

UNREST.

BY EDGAR L. WAKEMAN.

Here in the years wherein I stand  
I gaze across the fallow land;  
Across the conquest and its cost;  
Beyond the sought-for and the lost;  
And look into the eyes of joy,  
Thou brown-faced, tunked country boy!  
Just thou and thine, with naught between,  
Make up that sweetest oldest scene.  
O tender scene and sight and sound!  
The farm-house, with its lilacs 'round;  
The poppy bed, the locust trees,  
The stilliedic hum of bees;  
The well, with sturdy oaken sweep;  
The morning-gories half asleep;  
The swallows gossiping; the croon  
Of doves about the barn; the noon  
When kine, breast deep, stand in the  
stream;  
And thy world pauses in a pleasant dream!  
Beyond, the uplands; thou, the hills,  
Where, interlacing, creep the rills;  
Here, forests, sentinels of peace;  
There, fields, with opulent increase;  
Below, the valley, stretching far  
And dim to the horizon's bar.  
My brown-faced lad, I look again  
From out the lairs and lives of men.  
I see the longing in thy face  
To grow beyond the commonplace;  
I know the lands that 'tween us lie,  
And pity thee! For thou wert—I.

A GREAT TEMPTATION.

Alice Arden was not a woman one would select for a heroine because of her personality. She was neither large nor small; she was beautiful, I think (beauty is a hard thing to define and limit), but it was a beauty of no wonderful or unusual type, and was of that kind which grows on one gradually, as his knowledge of the possessor of it grows. There was a wealth of sweetness and purity shining up in her eyes, which tears could never wash out, and the mouth indicated firmness and resolution, which had its beginning long before the night's vigil which had left it so sternly agonized.

The trouble which has come to Alice Arden is of no unusual kind. It is a sudden sorrow, which has crushed out all hope in life many times in the past, and will many times in the future as long as men and maidens are proud and willful. One may say, "only a lover's quarrel," but one should remember that there are heart tragedies in this world, under the torture of which men and women drag out long lives without finding peace. To Alice Arden it seemed as though everything worth having in life was now forever utterly beyond her hope.

She arose from the seat she had occupied for so long and moved slowly around her humble room. She had not known until she moved how much she was suffering physically; how cold it was; how cramped and weary she was. There was really little to do. Her bed had not been used; her room was in order. She had plenty of time to prepare herself for the task of covering her sorrow from the gaze of her friends—if she could.

She made a fire, and into the fire she remorsefully put all the fragments of the paper which she had spoiled in her efforts to write a simple letter long ago when her sorrow was new. Long ago? Last night! Happiness gives wings of lightness to eternity (lying about our being and so-called time rather than eternity), which we roughly measure and call minutes and seconds; but sorrow weighs their noiseless feet with lead.

Mr. George Fenby was next among the actors in this little fragment of human life.

He sat at the window that morning as Alice Arden sat at hers. His window looked in the same direction; from it he saw much the same scene she saw. The stars faded out for him as for her; day brightened; the sunlight fell across his face.

But he sat there with a cheerful fire near him; he was strong from happy sleep; his eyes were bright and cheerful, and looked as though tears had always been strangers to them, and his lips were smiling.

The icy marshes seemed to him a type of the future. Smooth, white, pure—the light stretching warmly across them—and with the ocean outside standing to him, as to her, as a type of eternity which he felt would be one of strength and happiness.

George Fenby thought of what he had to be thankful for, this lovely morning. A small fortune, enough for himself—and one other, a fair woman, and good as fair—for his promised wife; health, education, friends, influence, position; it was indeed a goodly prospect.

This man was strong and quick; good looking, if not handsome. He looks like a man who would not do a wicked thing, or think it, while he might do a weak or foolish one. He was a man who would be likely to win a woman's heart—and hold it; a man whose love a woman might prize, and the loss of which she might wistfully mourn. Weak enough to be a man, he was strong enough to be one hard to win from the life which had once had him.

There was a happy smile on his face as he heard his little brother knock at the door, and he answered "Come in" in a cheery voice.

"Here's a letter for you, George."

"Thank you," said George, as he took it. "You are welcome. By the handwriting on the envelope I judge the message will be a pleasant one." And the boy left the room. A pleasant message! The smile on the man's face deepened, as he lovingly

handled the letter a little time before he broke the seal. A pleasant message!

These were the words he read: "MR. GEORGE FENBY—I will not consent to be any longer a hinderer regarding your 'higher ambition.' I never wish to speak with you again in my life. I give you back your freedom."

