

VALENTINE, - NEBRASKA

And now they say that trachonou is only one word. Well, it isn't anything to be sneezed at, anyhow.

Depend on the bargain instinct working out in the sex. A society leader has marked down New York's 400 to 150.

Japan, with its hat one side and its eye cocked as natural as life, is doing all it can to give Russia a hint that it's loaded for bear.

Whichever of the powers may particularly advance in the East, there is more than a chance in any case of China losing ground.

The stomach may not be a vital organ, as certain ambitious carvers declare, but you must take good care of it if you expect to live long and be happy.

An attack of Barnum's circus, writes from London that it costs \$19 a day to feed an elephant in England. It probably costs more than that to see one in London, however.

The West and Northwest, says the Louisville Courier-Journal, are now leading every other part of the United States in real prosperity, and there is no one to grudge them their good fortune.

The New York customs inspectors object to kissing by relatives and lovers on the piers before the baggage of incoming passengers is examined, on the ground that it takes time. Well, kissing ought to.

A special dispatch from Tennessee says that a young man who brained his father with an ax the other day "cannot be made to take a serious view of the affair." Oh, yes, he can; Durrant had that same trouble for two years.

The recent marriage of a titled Englishwoman to an Indian prince should prove a notice to American heiresses that there are new worlds for them to conquer—or, perhaps it would be more correct to say, old world titles for them to win.

England and the United States once differed gravely as to the "right of search." The gift of a vessel by an Englishman for use in Mr. Peary's expedition shows that perfect harmony now exists respecting the right, if the object of search is the north pole.

It is humiliating to the national pride to learn that for every United States ship that passed through the Suez Canal during the first six months of 1897 there were eighteen Japanese and two Chinese ships. The numbers were: Japan eighteen, China two, and the United States one.

The fact that a Swiss surgeon has successfully removed the stomach of one of his patients should not unduly encourage others to try this experiment. If some scheme could be devised to lay aside the stomach for a few days at a time, however, no one would seriously object to it.

Over 1,600 policemen in Chicago, in reply to civil service questions, swore that they never touched liquor. One innocent bluecoat declared, as to his health, that he had once had the measles, but didn't know how many of them there were. Seeing that "the good die young," it is a marvel how these innocent fellows manage to keep so well preserved.

There is nothing more disagreeable in a young person than an attempt to "put on airs," to order other people about, to speak with a half-hidden impudence to older people—to show no deference, no respect. Such behavior springs either from selfishness or vanity, and it would be ridiculous if it were not sad to see a young person behaving in so foolish a manner.

A few persons have done a profitable business in tree planting in this country, but this occupation will probably not be followed by individuals, as the time required for trees to mature is too long. Governments do not die like individuals, and for this reason certain economic industries are more suitable for governments to control than for individuals to undertake. Tree planting is one of the businesses which we believe the government can prosecute more successfully than can any private individual or corporation.

Ah! if more Americans could learn how to fool—to fool wisely—that is, hilariously. Then fewer of them would need to get drunk and smash plate glass windows. A lively caper in the home is an electric wire that carries off no end of care, depression or ill temper. For, depend upon it, every nature will have its fling, and must have it. The only question is of what kind of a fling. There is the fling into bitterness of speech, into despondency, into suicide, and there is the fling into merriment and emancipation from the strait-jacket of Mrs. Grundy and all her works.

The war reminiscences of the late Charles A. Dana establish a fact that every person to whom profanity is an offense will be glad to hear. Mr. Dana saw much of General Grant during the most perplexing period of the civil war, and he now asserts that he never heard the great Union leader utter a profane word. Mr. Dana himself was for many years a tireless worker in a field in which profanity is common. Every man who enjoyed the privilege of

working near him will testify that in the midst of the exacting requirements of his duties Mr. Dana was guiltless of the sin and vulgarity of profanity.

What it means to a man to come home at night to a cheerful wife no one but he who has had to fight in the hard battle of life knows. If he is prosperous, it is an added joy; but it is in misfortune that it shines like a star in the darkness. A complaining wife can kill the last bit of hope and courage in a sorely troubled heart, while a cheerful one gives new courage to begin the fight over again.

