

**REINCARNATION.**

Hier lustrous eyes, with their southern heat,  
Look indifference into mine,  
And my pulses race with a fiercer beat  
'neath her maddening smile divine!

An icy chill in her sphinxlike glance  
Seals forever my hopeless woe,  
I my future staked on a loser's chance,  
And her only word was "No!"

In some other world, in an age outgrown—  
Say a million of years ago—  
We two must have loved as I now, alone,  
While I never then told her so!

—Clarence Miles Bouteille in Godey's.

**AN AFTERNOON CALL.**

My mother's illness had kept us home for months, but she was better and beginning again to take interest in magazines and newspapers. In one of the latter she discovered this item:

"Miss Marian Ross arrived Saturday from Sparkling Springs, Va. She leaves next week for Bar Harbor and other gay centers."

"Go over and call," said my mother; "perhaps she will give you a whiff of the ocean."

Before I could demur she had rung for George to bring around the cart and ordered me out of the house.

I chose a short cut to Ross hill, a country road bordered breast high with blackberry and elder bushes. There was much up hill and down dale work and many a loose stone over which to stumble, but the pony was fresh, trees shaded the road, wild grapevines waved their sprays in our faces, and an occasional breeze wafted us the fragrance of the elder blossoms.

Crossing a bridge and looking down through the tree tops to the creek far below I could see the cattle drinking—velvet skinned Alderneys, whose graceful limbs showed pedigree in every line. Skirting the base of Rose hill we turned into the avenue and climbed toward the gates, which formed a crescent and swung from huge stone pillars almost hidden by woodbine.

The gates barred entrance to the driveway; otherwise the place was not inclosed by wall or hedge—the great green hill stretched away in its beauty for every one to see. A rustic seat was placed hospitably on the boulevard that even a stranger might tarry and enjoy the view far away over the hill and valley to that line of misty blue which marks the end of vision. On my way to the house I espied a hammock under the willow trees down by the spring. Surely a white dress was fluttering from it. Bidding pony stand I ran down the hill, to be received literally with open arms.

"My dear Harriet, how did you divine that I was longing for you? But I did not like to add myself to your burdens. I am so depressing."

"Oh, but my mother is better, and besides I am always glad to see you."

"I am so tired of myself that I feel as if every one else must be tired of me too. I was even grateful to my horse for seeming glad to welcome me home. We are no match for dumb brutes in affection. We chatter away all our best qualities, our affection and earnestness, and—that reminds me, you were not at church yesterday. I was. I sat in the pew between the two doors, where the breeze could fan me and the green trees look in at me (there were very few other spectators).

"The yellow windows were framed by the shadow of the ivy on the outside, and the choir boys sang like birds. The sermon was so good—all about—oh, I forget what it was about, except that he said the word translated 'good' means earnest—to be good is to be earnest. I was afraid before that I never could be good, but now I am in despair. I never realized how frivolous I was until Mand married. She was always serious enough for both of us."

"We were sitting in the hammock, which vibrated slowly, encouraged by an occasional touch of her white slippered foot on the turf. Before us the spring trickled from the earth and ran away a tiny thread of silver, just water enough to keep the pebbles glistening and to give drink to the ferns which leaned over it. I congratulated Marian on the luxuriance of the green fronds, knowing that the sisters were fond of them, as they had been gathering them for years on their travels, and each fern had its pleasant reminiscences.

"Now," said Marian, "there is an instance of how serious Mand is. It would break her heart to know that she had half the associations attached to the wrong ferns, but it only makes me laugh when she hangs the California story on a fern I know we brought from the Virginia mountains, or when she tells how she dug that one in an old churchyard in Morristown, N. J., near Washington's headquarters, when Aunt Letty herself identified it as one she sent us from Illinois, from the banks of the Sangamon.

"Didn't Lincoln wade or fish or something in the Sangamon? Yet I believe Mand is happier than I am; at least I am sure there is something lacking in me now that she is married. After one has owned a sister so long it is hard to have some man with no claim at all come and carry her off. Whatever she has had I have always had, until now she has a husband and I have none—not that I want one, but she might have waited.

"Since we were little girls we had planned that if ever there was a wedding in the house it should be a double one, but when I reminded her she laughed at the idea, said waiting for me was hopeless; that such an indecisive person as I wouldn't know my fate when I saw him. Then I couldn't help saying that if my fate expected me to recognize him he would certainly have to be handsomer than her Henry. Of course there was a quarrel, and after that I dared not suspect even in my own mind that Henry was not an Apollo, and if I was exhausted in preparing for the wedding I was afraid to heave a sigh.

