IN THE NIGHT.

- I heard the footfall of the hail; Were coming down amid the gala. And rank on rank marched by.
- heard the thunder's cannonade, The beating of his drum.

 I saw the lightning's flashing blade. hosts of heaven had come!
- The mighty legions crossed the room And stormed the distant hill; Faint grew the sound of tramping hoofs, And, lo, then all was still.
- At morn I saw dead crimson leaves Far o'er the wide world tossed, And now the lonely autumn grieves For all that she has lost, -Woman's Home Companion.

His name was Phineas Ellsworth, but we boys at the "HX" ranch called him Billy Brag for reasons which ten minutes' conversation with him would make obvious even to a total stranger. To say that he was opinionated is the chiefest of his opinions was the particularly excellent one he held of himself is superfluous.

Those were humdrum, monotonous days at the "HX," and there was scant opportunity for Billy to exhibit the courage, prowess, skill, ability and so forth which—we had his own oft re- blame broncho." And he climbed pain- room Mr. Blank suddenly felt both legs peated statements for it-he possessed | fully up on the driver's seat, and the | violently cut from under him. He to a remarkable degree.

happen to relieve the monotony, but eyes, Billy somehow or other was never on deck to show what he was worth. He always turned up afterward with: Huh! Ye galoots jes' make me ache all over! W'y, any bloomin' tenderfoot c'd 'a' tol' ye better'n that!" or, "That wuz a fool trick. Now, ef I'd been thar I'd 'a' did so an' so;" or, "Huh! D'ye call that anythin' ter menshun? W'y, back thar on th' Keya Paha we used ter let th' kids an' wimmen do that kind o' work!"

And so it went for nearly a year, and, though we invented many a plan to give Billy an opportunity to show his worth, he managed on one pretext or another to keep out of our snares.

One day Cale Snelling, who was out looking up some stays, fell in with a maverick steer feeding in a coulee and, thinking at first that it was an "HX" critter, rode toward it. But the beast was what is known as a "bad un," and, horns down and bellowing with rage, he turned and charged on the startled cowboy. Cale tried to turn his pony and run, but the animal was green and only reared and snorted. Cale thought he was about to take a place herding clouds, but he yanked his gun and let go, catching the steer right between the eyes and dropping

it not more than ten feet away. Cale was a bit new in the business, and he was rather pale when he rode up to the ranch and related his experience, but there was a triumphant tone in his voice as he told of his successful shot from the back of a bucking pony.

Billy listened with a superior air. "Huh!" he remarked disdainfully. "What ye wanter kill 'im fer? Ye c'd jes 'z well 'creased' an' roped 'im. Some folks never hev no r'gard fer prop'ty. Waste not, want nothin'."

We all groaned and proceeded to congratulate Cale on his luck, but Bill did not seem to care. He was getting used to our irreverence. It may be noted, however, that when we tried next morning to get Billy to take a galloping shot at the stripe in a blanket nailed on to a shed door, to see how near he could have come to "creasing" a mad steer from the back of a fool pony, our proposition met with scorn. "There ye go ag'in," said Billy, "What's th' blame use o' wastin' er whole lot o' ca'tridges jes' ter convince er mess o' gabblin' egiots that er thing kin be did? Aw, go off an' try poundin' san' in er rathole fer yer wits. Bet ye carn't even do that." And he rode off, much offended.

When Joe Fleming, brother of the boss, and Hank Barr had a brush with half a dozen Indians and just escaped with their lives, leaving a bunch of fat cattle to be run off by Uncle Sam's dear, sweet proteges, Billy's opinion was at once forthcoming. "Huh! Ye mout jes' 'z well saved mos' o' th' critters an' got them thievin' red cusses too. W'y didn't ye, w'en ye seed 'em ridin' down on ye, jes' kill three or four critters an' pile 'em up fer er barricade. That'd ben better'n losin' th' hull

bunch." When Bob Hall, a cowboy from the "3 Bar," the next ranch-one of the meanest, ugliest, most quarrelsome bullies who ever flourished a gun-got killed at the hotel in town by an unoffending tenderfoot whom he had tried to compel to take a drink, Billy, as usual, had something to say. "Huh! That's them tenderfeet all over. They think ef er man tries ter hev fun with 'em hyar that they've got ter shoot, an' shoot quick. Th' galoot oughter've jes' took Bob Hill by th' scruff o' th' pants an' kicked or throwed 'im out, an' Bob 'id've pollygized too quick. Bob Hall never had no sand."

All the same, there was an old story to the effect that once when Billy had been unaccountably absent from the ranch for three or four days, he had been in town, devoting considerable attention to keeping out of the belligerent Mr. Hall's way.