Alice Arden. So Mr. Fenby's morning gift was the gift of his freedom. What should he do with it? His cheeks and lips grew cold and white at the thought. Merciful heavens! What could he do with it?

The sky seemed darkened, the earth seemed dreary and desolate. George Fenby and Alice Arden, a bare quarter of a mile apart, could not have been more widely separated had an ocean stretched between them. And each looked on the same landscape and saw alike at last.

The village of Marsham was a small one, and most of it was farther from the ocean than were the two houses at the windows of which we have seen two unhappy persons.

It was a relief to both George and Alice that there was service in the little church that morning, and everybody could be looked for there. Secret sorrow finds a certain abatement of its intensity in the effort of appearing unconcerned. Then there is a mournful pleasure in seeing what one has lost.

In a place no larger than Marsham everyone knows everybody else. Everyone knows the business of everybody else in some degree, or thinks so, and says so. So our two friends were known, and their relations to each other were known also. And so poorly had they played their parts, that when service was finished nearly all their friends had concluded that their engagement was over, and many were speculating as to the reason for it.

Ralph Warden was too shrewd a man not to see what every one else saw. He said but little about it, as he spoke to one and another after church, but he was deeply interested and very much puzzled. The time had been when the gossips had connected his name with that of Alice Arden, and there were those who had shaken their heads when it became evident that she had been won by George Fenby, instead of Ralph.

Ralph had never spoken to Alice of love, and he will respect his reserve. What he cared for her may remain a sealed book.

George Fenby walked home alone. Ralph Warden came the same road, but a quarter of a mile behind him. Some distance out of the village Ralph suddenly came upon two papers, resting on the snow by the side of the road. They had most likely been pulled from the pocket of the owner in removing his handkerchief. The smaller paper had blown apart, it lay upon the other, and its contents were so brief that Ralph had read it before he had taken it in his hand, and before he was aware of what he was doing. We have seen the paper before. It was the brief letter in which Alice Arden had dismissed George Fenby.

Ralph Warden stood for a long time with the letter in his hand. "I've read it once; it can do no harm to read it again," he said.

And he read it again—not once merely, but a dozen times. It seemed as if he was trying to draw something from the bit of paper which he did not find there.

After a time he stooped and picked up the other paper, a long folded document, but the action was merely a mechanical one. He did not open it to see what it was, but with his head bent forward on his breast, and with a very grave face, he went on his way. He walked more slowly than before; he sometimes stopped, and he talked to himself from time to time.

"If this is final," he commenced aloud, and then relapsed into silence. "A hinderer." Then, after standing and thinking for awhile, he went on: "She never was that to him. And she never was moody and self-distrustful." He thought for many minutes now.

"I don't understand what she means by his 'higher ambition.' His highest ambition lately seems to have been to win her. It has cost her a great deal to give him up—anyone can see that with half an eye. And his freedom is not welcome to him; he neither wanted it nor expected it."

The noonday sun was shining and making everything pleasant. There was a glow in the wintry air which seemed to have a promise of summer in it.

He seated himself at his table, placed Alice Arden's letter upon it, and read it again. Then for the first time he looked at the other paper which he had picked up. He turned it over and saw at once that it was a deed from Bertram Kingsley, conveying certain lands and buildings to George Fenby.

Suddenly he stood still, and a hot, fierce flush crept up into his face.

"I wonder if it is true that hearts are ever 'caught in the rebound,'" as they sometimes say they are? I will!"—And he clenched his hands and hurried on his way.

He did not stop again until he reached his home, where his mother and sister were waiting for him, nor did he think his thoughts aloud any more. With a few words of greeting and a few more of excuse he put his mother and sister aside for the present, and went up to his own room.

Ralph Warden drew a long breath, and the light faded slowly out of his face. It might be necessary to go over it all to see the details, but the general outline of the unfortunate affair was, he felt, as certainly in his possession as it could have been if he had been given the privilege of looking fully and freely into the minds of the two lovers whose lives were drifting so far apart.

Down went his head upon his hands on the table—the winter sunshine shone that day on no nobler head—and from his lips came those words of which frail humanity has deepest need, "Lead us not into temptation."

He thought it all out. Bertram Kingsley owned the finest place in all Marsham, or had until the deed was made which conveyed it to George Fenby. Estella Kingsley, the daughter of Bertram, was a beauty and something of a flirt.

