

TO MY SISTER.

What shall I wish for thee, Beloved?

A mind as pure as morning dew,
That harbors kindly thoughts and true;
A heart that's filled with holy song
To cheer the sad and lessen wrong;
A hand to raise the weak and oppressed,
To soothe the aching head to rest;
To guide the young, assist the old,
Advance the right and check the bold;
A manner of such gracious way
That all approve thy gentle sway;
A voice, whose every accent tells,
In tones more sweet than silver bells,
Of tender care for others' weal,
Unselfish, and untiring zeal.

For maid of eighteen summers fair,
Life's choicest gifts are these, and rare,
These gifts I wish for thee, Beloved!
—Florence Holbrook.

THE GOLDEN NUGGET.

At one of the hotels in Denver was a man who has been hunter, trapper, miner and what not, always on the outskirts of civilization, and has no doubt passed through more startling scenes than almost any man in the country. He still lives in a quiet nook among the mountains not many miles from Denver, and has settled it with his own mind that he will wander no more. His shyness and modesty make it difficult to win any of his stories from him, but it chanced that one evening several of his old friends who knew him back in Virginia before he became a wanderer met him there and spent the evening with him. He unbent to them, and the writer, chancing to be present, caught this story among others:

"Oh, yes, I've lived mostly to myself. You know, Dick, I used to be fond enough of company; but I hadn't been out on the border long before I was more solitary than ever. Something happened the first year that cured me of whatever longing I might have had for companionship, and if you don't mind, I'll tell you about it. I have never told it to anybody else. People who tell queer stories about their own experiences are rarely credited, and this is a queer story. I was out among the mines, but all of us were having desperate bad luck. It just seemed that everything was dead against the gang of us that went out there. Right where other men had taken out any quantity of pay dirt our men couldn't find enough, week after week, to pay expenses.

"One day a couple of shrewd Yankees came in there and prospected around a little and offered to buy a couple of claims. They were snapped up too quickly by two of our fellows, who were glad of money to get back home with. But the strangers hadn't dug down six inches before they began to turn out gold, and I'll give you my word they took two good-sized fortunes out of those two holes. Meanwhile our bad luck went straight ahead. The rich find of the two strangers had put the others into better spirits, but it took the heart right out of me. I determined not to strike another lick there. When the men saw that I was determined to go further up into the mountains, they traded me a pack mule for my claim, and I loaded up and started on. I had gone about three miles, I think, when I was overtaken by Jasper Mills, a young man belonging to the gang. He had another pack mule and was in every way as well fixed as myself. 'Well, Deane,' he shouted cheerily, when he came within hailing distance, 'I just concluded I'd go with you. That camp's hoodooed, I ever a camp was. Seems to me we'll have better luck up the gulch.'

"I couldn't tell, just at the first minute, whether I was glad or sorry. I never had been quite certain whether I liked Jasper or hated him. But he was a good-natured kind of a fellow, and after a little I decided that I was glad he had come. So we jogged along very sociably until we reached a point away up among the mountains where the indications were promising, and there we decided to make a trial. It was at least fifty miles from the camp we had left. I should think, and a wilder country no mortal ever saw. I believe with all my heart that we were the first white men that had ever seen that country. We found a kind of shelf on the mountain side, though, and made a rude hut of poles and leaves, using our tent for a roof, and having finished that we went to work, determined never to give up until we had explored all that country.

"Well, from the first I had good luck. I never saw things turn out better. Every day my little sack of dust got fuller and rounder. And, strange to say, right while I was having such success, Jasper was finding almost nothing. He seemed to work hard, too. I never could understand it. He began to grow moody and silent; though he need not have done it. I told him over and over again that it was share and share alike between us, but he indignantly refused any part of my earnings.

"One day I was digging away at a side hill, just above the little noisy mountain torrent, when I uttered a cry of joy and fell on my knees, digging the treasure out with my hands. I had come upon a 'pocket,' and there were three good-sized nuggets, besides the quantity of shining dust it contained. As I held up the nuggets Jasper turned away scowling fiercely. 'Well, what of it?' he cried. 'There's no use of crowing over it, is there?'

"The bitterness of his manner made me think that perhaps poverty was really pressing, and with all my heart I urged him to take half of what I had found up to this time. I am satisfied that I did it cheerfully and cordially, and he must have seen that I meant what I said. He seemed to grow in a better humor then and protested that he needed nothing and would not consent to a division. He expected to strike it rich himself some of these days, he said. It was about three days after that I made another

find. It was one that almost frightened me when I looked at it first; it seemed so impossible, so unreal. I am satisfied it was the largest nugget that has ever been found. I could not believe the evidence of my own senses and stood there, holding it up and looking at it in a dazed sort of way, until Jasper called out: 'Hello! But that's something worth while!'

