

### The Master's Face

No pictured likeness of my Lord have I:  
He carved no record of His ministry  
On wood and stone,  
He left no sculptured tomb nor parch-  
ment dim,  
But trusted, for all memory of Him,  
Men's hearts alone.

Sometimes I long to see Him as of old  
Judea saw, and in my gaze to hold  
His face enshrined,  
Often, amid the world's tumultuous  
strife,  
Some slight memorial of His earthly life  
I long to find.

Who sees the face sees but in part; who  
reads  
The spirit which it hides, sees all; he  
needs  
No more. Thy grace—  
Thy life, in my life, Lord, give Thou to  
me:  
And then, in truth, I may forever see  
My Master's face.

## Concerning a Black Alpaca Coat

BY J. C. PLUMMER

(Copyright, 1905, by Daily Story Pub. Co.)  
"Sandy," said Captain Pole, as he shifted his tiller so as to pass a barge towing down the bay, "you'd better ask Kate Haggerty to have you when we get to port."  
"There's na hurry," replied Sandy McDougal, mate of the schooner Ajax, enjoying his pipe.  
"Go ahead," retorted the skipper, pettishly, "you'll wake up some morning and see another chap living off Kate's money."  
"She's na got it yet," expostulated Mr. McDougal.  
"But she'll have it when her uncle dies and he's old as the hills."  
"Hoots, only seventy and men are living longer than they did," said McDougal, "it's little surprised I'd be if he lives to be ninety."  
"Well," remarked the skipper, "if you don't want a wife with ten thousand dollars, all right."  
"There's na hurry," insisted McDougal, "if I'd marry her now I'd have to support her, mebbe, for ten years before her uncle dies."  
Dennis Haggerty, steward, was worth at least ten thousand dollars and his only relative was Kate Haggerty. There was no scarcity of women in the world forty years back, but Dennis and his brother Michael must, perforce, fall in love with the same girl and she chose Michael. Dennis never forgave them and carried his resentment to the second generation, never noticing their daughter, Kate, not even when her parents dying very poor, she started out to make her living. Kate, thirty years old, plain as to face and expert in sordid economy, only knew she had an uncle because people told her so. She gave no heed to the news when she did hear it and went on earning a very scant living with very hard work.  
Now, Captain Pole knew something. He and Fergus McNeal were witnesses to Dennis Haggerty's will which left all he possessed to Kate Haggerty. McNeal had immediately sailed on a voyage to Australia and the skipper, practically, was the sole possessor of the secret. He knew Kate and liked her so he did some thinking.  
"Kate's getting old," he mused, "and in looks she's more like a barge than a racing yacht, but there'll be plenty of good for nothing fellows to marry her when they know she'll have ten thousand dollars. They'll spend every cent of it for her."  
Then he apprised Sandy McDougal, his mate, of the secret and introduced him to Kate.  
"He's too stingy to ever spend her money," soliloquized the skipper, "and he'll make her a good husband."  
Sandy courted cautiously. Kate, with a dowry of ten thousand dollars, was very attractive, but his characteristic stinginess, made him hesitate about incurring the expense of a wife until the dowry was possessed. As to Kate, who had never had a beau, she dreamed dreams and watched for Sandy's coming eagerly.  
The inexpensive courtship, for Sandy never spent a copper on Kate, dragged on like a voyage through the calm belt and Captain Pole chafed.



"Ye've ruined me."

a landsman's flag at half mast. Get your best rigging on and come, there's not a minute to be lost."  
Mr. McDougal was soon attired in his best black suit of clothes and the two set out for Miss Haggerty's boarding house.  
"Now," said the skipper, "if she says yes, you ask for an early wedding day. When this here news gets out there'll be a lot after her," and he added, with unnecessary candor, "most anybody can beat you in looks."  
Miss Haggerty was at home and would see Mr. McDougal in the parlor. Captain Pole chose to wait on the street the result of his mate's suit and walked up and down in front of the house. Presently McDougal came to the door and beckoned to the skipper.  
"Well," said that gentleman, as he reached McDougal, "is it all right?"  
"I have na asked her yet," replied McDougal, nervously. "Are ye sure ye did na make a mistake in the house?"  
"No," roared the skipper, "it was Dennis Haggerty's house. Hurry up, man, or you'll lose the chance."  
In a half hour's time McDougal came out.  
"We'll be married in a week," he said. "The landlady is a witness of the engagement. I hope ye're na wrong in the house."  
Captain Pole was aroused early in the morning by Mr. McDougal, whose countenance showed great mental perturbation.  
"Ye've ruined me," said he, shaking his fist at the skipper.  
"What's the matter?" exclaimed the captain.  
"It was na crape on the door," howled McDougal, "the man who was fixing the steps hung his black alpaca coat on the bell-pull."  
The skipper whistled.  
"I'll na marry her," shrieked McDougal, "I'm sweendled."  
"Then," retorted the skipper, with difficulty repressing a roar of laughter, "she'll sue you for breach of promise. The landlady is a witness you know."  
The next week Mr. McDougal and Miss Haggerty were married in the most inexpensive style and five years later Captain Pole, witnessing a parade of the United Irishmen, marked with surprise how sturdily old Dennis Haggerty bore the banner.



