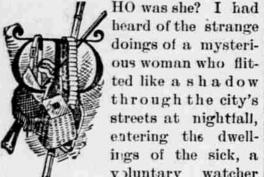
WHEN LOVE IS TRUE.

When love is true, no test it needs, And from such does recoil. In confidence were sown its seeds And confidence the truitage breeds, And jealousy and doubts are weeds That spring from different soil.

When love is true, it seeks no test, Nay, scorns to one imp. e; If rankling 'ears thy heart in 'est, Rest thou assured thy bosom's guest Is only love in name at best And one of true love's subtlest foes.

When love is true, to love is right; It is the prize of heaven Dropp'd in the heart that makes it light, The sieve that si'ts the soul pure white, The God-illumin'd beacon light That points the nearest road to Heaven

THE VEILED WOMAN.



doings of a mysterious woman who flitted like a shadow through the city's voluntary watcher

had heard of her, and confess that dead to you for ever." the tales told me by my garrulous jandlady were not greatly in her favor.

"There's lots of mystery about that soman," said Mrs. Hodges, as she poured my coffee one morning, "ior they do say that she sees sperrits, throat-there was a struggle and a lanta Constitution. an' is never so much enjoyin' of her- stifled cry, and-I sprang from my self as when she is sittin' up with a corpse. An' then that long black veil she wears! They say it's a sign rushed forward. The wretch fled at for the belief that the heat at present she belongs to some secret society of sperrits that nobody knows nothin about, and they don't 'low her to show her face, though I don't 'b'leve the poor soul does any harm."

My curiosity was aroused, but though I plied my landlady with questions, I failed to elicit any more definite information regarding this strange woman than is contained in the foregoing paragraph.

But I inwardly resolved to know more about her when I became better acquainted in the town. I to wish for a meeting that came when | was at hand. I least expected.

I had but recently arrived in the town; I knew no one save my land- in the woman's face and then in The records of the rocks show us unlady and the man who roomed with mine. me, and I saw the latter so seldom acquainted. The little I saw of him, ed at me suspiciously. however, convinced me that he was a gambler. He never confided his the room one morning, and the we get there!" gloom which seemed to possess him the next, plainly betrayed his character. with a question: "Did you ever see this mysterious woman about whom there is so much peered into my face. talk, who goes in mourning and wears the question. "Yes," he answernd, "a ness to it." crazy hag that haunts the streets nights, frightening little children and the circumstances of his meeting with furnishing old women with a theme me. for gossip over their teacups." of inquiry. "I don't care to discuss her," he and lock him up." replied. "I have other things to think night."

and stood under the shadow of the the mystery of her life. trees.

ened.

follow me no more?"

ously, "because I love you! Oh, He is a gambler. He made her young John!" she cried, as she fell on her life miserable-treated her like a dog. knees at his feet, "have mercy on me! She was beautiful as you can see now. Think of all I have suffered for you, Driven to despair by his cruelty, she and take me into the shelter of your love again!"

It has been a curse to me. You are fied with him to a distant state. Her a blight to my life. What are you old love for this brate returning, and kneeling there for?" And he spurned perhaps the desire to see her children heard of the strange her with his foot. She rose weeping. again, she returned and sought for-When the man grasping her arm and giveness. Few know what she sufhissing the words in her ear, said:

my path again!"

streets at nightfall, den is heavier than I can bear! her visits to the sick, her vigils by the entering the dwell- Only let me see my children once dead, her hidden life aroused the fear ings of the sick, a more, and you can take my life if you and superstition of ignorant. She

"You shall never see them!" said by the shrouded forms of the dead, a the man. "You have disgraced them dark-robed follover of funerals. I as you have disgraced me. They are dren and she doubtless hoped to ob-

> lost soul, and fell heavily to the him. It is a strange tale of sinand ground.

She lay there moaning and motionless. I saw him glance furtively around, as if he feared that he was silent bosom, I said: seen. Then he bent down.

hiding-place with a cry of horror on my lips, the blood in my veins boil- From Good Words. ing with rage and indignation, I my approach, stooping to shield himself from detection as he ran. I ernorless than that which our luminraised the woman in my arms; the ary used to dispense ages ago. Where print of his cruel fingers were on her the vine and the olive now grow the white throat; but the villain had not vine and the olive were growing twenkilled her, though she lay in my arms ty centuries back. We must not, how as one dead.

an echo came back through the gloomy woods: "Help! Murder!"

