me?"

"Oh, Tim, I am afraid that I have loved you from the very first day I met you."—Chicago American.

WAYS OF THE "BORN FIXER."

Never Any Use to Interfere, Says Woman Who Knows.

"One of the easiest ways to get over a difficulty is to walk around it," said the woman who had just returned to her home after a summer outing. "Our clock, which has done good work for four years, naturally stopped while we were away. When I found it the pendulum refused to swing. William told me to let it alone until he had time to fix it."

"One evening after dinner William took down the clock. He told the servant to bring him the kerosene oil can. He poured half the contents of the can down the back of the clock. Incidentally he ruined the tablecloth and his trousers. But I didn't mind that. It never pays to interfere with a born fixer when he's fixing something."

"After William had tinkered with the timepiece for an hour he decided to wait until the next night. When he had gone down town next morning I took it to a clockmaker. "Jimminy!" he exclaimed. "who's been monkeying with this? To remedy the original trouble would have cost forty cents. Now you'll want a new face, since this one is soaked with oil. You're in for \$4.50 all right."

"I had the clock in its usual place when William came home to dinner. But he never seemed to notice it. Said he was going to a neighbor's that evening to help him fix his automobile."

ELEPHANTS ARE DYING OUT.

Only Two Thousand in Ceylon, It Is Estimated.

In the new Ceylon Handbook and Directory an interesting record is that of the export of elephants from the island during the past forty-one years. In 1903 there were only eight of these pachyderms sent out of the country, one to British India and seven to Germany.

The price paid for these animals was 7,500 rupees, giving a modest average of \$25 rupees each. A royalty of rupees 200 per head, was imposed in 1873, and the number of elephants exported, which had fallen low before then, dwindled in the next few years to three and even to one. In 1882 the royalty was reduced to Rs. 100, in the hope that business might revive and encouragement be given to supplying the new demand for Ceylon elephants in the Continental menageries. The Rajahs' courts in India had previously formed the chief market for them. The total number sold in the time treated of was 2,225, or an average of 56 per annum.

Mr. Alfred Clark, an expert, estimates that there are now only 2,000 elephants in Ceylon. The royalty in 1891 was again raised to Rs. 200. Whether the effect of this will be to permit the animals to increase in undue proportion to their available haunts or that sportsmen shooting elephants will counterbalance the decrease in the export remains to be seen.—Lahore Tribune.

Keeping Apples Sweet for Years.

A farmer near Union City, Mich., amazes his neighbors by keeping apples, pears, peaches, grapes, etc., in their natural state for several years. He now has apples and grapes grown in 1901 which can hardly be distinguished from this year's product. He now gives out his method of preservation, which is very simple, as he merely selects well-developed fruit with good stems, picks it carefully and sears the end of the stem with a lighted match. Then he wipes the fruit perfectly dry, places it in a piece of dry wrapping paper and lays it away in a moderately dry and cool cellar.

Higher Mathematics.

There was once a shrewd promote, who combined ten mills in a trust.

Now, these ten mills did not make a cent.

And why? Because the wise promoter poured so much water in the stock that it took all the receipts to pay the first dividend that was to satisfy the doubts of the public. After he had disposed of the stock he forgot about the mills and attended to something more pressing.

Thus we see that although once we learned that 10 mills make 1 cent, it is possible, when they are properly juggled, for figures to lie.

The Voyage.

I go not where I will, but must;
This planet-ship on which I ride
Is drawn by a resistless tide;
I touch no pilot wheel, but trust

That One who holds the chart of stars,
Whose fathom-lines touch lowest deeps,
Whose eye the boundless spaces sweeps,
Will guide the ship through cosmic bars.

My soul goes not a chosen way;
A current underpins my life,
That moves alike in peace or strife,
And turns not for my yea or nay.

Not on the bridge, but at the mast,
I sail o'er this far-streaming sea;
I will arrive, enough for me
My Captain's smile and word at last.