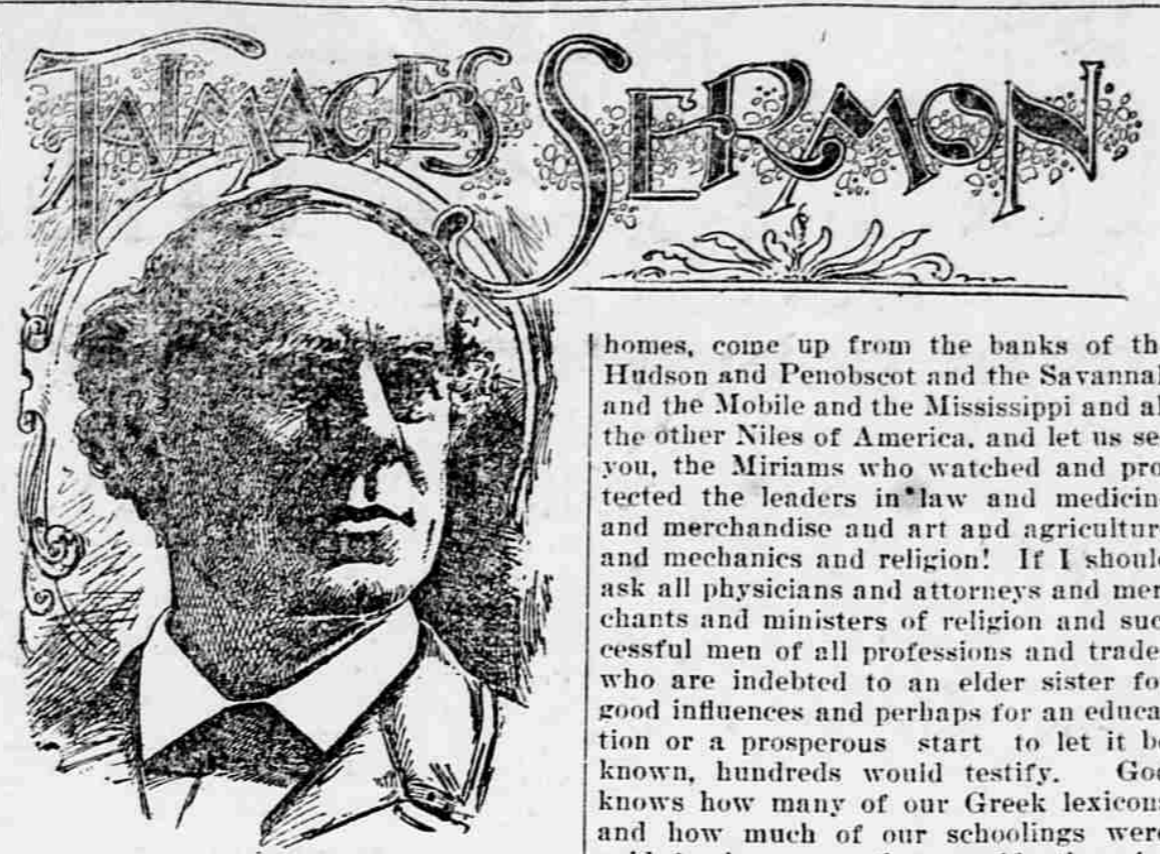
As a general observation it may be said a gentleman lounges and a loafer loafs, a shade of distinction, however, not always observable, as there is usually a noticeable tendency on the part of the loafer to become a mere loafer. Hence the need of discrimination on the part of those who engage in either of these pleasing but unprofitable avocations, especially in the case of those whose characteristics are in process of formation. The rector of the University of Vienna, at least, seems to be duly impressed with the importance of regulating even lounging, as shown in the following edict recently published for the benefit of the students in the Austrian capital: "For the university year of 1897-8 the hummel, or lounging, will be sanctioned under the following conditions: It must be practiced on Saturdays only and between the hours of 11 and 12 a. m. in the Arcadenhof. For changing the hour or prolonging the period of the aforesaid lounging a special permission must be obtained from the rector. Students not attached to the university are not allowed to participate in it. This permission is granted on the understanding that all corporations of students taking part in the same shall avoid any action tending to create a disturbance or cause annoyance in public places." To suppose that the loafer, whether student or otherwise, would engage in actions tending to disturbance or annoyance in public places would be to do violence to the time-honored traditions of lounging. The students, however, may be supposed to be only amateurs in this elegant art and the rector of the University of Vienna is wise, therefore, in guarding against the first approaches toward lounging. But to lounge by rule and on one specified hour of the week—that must be a peculiarly Austrian notion.

