UNCLE PETER'S SERMON.

"Wha's yo' reco'd, tremblin sinnah?
Wha's de tithes yo' bringin in?
Do yo' spect t' be a winnah
Fo' yo' Christyun wuk begin?
Hussle up! Secuah yo' lodgin
Wha' de golden lante'ns glow,
Foh dey won' be any dodgin
W'en de ho'n begins t' blow.

Tend ter wuk an be a-savin. Yo' no 'Lijah—heah my song?— Des a-waitin twell a raven Cums a-totin grub along! Yo' may hab a peaceful lodgin Wha' de streams o' marcy flow, But dey won' be any dodgin W'en de ho'n begins t' blow.

'Put away de idle dreamin! Lif' Emanyul's bannah high!

Don' yo' see de lamps a-gleamin

On de buzzum o' de sky?

Ah, ye can't deadbeat yo' lodgin

Wha' de hebenly roses blow, An dey won' be any dodgin
W'en ole Gabe begins t' blow."
—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

THE SHOEMAKER.

In mountain girt Salzburg, noted if only for being the birthplace of Mozart, there dwelt once a shoemaker of the name of Siebold Veit. Notwithstanding the lowliness of his station, this disciple of St. Crispin burned incense assiduously before the muses. Like the village Milton immortalized by Gray, Herr Veit had been debarred in youth by "chill penury" from the acquisition of knowledge, but maturer days brought him many a recompensing opportunity for a glance at the pages of wisdom. All was grist that gravitated to our shoemaker's mental millstones, and the stores acquired thus promiscuously from reading and hearsay were never lost or suffered to molder for want of expression. Indeed his application of what he gleaned was frequently so inopportune as to excite the hearty laughter of his honest but critical neighbors. Yet he paid little heed to their merriment, and today was as ready to excuse the shortness of their boots with "brevity is the soul of wit" as to assure them tomorrow that their old shoes were brought "never too late to mend."

Siebold was a bachelor from choice, but often let parts of the house, a quaint red tiled, low ridged, many gabled dwelling at the end of one of the serpentine streets characteristic of Salzburg. At the time we peep into his life we find him landlord of Gabriel Stoss, a student. Herr Veit's proximity to so animated a cyclopedia proved such a stimulant to his love for learning as to be well nigh inebriating. The mere creak of the stair, as the scholar went to and fro, was sufficient to make the shoemaker's imagination reel in visions of the feast of reason that the very steps groaned to support.

Occasionally in the evenings the student would drop into his host's cozy workroom and read him versions of the Greek and Roman writers, and, carried along by his listener's whole souled attention and undisguised rapture, would not infrequently continue the inspiriting myths away into the night. At such times the simple toiler's delight culminated in nothing short of ecstasy. Once when the student had retired with his little red margined volume of legends his admiring auditor actually stole into the vacated chair to satisfy himself that an exchange of seats did not entail, a priori, a transfer of knowledge, and Times, moreover, have changed. hastened to bed, where before long he live in another age; different conditions lost sight of sordid and hampering reality in the blissfulness of a dream that brought in its sequence the attainments of the professor of ancient languages in the very college attended by his lodger.

One summer evening, having finished his work early, the shoemaker sauntered out upon his porch to smoke and meditate the while on a recent narration of the student's. The story took his fancy so much as to incite him to action. During Herr Veit's musings the sun set. The retired street grew still and dark. Lights appeared here and there behind small diamond shaped panes and emphasized the descent of night. Suddenly knocking the ashes from his meerschaum, the shoemaker entered his domicile, and, acting upon his cogitations, took down his time worn fiddle and drew from it a few strains-a return to his former mistress, music. Away back in his youth he could recall the days when he handled the bow with no mean skill, but for many a year he had neglected music to delve in the more alluring field of letters. Now again he applied himself to his instrument with a fervor which made use of every spare moment until his old art returned so ravishingly that the wondering neighbors strayed in to hear him at his new caprice. But they withdrew ever with jocund faces, for try as they would to refrain from smiles Herr Veit was sure to elicit merriment in the end by some such observation as. 'We're never too old to learn?"