"I was pleased with my good fortune but after all I didn't think of it and go crazy over it as some men would. I had never slept sounder in my life than I did that night, with my treasure under my head. But at last, even in my sound sleep, came an uneasy dream that something was crawling under my pillow, and after awhile I waked with a start to find some one bending over me and a hand under my pillow, stealthily feeling for my hard-won treasures. With a cry for Jasper I sprang up and grappled with the robber. With an oath he pushed a pistol against my breast and fired. By the flash I saw that it was Jasper himself, and then all was darkness and I knew nothing. How long I lay there unconscious I never knew. When I woke I was lying in a pool of blood that had flowed till it could flow no more, and had coagulated and finally dried. I was utterly unable to stir. The wound was giving me agony, and I was suffering the most intolerable thirst. I saw nothing before me but to lie there and die by inches, for I was sure that Jasper had fled and I was alone in this solitude. It was daylight, broad daylight. I had been there twelve hours at least—perhaps twenty-four. And now, boys, began one of the most horrible experiences of my life. I have never been able to look back on it without a shudder. There come times to some of us, you know, when we grow old in a little while. That was one of the times.

"I was lying there, half dead and wishing I could die the other half, when I heard a step. I thought at first perhaps it was Jasper, and I felt sure he would finish killing me and that would be a good thing. Then I wondered, idly, if it were some of the boys who had wandered from the camp below. And then, all at once, I became conscious that it was not a man's step at all, but the step of some animal. Around and around the house it went. Whenever it passed too near which I was lying it stopped and sniffed at the cracks. Everything was so deathly still that I could hear its heavy breathing. And I lay still while that horrible, unseen creature went around and around the cabin.

"But after all I didn't have to wait so long. It merely seemed long because there was such an agony of waiting. The door of the cabin was made of small poles, riveted together with wooden pins. It had been drawn shut but not fastened. Slowly it began to move. Something was pushing against it from the outside. Directly it gave way and came open with a jerk, and in the doorway appeared the head and shoulders of a grizzly bear. I had made up my mind to die, but not in that horrible fashion. The mere thought of it almost made me swoon; but I did not swoon. I lay there instead, while the bear, the largest one I have ever seen, slowly drew itself into the cabin and walked about the floor, sniffing here and there as it went, and mounting upon its haunches to drag down a piece of meat from a shelf and quietly devour it.

"It seemed an age before I noticed me: an age during which I endured more tortures than ever went into a similar length of time before. But at last it turned and came toward me, and I closed my eyes. I can scarcely tell you about it. My heart almost stops beating when I think of it. That huge muzzle, nosing over my face and neck, that hot breath on my cheek, the whole ponderous form stepping over me and smelling and nosing from the other side. And at last came the supreme moment. He grasped my arm and was just starting to drag me to the door, when there arose the sound of voices a little way off. The grizzly dropped his prey and rushed out at the door. Twenty shots were fired into his body and he fell in full sight of where I lay.

"The next moment they came pouring in, the boys from the camp, and they were all about me, and I was crying like a baby and could not say a word. It all came out then. Jasper had gone down to the old camp with both the pack-mules and had told them that the indications were fairly good up our way, but that I had taken the fever and died, and he couldn't bear to stay. When he went on, saying that he was off for Denver, the boys packed up and started for our camp. Just in time. If they had come ten minutes later I wouldn't be here to-day. I had hard work pulling through as it was.

"Jasper? Oh, he was killed by a Mexican before he got to Denver. The Mexican disappeared and the nugget with him, and no one knows where it is now."—Globe-Democrat.

A Song of Mourning.
The field of Wounded Knee is still strewn with the bones of the horses that fell in the battle there. The Indians who cry over the graves of their dead at Wounded Knee are said to have a new song of mourning, which runs somewhat like this:

He is down so deep, he is down so deep, he is down so deep, he can't get up, he can't get up, he can't get up.

A South American Insect.
An insect of South America has its fangs so like the flower of an orchid that smaller insects are tempted into its jaws, while certain spiders double themselves in the angle between the leaf stalk and the stem, and so closely resemble flower buds that their unsuspecting prey approach to their destruction.

Burlington Excursions.



Eastern cities and pleasure resorts are best reached by the BURLINGTON ROUTE. The improved train service in effect, brings Omaha within forty hours and Denver within fifty-three hours of New York, Boston or Philadelphia. The numerous conventions to be held in New York, Saratoga, Detroit and other eastern cities during the coming summer, to which reduced rates will apply, offer splendid opportunities of visiting the east at an almost nominal cost. The local agent of the B. & M. R. R. will be glad to give you further information.