"There's na hurry," insisted McDougal. McDougal was overlooking the tarding down of the schooner's rigging when the skipper came aboard much excited.  
"Old Haggerty's sick," he whispered to Sandy, "he's pneumonia and he's too old a man to get well. Now's your time, Sandy."  
For a moment Sandy wavered then he said, "He may get well, there's na hurry."  
Captain Pole coupled Mr. Mc-

### THE USES OF URALITE.

Incombustible and Can Be Worked With Like Wood.  
Have you ever heard of uralite? Probably not, for it is a new invention. Yet it is well worthy of your notice, since it is superior to anything of the kind that has yet been produced. It is the invention of a Russian artillery officer and chemist, named Imshenetzky, and its claim to distinction lies in the fact that it is absolutely fireproof.  
Uralite is composed of asbestos fiber, with a proper proportion of silicate, bicarbonate of soda and chalk, and it is supplied in various finishes and colors, according to the purpose for which it is intended. In a soft form a sheet of uralite is like an asbestos board; when hard it resembles finely sawn stone and has a metallic ring. Besides being a non-conductor of heat and electricity, it is practically water proof (and may be made entirely so by paint), and it is not affected either by atmospheric influences or by the acids contained in smoke in large towns, which rapidly destroy galvanized iron.  
Moreover, it can be cut by the usual carpenter's or woodworker's tools; it can be veneered to form paneling for walls or partitions; it can be painted, grained, polished and glued together like wood; it does not split when a nail is driven through it; it is not affected when exposed to moisture or great changes of temperature, and it can be given any desired color either during the process of manufacture or afterward.—Hygienic Magazine.

**LIFE IN ITS REALITY.**  
Not the Succession of Days, But Deeds and Content.  
There are moments in the lives of all men when with closed eyes they hear through the silence the pulsing away of the hours and they realize the life beyond time. The smallness of the present moment, made up as it is half of the past and half of the future, its wholly illusory nature, "so helpless a kitten in the star-spangled universal bag," springs upon one, and the calendar upon which we mark out our sense of succession is a futile blank. Birth itself is but "a sleep and a forgetting." It is not time, but content that counts. The one great birthday of the world commemorates a short life, not so much as half the allotted span of man; a life obscure except for a few short years or arduous service and of suffering. It is not the numbered succession of days that its life, but the area a soul covers, its stretch over souls and out beyond space and time. It is, humanly speaking, that we tell of growth in time; growth in life, in fullness of consciousness, in abundance of giving. For "the transient" said Martineau, "is more to the large soul than the everlasting to the little."  
But we cannot think in terms of the eternal; even as in olden myths the gods appeared to mortals only in disguise, so the life everlasting, pitiful of mortals, presents itself to the dawning consciousness under the symbols of time and space. We live in illusion of beginnings and ends.—Harper's Weekly.

**Do We Forget?**  
Do we forget when winter snows lie deep  
Above the beds where our beloved sleep,  
And we no longer wildly weep—  
Do we forget?  
Because, when comes the holy Christ-  
mastide,  
And love and joy are scattered wide,  
We check our sighs, and strive our tears  
to hide,  
Do we forget?  
Do we forget, because with mute lips  
pressed  
To fading pictures, all our love, un-  
guessed,  
Lies locked secure within our patient  
breast—  
Do we forget?  
Because, across the widening gulf of  
years,  
There comes no loving word to quell  
our fears,  
No watchful hand to brush away our  
tears—  
Do we forget?  
Do we forget? Nay, in each heart there  
lies  
A secret place, where, hid from mortal  
eyes,  
Dwells strong and true, a love that nev-  
er dies,  
Nor can forget!  
—S. O'H. Dickson in the Pilgrim.

**A Prodigal's Return.**  
Dramatic scenes continue to be witnessed as the result of the religious revivals in Wales. In a Glamorgan-shire town, says the London Chronicle, the pastor, in the course of an impressive address, appealed to all backsliders to return to the fold.  
Sitting quietly in the gallery was a young man. Moved by the stirring appeal, he sprang to his feet and begged to be readmitted to the membership of the church. All eyes were turned to the suppliant, and the effect was startling when it was seen that the young man was the minister's own son.  
Overpowered by his feelings, the father was unable to say a word, and he broke down with emotion. The organist struck up a well-known hymn, at the conclusion of which the minister, having mastered his feelings, welcomed his son's conversion with tears of joy.

