

WITH THE TIDE.

We rowed one day along the rippling river, Past quiet fields and meadows low and green. We watched the sunlight on the water quiver, Till both were dazzled with its golden sheen. We left the city's busy hum behind us, And, where pale willows drooped on either side, We, smiling, said that care could never find us, While down the stream we floated with the tide. The little birds sang softly in the willows, The fragrance of the lily floated up; We rocked the boat and sent out tiny billows To wake the fairies sleeping in its cup. We thought that life could never more be dreary, The summer sunshine smiled so warmly down, That we forgot how human hearts grow weary And die beneath the winter's chilling frown. To-day once more I rowed along the river, The same pale willows drooped on either side, The birds' low music made my sad heart quiver, As there alone I floated with the tide. —[Chicago Inter-Ocean.

A WIFE'S CHARM.

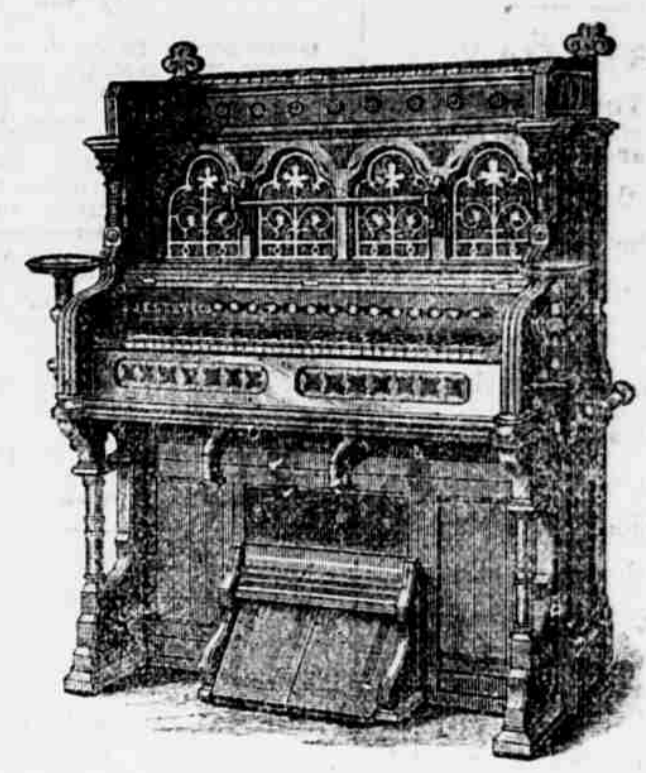
From the Philadelphia Call. A pout upon the red lips of Gerald Sinclair's young wife—unnistakably a pout—for, though a wife of almost two years, her fond, indulgent husband had for the first time said nay to an openly expressed wish. The fancy ball of the season, a grand and fashionable assemblage, was to take place during his absence, and he had said that he should prefer she would not attend. She was only twenty. Let this much be said in extenuation of the two great tears that rose to the brown eyes and slowly trickled down the pretty face, splashing on the dainty morning dress, which, clinging to the dairy form, revealed so perfectly its graceful outlines. Certainly Niobe had no reason to feel ashamed of this one of her children. But Gerald Sinclair had only stooped and kissed away the glistening drops in a half hurried manner, perhaps to hide his awakening remorse. "Never mind, little wife; I'll make it up to you another time." Then he was gone; but she sat still, turning and returning her wedding ring, with eyes bent upon it. It was a curious ring—a solid band set with five large diamonds. It had been her charm, her talisman, not to be taken from her finger until soul and body had parted; but this morning it had lost its charm. If it failed to scatter the clouds, it failed to bring back the sunshine. Even when the hour came round for Gerald's home coming he missed his usual welcome; but he thought he might trust to his wife's heart, and said nothing. The next day he started on his journey. "You're not going, my dear?" exclaimed Mrs. Martin, bursting in upon her friend on the morning of the ball. "And why not? Gerald is away," replied Mrs. Sinclair, with some little show of wifely dignity, as though the fact were in itself sufficient explanation. "And why need that make any difference?" pursued Mrs. Martin, a bewitching little widow some few years her friend's senior. "I will share my escort with you—Count Belzoni." Sophie Sinclair looked up amazed. She knew that the man mentioned had but lately gained entrance into society, and knew also that her husband disliked and distrusted him. Once or twice she had seen his eye fixed admiringly upon herself, and had felt somewhat as the bird might feel beneath the basilisk glare of the serpent. "Well, why don't you answer?" continued Mrs. Martin. "Will you go?" "No, no," she replied, trying to speak with firm decision. "Besides, I do not think that Gerald admires the count." "Prejudice, my dear, all prejudice. The count is one of the most charming men I know. Indeed, I think I should be canonized for my willingness to share his attentions, especially as I have heard him say all manner of pretty things about you." "Nonsense, Ellen," retorted Mrs. Sinclair. But she felt the ground slipping beneath her feet as she spoke. After all, Gerald had not said positively no! Had he thought it necessary after he had openly expressed his disapprobation of her going? He had not known that she would be so sorely tempted. Besides, she would wear a mask. No one would know her, and when she told Gerald he would forgive her, a sudden thought came over her. "I will go," she said at last, after continued urging, and looking at the picture in all its brightest lights, "on one condition, and that is that no one is to know me—not even the Count. Say that you have persuaded a friend to accompany you, who wishes to remain unknown. I will come to your house, where he will find me, and thus gain no clew." So it was decided; but in spite of her exquisite costume of a fairy, as she concealed it and herself beneath a large domino, as the clock on her mantle chimed 10 it seemed to Sophie that every stroke said: "Stay! Stay!" She was almost tempted to obey it, but she had promised Ellen; and, after all she heard that it was well for young wives to assert themselves. An hour later and, on the Count Belzoni's arm, she entered upon the brilliant scene. So far he had not seemed curious to ascertain her identity. She experienced at this a singular sense of relief. The ball was at its height as the clock rang out the hour of midnight, but for the first time in her life light and gaiety were distasteful. A hundred times she wished herself at home. "I will tell Gerald. I have already been punished," she whispered to herself, as she stood for a moment alone in a quiet corner. "You look more like a nun than a fairy—rather like one that has forsworn