More than one lady at Marsham had quarreled with her lover on Estella Kingsley's account. And last night there had been a little gathering of young people in the church, and circumstances had apparently done their worst. In the first place, first place, George Fenby came with Estella Kingsley; the meeting was not of a character to make it unkind for him to leave his promised wife to come home with her father, as she had, but his coming with Miss Kingsley had been noticed by several. With the deed before him, Ralph Warden had no difficulty in deciding why George had been at Mr. Kingsley's, and consequently why he had come as he had.

Ralph was well acquainted with a young man living where the Kingsley's had formerly resided, and through him he knew of the engagement of Miss Kingsley to a gentleman living there. He had known this for a long time, and knowing it had thought little of events which might otherwise have deeply affected him.

Last night, for instance, a laughing group of gentlemen had spoken of Miss Kingsley. One had said: "She is a beauty and an heiress. Whoever wins her will have a beautiful home. The Kingsley estate is the finest one in Marsham."

Now, every gentleman in the group knew that the Kingsley estate was for sale, and every one had counted at its true value the answer which George Fenby had made. Indeed his devotion to Alice Arden was so absolute and complete that no one, save her modest self, would have doubted it for a single moment.

"It's my highest ambition to be master of the estate," laughed George; "and I made an offer to-night which I think will be accepted. I am to have an answer to-night. If I succeed, I shall be supremely happy. If not—why, I will do as other men have done—failing of what I want, I will take what I can get."

Ralph could not remember where Alice Arden had been when these innocent words had been spoken. That she had been near enough to hear them was evidenced by her letter, which was before him.

He could only dimly imagine how she must have suffered in trying to evolve the truth (as she believed the truth to be) from what she had heard. When a human idol falls from the place it has held in the heart, not the least of the pain comes from what we see, or believe we see, of its unworthiness. To find our gold but gilded clay is a sorrowful thing. So he sat there, and pitied Alice Arden for the faith in the man which she had lost, as well as the man himself who had been put from her. With what pain beyond that which would come to her from a belief that her lover would think and do what his words seemed to imply, must she face the added shame of his stooping to tell it; nay, more, to boast of it.

Ralph raised his head. The time had not been long since he sat down to think. But he knew it all. Two proud and obstinate young creatures had been parted by fate. And he muttered with white, compressed lips: "I alone understand it all. I alone, of all the world, can set it right. What a temptation!"

We will not seek to follow his thoughts. What a man does should be the basis of our judgment, and what we would do. If he thought of the curative effects of time on suffering hearts we can forgive him; if a possible future, in which a happy home of his own was the central figure, rose up to meet him, we can do no less than pity him.

If she only had the slightest reason for what she had done—but she has none. If George Fenby was really a scoundrel—but he is truly a noble man.

The band of sunshine rested on his head like a golden crown. His face was almost glorified as he raised it to the light again. And surely the angels made a record of a second gift that day coming to the lot of those whose lives fall for a little time within the lines of our story, when he said aloud: "I will do right! Alice Arden shall have her lover back again."

Evening service at the little church was over. Ralph Warden stood on the steps as the congregation came out. He looked happy.

If it be true that "coming events cast their shadows before," and that "virtue is its own reward," he was happy. He spoke cheerfully to this one and that when they passed. He did not look like a conspirator. One would not have dreamed that he had made a plan which for audacity would find few rivals, while for simplicity it might find fewer.

"It's better to have it over as soon as possible," he said to himself; "better for them and me."

Alice Arden was passing him. He leaned forward.

"Will you come for a little drive with me, Miss Arden? The night is perfect, and you look as if fresh air would do you good."

She accepted at once, hoping as she did so that George Fenby would see her. He was not there to see, however, and Ralph had taken good care to know that. He was already half way home.

But Miss Arden was in no mood to refuse. She was in reckless temper, and Ralph Warden had counted on that.

One desirous of widening the breach between Alice and George would have found it an easy task to make a beginning that night.

Ralph Warden's lips moved slowly as he seated himself beside Alice, but he will not try to determine what he said to himself in that crisis in more lives than one.

"I admire your cloak and hat," exclaimed Ralph, "though the saying may be as much a compliment to my sister's as to your own taste. Her's are like them, are they not?"

"Very nearly; not quite. But I didn't know you ever noticed what your lady friends wear?"

"I don't very often. I did to-day. Would the masculine eye detect the differences?"

"I think not. But it is a pity to talk of dress on such a night as this. What a strong and helpful sermon we had this evening."

"Yes," said Ralph.

They made a turn in the road, and there was George himself only a few yards ahead. Alice put down her veil at once. Surely fate was on the side of Ralph Warden's plans that night.

"Get in, George. I won't take a refusal."