Colorado's Cool Retreats.

During the "tourists' season" from July until September, the Burlington Route has on sale round trip tickets at very reduced rates, to the principal resorts of Colorado.

To Denver, Colorado Springs, Manitou, Pueblo and Estes Park, (the most attractive spot in the whole state), particularly low rates are in force.

July and August are the best months in which to visit Colorado's unrivalled resorts, to all of which the Burlington, with its connections offers unequalled service.

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The B. & M. has extended their line from Gillette, Wyo., to Croton, Wyo., about thirty miles. First class stages run from Croton to Buffalo, Wyo., and Sheridan, Wyo., making connections with all trains. This extension to Croton reduces the distance by stage to Buffalo to about sixty miles and to Sheridan to about seventy miles, the drive to other points being made in ten or eleven hours. Stages also run from Moorcraft to Sundance.

Nebraska State Tailors' Association, Omaha, July 22nd to 24th. Fare one and a third rate for the round trip. Tickets on sale July 19th to 24th, inclusive.

Two Kinds of Women.

There are women who seem the same under all conditions, women with a substantial basis of physical charms which include nothing elusive, seductive or spiritual. There are other women who, placed in a dull country town, look sallow, faded, and worn. You would say that Venus had never touched them with Beauty's wand, and that youth's fair island lay far behind them. Yet, put them in the midst of brilliant society, surround them with beautiful things in the way of statuary and rich draperies, give them the contact of cultured minds, and the mental stimulus of gay throngs of cultivated people, and lo! they become beautiful, young and fascinating. They give out a spiritual fragrance like a flower transplanted from sand to rich loam. Such women are not born for quiet lives or prosaic happiness, any more than Jacqueminot roses and carnation pinks are made to grow on Alpine snow-peaks. Culture, refinement, sentiment, or mental excitement are to them what water and care are to the plant. Without them they fade and die.—From Ella Wheeler Wilcox's story in Demorest's Family Magazine for August.

A man may get ever so much culture and never get rich; and a man get ever so rich and never achieve culture enough to speak polite English, or know good poetry from bad. Now, a money maker who has no culture is liable to be hard put to it to get his money's worth out of life; and the upshot of his embarrassments usually is, that not being fited by education to enjoy the things that give pleasure to cultivated minds, he either takes up with less innocent amusements, or else sticks to business because it is the only thing he likes to do. At best he divides his time between money making and the cultivation and enjoyment of that wonderfully remunerative animal—the horse. When the money has been made in a business of large speculative possibilities, there are disadvantages about going on, merely for amusement, after one has won enough. Many men could speak eloquently of the disadvantages of being driven by defective culture to buy and sell wheat for occupation.

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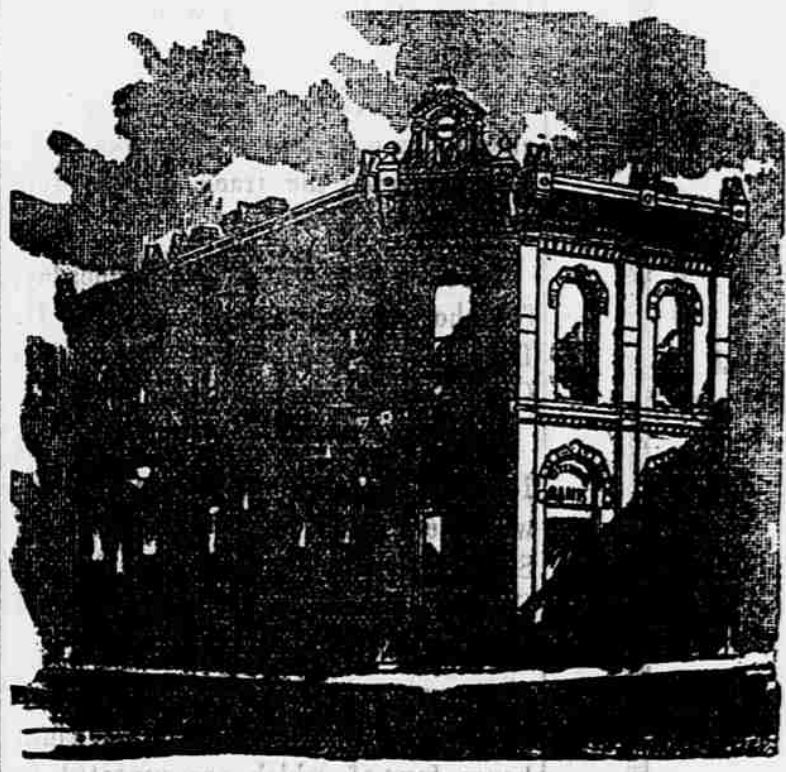
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