

THE QUIET HOUR

A STUDY OF LIFE.

By J. O. Shroyer.

(Continued from last week.)

What are our conceptions of the import of life and its possibilities? Are they large and magnificent or are they contracted and narrow? We are placed here in a great world on a plane where boundaries are limitless and where our own accomplishments are limited by the zeal of our ambitions and the tenacity of our determination.

The soul of breadth, depth and power goes onward and upward, never ceasing in the growth of honorable desires and the anticipations of noble accomplishments; realizing that hope leads on to anticipation and that actual realization is the desirable result of noble aspirations.

'Tis not the environment of birth, 'tis not the distinction of ancestry, nor the greatness of our surroundings that indicate the possibilities of our attainments and the heights of our ambitions. Out of the great unseen, out of the world, unknown, out of the ages eternal, even from the midst of the wrecks of chaos and unmeasured confusion, have sprung the brightest minds of which literature bears record. The youth of obscurity becomes the hero of his time and the allegories of history rise weak servility, the indecisive

Discouragement flies from the door of him who welcomes industry. Let the spirit of enthusiasm cast its glow over a human soul and the veil of gloom is widely rent, the sunshine of hope will enter and where it is the darkness of melancholy can no abide.

Cultivate spiritual discernment and a taste for righteousness, despise weak servility, the indecisive character and imprecise inclination. And strike for the higher attainments of life and above the mire of despair we shall walk on the solid plateau of worthy achievements, a satisfaction to ourselves, an inspiration to our comrades and an honor to our country.

Enter the battle of life that lies before you, with your soul filled with faith, faith in yourself, faith in your fellows and faith in your God. Let the glow of faith illuminate your pathway.

Let our inclinations be guided by a noble purpose and a true sense of duty alone mark the limits of our actions. The question of vital importance to ourselves and the world, is not how long we shall live? But rather, what is the value of our accomplishments? A hundred years of indecision, selfishness or indolence is not worth so much as a decade of a mind full of decisive action, controlled by a spirit of generosity and nobility of purpose.

Help humanity about you, strive to do the right thing for those dependent upon you. Humanity and justice demands it, but whence comes the justice in making of yourself a shrivelled, fossilized antiquity, no enjoyment in your own life only as it centers in some parasite that feeds upon your strength.

Your body, your soul and your being are as precious in the sight of God as that of any other of his creatures.

The world respects the man or woman who strives to make the lives of their fellow beings happier, it respects him more who makes of his own life a thing worth while.

Nature bestowed upon each of us the desire for happiness and personal enjoyment and that life is a colossal failure that blights and shrinks into mere nothingness in order to help others.

There is such a thing as a life well rounded out, enough of service, enough of hard work, enough of serious thought, but also a little self-consideration, a little pleasure, a little leisure to view the glories of this grand old world through which we pass but once. We are passing on, on into the great unknown. Must this life be a period of slavery in order that we can enter the heaven beyond? Are all the pleasures be-

yond the grave? Must we shut our eyes to golden ruby sunset? Have we no time to admire the rainbow that glitters beside our own pathway? Are we slaves until death strikes the shackles from our arms? Toll, toll, toll forever restless soul. Dig, dig, dig in the mines of the earth until the funeral bell tolls off the years of your servitude. Slave for wealth, that your heirs and designing attorneys may fatten upon your spoils. Grind away you miserable wretch, until the yoke of labor galls your neck. You have never asserted your right to live and enjoy earth and its glories. And as your bones begin to stiffen and you find yourself growing useless, you are aware that the world is noticing it and wishes that you would cease to exist.

You never have enjoyed life and now you are in no position to help others do so and they wish you would pass on. Are you waiting for a Judgement Day to bring you your reward? Behold, it is at hand, every day you are measured, marked and stamped by the public, by yourself, by your friends and by your God. Your every action calls for judgement, the great day of Judgement is not a thousand and a hundred nor ten years hence. It is now. Right a wrong today as you pass along. Do well the duties that you find and all will be well.

THE QUEEN OF TROUBLES.

It is a serious matter to be the wife of a man of genius. The trials of a spinster or of the wife of an ordinary man may be foreseen; but the woman who marries a genius can be sure that her perplexities will take new form every week.

Mrs. Carlyle has represented the class for the last twenty years. It looks as if the Countess Tolstoi might reach the undesirable eminence of Queen of Troubles when the true story of the Tolstoi family shall be written.

The countess was married at seventeen. She was taken at once to the remote country home of her husband. She bore him thirteen children. She saw him alter his way of life, changing the careful dress of the Russian gentleman for the coarse blouse and clumsy shoes of the peasant. His doctrine of non-resistance, until he was ready to say that if he saw her and his daughters attacked by robbers, he would not lift a hand to defend them.

