

LIBERTY.

What man is there so bold that he should say, "Thus and thus only would I have the sea?" For whether lying calm and beautiful, Clapping the earth in love or throwing back The smile of heaven from waves of amethyst, Or whether, frenzied by buoy winds, It bears the trade and masts of the world To ends of use or stern activity, Or whether, lashed by tempests, it gives way To elemental fury, howls and roars At all its rocky barriers, in wild rage Of ruin drinks the blood of living things And strews its wrecks o'er leagues of desolate shore, Always it is the sea, and men bow down Before its vast and varied majesty.

THE APACHE

A STORY OF TWO CHILDREN AND AN INDIAN.

Not every Apache can get his fill of blood before sun up and his fill of mesquite before noon. Yet Coyote That Bites had managed to achieve both those delightful ends, and of all the happy snappers on the Colorado desert he was the most riotously, tumultuously lumpy. With what keen delight he had drawn his sharp blade across the throats of Jose Sanchez and his wife after he had stolen into their wagon in the gray dawn, and what thrills of joy shot through his breast when he silenced the yells of their two little children with the butt end of their father's own rifle! And then, when he had taken what mesquite was in his demijohn, and had strapped Jose's rather loose fitting cartridge belt about his sun-brown belly, with what fierce pleasure he stole away from the scene of his bloody work and with the Mexican's rifle on his shoulder had wandered far down the dry arroyo, slipping from the demijohn the stupefying juice of the agave from time to time until he felt that he was growing drowsy!

Then he had dragged his uncertain way along until he had come to the railroad track. He stared stupidly at the bright steel rails and looked up at the humming wires in an awed sort of way. He would like to lie there behind the rocks, he thought, until some one should come along the track and then try a shot at him with his newly acquired weapon. The demijohn was growing heavy. Well, it was getting toward noon and rather warm even for an Apache, and he would lie down in the shade of the rocks over there and rest.

The humming of the wires is a soothing sound, and no sooner had his head touched the earth than sleep took a mighty hold upon him and wiped out his realizing sense of joy, as sleep has a way of doing with everybody that has anything to be joyful for. And so he lay, with the rifle by his side and his unspeakably hideous face turned up toward the blue that arched the desert.

It was quiet there and restful—no sound save the music of the wires. Stay; there were other sounds, but they came some time after Coyote That Bites had thrown himself upon the sand and gone off to the land of Nod. They came faintly at first and mingled with the murmuring of the wires. Surely they were the voices of children.

Had the red beast been awake he might have imagined that they were the haunting voices of the wee Mexican children whose blood he had so ruthlessly shed that morning, but he heard them not. They were very far from being ghostly voices anyway, those tones that now piped forth so merrily as Dubs and Gay trudged down the line. They were walking to the scoop out along the roadbed, not on the track, for that was forbidden.

There were other things that were forbidden, too, and one of them was straying so far away from the station, but Dubs was "taking good care" of his three-year-old sister, and in the pride of his six full years he was equal to the care of half a dozen such as Gay. "F-o-y" had sun matches to build a fire wiv," sighed Dubs, "I'd burn off vese prickles jus' like ve Injuns does."

"O-oh!" came suddenly from under Gay's sunbonnet. "Wot's dat?"

"W-y, it's a jug." And Dubs left the "toonies" and started toward the pile of rocks where lay the Coyote's demijohn and where also lay the Coyote himself.

The two trudged up the little slope, and Dubs grasped the handle of the demijohn, only to let it drop again and spring back quickly with Gay in his arms, for he had caught sight of the Coyote, and he was smitten with a sudden desire to go home.

But he saw the Indian did not move, and so he suddenly became very brave. He was certainly sound asleep and no more to be feared than papa when he lay on the lounge in his midday repose. Then, too, Dubs was quite sure he was a "worky" Injun, like the Yaquis, who shovelled and picked on the railroad, and so his mind became wholly at ease.

The Coyote's cartridge belt, which had been so loosely strapped, had fallen off and lay by his side. There were a hundred very interesting bits of brass sticking in it, and the children soon had these scattered all about in the sand by the snoring Coyote. In the scramble for her share of the innocent toys Gay let one of them drop on the

Coyote's leg. Perhaps the mesquite's influence was on the wane, for a big brown knee was thrust quickly up from the sand and a big brown hand clutched the ugly knife at the Coyote's side, but the hand fell and the noble red man snored on.