More Than Good.

"Entre nous," said Miss Ayers, who delights in talking dictionary French, "aren't you quite fond of Mr. Godley?"

"Oh, yes," replied Miss Bright, "he's quite a good friend of mine."

"Ah! your bon ami?"

"Better than that. He's my bon-bon ami. He brings me a box every evening."

Bad Manners in Society

A woman of social prominence, who has in her day been a leader, and who is no longer because of her age, recently, in an intimate and informal conversation, made severe strictures on some of the manners of society at the present time. "In my day," she said, "it used to be understood that the arranging of one's toilet in the presence of others was an offense against good taste. Such a thing, too, as putting one's elbows on the table while eating was also considered vulgar. I know that many of these rules were insisted upon so strongly that there was something of a reaction, and it came to be considered a sign that you were sure of yourself and of your position if you occasionally broke them."

"But the reaction has gone much too far and has set an example which has been followed too closely by that large class of people who, in the matter of social behavior, form their conduct and manners by observing what other

persons do. I dined in a public restaurant the other night, and the way the women I saw there lolled on the table, both while they were eating and while they were not, was a surprise. Another thing I saw there and I see it now in many other places, was a constant readjustment and rearranging of the toilet, especially the hair.

"The need of the incessant attention to the latter that one now sees everywhere, the pulling and pushing and shaking is explained, I know, by reference to the present method of wearing the hair en pompadour, but I do not admit that argument. If all that hair-dressing really needs to go on in public the style, pretty, as it is, should be changed. You sometimes see women at the theater now, who, after taking off their hats, practically 'do' their hair all over again. They could just as well attend to this in the place provided in the lobby before they take their seats, but that would not help, for they keep on working with the hair all the evening."

Across a Great Glacier

Major William R. Abercrombie, Thirtieth United States Infantry, has prepared an account of an exploring expedition which he led into the copper river country, Alaska, in 1898. The work was conducted under the direction of the war department and its purpose was to determine the existence or nonexistence of an all-American route to the Yukon. With an outfit of 557 Norway reindeer with sleds, equipment, supplies and 113 Laplanders as drivers and herdsmen, Major Abercrombie started from Seattle, April 8, and arrived at Port Valdez July 8. A month later he crossed the great Valdez glacier at an altitude of 5,000 feet, and after extraordinary hardships descended into the valley of Copper river.

"The mental strain at this stage of the journey," says Major Abercrombie, "was terrific. The men and the ani-

mals were so badly used up that it would have been impossible for them to survive another night on the glacier, and our progress through this network of crevasses had been so slow that I was afraid we would not cross the summit in daylight. We were up about 3,000 feet and in slush and snow about knee deep. Bearing off from the fourth bench to the right we managed to get our train onto a series of snow slides and made fairly good time to the foot of the sixth bench.

"This was the last rise of the glacier, which was 11,000 feet on one mile or a climb of almost forty-five degrees. We returned to Port Valdez Oct. 15, having covered a little more than 80 miles on foot, horseback and by raft since August 5, demonstrating the existence of an all-American route from Prince William sound to the Yukon valley."

Hard Task for Science

The search for a physical process which would act directly on the circulating blood in case of intoxication in order to extract the poison which it may contain is not a new thing, two methods up to the present having been tried—transfusion of the blood and washing of the blood. The transfusion has given proofs of its worth, but the difficulties are such that the application of the method is necessarily restricted. There has been little success hitherto with the washing method on account of the difficulty of adjusting the speed of injection to the narrow limits of cardiac tolerance. The chief difficulty has been, however, that the simple dilution of the blood does not render the renal filter permeable to the poisonous substances.