She struggled with a brave patience to adjust to her children's education her husband's theory that they should be taught, not to think, but to vegetate, not to act but to leave all determining action to fate. She met at best she could the count's financial eccentricities,—conviying for him, persuading him, defending him,—as she would a spendthrift boy who regarded neither conventionality nor responsibility.

At the end the countess had to endure her husband's setting the cruel stamp of desertion upon his wife's long loyalty. He preferred to slip away and face death alone rather than surrounded by his kindred. He was not the first who has so preferred, but he must be almost the first who has yielded to the temptation so to indulge himself.

Tolstoi's service to Russia cannot be reckoned. That he was a great awakening force may not be gainsaid, but all his virtues, his honesty, his simplicity, his courage, may be needed to balance the debit which his wife holds in the account against her man of genius.—Youths Companion.

Entertained Falls City Ladies.

The following taken from the Montpelier Evening Herald relates to an entertainment given for Mrs. Margaret Maddox, Mrs. Guy Greenwald, and Miss May Maddox of this city.

Tuesday afternoon's "at home" wit Mrs. Susan Maddox, Mrs. George Crum and Miss Maddox complimentary to Mrs. Margaret Maddox, Mrs. Guy P. Greenwald and Miss Mae Maddox of Falls City, Neb., and Floss Crum at the home of Mrs. Maddox was one of the pleasant social events of the Christmas season. The guests

for the afternoon began to arrive at the appointed hour and were met by Miss Grace Maddox and presented to Mrs. Maddox and Mrs. Crum and the the honor guests. Kensington was the pastime of the afternoon. The guests mingled thruout the tastefully arranged rooms frequently visiting the refreshing punch bowl which was presided over by Miss Crum. During the course of the afternoon's entertainment dainty refreshments were served.

The evening was the scene of another pleasant gathering when guests for eleven tables of what were entertained. Upon arrival pretty score cards of holly decorations were presented to the guests who found their places at the various tables and several games of the diversion were enjoyed. Punch was served thru out the evening and dainty refreshments completed the evenings entertainment.

Mrs. Hamer of Hartford City was present.

The Father of the Man.

Miss Amelia Austin listened with breathless attention to Mrs. Amasa Hunting's radiant account of the doings of James Hunting, her husband's younger brother, who had left Woburn-in-the-Hills in his youth and had become a millionaire.

"Where is Jim this summer?" Miss Amelia inquired, at the end of the recital.

"He has gone abroad for baths," replied Mrs. Hunting.

"I ain't one mite surprised to hear that," Miss Amelia said. "His mother never could make him wash his neck."—Youths Companion.

Amusing Advertisements.

A London periodical recently offered a prize for the best collection of unintentionally amusing advertisements. Here is a part of one list. It embodies illustrations of the curious effect which the misplacing of a comma or of a word or two, often has upon the meaning of a sentence: "Annual sale now going on. Don't go elsewhere to be cheated—come in here." "A lady wants to sell her piano, as she is going abroad in a strong iron frame." "Wanted, a room for two gentlemen about thirty feet long and twenty feet broad." "Lost, a colliedog by a man on Saturday answering to Jim with a brass collar around his neck and a muzzle." "Wanted, by a respectable girl, her passage to New York; willing to take care of children and a good sailor." "Respectable widow wants washing for Tuesday." "For sale a pianoforte, the property of a musician with carved legs." "M. Brown, furrier, begs to announce that he will make up gowns capes, etc., for ladies out of their own skin." "A boy is wanted who can open oysters with a reference." "Buildog for sale, will eat anything; very fond of children." "Wanted an organist and a boy to blow the same." "Wanted, a boy to be partly outside and partly behind the counter." "Lost near Highgate archway, an umbrella belonging to a gentleman with a bent rib and a bone handle." "Widow in comfortable circumstances wishes to marry two sons." "To be disposed of a mail phaeton, the property of a gentleman with a movable head-piece as good as new."

How To Stop Stubborn Cough

We don't mean just stop the irritation in your throat—but cure the underlying cause.

Cough syrups cannot do this. It takes a constitutional tonic body builder to do the work properly—and cure you to stay cured. Vinol is the remedy you need.

HERE IS PROOF

Mrs. Minnie Osgood, of Glens Falls, N. Y., writes: "After trying several remedies for a bad cough and cold without benefit, I was asked to try Vinol. It worked like magic. It cured my cold and cough and I gained in health and strength. I consider Vinol the most wonderful tonic and invigorator I ever saw."