It was on a morning after he had been practicing five months that the shoemaker closed his shop, locked up his rooms, and mounting the steep, bare steps that led to his lodger's quarters left the key with Gabriel, adding that he was not to be looked for until his return. Leaving the youth at the head of the stairway, key in hand, gazing wonderingly after him, our itinerant musician covered carefully his violin with his long gray cloak, drew his broad topped woolen cap over his eyes and passed into the street, free at that early hour of pedestrians. He made his way over a bridge across the Salzach to the brown meadows beyond the town. It was a most exhilarating morning. The Salzach, as it foamed between the peaks sentineling its banks, tree clad Kapuzinerberg to the right, gloomy, rugged Monchsberg on the left, seemed to brawl more jubilantly than ever of its descent from the distant Tyrolese Alps. The sun had not yet risen above the misty mountain tops, so the city lay in shadow, but the color suffusing the sky, and the glistening of the frost on the fallow meadows, and an occasional strain from some stirring songster betokened day's advent. The fresh air seemed to impart unwonted buoyancy to Herr Veit. He strode lustily on and soon passed the open country adjacent to the city. Uplands and lowlands he traversed for several Baltimore Life.

eral days, pausing often to break the stillness of dell and glade with the dulcet voice of his violin.

At last he came upon a hamlet nestling, like his own picturesque town, in a stream threaded valley at the foot of a range of hills. The dampness of the day veiled the hilltops heavily in mist, a circumstance which seemed to disturb the simple villagers very much. They were gathered in a knot in front of the mountains regarding wistfully the summits of the nearest range. The wandering musician, following the path that skirted the base of the hills, loomed suddenly in sight, and with one impulse the peasants hailed him as a being sent from other realms-to aid them perhaps. They conjured him to disperse the clouds that for several days had hung about the mountains and prevented their getting to their flocks grazing on the heights.

The traveler replied serenely in an unintelligible dialect that the clouds certainly were fine evidences of a dull day, but that the herdsmen were not to be further alarmed, as he was provided with the sovereign remedy for such exigencies. Seating himself on a stump near by, Herr Veit began confidently to woo the sun god with sweet music. The anxious rustics concluded that this procedure was the magical way to dissipate the mists and went by twos and threes contentedly about their various callings.

As the hours wore away, however, with no marked lightening of the atmosphere, the people began to doubt the stranger's power and to exhibit signs of impatience, some manifestations being so stormy as to affect the musician-and his measures—tremulously. Phœbus, too, apparently was angry, for though Herr Veit, with his liveliest notes, besought an audience, the day closed unblessed with a glimpse of the sun god's radiance. As the night became darker and darker, the music grew more and more faint, but it was only when the weariest villagers had sunk to rest that the melody ceased. In order to give their would be deliverer sufficient time, the inhabitants had resolved to leave him to his methods until the following day. Bright and early next morning the sun appeared, but long before its rays gilded the mountain tops Herr Veit, fearful of another trial, had stolen from the scene of his exertions-sighting after many hardships the familiar roofs of Salzburg.

One evening soon after Herr Veit's return the student was asked to sup with him, and over the coffee the adventure was recounted. The legend which had turned the shoemaker's head must have been of Amphion, under whose magic music the ramparts of Thebes are reputed to have arisen, for when the episode had been rehearsed mine host, prefacing by way of momentum, "A little learning is a dangerous thing," reflected that in the olden time it must have been no small matter to build up a wall by the power of music, seeing that nowadays it was most difficult to move even

a cloud by the same.
"True," Gabriel acquiesced, "such feats seem practicable enough on paper; but, success granted, I warrant that the achievements one comes across in chronicles were not the crust breaking performances that the old bards report. We nviron us. Waiving enigmas abroad or in remote periods, there are problems at our very doors clamoring for solution. Reviewing it all and recalling a trenchant observation touching the happiness of home keeping wits, I am more than ever impressed with the force of our

"Schuster, bleib' bei deinen leisten!" (Shoemaker, stick to your last) anticipated Herr Veit gleefully, and for once at least aptly.—I. I. Summerscales in Kansas City Times.