"I just fastened a smile on my face and kept it there till all was over. When I took it off after they were gone papa said I looked like a ghost in my own house. He offered to take me somewhere, but I know pleasure resorts are places of martyrdom to him. His

idea of recreation is to go fishing with a lot of men and dress like an aborigine. So I told him if he could persuade Miss Brown to be my chaperon she and I would cut a swath. Of course she couldn't leave her sister and the children, but I whirled her off before she had time to resign herself to stay at home.

"When we left we were absolutely lifeless—she with overwork, I with ennui. We went south to the gulf. We were quite too listless to think. If some one would plan out a day, even an hour, for us, we were happy. One of us would say to the other:

"What are you going to do?"  
"I haven't decided. What will you do?"  
"I haven't made up my mind."  
"I believe I'll walk on the pier and wait for an idea."

"Oh, then, so will I."  
"There were men about too. One—perhaps forty years old—took a fancy to me. They teased me about him, and I hadn't even ambition to retaliate—just let them tease. At first I had a mild intention of transferring him to Miss Brown (they would have made a nice match), but it proved too much trouble. He would do anything for me and nothing for her, and we needed some man to devise amusement and do the talking for us. He tried to make us promise to return some time, although we hadn't spoken of going. He persisted in trying to make us promise, and we were too inert to oppose him. So one day when he was out in a boat westped on board a steamboat and went up to North Carolina.

"Beautiful country! Oh, the flowers on the North Carolina hills! I began to appreciate the scenery, and Miss Brown became so sprightly she alarmed me. I told her if she couldn't help growing younger so fast I should have to send her for an older chaperon. Then we drifted about to other places—Sparkling Springs last and longest. We staid at a private hotel—fine old southern house in perfect preservation—magnolias and cape jasmine and pickaninnies. While I think of it let me warn you if you ever go south be careful. You will think every man you meet is in love with you—they are all so devoted.

"There was one man at our hotel. When I say a man I mean one who takes your breath away. There were plenty of apologies for men and several women worth looking at. There was a young widow with a pensive air and a repertory of touching allusions to her dear husband, which were very fetching. She had more men about her than any woman in the house; in fact, she could command all of them except the one I spoke of.

"When I arrived he was dancing a good natured attendance on a young man, not unhappily married and exceedingly pretty, infantile type, theatrical tendency to pose. She had wrapped herself about him like a vine and gave him daily bulletins of her troubles. Just think of it! How can a woman? And what did that man do but come and repeat all her confidences to me!

"Do not tell me," I would beg. "I do not care to hear her private affairs."  
"Neither do I," he would laugh. "I think you might share the burden of woe which she thrusts upon me."

"After I came perhaps he neglected her or broke some of the tendrils she had fastened upon him. It was only natural that he should show me about a little, all the other men being occupied with the widow. He was merely trying to keep me from stagnation, I'm sure. It was absurd for her to grow jealous, but she did, and she a married woman! Visibly jealous! Perfectly preposterous, especially when there was nothing between us. Were only amusing each other; only passing away the time—the days were so long and delightful."

As she spoke she kept nervously twisting a ring which I had never before noticed on her hand.

"When did you get that?" I asked.  
"Oh, he gave it to me," smiling.  
"So you are engaged. Please tell me what he is like?"  
"You shall see for yourself. He said he would come on this winter."

"Then there will be another wedding at Rose Hill?"  
"What do you mean?" with arching brows and surprised eyes. "I do not expect him—he said so; that was all."  
"You mean that you do not care for him to come?"

To this she would make no reply, only looked at me in a mocking way, and I rose to go. We climbed the hill arm in arm, and I jumped into the cart and was about to touch the pony with the whip when she leaned over, placed her hand on the back of the seat and whispered:

"All that talk about Father Time is a mistake. They ought to say Mother Time. I always knew Time was a woman because—time—will—tell."

She picked up her skirts with one hand, threw me a kiss with the other and ran into the house. My eyes and thoughts followed her until a tug at the reins apprised me that pony had started for home on his own accord, delicately intimating that an afternoon call should end before evening.—Chicago News.

**Intelligible Price Marks.**  
Very few stores now adhere to the old plan of epher marking. Experience has proved that a majority of customers prefer goods to be marked in plain figures, no one liking the idea of two sets of figures unless he is sure he is among the favored ones who get the benefit of the lower scale. It is said to be the practice with the medical fraternity of some towns to grade their charges to patients according to the style of house in which they live, and the same idea prevails so much as to retail stores that ladies have been known to send servants down to stores because they could get a larger discount.

Other ladies are careful never to dress very well when shopping, and this shows how firmly the impression prevails that a genuine one price store is a novelty. The easiest way to get over this impression is to have every article marked in plain figures, so that the customer may see that one price prevails for all.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

**LIFELONG FRIENDS.**

**THE STRANGE FRIENDSHIP OF EMERSON AND CARLYLE.**

Their Views Were Almost Diametrically Opposed—Dissimilar in Temperament and Tastes—Disliked Each Other as Thinkers, but Loved as Men.