I heard the sound of hurried foot- gradual change of the surrounding steps approaching. Was the would- conditions. The facts, however, fail be murderer coming back to try his to show any grounds for imagining strength with me! The figure of a that there have been changes in the man came rapidly towards us. I climates of the earth within historic caught the gleam of a silver badge times. was never bold and curious enough on his breast, and I knew that help

breathless officer, as he peered first earlier than any historical testimony.

pause, but the man motioned her on, | straw in the station-house. Died and she continued at his side until a raving, but blessing the hand that grove which served the city as a park, sought her life. I knelt by her side lying still and gloomy on the out- when the breath had left her lips forskirts was reached, and they entered ever, I asked the physician to explain

"Few know," he said, "the story of I crouched behind a hedge and list- her life, but it is familiar o me, and has been for months past. She vol-"Once for all," said the man, "will unteered to nurse the sick at the hosyou leave this town and swear to pital, and while there she confided to me has melancholy story. The man "I can not," said the woman pite- who murdered her is her husband. listened to the persuasions of a man who had known and loved her before "A curse on your love," he cried. marriage with this fellow, and finally fered; few know what good she has "I swear I will kill yon if you cross accomplished. To those who did not know her she was a woman of mys-"Oh, my God I" she cried, "my bur- tery, and her somber habiliments, has kept as close to this man as she could for two years past, for he had hidden away her two chiltain from him some information of She uttered a cry, like that of a them. Besides, as I said, she loved suffering and love and sorrow."

He ceased, and as we folded the white hands prayer-wise over the

"She has loved and suffered much, I saw his finger on the woman's and should be much forgiven."-At-

The Heat of the Sun.

There seems to be sufficient reason emitted from the sun is neither greatever, place too strong a reliance on "Help! Murder!" I shouted, and the deduction from such a fact. Darwin has taught us how, by natural selection an organism can preserve its adaptation notwithstanding the

We have geological evidence as to the character of the climates which "What's up?" asked the almost prevailed at remote antiquity far questionably that our glo be has pass-In a quick, excited manner I told ed through many striking vicissitudes monstrate that there have been pe-The woman was breathing hard. riods during which some of the fairest conditions of a precisely opposite Tenderly, but swiftly we bore her character have prevailed. Those polar



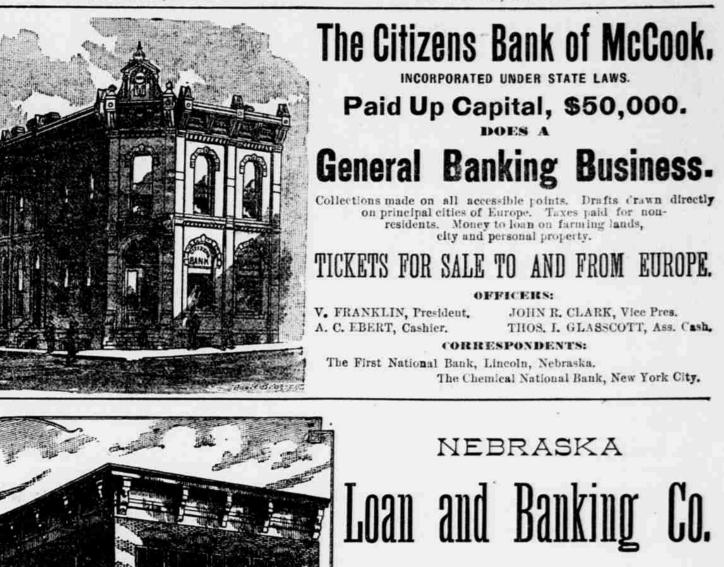
CAPITAL AND SURPLUS: \$60,000. VO G

GEORGE HOCKNELL, President. A. CAMPBELL, Director.

W. F. LAWSON, Cashier. B. M. FREES, Vice President. S. L. GREEN, Director.

AUTHORIZED CAPITAL:

\$100.000



McCOOK, NEBRASKA.

"In the street?"

amounts to the same thing. My cursed luck was-'

The sentence was unfinished. There I lodged. was a knock at the door-a quick, leaned forward to get a glimpse of ed was within. her face, but a black veil hid it from view. But I noticed the face of the hoarse voice. man who opened the door on this dreary figure. It was livid with rage. swered. Great knotted lines deformed his oath escape his lips. Then the woman. stepping back into the shadow I said, pointing at him." and whispering hoarsely said: "I to the street!'

the night.

I could not have sat still in that station. room after that, if my life had de-I was determined to tathom it.