the vanities of the old world than a siren to tempt men to their destruction," said a voice close to her, "though to the latter I know no one more fitted." "Sir!" she exclaimed indignantly, recognizing, as she spoke, the Count standing at her elbow. "Ah! you thought I did not know you. I should penetrate any disguise you wore. Besides you have forgotten to remove a badge of recognition." She followed with her eyes her downward glance, and saw that it rested on her hand, ungloved, as in better accord with the exigencies of her costume. Involuntarily she drew it away, with the ring which had betrayed her. Denial was useless. "Since you know me, then," she said, "we will not further play a part." To the others we are masks; to ourselves we are ourselves." "Ah, Madam," he whispered, "let us rather say to the world we are ourselves, to each other we are masks. Can men, think you, look coldly on such beauty as you possess? Can—" Indignant and alarmed she checked his further speech by starting forward to escape him. His hand closed on hers as in a vice. She wrenched it from him, sprang among a crowd of maskers, and so made her way to the door. "Call a carriage for me," she directed. Ten minutes later she was within her own home. Her first impulse was to tear off the hated costume which had caused her such trouble; her next to throw herself on the bed and sob out her excitement and contrition. The morning sun, streaming into her room, awoke her. With a shudder she remembered the events of the past night. She looked down at her hand which had been polluted by another's touch—as though in some way she expected to find the contamination branded on its soft white surface. It was all unmarred, but—She looked again, she rubbed her eyes and looked, the color meanwhile fluttering out of her cheeks, and her pale lips quivering, as if her heart seemed to stand still in a sudden agony of fear, for from the third finger was missing the talismanic ring. When and where had she lost it, and how could she find courage to confess all to Gerald? She rose and dressed, revolving this problem in her mind. At any hour her husband might return. For the first time she dreaded to meet him—dreaded to look into his kindly handsome eyes and read there all his incredulous reproach, mingled, perhaps, with scorn and anger. The day wore on. Her friend, Mrs. Martin, ran in to scold her for her desertion; but her pale face and trembling tones made good her plea of sudden illness. At nightfall Gerald arrived. She threw herself into his arms in a burst of nervous weeping; but when he wonderingly asked its cause, her courage failed her. Why was it she never imagined that he might look stern until to-day? A week passed when, one evening, sitting in the twilight, a step sounded close beside. She looked up to discover the count. "Pardon!" he began, in answer to her indignant, questioning look. "Why must you be so cruel? May I not see you now?" "Sir, I command you to leave me. I am now under the protection of my own roof." He was about to answer when a latchkey was heard inserted in the outside door. In an instant he had sprung into some place of concealment, but the fact that he was near lent to the young wife a sudden courage born of the moment's desperation. Her husband, entering, approached her, but she motioned him back. "Gerald," she said, "I have a bitter confession to make. It is fitting you should hear it now." He listened, with arms folded across his breast, while she told him all the story of that fatal night. "And is that all?" he questioned bitterly, when she had paused. "No; not all," she continued, raising her voice. "My confession has another witness, who has forced his hated presence upon me. The Count Belzoni is here again, Gerald." As she spoke she drew aside the curtain, but the form she expected to disclose was gone, the open window attested to its flight. Silent, the husband drew a paper from his pocket, and showed her a paragraph offering a reward for the arrest of a thief and swindler known as the Count Belzoni. "My darling," he said, "my little wife learned a lesson she will never forget. I have known this story all the time, but have waited until you came to tell it to me. I returned the night of the ball to take you with me, when I found you had gone. Imagine what I suffered and my added sufferings when, arriving at the scene of enjoyment, where I had followed you, I discovered who was your companion. I stood near you and heard the words he addressed to you—heard with joyful heart your answer; saw you wrench your hands from his hold and also saw what you did not, the sparkle of the ring he drew from your finger. Poor little girl! I watched you hasten through the crowd, and knew that you had already met your bitterest punishment. It has been through my efforts that the count has been traced and exposed. Only this morning I received your ring from the man whom he had pledged it as security. Once more I place it on your finger. But remember, darling, it is only the outward charm. A wife's true talisman is her husband's honor." The Pen and the Stage. Chicago News. "Journalism and the theatrical profession," said Miss Rose Eying, "are united by some very tender ties. Never yet was there a newspaper man who did not down deep in the secret recesses of his heart cherish a passion for the stage; and not one in a thousand of them is there who has not sometime, somewhere in his career—perhaps in the awful solitude of his fifth floor, back attic, six by nine apartment, where none could watch his tortured muse—written a play. He becomes dramatic critic, and all the old actors weighted with honors and wreathed with laurel leaves, and the young ones with great expectations, are scourged as they never were before. They wonder; but then they did not see this young man during the long years previous to his appointment as dramatic