Discovered.

There were many queer characters in Ballantyne's printing house in Edinburgh, and one of them declared that he knew who wrote the Waverley novels, 'almost as soon as the master," Mr. James Ballantyne.

"I had just begun a new sheet of 'Guy Mannering,' "he would say, "one night awhile after 12, and all the compositors had left, when in comes Mr. Ballantyne himself, with a letter in his hand and a lot o' types.

"'I am going to make a small alteration, Sandy,' said he. 'Unlock the form, will you? I'll not keep you many

"Well, I did as I was bidden, and Mr. Ballantyne looked at the letter and altered three lines on one page and one line on another.

"That will do now, Sandy, I think," were his words, and off he went, never thinking he had left the letter lying on my bank. I had barely time to get a glimpse at it when he came back, but I kent the hand weel and the signature. and it was 'Walter Scott.' I had a great lang ballant (ballad) in Sir Walter's ain hand o' write at hame, so that I was nae stranger to it. So, you see, gentle-

She Didn't Go. He (after a tiff)-Going home to your mother, eh?

She-Yes, I am. He-Huh! What do you suppose she'll say to you? "She'll say, 'I told you so.'" He

men, I kent the grand secret when it

was a secret."-Youth's Companion.

Consolation.

made up. - New York Weekly.

Mr. Slimmy-I don't like that Miss Biter. She said I was a perfect idiot, don't you know.

Mr. Bumme-She didn't mean it, of course, Slimmy. Anybody knows that nothing human is perfect. - Detroit

The Course of True Love.

She-There is one serious obstacle before us.

He-Your parents? She-No; but my little brother is unalterably opposed to our attachment. -

IS IT TO LOVE OR TO BE LOVED?

Who cares for love if one may love? In that the rapture lies. What recks a heart that it be won If it may win the prize?

There is no heart which stays at home, Contented to be sought, But, ever restless, seeks to win. The heart where love is fought.

Yet hearts are not all conquerors. Sometimes a doubting one Is overcome, and as a slave Its aftercourse is run.

The heart thus conquered may submit And seldom will rebel, But dreams of triumph come to it Contentment to dispel.

How oft in story and in song We read of those who die For those they love! They take no thought Of other reason why.

But is there in the crown of love But is there in the crown of Great sacrifice, this gem
Of martyrdom—that any die
For those who most love them?
—Detroit Free Press.

A Pass From Almost a Stranger. The man about town who is always nodding to people and making himself agreeable even to comparative strangers had a little experience the other day which goes to prove that politeness and civility sometimes pay in a financial as well as a social sense. He was standing in the railroad station in Baltimore, waiting for the train to New York, when he noticed a man who kept glancing at him. Every time he looked in the direction of the stranger he noticed that his eyes were turned toward him.

"I beg your pardon," he said, "but I thought you recognized me."
"I beg yours," said the stranger. "I
thought I recognized you, but I am not

Strolling over that w- he bowed to

the stranger.

sure now ' "My name," said the man about

town, "is L—."
"Oh, then, I was right!" said the other. "My name is H---. We met only once, about 15 years ago. Are you going through to New York?" added

"Right through on this train," answered the man about town. "I hope you are too."

"Yes," said the other; "I am sorry to see that you bought your ticket. I have a pass for myself and one." "Oh, I haven't bought my ticket,"

answered L-, with a chuckle, "and I am just your man." So his nodding was his passport.-New York Tribune.

Investigation among the workmen on

Human Labor at Great Altitudes. the Peruvian Central railroad has brought some curious facts to light concerning the capabilities of men to labor in rarefied atmosphere. The line starts highest point reached by the road is at the tunnel of Galeria, which is 15,645 feet above sea level. From deductions made by the investigators, it appears that the men were able to perform a fair "sea level" day's work at any place along the route where the altitude was the greater than 8,000 or 10,000 feet, and the content of the con at Lima, in latitude 12 degrees, and the to that height from lower levels. At altitudes above 10,000 feet and under 12,000 the amount of work performed by each man showed a sudden falling off of from one-fourth to one-third, and at from 13,000 to 15,000 feet 100 men could do no more work than 50 would at sea level.-St. Louis Republic.