A writer in the Arena makes the venerable Lafayette say in 1825, from the balcony of an old house, still standing at the corner of Park and Beacon streets, in Boston, "Where are your poor? Where are your poor? In this assembly I see them not. Why have they not come also?" Then some one in the crowd replied, "We are all here, rich and poor together." But with true French gallantry the venerable Frenchman responded: "No; the poor are not here. They are not anywhere in America. They are in Europe." Upon the basis of this little scene the writer remarks: "And that makes the difference between an assembly of free men in 1825 and an assembly of inchoate paupers in 1897." In a native tribe of barbarians there are no poor and no rich. In the tribal stage of civilization members of the tribe all share alike—hence there is no poverty. But it does not quite follow that this is the most desirable condition of existence. There are very few men living who can remember how an average crowd on the streets of Boston looked in 1825. That they looked better fed, better dressed, or carried more change in their pockets, few believe. That there was more equality is due partly to the more elementary character of trade and industry. It is always so, from the original tribe up to the most complex civilization. But it is these complex conditions that call out the displays of philanthropy that we see on Thanksgiving day and in the holiday season. In saying that there were no poor in Boston in 1825 (if he said it), Lafayette was bound to be polite, but we all know better. Inequality increases as society advances from the elementary to the complex. And so does philanthropy. But because of this we are prepared to return to the original tribal condition? Hardly. It is in the effort to remove inequality and ameliorate its effects that should engage every good citizen, that the whole moral nature of the community is advanced with the increase of its material wealth.

No Gymnastics in Norway. Walking, climbing and ski-running they have in Christiania, the capital of Norway, with skating and coasting, but gymnasium athletics are practically nonexistent. There are probably not more than a half-dozen pairs of boxing gloves in Christiania. There are no running matches, no jumping, few crews, no wrestling, no cricket, foot-ball or tennis, no teaching of the "manly art of self-defense." The boys fight like little demons, and one would think they would aspire to do so scientifically. At one of the large boys' school it is part of the unwritten law (of the pupils) that the classes first out of the building shall at time congregate in one corner of the great brick-walled courtyard, whence it shall be the duty and pleasure of the remainder of the school to whack them forth with strenuous application of fists and heads.

The best possible resistance is made, a great many eyes are blackened and some few teeth dislodged, but all casualties are received amicably (afterward) and all prowess duly accredited. Private quarrels are promptly settled, not in the school precincts, but in the recesses of the palace park, where a ring is formed, seconds chosen and all proceedings conducted in proper order.

There must be a woman in the moon instead of a man, otherwise it wouldn't charge so often.



THE ELDER SISTER'S GUIDING HAND.

homes, come up from the banks of the Hudson and Penobscot and the Savannah and the Mobile and the Mississippi and all the other Niles of America, and let us see you, the Miriams who watched and protected the leaders in law and medicine and merchandise and art and agriculture and mechanics and religion! If I should ask all physicians and attorneys and merchants and ministers of religion and successful men of all professions and trades who are indebted to an elder sister for good influences and perhaps for an education or a prosperous start to let it be known, hundreds would testify. God knows how many of our Greek lexicons and how much of our schoolings were paid for by money that would otherwise have gone for the replenishing of a sister's wardrobe. While the brother sailed off for a resounding bank, the sister watched him from the banks of self-denial.