But Billy's opportunity came one day. He had been laid up a week and was still lame as the result of being on the side next the ground when his pony stumbled and fell one day and was sitting at the door one morning about 11:30 when the stage came along. Sevwere somewhat surprised to hear the wheels outside, for the stage road was two miles from the ranch. As we crowded to the door we saw "some- an end, but a beginning."

looked excited.

"Mornin', gentlemen," he said. And then to Boss Fleming: "Fleming, I expect to be hel' up over by Five Mile creek. Kin one o' the boys go with me? I'll get another man at Parker's, an' I rackon three'll be 'nough."

"Why, yes, of course," was the reply "You can have more if you want 'em. I'll go myself. But why didn't you bring guards if you're carrying any val-

Dyer explained. The night before he had noticed three suspicious looking the course of a heart to heart talk. characters in town and observed that they eyed him considerably. This morning he had started early, hoping to pass all the places favorable to a "hold up" before the three tough looking gentlemen had time to get located. He had guards, as he did not like to appear bles except the mail bags.

But the three strangers had passed all!" him a mile back, evidently in a hurry to get somewhere; hence his visit to the lar? Men are so peculiar!"

Fleming turned to get ready to godrawing it very mild, and to state that he was not the man to send somebody views of these two that a story with else into danger-but he was met at the a moral will not be out of place. door by Billy, "heeled" with two revolvers and a Winchester.

The stage did not reach the Five him. He went down. Mile nor did it reach Parker's. At a place two miles west of the "HX," Mrs. Blank, hurrying to the scene of

or three minutes-then silence. When we got to the scene we saw the floor. elbow and keeping "the drop" on a the blankety blank folly of which the man who stood holding up one arm- mind could conceive this of changing the other was shattered and hung furniture around was the worst. He in the road. The wheelers were quiet | walk into his own room and have to now, but their hoofs had cruelly fall over things in the dark. He said mangled the bodies of their prostrate he wouldn't stand it; the furniture comrades in front.

"I knowed ye'd come, boys," said stood, Billy, "else I'd hed ter kill this un, "I shan't do anything of the kind," they ketched er tartar. Guess I kin get into a dark room?" die off real peaceful now."

brags of this very exploit.

American women. They show their where it was. good taste-I should do the same were | It was the next evening that Master way an all round good sort.

The clubwoman is young and hand- the world. some, well dressed and pleasing, and | Her own downfall was not long in she is she hides it cleverly.

There is no doubt about it-the Amerin London Exchange.

A Daring Argument. ing. It was proved that the poisoning of the cage in her arms and took a had been done by means of certain header with a resounding crash. The cakes, a portion of which was produced in court. When the counsel for guish friend from foe, inflicted a severe he said: "And these, gentlemen of the jury, are some of the alleged poisoned and assisted in making an inventory of cakes. We declare to you, gentlemen of the jury, that they are not poisoned the parrot cage, badly bent, and the ever were made, and in order, gentlemen of the jury, to show you that these ed, and then Mr. Blank observed quietcakes are not poisoned, I will eat one ly:

of them right here in your presence." And he did eat one, He took good Mrs. Blank. Was I right?" care, however, to leave the room at the line for an adjoining room, where he the emetic or the antidote until the lawyer's client had been acquitted.

The Object of Life.

Lewis Carroll, the mathematician and author of "Alice In Wonderland," once said: "Once realize what the true object is in life-that it is not pleasure, not knowledge, not even fame itself, that last infirmity of noble minds, but | the striped shirt front, "but it does that it is the development of character. the rising to a higher, nobler, purer standard, the building up of the per- | arrive and just how far it is to the eral of us were in the ranchhouse and fect man-and then so long as this is going on and it will, we trust, go on forevermore, death has for us no terror; it is not a shadow, but a light; not | take to get to the nearest town."-Bos-

thing was up," for Dyer, the driver, A DOMESTIC COMEDY.

THE VARIED RESULTS OF REARRANG-ING THE FURNITURE.

Mrs. Blank's Mania For Changing the Appearance of the Rooms Brought Trouble to the Male Con-

tingent and Sorrow to Herself, "Do you change the position of the furniture when you clean a room?"