critic and subsequent to the refusal of his play—the poor child of his maiden fancy—pacing the floor of his room with tragic strides, while his soul cried out for a pen—only a pen—that he might, through the mighty press, lay bare the foibles of actors and managers. Finally, having secured the coveted pen, he returns from the play boiling over with indignation. "What!" he cries, "such rot as this put on the stage, while my chaste and classic drama lies dusty on the shelf! Can such twaddle endure while the rhythmic flow of my majestic lines waste their sweetness in a musty drawer!" Ah! sighed the actress, "pity the poor actors! Were it not for the obstinate ones who have minds of their own, and those who do not read, the power of the press would be absolute." Timely Hints. Detroit Free Press. Brass ornaments may be cleaned by washing with rock alum boiled in lye in the proportion of an ounce to a pint. To clean gold ornaments make a lather of soap and water and wash the articles; then lay them in dry powdered magnesia. When dry, rub them with a piece of flannel, or if embossed use a brush. Medicine stains may be removed from silver spoons by rubbing them with soft ashes and soap suds. To prevent a lamp from smoking soak the wick in vinegar and dry it well before using it. When the stopper of a glass decanter is too tight, a cloth wet in hot water and applied to the neck will cause the glass to expand and the stopper may be removed. To restore scorched linen take two onions, peel and slice them and extract the juice by pounding. Then cut up half an ounce of white soap and two ounces of fuller's earth; mix with them the onion juice and half a pint of vinegar. Boil the mixture and spread it, when cool, over the scorched part of the linen, leaving it to dry thereon. Afterwards wash off. To clean Brussels carpets take a fresh beef gall, break it into a clean pan, pour one-half into a clean bucket and nearly fill it with lukewarm water; take a clean, coarse cloth, and having brushed the carpet well, rub it hard with the cloth thoroughly wet with the gall water; do a small piece at a time, have ready a dry cloth and rub the carpet dry. Spirits of salt applied with a piece of cloth will take ink out of boards. A teacup of lye in a pail of water will improve the color of black goods. To clean paint smear it over with whitening mixed with warm water to the consistency of paste. Rub the surface to be cleaned briskly and wash off with clean water. Silver door bells are made to look bright by cleaning them with a weak solution of ammonia and water. A Cowboy Gets Loose in Chicago. Chicago Herald. A cowboy from the North Fork of the River Plate got as far as the Union Stock Yards the other day on a visit to Chicago. As things seemed rather home-like in that quarter he tarried there for several hours, imbibing freely and talking with unrestrained hilarity. Some of the natives gathered around and took part in the conversation, and after awhile, when the fighting began, he declared, as he occasionally stopped to get breath, that he hadn't had so much fun since he left home. "O, that's elegant," he would say, as some pork packer would bowl him one against the side of the head. "That was a beauty. What do you think of that? Well, now, I'm glad to make the acquaintance of you boys. You do me good. Pile on me, why don't you? Take that, you long-legged tenderfoot. Come at me. Whoop! but that was a good one. Who was the gentleman that hit me under the ear? No shooting irons, now. Just plain fun. There, I've laid two of you out, I guess. Come on, some more of you. You ain't getting winded, are you? Hit me once, hard. There, that feels good. How do you like that one, you mud masher? I've a good notion to hit you hard once. This reminds me of a time I had last winter on the Niobrara, when the boys— Just then a policeman, who had been advised of the riot, crept in at the back door, and, coming up behind the cowboy softly, he dealt him a blow on the skull that sounded like a rifle shot. The gentleman from the North Fork dropped like a log, and, after lying insensible for a moment, got up, looked around wildly, felt of his head and observed: "That's the first time I was ever tomahawked. Blessed if I knew you had injuns down here. How many was killed? Where's the troops?" He Didn't Deal in Dogs. Omaha Republican. A very amusing conversation took place over the telephone Saturday and illustrates how easily mistakes are made with the "talking wire." It appears that some one had killed a dog belonging to Cornfield, the Sixteenth street barber, and the carcass was not removed as promptly as desired, so the clerk of Whitehouse's drug store took it upon himself to notify the police authorities. The following is the conversation: "Hello, central office!" "Well." "Give me the City Marshal." "All right, catch on." "Say, there is a fine, large, dead dog lying up here on Sixteenth street, that we would like you to call and get. You may have it for the taking." "Vat does you dake us for, anyway. Ve not deal in tog meat. Vy don't you stuff him and gif him to de sercus. You vas too schmart." After the wire had been kept hot for some time with a running fusilade of mixed English and German, it was discovered that the operator at the central office had misunderstood the drug clerk, and connected him with the city market instead of the city marshal. The dog was removed all the same, but he went to the fertilizer and not the sausage mill.