The Elder Sister's Guiding Hand. Miriam was the eldest of the family; Moses and Aaron, her brothers, were younger. Oh, the power of the elder sister to help decide the brother's character for usefulness and for heaven! She can keep off from her brother more evils than Miriam could have driven back water fowl or crocodile from the ark of bulrushes. The elder sister decides the direction in which the cradle boat shall sail. By gentleness, by good sense, by Christian principle she can turn it toward the palace, not of a wicked Pharaoh, but of a holy God, and a brighter princess than Thermutis should lift him out of peril, even religion, whose ways are ways of pleasantness and all her paths are peace. The elder sister, how much the world owes her! Born while yet the family was in limited circumstances, she had to hold and take care of her younger brothers. And if there is anything that excites my sympathy it is a little girl lugging round a great fat child and getting her ears boxed because she cannot keep him quiet. By the time she gets to young womanhood she is pale and worn out and her attractiveness has been sacrificed on the altar of sisterly fidelity, and she is consigned to celibacy, and society calls her by an unfair name, but in heaven they call her Miriam. In most families the two most undesirable places in the record of births are the first and the last—the first because she is worn out with the cares of a home that cannot afford to hire help, and the last because she is spoiled as a pet. Among the grandest equipages that sweep through the streets of heaven will be those occupied by sisters who sacrificed themselves for brothers. They will have the finest of the Apocalyptic white horses, and many who on earth looked down upon them will have to turn out to let them pass, the charioteer crying: "Clear the way! A queen is coming!"

Blessing or Curse. Let sisters not begrudge the time and care bestowed on a brother. It is hard to believe that any boy that you know so well as your brother can ever turn out anything very useful. Well, he may not be a Moses. There is only one of that kind needed for 6,000 years. But I tell you what your brother will be—either a blessing or a curse to society and a candidate for happiness or wretchedness. He will, like Moses, have the choice between rubies and living coals, and your influence will have much to do with his decision. He may not, like Moses, be the deliverer of a nation, but he may, after your father and mother are gone, be the deliverer of a household. What thousands of homes to-day are piloted by brothers? There are properties now well invested and yielding income for the support of sisters and younger brother because the older brother rose to the leadership from the day the father lay down to die. Whatever you do for your brothers will come back to you again. If you set him an ill-natured, censorious, unaccommodating example, it will recoil upon you from his own irritated and despoiled nature. If you, by patience with his infirmities and by nobility of character, dwell with him in the few years of your companionship, you will have your counsels reflected back upon some day where he would have failed but for you.

Don't snub him. Don't depreciate his ability. Don't talk discouragingly about his future. Don't let Miriam get down off the bank of the Nile and wade out and upset the ark of bulrushes. Don't tease him. Brothers and sisters do not consider it any harm to tease. That spirit abroad in the family is one of the meanest and most devilish. There is a teasing that is pleasurable and is only another form of innocent rivalry, but that which provokes and irritates and makes the eye flash with anger is to be reprehended. It waxes of less blameworthy to take a bunch of thorns and draw them across your sister's cheek or to take a knife and draw its sharp edge across your brother's hand till the blood spurts, for that would damage only the body, but teasing is the thorn and the knife scratching and lacerating the disposition and the soul. It is the curse of innumerable households that the brothers tease the sisters and the sisters the brothers. Sometimes it is the color of the hair, or the shape of the features or an affair of the heart. Sometimes it is by revealing a secret or by a suggestive look or a quiff or an "Ahem!" Tease! Tease! Tease! Tease! For mercy's sake, quit it, Christ says, "He that hateth his brother is a murderer." Now, when you, by teasing, make your brother or sister hate, you turn him or her into a murderer or murderer.

Beware of Jealousy. Don't let jealousy ever touch a sister's soul, as it so often does, because her brother gets more honor or more means. Even Miriam, the heroine of the text, was struck by that evil passion of jealousy. She had possessed unlimited influence over Moses, and now he marries, and not only so, but marries a black woman from Ethiopia, and Miriam is so disgusted and outraged at Moses, first because he had married at all, and next because he had practiced miscegenation, that she is drawn into a frenzy, and then begins to turn white and gets white as a corpse and then whiter than a corpse. Her complexion is like chalk—the fact is, she has the Egyptian leprosy. And now the brother whom she had defended on the Nile comes to her rescue in a prayer that brings her restoration. Let there be no room in all your house for jealousy either to sit or stand. It is a leprois abomination. Your brother's success, O sisters, is your success! His victories will be