The World on a Side Wall.

On the wall of one of the big down town steamship companies' offices is a huge map representing the earth. On this are miniature ships about two inches long, representing in the aggregate the company's fleet. From day to day, according to the average rate of speed of the vessel, the dummy is moved in her course so that any one looking up at the wall can tell exactly where every vessel is, or rather ought to be, at the moment. Of course storms or accidents may vary the actual and supposed position, but when things go right with the vessel the owners are apt to get a cable announcing the arrival of the ship at her port on the same day that, according to the dummy, she ought to have reached it .- New York Mail and Ex-

A Conversational Failure.

"Don't you like Professor Thinkins?" sked one girl.

"Oh, dear, no!" replied the other girl. "He's so fatiguing." "He has the reputation of being very

brainy.' "That's just the trouble. When he talks, you have to listen to what he is saying, or you can't reply to his remarks."-New York Recorder.

Sir George-Dreadfully annoying, is it not, my lady? They have scratched my horse at the last moment.

My Lady-Nails, I suppose? How careless of the grooms! Why, if I'd valuable horses like you, Sir George, I'd have the stables padded like first class railway carriages. -Toronto Truth.

ten on bricks, tiles, oyster shells, bones pick-pocket to get your watch. If you and flat stones, together with manuscripts on bark, on leaves, on ivory, leather, parchment, papyrus, lead, iron, copper and wood. It has three copies of the Bible written on the leaves of the fan palm.

Professor Schweninger, Prince Bismarck's physician, recommends soda water, fruit and lemon sirup, white wines, water and cider as drinks permissible in the treatment of his antifat 'cure' in connection with daily massage and bathing.

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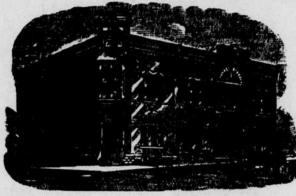
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TIME TABLE.
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GOING EAST-CENTRAL TIME-LEAVES.
No. 2, through passenger       5:40 A. M.         No. 4, local passenger       9:10 P. M.         No. 76, freight       6:45 A. M.         No. 64, freight       4:30 A. M.         No. 80, freight       10:00 A. M.         No. 148, freight, made up here       5:00 A. M.
GOING WEST-MOUNTAIN TIME-LEAVES.
No. 3, through passenger.       .11:35 P. M.         No. 5, local passsenger.       9:25 P. M.         No. 63, freight.       5:06 P. M.         No. 77, freight.       4:26 P. M.         No. 149, freight, made up here       6:00 A. M.
IMPERIAL LINE MOUNTAIN TIME.
No. 175, leaves at. 8:00 A. M. No. 176, arrives at. 5:40 P. M.

No. 176, arrives at. 5:40 P. M.

**PNOTE:—No. 63 carries passengers for Stratton, Benkelman and Haigler.

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No. 3 stops at Benkelman and Wray.

No. 2 stops at Indianola, Cambridge and Arapahoe.

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School Association, Fairfield, Neb., June 28 to 28. Tickets on sale to Hastings. Neb., June 24 to 28. Inclusive.

Sixty-eighth Annual Meeting Congregational Home Missionary Society, Omaha, June 5 to 10, inclusive.

Congress Scotch-Irish Association of America, DesMoines, Iowa, June 7 to 10. Tickets on sale June 5 to 10, inclusive.

For the above occasions parties paying full fare going will be returned at one-third fare on presentation of certificate signed by the proper officer, providing there are one hundred or more paying full fare in attendance. Take receipt when purchasing tickets.

Annual meeting American Irstitute of Homeopathy, Denver, Colo., June 14 to 28.

Annual meeting Merican Irstitute of Homeopathy, Denver, Colo., June 26.

Annual meeting Imperial Council Mystic Shriners, July 24 to 27.

Annual meeting League of American Wheel men, Denver, Colo., August 13 to 18.

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