**All or Nothing.**  
This is a story from Cumberland Island:  
A teacher was bathing in the surf, and a dozen or more of his youthful scholars were looking on, when one of them exclaimed:  
"How I wish he would drown!"  
"I don't," said another. "I want a shark to eat him."  
"Better ask for a whale," said the smallest of the crowd. "It kin swallow him whole!"—Atlanta Constitution.

Silence is golden, but the gold standard has not yet been adopted by the sewing societies.

## OUT OF THE ORDINARY

**Ode to the Prune.**  
(The California prune crop this season is 150,000,000 pounds.—News note.)  
Fair fruit, though greater bards refuse  
To chant your praise; although they scorn ye,  
This is the acme of good news  
From California.  
Great poets do not care to tune  
The lyre to such a lowly ditty,  
And pity 'tis, 'tis true (O prunes,  
'Tis true you're pitiful).  
Perchance the pruning knife should cut  
That pun we made the verse about  
this,  
Perhaps we say, it ought to be,  
We simply love this!  
The punishment must fit the crime,  
As Gilbert said in "The Mikado,"  
But, O to make it fit a rhyme  
Of El Dorado!  
Oh, prony prune, they've done you wrong  
Who never yet have been so tuneful  
To chant your sweetness in a song:  
Bah! They were pruned!  
Esculent prune, we have a hunch,  
As sure as we're a luckless sinner,  
We'll have you now for breakfast, lunch  
And maybe dinner.  
But, welcome, prune, by pint or peck,  
We're glad your crop is so extensive  
We're re-—by heck!—  
You're inexpensive!  
—New York Mail.

**Oyster, Aged 25, a Foot Long.**  
A wholesale oyster dealer was sizing up a new invoice yesterday. "There are some old fellows in that lot," he said, as he shoved to one side some abnormally large ones. He picked out one and measured it. The shell was eight inches long. "The age of an oyster has absolutely no effect upon its quality," he said. "It doesn't get tough with age, like the higher order of animals. How long does an oyster live? Well, I couldn't say exactly. I have known Maurice river oystermen to claim that an oyster undisturbed in a neglected cove would live for twenty-five years before it finally died of old age. And an oyster of the Maurice river type keeps on growing all the time. I have seen some myself that measured nearly a foot in length.—Philadelphia Record

**Turned Round by the Sun.**  
A large granite ball, weighing two tons, in a cemetery in Ohio is slowly turning on its axis. During the last five years the ball has turned 13 1/2 inches. When the ball was placed in position an unpolished spot 6 inches in diameter was left in the socket of the pedestal on which it rested. A year ago it was noticed that the unpolished spot was turning upward on the south side of the monument. The revolution of the huge polished ball, which it would require a derrick to lift, is supposed to be due to the sun's heating one side of it, the south, and causing it to expand, while the north side, which rests most in the shade, does not expand to the same extent, and thus the ball gradually shifts its position by turning.

**Long-Lived English Family.**  
Do modern records contain anything to equal the following entry in the parish register of Old Whittington, Derbyshire: "Thomas Ashton, son of Mr. Arthur and Mrs. Jane Bulkeley, was baptized July 1, 1744. Godfathers: Edward Downes, esq., great-great-great-uncle; Dr. Charles Ashton, great-great-great-uncle; Joseph Ashton, gent., great-great-great-uncle. Godmothers: Mrs. Wood, great-great-great-aunt; Mrs. Wainwright, great-great-grand mother; Mrs. Green, great-grand mother. Registered at the request of Joseph Ashton, of London, gent., who nominated the godfathers and godmothers, believing they are not to be paralleled in England."

**Wonders of the Hand.**  
The human hand is a profound study. No instrument devised by man compares with it for complication. It is a hammer, a vice, a forceps, a hook, a spring, a weight; it pushes, draws in, and the fingers alone contain elements of chisels, gouges and all the tools a sculptor requires in modeling. From the elbow to the digital extremities its movements are produced by nearly fifty muscles. So complicated is the cordage of a human hand that expert anatomists can hardly keep in remembrance its intricate mechanism. With it all the emotions of the mind may be both manifested and intensified. It is a wonder of wonders.

**Hunted Deer Invaded Store.**  
A deer, pursued by the County Down (Ireland) staghounds, bolted through a grocer's shop in Crossgar, the other day, and then through the scullery and yard into a neighboring kitchen. It overturned the furniture, and tried to jump through the window, but it became wedged in the frame, and was captured there. In spite of the noise the animal made, a child which was sleeping in the kitchen was not awakened.

**"Funeral Services" Over Saloon.**  
To the solemn wail of a dirge, which followed "funeral" services, a saloon at Laurel street and Freeman avenue, Cincinnati, Ohio, was closed permanently the other day. The "services" were conducted by members of the Young People's society of the Lincoln Park church, which long objected to the presence of the establishment. The church people made business so poor for the saloonkeeper that he was driven out.

**Monster Bass Caught.**  
A striped bass three feet six inches in length and weighing twenty-five and one-half pounds was caught in Russian river, California, recently. It took several hours to land him.

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