If we cannot stop that cough with VINOL—our delicious cod liver and iron tonic—which is made without oil—we will not charge you a cent for the medicine you buy. This seems like a pretty fair proposition—and ought to be accepted. Don't you think so? With this understanding we ask you to try a bottle of VINOL.

A. G. WANNER, Druggist,

BRIGHT COLORS WIN THE DAY

Indian Parents Finally Decide on Vermilion Hue for Cap for Their Papoose.

Mr. and Mrs. John Brown of Pender came to Omaha to buy a cap for their baby, the Bee of that city says. Mr. Brown has another name, Johnny Red Bull, and Mrs. Brown's name translated into English means Annie Gray Cow. The papoose is not yet christened.

Although shy on nomenclature, the Indian boy is well-fitted with clothes. What garments Pender stores and the Indian agency can afford the baby has already had, but still one item has been missing. No cap.

"We have a very fine line of baby caps," began the clerk, but desisted when she saw that the customers were looking at the caps and not listening to her.

The modus operandi of the selection was as follows: Johnny Red Bull held the baby and his wife put a cap on the papoose's head. Then Mrs. Brown stood back and surveyed the effect. After a long look she in turn held the baby in her arms and Johnny took an observation.

First a brown cap was tried. Then one of dark blue. Johnny grunted with satisfaction at this, but his wife's eye had caught a filmy affair much bedecked with lace, and she promptly clapped this on the infant's head. Then she smiled in a pleased way. Taking the cap off she patted the lace, smoothed it down and generally observed it with evident pleasure, thus proving that admiration of lace is not confined to white women, who, one is informed, do much delight to ornament themselves with lace.

Sporty floorwalkers were laying bets that the lace cap would win the day, and the outlook for this did look good, when suddenly Johnny Red Bull caught sight of still another baby cap. He motioned toward it. Neither he nor his wife had so far said a word, while the baby was as impassive and silent as a block of wood.

The cap was produced, Johnny looked at it and the clerk said \$1.25. Johnny forked it over and the three departed.

The cap was a bright vermilion hue.

PICTURE OF PARTRIDGE LIFE

Little Birds Understood Their Mother's Warning Note and Obeyed Her at Once.

A few days ago while walking along a deep ditch beside a long disused road in soft sand and with noiseless step I came to a sort of screen of grapevine, peered through and saw a very attractive spectacle. There was a partridge and more than a dozen little ones something like a third grown. The mother was crouched in the warm sand with one wing spread and with her bill was preening her feathers while two little birds crept under the stiffened wing as if it were an umbrella. Some of the little fellows were dusting themselves, scratching away with their feet and wriggling in the sand, as happy as a lot of English sparrows in a dusty street. One bird on tiptoe was chasing an insect and had the luck to get it, while another on the fringe of the shrubbery was eating some seeds. The mother looked very proud indeed, and I thought it a very happy family.

I made no sound myself, but heard a little rustle in the bushes. How quickly the scene changed. But a few feet back of the mother there lay part of a broken white oak limb covered with lichen. The quail uttered a sharp note or two, turned her head, stood alert, and the birds, with two exceptions, ran to the sides of the fallen branch and crouched there, looking precisely like the limb and its lichen. There was not another motion and the mother and two of the birds which nestled under her were as still as if they had been frozen. When I took my eyes off that limb for an instant and then looked again it was hard to tell the birds from the wood. Nothing more happened and in a minute the mother gave quite a different note and the little quail came out again and resumed their sports.—Forest and Stream.

A Perennial Peril.

The crinoline of the '50s is believed to have been invented by one of three Frenchmen—a certain Joseph Thomas, who died a short time ago in the United States; a draper's assistant, who is nameless, or one Heindenreich, an executioner, who "flourished" during the Second Empire. On what one might very well call circumstantial evidence I rather favor the executioner.

It is pointed out that the soft hoop which now encircles so many smart skirts might easily develop into something much more substantial and that from wearing bee-hive bonnets Dame Fashion might easily turn for variety to bee-hive petticoats. But I hope the No Crinoline League of 1903, if it is still in existence, has its corporate or secretarial eye on that hoop.—Lady's Pictorial.

German Red Tape.

On December 23 last Dr. Koelpin, professor at the University of Bonn, was killed in a railway accident near Scheessel. The provincial authorities have now sent in a claim to Frau Koelpin, the widow, demanding eight shillings expended at the time of the accident on removing the blood-stains from the railway premises. The authorities inform Frau Koelpin that if she does not pay she will be proceeded against.

A Typewriter Test That Means Something

Blindfold yourself. Have ten typewriters of different make placed in a row—a Monarch somewhere among them. Try each keyboard in turn. The machine with the lightest touch will be the

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