"Do 1? Why, yes, indeed! I don't feel as if the room is cleaned unless I change the furniture a little bit. Do

inquired housewife No. 1 of a friend in

"Well, I usually change the ornaments around and so forth, but in the felt a bit backward about bringing spring and fall I like to change everything in a room-completely alter the cowardly, and besides his suspicions whole appearance of it. Then I fancy would be on him. There were no valua- to look prettier somehow. But, do you

"Neither does mine! Isn't that singu-

"Yes, indeed they are!" So many housekeepers share the

It was the other night only that Mr. Blank went unsuspiciously up stairs to "Hello, man!" ejaculated Fleming, bed at an unusually early hour, leaving "Didn't you hear me say I was going?" his wife reading in the sitting room. "Don't care of ye did," answered Bil- He had a headache and carried a gobly curtly. "Thar's plenty work ter do, let of water in his right hand. Fearan' my laigs is too stiff ter straddle any lessly advancing into the dark bedstage rolled away, leaving us staring clutched wildly at the air and said Once in awhile something would at each other, unable to believe our several things of an exclamatory nature, but there was nothing to save

"Good gracious, Henry!" ejaculated where the road traversed the edge of disaster. "What is the matter? a bluff overhanging a deep ravine, Where are you? Why don't you light there were three shots fired, and brave the gas?" Sulting the action to the Walt Dyer and his two team leaders word, she beheld her husband sprawlfell into the road. Then there were ing across the bed; the glass he had more shots-a rattling fusillade for two carried bad discharged its contents across the pillowshams and shivered on

Billy Brag lying across the body of Mr. Blank did the talking for the the driver, supporting himself on one next ten minutes. He said that of all limp. Two dead men beside Dyer lay said it was a pretty thing for a man to must be replaced where it formerly

'stead o' savin 'im fer a leetle necktie replied Mrs. Blank. "It looks very party. They got Dyer fust lick, but much nicer where it is. Why don't w'en they run up ag'in Phin Ellsworth. you feel where you are going when you

But he did not die. With a ball in all fours!" snarled Mr. Blank. "I and it will surprise many to learn that his leg, another traveling around some | couldn't feel where the bed was unless | the highest death rate is found among where on his inside and a wound in his I happened to touch the footboard. 1 a class who breathe in the sweetest throat which causes his voice to break | thought I could walk clear over to the | odors-florists. in a ludierous way he still lives and bureau. I tell you it's a confounded "The reason is a simple one. The florerank you have on this subject. Some list lives at once in the torrid and the day you'll precipitate a serious acei- frigid zone. From a greenhouse atmos-

After many happy weeks spent in "If any one precipitates, it'll be you, ter months he must step out into one the States I am not in the least sur- I should think," retorted Mrs. Blank | that is nearly always below freezing prised that Englishmen should marry leily. And the furniture remained

I a man. Nor am I surprised that Blank undertook to carry a pile of it he grows careless and often works American women should prefer Eng- schoolbooks from the dining room to without his coat in the hot, artificial atlishmen, for the same remark applies. the sitting room. He had a bottle of mosphere, and this increases the dan-There is a delightful freedom, an air ink in his hand, and he thought he gers to which he is exposed. Lungs of comradeship coupled with pleasant knew exactly where the center table and throat and stomach diseases, as manners and pretty looks in the Ameri- was. In the course of his peregrinacan woman, which is most attractive. Itions in search of it, however, he came Her hospitality is unbounded, her gen- into violent collision with the glass erosity thoughtful, and she is in every | door of the bookcase, which he broke, There were also inky traces discernible The American woman is an excellent on the carpet when Mrs. Blank came speaker. It is surprising to hear her | in. This time there was some balm for oratory at one of her large club lunch- her feelings. She could spank Master eons, such as the Sorosis in New York. Blank and did it with the best will in

she stands up and addresses a couple coming, however, although for a few of hundred women just as easily as she days only minor inconveniences were would begin a tete-a-tete across a met with, such as the abrasion of anluncheon table. She is not shy, or if kles against chair rockers and slight bruises received by means of sudden contact with unforeseen obstacles. Last ican dame is a great personality, but evening Mrs. Blank undertook to transeither she will have to educate her sons | fer the cage of her pet parrot from the to her own level or descend from the window where it spends the day to the pedestal on which she now reigns. snug corner where it passes the night. Which will it be?-Mrs. Alec-Tweedle | She did not trouble to light the gas, and by some unaccountable mental lapse she had forgotten the precise point at which a tabouret, on which stood a jar-A quick witted and daring western diniere, was stationed. She charged lawyer once saved a guilty client from into the tabouret with considerable sure conviction on a charge of poison. force, was overbalanced by the weight dime, and when I asked him to share parrot shricked, and, unable to distinthe prisoner had finished his speech, bite on her mistress' finger. Mr. Blank came in hurriedly, picked up his wife sundry contusions. Then they lifted cakes. They are as harmless cakes as jardiniere with a piece chipped out of It and the tabouret somewhat scratch-

"I have just one thing to ask you, "No, you were not!" retorted Mrs.

earliest opportunity and to make a bee Blank savagely. "Serious accident? What's serious about this, I should like had an emetic in readiness and an anti- to know? For goodness' sake, Henry, dote. But the jury never heard about | don't stand there trying to look like a martyr! If you must have the furniture moved back, I'll move it!" And she did.-Philadelphia Record.