The friendship of Goethe and Schiller, of Beaumont and Fletcher, of Irving and Paulding, of Socrates and Plato, have often been noticed as among the friendships of literary or philosophical minds.

But perhaps one of the strangest literary friendships was the lifelong intimacy between Emerson and Carlyle. This intimacy was not fostered by personal contact, for Emerson and Carlyle met each other only upon two or three occasions. All their lives a wide ocean of space divided them, and a wide ocean of tastes and temperament. It would be hard to find two men who were more totally unlike. Carlyle was fierce, tumultuous, the most terrific scold in all history. Emerson was mild and benignant as an afternoon in September. Carlyle frowned like a thunder cloud, and Emerson glowed like a sunburst.

Carlyle seemed to despair of the future of the race and believe that the crazy old world was rattling on the down grade to destruction. Emerson was one of the most persistent optimists in all history. The past looked great to him, the present looked grand and the future looked grander. Carlyle's style was jerky, explosive and smashed together like a railroad wreck. Emerson's style was compact, smooth and epigrammatic. Carlyle wrote long histories like "Frederick the Great" and the "French Revolution," which read like a long drawn out series of spasms, as if their author's pen was afflicted with the St. Vitus dance. Emerson wrote short, compact essays, in which every thought was packed in the smallest possible compass.

The views of these two men were almost diametrically opposed. Carlyle, especially in his later days, seemed to believe in an absolute monarchy. He admired the czar of Russia. His great historical heroes were men who had ruled men with a hand of iron. Emerson was a firm champion of republican institutions.

Both Emerson and Carlyle were semi-invalids all their lives. But Emerson's invalidism only served to draw out the latent sunshine of his nature. The more he was chastened by disease the sweeter grew his disposition. Carlyle's invalidism made him rage like a caged tiger. All his life long he thundered lurid denunciations at his own stomach. Emerson wished to be known as a lover of men; Carlyle called the public "mostly fools."

Yet these two men, so dissimilar in their tastes and temperaments, maintained a lifelong friendship, and in fact Emerson and Edward Irving were about the only men of this generation that Carlyle ever spoke of with respect.

"Sartor Resartus," Carlyle's first lengthy work and probably his masterpiece, was first brought out, in book form, in America by Emerson. The first words of warm appreciation that the book received came from this side of the Atlantic. In England it was received with gibes and sneers and contempt. It was, and still remains, one of the strangest books that was ever written, but it is full charged with Carlyle's volcanic and dynamic genius. Emerson was one of the first to appreciate this genius and help to find it a public.

All of Carlyle's successive books as they appeared found a warm admirer in Emerson, though he must have violently disagreed with many of their sentiments.

A perpetual correspondence was kept up between the two men. In this correspondence Emerson was at his best, and Carlyle never was more characteristic than in his letters to Emerson. He must have, in his inmost heart, despised the theories and thoughts expressed in Emerson's books, for his whole life was a battle against these theories and thoughts. But in spite of this radical difference of ideas there was something about the man he liked. Emerson must have abominated many of the expressed opinions of Carlyle, and yet he was powerfully impressed by Carlyle's personality.

They both hated each other as thinkers, but loved each other as men. This friendship ought to demonstrate that the strongest attachments grow up sometimes between men of entirely divergent tendencies of thought. Men seek their opposites for friends as they seek their opposites for wives. It is easy for one man to like and respect another man without agreeing with him. It is possible, however, that if Emerson and Carlyle had been thrown into closer intimacy they would not have continued their friendship so long.

Carlyle was not an easy man to live with, as his own wife discovered to her sorrow. He became a chronic scold. He found fault with his food. He scolded if a draft of air blew too rudely upon his cheek. He was mad if a dog barked, a cat mewled or a hen cackled. He hated all his neighbors inversely as he loved himself. And genius as he was, his style seems to indicate that he loved himself very intensely. Emerson, on the other hand, may be written as one who loved his fellow man. Humanity had so large a place in his universe that there was no room for self.

Not a pleasant man to live with for a term of years was Thomas Carlyle. It is doubtful if the sunny temperament of Emerson could have maintained its sunshine if brought in constant contact with such a human bear.—S. Watterson Ford in Yankee Blade.

**One Thing That Goes to Waste.**  
"One secret of the Chicago packers' great fortunes is simple," said a resident of that city. "They don't waste anything. The meat, the entrails, every thing is made use of but the squeal. They can't catch that, so it is wasted."—Cincinnati Times-Star.

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