Miriam the Faithful. Oh, was not Miriam the sister of Moses, doing a good thing, the important thing, a glorious thing when she watched the boat woven of river plants and made water tight with asphaltum, carrying its one passenger? Did she not put all the ages of time and of a coming eternity under obligation when she defended her helpless brother from the perils aquatic, reptilian and ravenous? She it was that brought that wonderful babe and his mother together, so that he was reared to be the deliverer of his nation, when otherwise, if saved at all from the rushes of the Nile, he would have been only one more of the God-defying pharaohs; for Princess Thermutis of the bathing house would have inherited the crown of Egypt, and as she had no child of her own, this adopted child would have come to coronation. Had there been no Miriam there would have been no Moses! What a Garland for faithful sisterhood! For how many a lawgiver and how many a hero and how many a deliverer and how many a saint are the world and the church indebted to a watchful, loving, faithful, godly sister? Come up out of the farm-houses, come up out of the inconspicuous

RECKLESS TRICK RIDER.

William Shields the Best Acrobatic Wheelman in This Country. A man who prefers to ride on the handle bars of his bicycle rather than in the saddle and who is happier when suspended over the front wheel of his machine than when properly balanced over the pedals is something of a degenerate among wheelmen, but a degenerate whose example is not likely to be followed too extensively. This eccentric rider is William Shields, better known as "Rube." He is a professional cyclist and a trick rider, but he doesn't confine his performances to indoor audiences. Shields is doubtless the best acrobatic wheelman in this country. March 31, 1897, he rode down the steps of the west front of the capitol building at Washington, D. C. Dozens have ridden down the east steps, but Shields is the only wheelman who has successfully made the descent of the west flight, which has seventy-four steps and three landings. He made the descent in fifteen seconds and did not touch one of the last sixteen steps. In Cincinnati last July he electrified a crowd of spectators by riding out of a

PREFERS THIS POSITION ON A WHEEL. second-story window on a ladder. The crowd expected to see him dashed senseless, if not dead, at its foot. He shot down the rungs, however, and landed safely in the street.

THE FIRST LIFEBOAT. Very Different from the Complicated Vessel of To-Day. The story of the lifeboat remains to be written. To do so now would be premature, inasmuch as, notwithstanding the large amount of ingenuity which has been lavished on the designing of a vessel which shall prove satisfactory, the thing desired yet remains to be achieved. The first lifeboat was, curiously enough, devised by a landsman, one Lionel Lukin, a coach-builder of Dunmow, in Essex, England. This man had lost some relatives in the foundering of a vessel at sea, and he set about designing a vessel which should be unsinkable. Among

those who took up the problem where Lukin left it was one Henry Greathead, a boatbuilder of South Shields, who worked continuously at the subject, and an order for the construction of what is practically the first specially constructed lifeboat was given to Greathead in 1805. The first lifeboat was 36 feet long, and possessed a beam of 10 feet. It was rowed by 10 oars, double-banked, and it was the first vessel built in which the main features of all lifeboats were found. Thus, the stem and stern were alike, it had a curved keel, and it bulged greatly amidships.

The King Came. At the Brussels exposition a few days ago King Leopold of Belgium, wishing to examine more closely a certain American machine, left his suite and stepped into the booth where the machine was installed. He requested the man in charge to explain its mechanism to him. Not noticing the royal escort a few yards away, the attendant took his Majesty for some high official. He explained in detail the working of his machine, and dwelt upon its points of excellence. "And, sir," he added, "the King himself is coming to see it before long." Without betraying his identity, King Leopold smilingly thanked the American and withdrew. He seemed much amused, when relating the incident to those who accompanied him, at the idea of an exhibitor who was expecting the King at the very moment when the King was leaving him.

Bargains. "Did you hear what Whimpton's little boy said when they showed him the twins?" "No; what was it?" "He said: 'There! Mamma's been gettin' bargains again.'"—Collier's Weekly.

Young Widows in India. There are in India 200,000 widows, aged between 10 and 14 years, and 30,000 less than 9 years old.

