

IN THE HOSPITAL.

Oh, hear the moaning over there, The sudden, bitter cry of pain, Death's shadow on the wall is plain, And by the window, stooping down, A nurse with dusty locks and brown hair, Looks in the eyes of one who lies Half propped in many a snowy fold And, blushing, holds a willing ear Close to his eager lips to hear A story that is ages old.

The doctor gravely shakes his head And lends above an ashen face A widow, waiting for her dead, Is not half fainting from the place, And over there a jeweled hand Is weakly raised to give command And weakly falls, and through the halls Death paces slowly, death to leave, While still the nurse beside the cot Hums a sweet, listening to what Exultant Adam told to Eve.

Death stooped last night behind that screen And smoothed a martyr's weary brow, Whose one with new hope looks between Soft pillows at her baby now, And over there beside the door Lies one whom pain shall reach no more, Whose work is done, who ere the sun Goes down shall rest or slumber rest, And she that lingers best above You eat good, dreaming dreams of love To cross two hands upon a breast.

-S. E. Kiser in Chicago Record-Herald.

Why Tom Crowder Re-enlisted

By JOHN H. RAFFERTY.

Six months of soldiering in the Philippines had taken all the edge off Tom Crowder's military ardor. In a year the sight of a khaki uniform hurt his eyes, and he began to realize that in all the world no village was so far to look upon as Sugar Creek, Ill., the home town where Crowder & Sons kept store and where the event of each dawning day was "trouttime." When two years had almost passed, he began to dream of swinging under the elms in the old front yard at home and wondered as he nibbled at the everlasting hard tack how many pitted cherry pies he could eat at one sitting in the dining room at home.

When a young soldier's mind begins to dwell on the pies that mother used to make, he cannot flourish on saw belly. But when he begins to decorate his tent wall with the photographs of Tillie and Sue and "the folks" he's fit for nothing but furloughs and sick leave, and if there's anything of the quitter about him he's in imminent danger of forgetting to answer roll call some dark evening when the music of the sea beyond the jungle lures him with false songs of home. Tom heard the siren voice all right, but he didn't lure a little bit. His term of enlistment was almost at an end, and he satisfied himself with blotting each dull day off the calendar, writing doggerel verse about Tillie and making himself a nuisance generally to his bunkie.

He used to swear roundly that he meant to "hike back" to Sugar Creek as fast as ship and train could carry him, and hoped by all that was holy that once he was mustered out he'd never see a soldier again. He got to be the worst "knacker" in the company, and he wrote so many letters that his comrades began to ask him why he didn't write a few to himself.

"If you got such a good home and swell people, why don't some of 'em write to you?" sneered his tent mate one night. "You can't be very strong with Tillie, or she'd write you at least once a year."

Now the latter question was a sore one with Tom, because nobody wrote to him except his mother, and her letters seldom reached him during the final months of his campaigning in the interior. He had quarreled with his brother so many times that no love was lost between them, and his father didn't write for the good reason that he didn't know how. As for Tillie, the young soldier had no reason to expect letters from her. When he left home, she was only 16, and his "affair" with her was of the long distance, mooning, mental sort peculiar to boys and girls just out of high school. If Tom had been perfectly fair in his introspection, he must have admitted that there was nothing very terrible in his hopes with regard to Tillie. He told himself a thousand times that she was "the one girl," and cooed himself with the belief that his family to her was little more than a name, and that by some mysterious telepathic sympathy she must by this time be pining away for his return.

He wasn't "in love" when he enlisted, but he had her picture and his mother's, and by a natural process of longing for home he developed quite a fierce and yearning passion for Tillie. A hundred times he began a letter to her, but he never had the nerve to send it. He cut her initials on trees, fences and tent poles and wrote her name a dozen times on every scrap of paper that he could find. He sang it, spelled it and whistled it till his soul was in a fine frenzy, and he knew by heart the long speech of proposal that he meant to whisper into her little pink ear the first time he could get her alone in the swing or on the narrow seat of dad's spring wagon.