"Who is with you? Your sister?"

"Yes," said Ralph, with a promptness which should be admired and pardoned. "Sit on this side," said Ralph, as George got in; "I will sit between you. The night is beautiful, isn't it?"

"Very beautiful!"

"Very beautiful!" said George, who really had not thought of it before.

"You needn't go home at once. I will turn here, and we will drive toward the shore."

He had turned his horse down the road leading in that direction before either of his companions could say a word. The two lovers were gazing again on the scene they had looked upon in the morning. The moonlight may have softened the harshness of it a little, but the man between them heard a sob from the woman at his left, and saw the moonlight sparkle suspiciously on the eyelashes of the man on his right. And he thought grimly of himself as the image of fate—fate, with the destiny of two human beings in his mind.

"I found a paper of yours this morning," said Ralph, slowly, "and here it is. I could hardly help seeing what it was. I congratulate you on your bargain. You have bought the finest estate about here, George. It is remarkable cheap at the price. I believe the deed was signed last evening?"

"Yes."

"Mr. Kingsley had not fully decided to sell until then, had he?"

"Not fully. He told me his daughter might decide to want it herself when she is married. Mr. Kingsley will, of course, give her a handsome residence somewhere when that event takes place, for Mr. Jones, who is to marry her, has no fortune of his own."

"It has been your highest ambition to own that estate, hasn't it?"

"Certainly; I wanted the finest place here."

"You ought to be supremely happy. You said last night you would be when you owned the place."

"Yes."

The answer was short. Ralph could feel the strong man on his right tremble in spite of his efforts to control himself, and he knew that the woman on his left was crying softly.

"You said something last night about your ambition to be master of the Kingsley estate. Do you remember what it was?"

"Yes, I think I do. Something very boastful, was it not?"

George Fenby was beginning to understand dimly why he had received the letter he had.

"Worse than that. Did you ever think that one overhearing it might think that you meant to marry Miss Kingsley?"

"Never until now. Oh, what have I done?"

"No matter; did you intend to marry her? Not a word of objection. You've been led into answering too much already to stop now. George, I demand an answer; did you?"

The eyes of the two men met. In George Fenby's there was the determination to know, and, perhaps, something more. In George Fenby's there was surprise, which changed to satisfaction and indignation, which gradually faded.

"Never, on my honor!" he answered.

Ralph Warden stopped the horse. They had driven far to the south, and had now turned back toward the village again. In front of them was the level sweep of frozen marsh, but farther on was the peaceful village, with its lighted windows, and with its range of sheltering, wooded hills behind it. On their right was the sea, calm and bright. He stepped into the road and placed the reins in George Fenby's unresisting hands.

"Bring the horse home when it is all right," he said, "but take all the time you wish. Here is another paper of yours which I found this morning. Be thankful to-night that so meddling a man found it. Alice Arden and George Fenby, I give you back your future—and my blessing!"

He spoke to the horse, and, obedient to his word, it dashed down the road and left him alone.

There is no more need of following the lovers, to be sure that all came right, than there is of following the rushing mountain stream to be sure it finds the sea.

An Important Difference.

Arksaw Traveller.  
De man what tells lies for de 'musement of de crowd ken be put up wid, but de man what lies ter make hisse 'portant is a mighty disgustin' bore.

A Story of Fearful Suffering.

Captain Alfred Gasston, of the bark Britannia, which was wrecked off the coast Monday last, tells the story of fearful suffering. They were on the wreck from Monday until Tuesday afternoon, and all hands were compelled to remain on deck, exposed to the fury of the storm. Finally they took to a small raft. Hardly had the people got on this when a heavy sea washed off every soul, and the captain and eight men were the only ones who regained it. During the night and the following morning five others were washed off in a similar manner, leaving four survivors, who were rescued by a boat from the shore. Nineteen perished, including the wife and children of Captain Gasston, all natives of England. Two of the captain's children were picked up, but died in a few minutes, either from fright or exhaustion.

A Blaze in North Platte.

Special to Omaha Republican.  
NORTH PLATTE, September 21.—A frame building on Spruce street, between Fifth and Sixth, occupied by Babb & Chure as a law office, and an adjoining building occupied by Park & Van Dorn as a notion store, were destroyed by fire this morning. The spread of the fire was only prevented by the most energetic efforts on the part of our citizens. Buildings in close proximity were scorched, but beyond that no damage was sustained. Loss on buildings, about \$1,200; on stock, about \$5,000. W. H. Babb, who was in his office, is burned very severely about the face and hands. Origin of the fire not known.



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