Every time we see a woman, we thank the Lord that we are not compelled to wear a ribbon collar.

When a man wants a cigar he never wants it very bad.

Do Your Part. If you only knew it, your interests are identical. Of all the families of the earth that ever stood together perhaps the most conspicuous is the family of the Rothschilds. As Mayer Anselm Rothschild was about to die, in 1812, he gathered his children about him—Anselm, Solomon, Nathan, Charles and James—and made them promise that they would always be united on "Change. Obeying that injunction, they have been the mightiest commercial power on earth, and at the raising or lowering of their scepter nations have risen or fallen. That illustrates how much, on a large scale and for selfish purposes, a united family may achieve. But suppose that instead of a magnitude of dollars as the object it be doing good and making salutary impression and raising this stunted world, how much more ennobling! Sister, you do your part and brother will do his part. If Miriam will lovingly watch the boat on the Nile, Moses will help her when leprois disasters strike.

When father and mother are gone—and they soon will be, if they have not already made exit—the sisterly and fraternal bond will be the only ligament that will hold the family together. How many reasons for your deep and unflinching affection for each other! Rocked in the same cradle; bent over by the same motherly tenderness; toiled for by the same father's weary arm and aching brow; with common inheritance of all the family secrets and with names given you by parents who started you with the highest hopes for your happiness and prosperity, I charge you to be loving and kind and forgiving. If the sister see that the brother never wants a sympathizer, the brother will see that the sister never wants an escort. Oh, if the sisters of a household knew through what terrific and damning temptations their brother goes in city life, they would hardly sleep nights in anxiety for his salvation! And if you would make a holy conspiracy of kind words and gentle attentions and earnest prayers, that would save his soul from death and hide a multitude of sins. But let the sister dash off in one direction in discipleship of the world, and the brother flee off in another direction and dissipation, and it will not be long before they will meet again at the iron gate of despair, their blistered feet in the hot ashes of a consumed lifetime. Alas, that brothers and sisters though living together for years very often do not know each other, and that they see only the imperfections and none of the virtues!

General Bauer of the Russian cavalry had in early life wandered off with the army, and the family supposed he was dead. After he gained a fortune he encamped one day in Husam, his native place, and made a banquet, and among the great military men who were to dine he invited a plain miller and his wife who lived near by and who, affrighted, came, fearing some harm would be done them. The miller and his wife were placed one on each side of the general at the table. The general asked the miller all about his family, and the miller said that he had two brothers and a sister. "No other brothers?" "My younger brother went off with the army many years ago and no doubt was long ago killed." Then the general said, "Soldiers, I am this man's younger brother, whom he thought was dead." And how loud was the cheer and how warm was the embrace!

Brother and sister, you need as much of an introduction to each other as they did. You do not know each other. You think your brother is grumpy and cross and queer and he thinks you are selfish and proud and unlovely. Both wrong. That brother will be a prince in some woman's eyes, and that sister a queen in the estimation of some man. That brother is a magnificent fellow, and that sister is a morning in June. Come, let me introduce you: "Moses, this is Miriam. Miriam, this is Moses." Add 75 per cent to your present appreciation of each other and when you kiss good morning do not stick your cold cheek, wet from the recent washing, as though you hated to touch each other's lips in affectionate caress. Let it have all the fondness and cordiality of a loving sister's kiss.

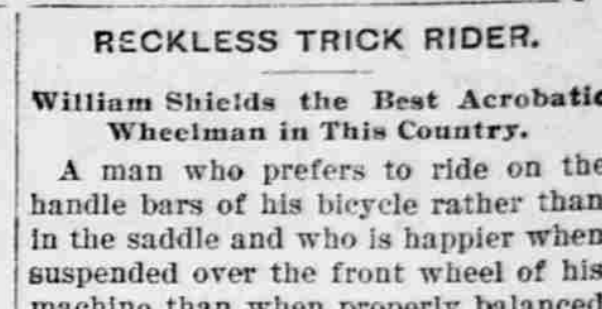
To Part No More. Make yourself as agreeable and helpful to each other as possible, remembering that soon you part. The few years of boyhood and girlhood will soon slip by, and you will go out to homes of your own and into the battle with the world and amid ever changing vicissitudes and on paths crossed with graves and up steep hills to climb and through shadowy ravines. But, O my God and Saviour, may the terminus of the journey be the same as the start—namely, at the father's and mother's knee, if they have inherited the kingdom. Then, as in boyhood and girlhood days, we rushed in after the day's absence with much to tell of exciting adventure, and father and mother enjoyed the recital as much as we who made it, so we shall on the hillside of heaven rehearse to them all the scenes of our earthly expedition, and they shall welcome us home, as we say, "Father and mother, we have come and brought our children with us." The old revival hymn described it with glorious repetition: Brothers and sisters there will meet, Brothers and sisters there will meet, Brothers and sisters there will meet, Will meet to part no more. Copyright, 1898.