ALL SORTS. Ladies' hats may be cheaper this spring than last season, but we notice that they come higher than ever.—[Norristown Herald. Philadelphia is a great manufacturing city, but the girls would be better suited if it was a great city for man.—[Philadelphia Chronicle. A poetess asks: "Where is my sailor love to-night." If he is ashore the probabilities are that he is "half seas over."—[Norristown Herald. "Half a loaf is better than none," as the fellow said as he was kicked out of a bar-room at noon, where he usually put in the day.—[Cincinnati Saturday Night. When Longfellow's Alpine maiden said to young Mr. Excelsior "Stop, oh, stay," did she think he was a dude and ought to wear a corset?—[Merchant Traveler. An exchange says that the famous monkey of the Jardin des Plantes has "joined the great majority of monkeys."—[New York Graphic. Jobbins didn't mean it for swearing when he found, one night, that his barn-door had disappeared, and remarked that it was "a door-gone shame."—[Yonkers Gazette. Henry Dore, of Rochester, was kicked by a horse Sunday and received a broken leg. Now let somebody sing "Never take the horseshoe from the Dore" to him.—[The Hatchet. A mule with five legs has been born in Alabama. We shall look for a large falling off in the population of that state within the next six or eight years.—[Burlington Free Press. A Pennsylvania man left his wife because she always made him enter the house by the back door. We naturally infer that the cook was not particularly good-looking.—[Burlington Free Press. This is the season of the year when the young man with the twenty-five cent clocked stockings and low-cut shoes sits cross-legged until the whole lower half of his anatomy goes sound asleep.—[Philadelphia Call. One of the drawbacks to the pleasure of angling is that if you bring home a string of which you are proud, some envious son of Walton is liable to insinuate that you caught post mortem trout.—[Lowell Courier. One of the results of the panic is the fact, cabled from London, that several wealthy Americans abroad will be obliged to return home immediately. And another that several at home will want to go abroad.—[Boston Post. The solidification of whisky is a new invention. If the spirit is taken in the form of cakes hereafter, the term "liquid damnation" will no longer apply; but the phrase "solid comfort" will, in the minds of some people, have received a fresh significance.—[Somerville Journal. Dr. Gross and Cremation. N. Y. Mail. Dr. Cross, the celebrated surgeon who directed that his body be burned and his ashes be buried by the side of his wife in Woodlands cemetery, Philadelphia, has evidently given a new impulse to the cause of cremation, especially in the Quaker City, where his example is the subject of much conversation among all classes. The wealthy people to whom Dr. Gross was so well known, and by whom he was so highly esteemed, are especially attentive to the considerations which he urged in favor of incineration, and it is thought that a crematory will soon be erected in Philadelphia, now that the managers of the LeMoine crematory have given notice that its use will be confined to residents of the county after August 1. Our esteemed contemporary, the Post, made the astonishing editorial assertion last evening that: "If an Episcopalian in this country, for instance, were to leave directions that his body should be burned, and the church refuse to introduce cremation as a part of its funeral services (as we presume it would have to do), it is difficult to see how, either by mandamus or injunction, or in any other way, the executors could get Christian burial for their testator." Rev. Dr. Currie, a prominent Philadelphia minister, not only conducted the funeral of Dr. Gross before the removal of the body to the crematory, but also read the Episcopal burial service at the interment of the ashes. Like our contemporary's bugaboo, most of the objections to cremation vanish when put to a practical test, and if a crematory is erected just within or near the entrance to Woodlands cemetery, as now proposed, many of the leading families of Philadelphia will use it when death removes any of their members. Dr. Gross and Gen. Gaxam have both been cremated during the present month, and the influence of their example is unmistakable. The Mail and Express does not advocate the substitution of cremation for ordinary burial, but it certainly favors the recognition of the right of cremation for those who prefer it, and believes that if New York cremationists wish to erect a crematory just within or near the entrance of Woodlands cemetery, they should be permitted to do so. A Warning to Girls. Boston Globe. A young man, arrested in New York on a charge of having deserted a girl whom he had promised to marry, gave as an excuse for the desertion that he saw in her diary one day these words: "Escorted home from the Methodist revival by the minister's son, whose company was delightful." This should be a warning to young girls who think they must keep diaries to preserve their alleged thoughts from the corroding touch of time, and faithfully chronicle all the small beer of their daily experiences. Diaries, except in the hands of people entirely great or smart enough to fill them with entertaining fictions, are abominations. They are more dangerous than preserved love letters, and, if possible, sillier. They always save for the gratification of idle curiosity the very things that the writer would have lost in oblivion, and it is an unquestioned fact that no young lady ever can keep a diary without "giving herself away."