Dubs tried on the cartridge belt and became an Indian, all but the indispensable knife, and he concluded to borrow that from the sleeper, whose fingers had lost their grip on the buckhorn handle.

"It's bigger'n monnie's butcher knife, ain't it, Gay?" the young savage asked as he grasped the handle of the devilish looking blade. "Now, you 'tand over here, and I'll get 'hind vis' you. Ven you 'tun along, I'll jump out and kill you."

Gay demurred. "Oh, it's on'y make b'leve. Vese kind o' Injuns don't kill nobody." And he struck a contemptuous finger toward the innocent Coyote. "It's on'y 'Paches 'at kills, an' vey's none yound here, monnie says. I'm a 'Pache, so you better look out."

It was a dubious sport for Gay, and when it came to the killing part she screamed lustily.

"You've woked him up an' 'pooled it all," said Dubs in a tone of accusation. "Now he'll want his knife."

Sure enough, the Coyote That Bites did shake his brown legs and arms quite vigorously, but the last two big swallows of mesquite held him down. So, after turning over and burying his hatchetlike face in the sand, he lay quiet again.

When he had thus turned over, was brought into view the rifle, which had been concealed by his dirty blanket. Dubs eyed the weapon with covetous eyes. He could not withstand the temptation of feeling it all over, standing it up on its butt and trying to shoulder it, but this last feat he could hardly accomplish. Just what it was that kept his fingers off the hammer and trigger and prevented a sound that would surely have brought the Coyote to his feet with a yell, I am sure I cannot tell, but Dubs played with that fascinating weapon nearly an hour, while Gay poured sand over the cartridges, hiding nearly all of them from view.

By this time the sun's rays were on the long slant, and the children were very hungry. By this time, too, the Apache was growing restless, for the mesquite had nearly lost its grip upon him. A train thundering by, or, much less, a "swift" brushing against his black foot, a spider dropping on his leg, or even a big fly buzzing at his ear—any of these would have set his demon force into play again.

But the children could not wait for such demonstrations as these, though why it did not occur to Dubs that the Coyote's car needed tugging with a grease wood twig the Lord only knows. The wind was up, and the wires were murmuring louder than ever. The wee ones had sported in the black shadows long enough—had played with the fangs of the deadly serpent until they were tired and their stomachs were empty. So they set off on a trot for home.

Just as they turned the bend and came in sight of the low roof of the station, a "dust devil" swept by the rocks where lay the Coyote That Bites. He jumped to his feet, grasped his empty satchel, gave a mad whoop and started about in feverish rage. There was his knife, half covered by the sand, and there was his rifle, far from his side. Here was the cartridge belt empty, and all about him in the sand were countless little footprints.

A bewildered look stole over his face, but it passed away when his eyes rested on the empty demijohn. The expression that replaced it was one of demoniacal ferocity, and the lust of slaughter lay heavily upon him. But the cartridges—where were they? He saw Gay's mound of sand and, kicking it, gave a grunt of delight to see the brazen capsules that were scattered right and left by his foot.

He picked them all up, grunting over each one. Filling the belt and grasping his rifle, he started off in the direction in which the small footprints led. Like a bloodhound, he chased along the track. His eyes scanned the plain at every turn, and his breath was hot and strong. But when he turned the big curve and saw the station he knew that he was late—too late—and he gave a grunt of disgust and was off like the wind over a side trail that led toward the sunset.

In the low roofed station house the mother crooned to tired little Gay, lying so soft and limp in her arms. She looked out over the desert, saw the sun touching the tips of the solemn giant cacti with purple dots, saw the prickly pear shrubs holding their grotesque arms above the great sweep of sand that ran down to the low horizon and felt the inspiration of the scene, as she had often felt it before, for the desert has a beauty that is all its own. She knew that other women in the great cities and in the cool, green valleys might pity her in that desolate spot, but she felt that she needed not their pity. Dubs came and leaned his head against her arm where she sat, and little Gay nestled down with a tired sigh. Yes, there was much, she thought, for which to be thankful.

And in truth there was.

Man and Woman.

The human animal finds in the opposite sex the greater part of his and her mental life. The arts rose out of sex. When man ceased to capture woman, he cut a reed and blew a tune to win her, and it was not until he had won her that he began to take an interest in the tune for its own sake.