So when Tom got back to Manila and "regular mails" he was stricken by an unreasonable hope that there would be at least one letter from Tillie. He was disappointed, but not disheartened, to find nothing but three old missives from his mother, in which there was not a word of his heart's delight and a volume of motherly advice about the care he should take of himself, the things he should eat and drink, the comrades he should avoid and the prayers he should say. Her latest letter was full of the "time they would give him" when he got home, and it concluded with the hint of a "great surprise" that was in store for him. Of course that put new zest into his

"honing for home" and his hatred for the army rose in proportion. The whole town was at the station when Tom swung off the train steps at Sugar Creek. The Silver Cornet band, with old Bill Tomlinson, shako and all, at its head, was standing on the platform playing "See, the Conquering Hero Comes." Great flags waved above the depot, and yards of bunting stretched clear across the street from Crowder's grocery store to the town hall. Tom almost fell into the arms of his mother. Even his brother Jim seemed to have forgotten all differences and hugged him. But, best of all, there was Tillie, quite a woman now, prettier than ever, blushing furiously and holding his hand as she had never held it before and holding up her radiant face to be kissed as often as he liked. The small boys yelled "Hooray for Tom Crowder!" old man Crowder shed tears of joy, prominent citizens wearing badges marked "Reception" ushered the hero into a carriage, and as Tom was whisked away to the mayor's residence for a brief carnival of speech-making and handshaking the band played "There'll Be a Hot Time in the Old Town Tonight."

But it all seemed too long to the returned hero. He felt very proud and happy of course. He bowed to the judge and shook hands with everybody and tried to make a speech, but all the time his eyes were seeking Tillie, and his heart was aching for another chance to greet her. At last the guests withdrew, and Tom and Jim and Mr. and Mrs. Crowder and wondrous luck—Tillie all piled into the big carriage and were driven up to the Crowder home.

"And now, my son," said the proud old father, "now comes the greatest surprise of all. Tillie, bring him out."

And Tillie, all blushing, ran into the bedroom only to reappear in a moment with a bundle of muslin and lace that looked like a small bolster.

"Allow me, Tom, to introduce you to your nephew, Tom Crowder, the second."

Then they all laughed and clapped their hands, except poor Tom and the baby.

"Whose kid is it?" asked Tom faintly as his white face turned from the child's to Tillie's.

"Why, it's Tillie's," laughed the mother, "Tillie's and Jim's. They were married a year ago, but we thought we'd keep the secret awhile."

"We thought it'd make you homesick, mebbe," said Jim.

"Do you want to hold him, Tom?" whispered Tillie, holding out the baby. "You're his godfather, you know."

Tom held his little namesake for awhile, but he didn't seem to know just what to say. They laughed at him, teased him and praised him till his mother suggested that he looked worn out and should go to bed.

Tom re-enlisted last week in spite of the combined objections of Jim, Tillie and the old folks.

"No use kickin' about it, dad," he said. "I got the fever, and I can't shake it. You don't need me in the store, an' I guess they ain't more than enough to split 'tween two families. I'll get along all right; but honest, dad, I just couldn't live here in Sugar Creek another week. Tell Tillie to write to me about the kid."—Chicago Record-Herald.

A Story of Lincoln.

During Mr. Lincoln's practice of his profession of the law, long before he was thought of for president, he was attending the circuit court, which met at Bloomington, Ill. The prosecuting attorney, a lawyer by the name of Lamson, was a man of great physical strength, and took particular pleasure in athletic sports, and was so fond of wrestling that his power and experience rendered him a formidable and generally successful opponent.

One pleasant day in the fall Lamson was wrestling near the courthouse with some one who had challenged him to a trial, and in the scuffle made a large rent in the rear of his unmentionables. Before he had time to make any change he was called into court to take up a case. The evidence was finished, and Lamson got up to address the jury, and, having on a somewhat shabby coat, his misfortune was rather apparent.

One of the lawyers, for a joke, started a subscription paper, which was passed from one member of the bar to another as they sat by a long table fronting the bench, to buy a pair of trousers for Lamson, "the lion." The paper said, "A pair of woollen young men's." Several put down their names with some judicious subscription, and finally the paper was handed to one of the members of the bar, a man that he was wearing in walking at the time. He quickly glanced over the paper and immediately took up his pen and wrote after his name, "I can contribute nothing to the end in view."

TWO FAMOUS RIDERS

STRIKING FEATS OF ENDURANCE IN THE PIONEER DAYS OF THE WEST.

Aubrey's Ride Was the Greatest Physical Achievement Ever Accomplished in This Country—Frontiersman Jim Moore's Hard Ride.

The greatest physical achievement ever accomplished in this country was the ride of F. X. Aubrey from the plaza of Santa Fe, N. M., to the Public square at Independence, Mo., a distance of nearly 800 miles, through a country inhabited by warlike Indians, a large part of which was then a sandy desert. It was about the year 1851 that Aubrey gave his wonderful feat of human endurance, before which all other attempts of the kind pale into insignificance. He was a short, heavy set man, 38 years of age, in the prime of manhood and strength. His business for ten years as a Santa Fe trader had made him perfectly familiar with the trail and all the stopping places. He was a perfect horse man, and although there were great riders in those days, none of them cared to dispute the palm with Aubrey.