M. Ch. Repin has just constructed

an apparatus with which he has experimented on animals, the method being to extract a large quantity of blood from the organism and to mix it with eight or ten times its volume of an isotonic saline solution. This mixture—sufficiently incoagulable for the needs of the experiment—is sent into a centrifugal separator, which is combined in such a way that all the blood globules are united almost instantly at a single point, where they are passed into a pump which injects them into the animal. The working of the apparatus is automatic and continuous, the result being to extract the plasma with all the matter dissolved therein, and to replace it with artificial serum; and this without injuring the blood globules, for which a short passage outside of the organism is not injurious.—Revue Scientifique.

Value of the Windmill

Like the trolley lines which run far out into rural districts and bring many small hamlets into close communication with great cities; like the rural free delivery of mail, with its new facilities for the enjoyment of the world, and for traffic of the kind which used to be very inconvenient for farmers, the windmill promises much more than it has already given the agricultural districts of the United States, and the Cleveland Leader, in this country and in Europe recent experiments in the use of wind power for generating electricity for lighting houses and barns and operating farm machinery are full of interest and suggest great advances in the same direction within the next few years. In parts of the west, where irrigation is often needed to

supplement the uncertain and sometimes inadequate rainfall, big windmills are used for pumping water from wells into irrigating ditches in the driest months, and the same mills generate power enough for electric motors to light buildings and to cut feed and do other work of like nature.

To get more power is only a question of more windmills. To insure an adequate supply of electricity for lighting purposes and for operating farm machinery is a matter of storage batteries. So far these experiments are not for poor men to undertake, but the rich are making tests which promise ultimately to make the application of wind-generated electric power to the wants of American rural life one of the most important additions to the pleasures and comforts of the farm.

Why Hymns Pleased John

"John isn't a betting man," said Mrs. Dorcas, "in the accepted sense of the word. I know he never puts a penny on the horse races, and he had only a very little money up with friends on the election. We always talk these matters over at dinner. But I must confess that when John went to church with me last Sunday morning, because it happened to be my birthday, something happened to set me thinking.

"You know, John was an usher at our church when I met him. He looked so handsome and well groomed as he led visitors to seats in the center aisle that one could not help falling in love with him. As we went in John shook hands with the ushers, some of whom were Sunday school boys when he was there. He remained behind to talk with them, while I went on to our pew.

"When the first hymn was announced John smiled. He was in good humor all through the scriptural readings. When the second hymn was announced he became positively elated. All my fears of his sleeping through the sermon vanished. He sang the closing hymn as fervently as in the good old days. As we came out the head usher shook hands with John, and I saw John tuck a bill into his waistcoat pocket.

"What is that? I asked, not without suspicion.

"Sh-sh-sh, my dear. Wait until we get into the car."

"What is it, John? I asked a few moments later.

"A fiver I cleaned up from the boys on the number of the hymns," he replied, smilingly. "I was \$15 behind the game when I quit ushering and married you."

Lament for Past Days

Broken, dismantled and stark,
Rotting and waiting the end,
I am moored in a harbor where Death
and the Dark
In limitless shadows blend.
My keel is buried in sand;
My timbers creak in the wind;
How I long for the weight of the Master's hand

On the wheel, as we sailed to the Ind!

Oh, to point by the Southern Cross,
Or to follow the Northern Star!
To fly a race with the albatross
To the lands that he afar!

Oh, to ride from crest to crest,
In the teeth of a merry gale;
When the lightning's flash shows the
sea's unrest.

And the checks of men turn pale!

The sound of the snapping mast,
The shrieks of the frightened crew,
Generated by me as I challenge the blast
And plow the mad waves through,
And at last in the harbor's calm,
At rest on the mirroring tide,
I'd breathe perfume in the soft air's
calm,
And the Master's will abide.

This was the life I once lived;
And a thousand deaths I have died,
While fretting here like a soul unshriven
At the great wide water's side.

'Twere better I had gone
A hundred fathoms deep,
To the grave for which good ships are
born—

A cool, sweet shroud, and sleep,
—J. W. Leathers, in Boston Transcript.



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