Physical intimacies are but surface emotions, forgotten as soon as they are satisfied, whereas spiritual intimacies live in the heart. They are part of our eternal life and seem to reach beyond the stars.—George Moore's "Sister Teresa."

MATTER AND FORCE.

ENERGY CANNOT BE CREATED NOR CAN IT BE DESTROYED.

If Pansy Man Could Accomplish Either of These Impossible Things, He Could Cause "the Wreck of Matter and the Crash of Worlds."

If you could imagine an earthworm trying to run the Niagara Electric Lighting and Power Transmission works, you would have some faint idea of the capacity of the greatest human genius that ever lived to run the visible universe. That is probably why the wisest of us is not permitted to understand the final secrets of nature.

Here is a good example. Take a rifle into a place sufficiently far from the habitations of men; put the butt on the ground and support it so that the barrel points straight up and pull the trigger. The bullet will leave the muzzle with a velocity of, say, 3,000 feet a second. It will rise to an enormous height, come to a standstill for an infinitesimal fraction of a second and begin to fall back again. It will strike the earth with very nearly but not quite the same velocity as it left the muzzle of the gun. It would be exactly the same but for the resistance of the air.

What has happened is this: The explosion of the powder has changed a solid into a gas, and the expansive energy of this has driven the bullet upward. In other words, it has for the time overcome that mysterious force by which the earth draws everything toward its own center.

But when the energy of the exploded powder is exactly balanced by the pull of gravitation the bullet falls back. In the first second after its turn it falls 16 feet, in the next 32, in the next 64, in the next 128, and so on till it returns with ever increasing velocity whence it started.

Nothing has been lost, nothing gained. The gases set free by the explosion of the powder weigh exactly as much as the solid. Some of the energy has been used as heat, some in propelling the bullet. Gravitation, overcome for awhile, has reasserted itself. The sum of matter and force in the universe is absolutely unchanged.

This is as true of the quickened beat of a girl's heart when she meets her lover as it is of the march of the planets and suns through the fields of space. Every atom of matter, every unit of force, throughout the universe is constant, eternal and exactly balanced, and the whole strength and genius of humanity could not increase or diminish them by the slightest fraction.

Now, let us imagine what would happen if man could make that bullet strike the earth with greater or less force than it left the muzzle of the gun. He would either have increased or decreased the total of universal energy, and in either case he would have thrown first the solar system and then the whole universe out of gear.

The earth and all the other planets would begin to revolve in different orbits. The sun, with its family of worlds, would alter its path round the unknown center about which it revolves. Then world would be hurled against world and sun against sun, and stars and planets would be reduced to the flaming gases from which they cooled into solids and liquids before time began to be.

Just the same catastrophe would happen if man could either create or entirely destroy a grain of sand on the seashore. The balance of the universe, in which swing stars and planets, whose weight is inexpressible in human figures (this tiny world of ours weighs 6,000,000,000,000,000,000,000 tons), is infinitely more delicate than that which the chemist has to keep in an airtight case and at an even temperature lest a breath of air should throw it out of gear.

Thus the destruction or creation of a grain of sand would change the orbit of the earth round the sun. In the one case it would be drawn closer and closer to the sun, perhaps after thousands of revolutions to be swallowed up in fiery ruin. In the other case it would gradually leave the sun and year by year wander farther away into regions of space where human life would be impossible.

The result of the dislocation of such a stupendous system, which has worked with unflinching exactitude for countless ages, is, of course, utterly beyond the scope of human imagination, and yet such a seeming trifle as the creation or destruction of a single grain of sand might, and probably would, plunge it into utter chaos and ruin.—Pearson's.

His Ability. "And how is my old school friend Bimson getting on?" said the man who had returned to his native city after a long absence.

"Oh, he's going first rate."

"But he was such a bright boy we always expected he would display especial ability."

"Well, I don't know that he hasn't displayed especial ability."

"I never hear him mentioned in connection with any of your elections."

"No; that's just the point. He has shown ability to go ahead quietly and build up a business. He doesn't have to run for office."—Washington Star.

Critical. She—You don't love me as much as you did or you would have stayed longer last night.

He—But you insisted on my going.

"And if you had loved me you would not have gone."—Detroit Free Press.

Greatness is to take the common things of life and walk truly among them.—Oliver Schreiner.