On a wager of \$1,000 he undertook to ride alone from Santa Fe to Independence inside of six days. It was without a thought of fear that he undertook the terrible feat. It was to be the supreme effort of his life, and he sent half a dozen of the swiftest horses ahead, to be stationed at different points for use in the ride. He left Santa Fe in a sweeping gallop, and that was the pace kept up during nearly every hour of the time until he fell fainting from his horse covered horse in the square at Independence. No man could keep up with the rider, and he would have killed every horse in the west rather than have failed in the undertaking. It took him just 5 days and 19 hours to perform the feat, and it cost the lives of several of his best horses.

After being carried into a room in the old hotel at Independence Aubrey lay for 48 hours in a dead stupor before he came to his senses. He would never have recovered from the shock had it not been for his wonderful constitution. The feat was unanimously regarded by western men as the greatest exhibition of strength and endurance ever known on the plains.

The ride of Jim Moore, a noted frontiersman of the pioneer days, is also worthy of mention. Moore was a man of almost perfect physique. In fact, by military standards he was a model. He weighed 180 pounds, stood 5 feet 16 inches, straight as an arrow, with good neck well set on his shoulders, small waist, but good loins, and had the limbs of a thoroughbred. No finer looking man physically ever rode a broncho than Jim Moore. He could run like an Indian, was as active as a panther, the best natural man in the world, but as courageous as a lion.

In the early sixties Moore was a pony express rider. His route was from Midway station, half way between Fort Kearney and Cottonwood Springs, to Julesburg, a distance of 140 miles. Moore rode the round trip of 280 miles once a week. The stations were from 10 to 14 miles apart, and a fresh horse of Spanish blood was obtained at each station. There was little delay in these changes of horses, as the rider gave the "coyote yell" half a mile away, and, day or night, the station men had the pony ready, so that the rider had only to dismount from one horse and mount the other, and with a dig of the spurs he was on a run again. This ride of 140 miles usually was made in 12 hours. On each route there were two express riders, one going each way. As easy as it may seem to some for a man to bestride fresh horse after horse for 140 miles, there were few men able to stand up to it.

Upon the occasion of which I am to speak Moore's route partner had been ailing, and Moore was anticipating and dreading that he might have to double the route. In this anticipation he realized that there is a time limit to endurance, and therefore he gave the benches a little more of the steel than usual and made the trip to Julesburg in 11 hours. Arriving at Julesburg he had his fears confirmed. His partner was in bed. He had hoped that he might have a few hours for rest, but before he had time to dismount and stretch his cramped and tired muscles the "coyote yell" of the next gang caller was heard.

He drank some cold coffee, filled his pocket with cold meat and was in the saddle again for another 140-mile ride. In order to be able to live the ride had to be sent them for all there was in them, with the result that he arrived at Midway, after having ridden 280 miles, in 22 hours from the time he had left there. Ben Holladay gave him a gold watch and a certificate of his remarkable performance. Many of the old frontiersmen now living know Moore, knew of his 280-mile ride in 22 hours and have seen the watch and certificate.—Spirit of the West.

Cheerful Inducements.

The following advertisement recently appeared in the London Morning Post: "A rock built, emerald-green castle, barbed by the Atlantic surge, at one of the most romantic and dreaded points of our iron-bound coast, in full view of the Death stone; shipwrecks frequent, corpses common; three reception and seven bedrooms; every modern convenience; 10 guineas a week. Address," etc.

His Favorite Dish.

"What is your favorite dish?" inquired Mrs. Frontpaw of the Rev. Longface, the new pastor. She felt sure it was chicken, but it proved not. "Er—the contribution plate," answered the Rev. Longface absently.—Ohio State Journal.

Stock Market Tips.

Does it ever occur to those who follow journalistic tips on the stock market that they are written by men who find it worth their while to follow an astute and moderately remunerated profession and that therefore the tipster obviously cannot transfer to his tips for a livelihood?

Is it conceivable that any one whose judgment of the movements of securities was sufficiently trustworthy to make even the majority of his shots bullseyes would waste his time by compiling paragraphs for newspapers? Would he not rather spend half an hour or so in the morning at the end of a telephone instructing his broker to buy and sell and devote the rest of his day to the graceful consumption of the boundless fortune that his knowledge and wisdom would, ex hypothesi, inevitably provide?