Out into the dark I followed them, "Don't kill me, John, don't kill dicrous, when he has been in the West my slippered feet making no sound upon the stony street. On they went -strange dark figures, darker than well Don't kill me, because I love face is required to have a stony, ex-"It is enough," said the chief. pressionless stare, the eyes fixed as if the night whose few, feeble stars shown in a trance, gazing on futurity. The indistinctly in a gloomy sky. On "Take him to a cell." they went, and still I followed, with "I didn't mean to kill her," he said, head is thrown back, the arms held step as noiseless as that of fate. I as he cast one remorseful glance upon rigidly, the body straight, and this could faintly hear their voices in the the pale face, before he was led away, is the attitude of "attention," which distance, but could distinguish no "but she has wrecked my life, and she is expected to be the normal condition of a cadet, except when speaking deserves to die." word that was said. My story is quickly told: The wom- with his own or with lower class-How far I followed them I know not. Once or twice I saw the woman an died that night, on that cot of men.-Cor. Philade'phia Times.

that I can hardly say we were well him thestory. Helistened, and look- of heat and cold. Those records de-

"Loosen her dress at the throat," he regions of this globe were desolated affairs to me, but his habit of spend- cried, as he tugged at it nervously. by a frost so frightful that they being his nights away from home, his "But, good God! we are a mile from came thickly cased with solid ice. bouyant spirits when he would enter the station, and she may die before There have also been periods when

along, until we reached our destina- regions which are now the perennial tion. We laid her gently down upon abode of impenetrable ice have once I remember that he knocked at the a cot in one of the officer's room. As enjoyed a succession of long and dedoor somewhat earlier than usual one the chief came forward and saw the lightful summers, divided by winters night. I was reading and was just prepared to retire. Without a word he drew a chair near the fire, sat the mysterious creature of whom so dismal and so barren, then nourishdown, and looking steadfast at the there has been so much talk in the ed plants and animals that can only coals in the grate, seemed lost in med- city. Go for a physician-quick! Is thrive under genial conditions of cli-Itation. I rudely broke his reverie this the wretch who did this devil's mate. work?"

He grasped me by the wrist and

a sad face the year round?" Iasked. was owing to my efforts that the degree. Why this should be so no He frowned and seemed annoyed at woman lives now. I was only a wit- one knows. One of the craft, who

"I must place you under arrest," "Then there is nothing remarkable said the Chief, "until we can get betabout her after all," I said in a tone ter evidence of your innocence than with a few mutual friends the scribe you have given. Take him to a cell

"I am not guilty of this foul crime," about just now. I lost \$500 to- I cried. "Come with me and I will tried to cheer him up. Finally Mr. lay my hands upon the guilty man." By this time a physician had ar- hand in the discussion. He regarded "I suppose so," was the reply. It rived, and accompanied by the same the matter from a business point of officer who had answered my call in view. Don't die so soon, my boy," the grove, I went to the house where he urged. "You just wait until our

The first gray streaks of dawn were and then I'll give you a daisy at first excited rap, I might call it—and my in the east when we reached it. We cost." Hereupon the scribe gave up entered the outer door with a night the idea of dving and concluded to the full, bright light from within re- key which I carried in my pocket. live. He did not want a business vealed to my astonished gaze the The door of my room was locked. matter made of it. black-robed form of a woman. I That was enough. The man we want-

"Who is there?" he asked in a

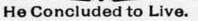
"It is I-your room-mate," I an-

The door was opened. The officer brow, and I thought I heard a muffled stood behind me in the shadow. He entered with me. "That is the man,"

He sprang forward and raised his that he disarranged my spectacles. thought you were alone. You wanted hand to strike me, but the officer I have dismissed him forever." to see me. For God's sake come in- leveled a pistol at his head and bade him hold up his hands. In the twink-He closed the door, and without ling of an eye the steel bracelets were her volume of Aristotle, and a deep, addressing a word of explanation to on his wrists, and cursing all knowl- decorous, classically Bostonian stillme seized his hat and went out into edge of the crime with which I ac- ness prevaded the apartment .- Chicused him, he was marched to the cago Tribune.

. .

The woman lay there, moaning and



It is a strange fact that the average "No!" I cried, indignantly, "It newspaper man is superstitious to a looks to be healthy enough, was Here the officer briefly recounted around town on his work the other day and he ran across Frank Hill, Chicago's coffin king, who was at one time at the head of the ill fated Thirteen club. In the course of a chat ventured the opinion that he would not live long. Every one laughed at such a hallucination on his part and Hill came to the rescue and took a new spring style of casket comes out

> Awful Consequences of Impetuosity.

"Emersonia, my daughter," inquired the stately matron, "why did Mr. Brodweigh leave so early last evening? Have you and he quarreled?"

"Mamma," replied Miss Howjames, "Mr. Brodweigh kissed me last evening with such unseemly vehemence

And the proud Boston girl, pale but sternly resolute, turned again to

West Pointers Never Smile.

Now, strange as it may seem, smilpended on it. The mystery of that raving in delirium. He was brought ing is something totally against the meeting completely mastered me, and to her side. She shrieked as she rules. No man ever dreams of smilcaught a wild glimpse of his face. ing at anything, no matter how lu-





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