Kindness gives birth to kindness and love to love.—Mme. Necker.

Modern Advertising.

A little over half a century ago it was considered beneath the dignity of many substantial concerns to advertise beyond the insertion in the newspapers of an occasional business card. Some of the experiences of that time show how recently advertising, as we know it, has developed.

A retail hardware house in an eastern city once found itself possessed of ten times the number of articles of a certain kind that it had intended to buy. As they had been ordered especially for a new hotel and were of a peculiar design, there seemed to be no way of disposing of them except at a merely nominal sum.

One of the younger men connected with the concern offered to "move them" at a fair price provided he be permitted to advertise. The suggestion encountered much opposition, but finally a small sum was set apart to carry it out. The advertisement was drafted in an attractive way, and the people soon began to buy the new article. Finally the house was obliged to send to the manufacturers for more. When the next season's trade opened, the member of the firm who had most opposed the experiment whispered to the young man that he had better write out a few notices "and put them in the papers."

From such beginnings the advertising practice has come. Thousands of dollars are now spent not only in advertising itself, but in devising clever catch words, ingenious phrases and illustrations which will stick in the memory of the reader as well as new general methods.—Youth's Companion.

English Quail Stew.

For four pump quails provide four oysters, four tablespoonsful of butter, three large cupfuls of ox tail soup or rich stock, two small glasses of port or madeira, two tablespoonfuls of onion vinegar, the same of India relish and mushroom catchup, celery salt, white pepper and four slices of crisp, brown toast. Leave the quails whole, simply opening down the breast. Put the butter in a frying pan over a hot fire and when brown lay the quails in the pan. Cover and cook ten minutes. Turn and cook ten minutes more. When browned on both sides, add the soup or stock. Stir it gradually until it boils. Turn each quail on its back and insert an oyster. Cook five minutes and serve on slices of toast with the liquid poured over all.

A Great Storm Wave.

A great storm wave is peculiar to cyclones. At the center of the disturbance the mercury in a good barometer may be lower by three inches than that in a similar instrument on the verge of the cyclone. This is owing to the diminution of atmospheric pressure consequent on the rotation of the air wheel, and as nature abhors a vacuum the sea in the vortex rises above its usual level until equilibrium is restored. This storm wave advances with the hurricane and rolls in upon the low land like a solid wall. In the Breker gunge cyclone of 1876 the storm wave covered the land at the eastern end of the Ganges delta at heights varying from ten to forty-five feet, as measured by marks on the trees. One hundred thousand lives were lost on this occasion.—Chambers' Journal.

They Found the Pall.

During a spell of particularly hot weather a well known baronet came across three workmen engaged on a job on his estate. One of them remarked, as workmen not infrequently do, on the dryness of the job. The heat had perhaps extended itself to the baronet's temper. At any rate, he turned away, with the reply: "If you are thirsty, you know where the well is. You will find a pall there."

Thinking over his remark a little later, it flashed across the baronet's mind that he had given orders for three bottles of champagne to be put into the pall and lowered into the well to cool for dinner. He hastened to the well and discovered—three empty bottles! What he said this time is not reported.—London Truth.

Sin Promoters.

His satanic majesty announced that he intended taking a much needed vacation.

Some surprise being expressed at this action, he explained:

"Well, I've fixed things so that the trolley motorman will refuse to stop for passengers when they are in a hurry, and I guess that will keep things going until I return."—Baltimore American.

The Way of the World.

Horton—You used to think Bember was a great friend of yours. I notice he never offers to help you now that you need help.

Snobel—No; but, then, you must not forget how free he was to offer me assistance when I didn't need it.—Boston Transcript.

Not Anxious to Meet Him.

"Jinks has had a burglar alarm put in his house, with a gong in every room."

"He wants to be sure to know about the burglars?"

"No; he wants the burglar to be sure to be alarmed."—Philadelphia Record.

Some Girls.

Some girls, when asked to elope, are like ice. At first they are cold and repulse you; then they melt and run away.—Whitewater (Kan.) Independent.

The Settlement.

Johnson—Did your father-in-law settle anything on you when you married his daughter?

Baneson—Yes; the rest of the family.