And tips from stockbrokers come under the same suspicion, for it is not reasonable to suppose that one who really had tips worth following in his possession would utilize them as baits for clients who reward his efforts with a beggarly half crown per cent.—Corn Hill.

Deer Live to a Great Age.

Romance has played a prominent part with regard to the longevity of deer. What says the Highland adage?

There the size of a dog is that of a horse, There the size of a horse is that of a man, There the size of a man is that of a deer, There the size of a deer is that of an eagle, There the size of an eagle is that of an oak tree.

This is to assign the deer a period of more than 200 years, and the estimate is supported by many highly circumstantial stories. Thus Captain Macdonald of Glenary, who died in 1775, aged 85 years, is said to have known the white hind of Loch Treig for 50 years, his father for a like period before him and his grandfather for 90 years before him. So in 1825 Macdonald of Glenary is reported to have killed a stag which bore a mark on the left ear identical with that made on all the calves he could catch by Ewen Macfarlane, who had been dead 150 years. Analogous stories, if they are true, are told in countries on the continent of Europe, where deer are to be found in any number.—Chambers' Journal.

Just Like Eve's Apple.

A fruit supposed to bear the mark of Eve's teeth is one of the many botanical curiosities of Ceylon. The tree on which it grows is known by the significant name of "the forbidden fruit," or "Eve's apple tree."

The blossom has a very pleasant scent, but the really remarkable feature of the tree, the one to which it owes its name, is the fruit. It is beautiful and hangs from the tree in a peculiar manner. Orange on the outside and deep crimson within, each fruit has the appearance of having had a piece bitten out of it. This fact, together with its poisonous quality, led the Mohammedans to represent it as the forbidden fruit of the garden of Eden and to warn men against its noxious properties.

Banks Ready For Emergencies.

To meet sudden and unexpected demands upon banks a large sum is kept ready for use. The average large bank—say with total assets of \$20,000,000—is prepared by four lines of defense to resist sudden attack. In the vault or safe about \$500,000 in bank bills is always on hand, back of that is a cash reserve of perhaps \$1,500,000 deposited in various business banks subject to instant call, back of that again is perhaps \$8,000,000 in United States and other gilt edged securities immediately marketable, and the fourth and last line of defense and to be retired upon only in extreme distress is \$6,000,000 or \$8,000,000 in bonds and mortgages, on which the mortgagees will be hurriedly called to make a payment on account if the bank is pushed to extremities. With such resources disaster would seem impossible, though it has come to the best fortified institutions.—Bookkeeper.

Moment to a Pie.

No stranger monument ever existed than that which was erected at the Hotel de Ville by the inhabitants of Boscamp, in honor of a pie. This, which took the form of a kind of monument, contained a large glass case in which was perpetually enclosed a fine tart out from the oven and whose purity was to be kept down by justice. Above this a small stone slab of marble, on which, engraved in letters of gold, was the following inscription in Latin: "Dancers, by contemplating here the mortal remains of the pie which acquired for itself imperishable glory by the discovery of the salt springs of Lunenburg."

Changed His Tune.

It is said that when President Park visited Boston he was impressively received at Faneuil Hall market. The clerk walked in front of him down the length of the market announcing in loud tones: "Make way, gentlemen, for the president of the United States. The president of the United States! Fellow citizens, make room!" The chief had stepped into one of the stalls to look at some game, when the clerk turned round suddenly and, finding himself alone, suddenly changed his tone, and exclaimed: "My gracious! Where has that darned idiot got to?"

The follies of youth are drafts on old age, the payment of which is imperative.—Chicago News.

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Medical Opinion in regard to Dr. A. H. Keller's Sylvan-Ozone. An editor of a medical journal writes as follows: "Dr. A. H. Keller's Sylvan-Ozone offered by the Dr. A. H. Keller Chemical Company as a cure for Consumption, Asthma, Bronchitis, Hay Fever, Catarrh, Coughs, Colds and all diseases of the air passages. This we know to be a genuine specific for these complaints, and as such, entitled to our confidence and that of our readers. Close examination into the practical results which have been had from the use of this remedy has caused us to endorse it as being an undoubted cure for the above ailments, effectual in removing the exciting cause in a number of attacks which had been of the severest and most tedious character. Dr. A. H. Keller's Sylvan-Ozone permanently restored health, and in cases which were of a milder description its use immediately afforded relief."



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