Short Sermons. Take Away the Pain.—Let us take away the pain from the heart of God by removing it from the souls and bodies of men. Let us remember that "to lift the burden of humanity is to lift the burden of God."—Rev. C. W. Williams, Baptist, Denver, Colo.

The Truth of Christ.—Christ is the living truth, not a string of formulas, intellectually perfect, however venerable. He is embodied truth, the knowledge of whom is better than the discipline of sacred metaphysics.—Rev. Dr. Barrowe, Presbyterian, Chicago, Ill.

A Vast Problem.—Every generation of the world's history is confronted by some important problem to the solution of which the best minds and the truest hearts must lend their every energy. Our time has a vast problem.—Rev. Father Ducey, Roman Catholic, New York City.

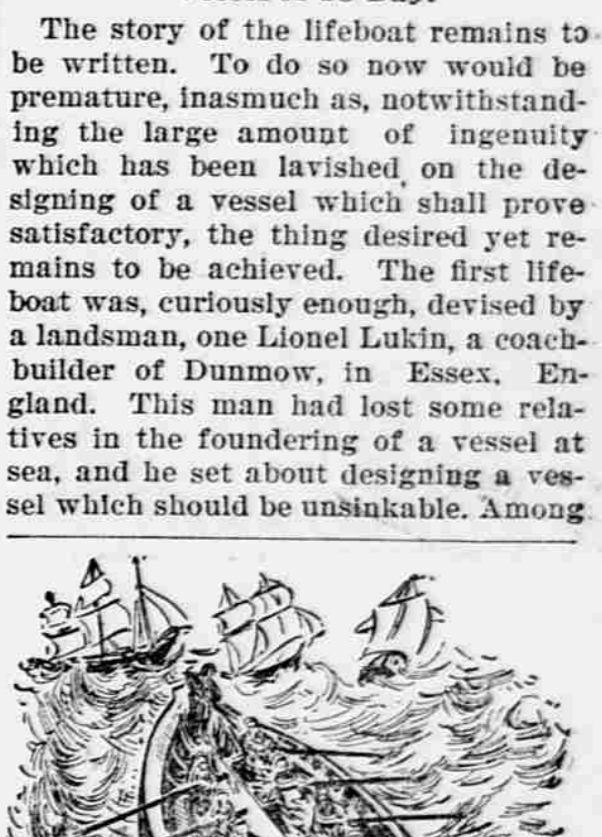
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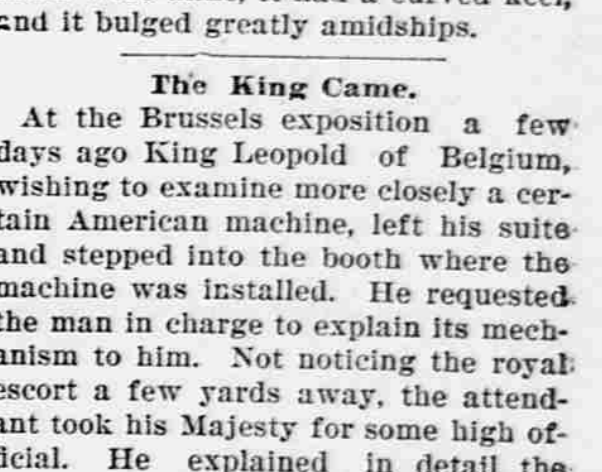
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