YOU MUST NOT FORGET

That we are constantly growing in the art of making Fine Photos, and our products will always be found to embrace the

Most Artistic Ideas

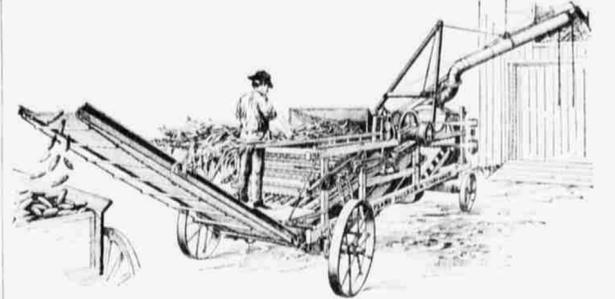
and Newest Styles in Cards and Finish. We also carry a fine line of Mollings suitable for all kinds of framing.

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PLANO MANUFACTURING CO.

Makers of Harvesting Machinery.

The Plano Husker and Shredder. The Jones Hay Rake. The Jones Lever Bander. The Jones Mower. The Jones Steel Header. The Jones Reaper. THE PLANO SICKLE GRINDER.



THE PLANO HUSKER AND SHREDDER.

This machine has unlimited capacity, weighing 6500 pounds, will handle all the corn that can be delivered to it. It shreds the fodder perfectly, leaving the ear unharmed. It has 252 knives on the shredder head which pass by shredding some 2,000 times each minute. This machine will be on exhibition at the Plano headquarters west of the Craghton depot in Norfolk, Neb., on and after September 20th.

W. H. BLAKEMAN, General Agent, Plano Manufacturing Company.

Advertisement for SOAP CHIPS OF DIAMOND "C" SOAP. Includes text: 'There is a Best in Everything. DIAMOND "C" SOAP IS THE BEST LAUNDRY SOAP. Complete catalogue showing over 3000 premiums that may be secured by saving wrappers, furnished free upon request. Send your name on a postal card, and we will mail you the catalogue.' Includes an illustration of a hand holding a bar of soap.

Advertisement for PATENTS. Includes text: '50 YEARS' EXPERIENCE. TRADE MARKS, DESIGNS, COPYRIGHTS & C. Anyone sending a sketch and description may quickly ascertain our opinion free whether an invention is probably patentable. Communications strictly confidential. Handbook on Patents sent free, oldest agency for securing patents. Patents taken through Munn & Co. receive special notice, without charge, in the Scientific American. A handsomely illustrated weekly. Largest circulation of any scientific journal. Terms, \$3 a year; four months, \$1. Sold by all newsdealers. MUNN & Co., 361 Broadway, New York. Branch Office, 112 F St., Washington, D. C.'

Advertisement for MONEY Refunded. Includes text: 'We guarantee by Kay's Renovator to cure dyspepsia, constipation, liver and kidneys. Best tonic, laxative, blood purifier known for all chronic diseases; renovates and invigorates the whole system and cures very worst cases. Get trial box at once. If not satisfied with it notify us, we will refund money by return mail. Write your symptoms for Free Medical Advice, sample and proof, 25 & 50c at druggists. Dr. B. J. Kay, Saratoga, N. Y.'

Advertisement for MISSOURI PACIFIC RAILWAY. Includes text: 'The Direct Route FROM OMAHA TO Kansas City, St. Louis AND THE FAMOUS HOT SPRINGS OF ARKANSAS and all Points South and Southeast.'

Advertisement for THE NEWS FOR CARDS and REVIVO RESTORES VITALITY. Includes text: 'THE GREAT FRENCH REMEDY produces the above results in 30 days. It acts powerfully and quickly. Cures when all other fail. Young men will regain their lost manhood and old men will recover their youthful vigor by using REVIVO. It quickly and surely restores Nervousness, Lost Vitality, Impotency, Nightly Emissions, Lost Power, Failing Memory, Wasting Diseases, and all effects of self-abuse or excess and indiscretion which unite one for study, business or marriage. It not only cures by starting at the seat of disease, but is a great nerve tonic and blood builder, bringing back the pink glow to pale cheeks and restoring the fire of youth. It wards off Insanity and Consumption. Insist on having REVIVO, or other. It can be carried in vest pocket. By mail \$1.00 per package, or six for \$5.00, with a positive written guarantee to cure or refund the money. Book and advice free. Address: ROYAL MEDICINE CO., 46-20 Plymouth Pl., CHICAGO, ILL. For sale in Norfolk, Nebraska, by Geo. B. Christoph, druggist.'