M. A. SPALDING, AGENT FOR THE ESTEY ORGANS STORY & CAMP



Sold Low for cash, or on easy payments or rented until the rent pays for the organ.

Catalogue with Price-List and full Description Free.

M. A. SPALDING, Agent, McCOOK, NEBRASKA.

STOCK DIRECTORY

DENNIS M'KILLIP. Ranch on Red Willow, Thornburg, Hayes County, Neb. Cattle branded "J. M." on left side. Young cattle branded same as above, also "J." on left jaw. Under-slope right ear. Horses branded "E" on left shoulder.

C. D. PHELPS. Range: Republican Valley, four miles west of Culbertson, south side of Republican. Stock branded "161" and "L." P. O. Address, Culbertson, Neb.

THE TURNIP BRAND. Ranch 2 miles north of McCook. Stock branded on left hip, and a few double-crosses on left side. C. D. ERKANBRACK.

W. J. WILSON. Stock brand—circle on left shoulder; also develop and a crop and under half crop on left ear, and a crop and under bit in the right. Ranch on the Republican. Post-office, Max, Dundy county, Nebraska.

HENRY T. CHURCH. Osborn, Neb. Range: Red Willow creek, in southwest corner of Frontier county, cattle branded "O L O" on right side. Also, an over crop on right ear and under crop on left. Horses branded "8" on right shoulder.

SPRING CREEK CATTLE CO. Indianola, Neb. Range: Republican Valley, east of Dry Creek, and near head of Spring Creek, in Chase county. J. D. WELBORN, Vice President and Superintendent.

W. N. PROCTOR. McCook, Neb., range: Red Willow creek, in southwest corner of Frontier county. Also E. P. brand on right hip and side and swallow-fork in right ear. Horses branded E. P. on right hip. A few branded "A" on right hip.

ALL LIVE DRUGGISTS SELL SPRING BLOSSOM! THE GREAT ANTI-BILIOUS and DYSPYPTIC CURE.