Preoccupation. "Why do you speak so slightingly

of that eminent scientist?" "I didn't mean to speak slightingly of him," answered the young man with geem peculiar to me that a man who knows just when the next comet will moon should be so utterly ignorant when it comes to a question of when it's time for dinner or what train to ton Traveler.

The Mistake of the Polar Bear. bears generally went through a long performance of stalking his sailors, clearly on the mistaken conclusion that

they were seals. As the men were clothed partly in sealskin, it was a very natural mistake. But the interest of the story lies in the generalization made by the bear. The bear said:

"There are two or three scals, one standing up on its flippers in a very unusual way. I will therefore stalk them unseen as long as I can and when they see me pretend to be doing something else."

So the men, with their guns and lances, who wanted to shoot the bear had the pleasure of seeing him carefully crawling behind rocks and ice hummocks, making long detours this way and that and every now and then clambering up a rock and peeping cautiously over to see if the seals had might be groundless, and the laugh the things are all new, and they seem gone. On the open snow the bear would saunter off in another direction know, my husband boesn't like it at and then, falling flat, push himself along on his belly, with his great front paws covering his black muzzle, the only thing not matching the snow about him. Just as the bear thought he had got his "seal" the latter fired and shot him, a victim of false analogy. Spectator.

Norwegian Hotel Fire Escapes.

Nor do Norwegian hotels themselves console you. Built of wood, their chief merit lies in the fire escape, which is to be found in the chief room upon every landing. At Visnes I spent a happy night answering the questions of nervous travelers who came from hour to hour to see if the fire escape in my room was working properly. Augry assurances were powerless to convince timid if ancient ladies. Did I really think the rope would work? Was there any danger? Had I tried the contrivance myself? Excellent souls! As if the printed notice were not enough!

Ab, that printed notice! I have a copy of it by me as I write. It is the complete instruction in English to the traveler threatened by fire in a wooden hotel in Norway. Let me give it you as I found it: "Fire escape to throw out the win-

"The plaited snotter shall be found in every room.

"To increase the hurry let down the body one by one until all shall be left. "N. B.-The cord shall put out the ground from the shoulder thereunder." -London Mail.

Florists' Lives Are Short.

"It is commonly supposed that the men who work in the mines or those whose occupations necessitate the breathing of poisonous fumes and gases are the shortest lived," said a promi-"S'pose you'd like me to crawl in on | nent physician. "This is a mistake,

point and often below zero. In summer he has change to encounter, too, as in the spring and fall. By force of habwell as rheumatism, find in the florist the least resistance,"-Galveston News.

The Change In the Tenderfoot. "This is a remarkably healthy ell-

mate, they say," said the easterner. "You're right thar," said Arizona Al. T'r instance, not long ago a tenderfoot with a weak chest an' a pale face dropped inter the Miners' Delight, called me a ling an' o' course I had to clean up. Bout two months after a big sunburnt cowboy stopped me on the street, wiped the earth up with me an' slammed me up in a tree to recuperate. Same feller. Best climate in the world, pard." -Indianapolis Sun.

Too Small to Share.

Barnes-Yes, I guess it is true that it is the little things that count. Howes-So you have come to that

conclusion, bave you? Barnes-Yes. You see, I was walking with Tedworth, and he said if he should find a million dollars he'd give me half. Presently he picked up a it with me he abused me like a pickpocket.-Boston Transcript.

Cleaning Light Fur.

One who says she has tried it recommends naphtha for cleaning light fur. She says: Pour naphtha over the fur, then fluff and pat the article until the soil has been worked out, and when this is done press the naphtha out by drawing the hand firmly over the fur. Then shake and hang in the air to dry. Be careful of fire.

Wily Costigan. Casey-Costigan got his life insured for tin cints.

Conroy-How wus that? Casey-He borrowed tin cints av th' foreman, and the foreman won't put him on a dangerous job as long as he owes him tip cints!- Puck.

His Embarrassment. Brackett-They say you are financial-

ly embarrassed. Do you owe a very large amount?

Crackett-I don't owe anything, but there are several people who owe me. and I haven't the courage to ask for it. -Boston Transcript.

In 1658 Captain Thomas Clarke, in company with John Winthrop and others, put in operation an "iron worke" at New Haven, Conn. This enterprise embraced a blast furnace and a refinery forge.

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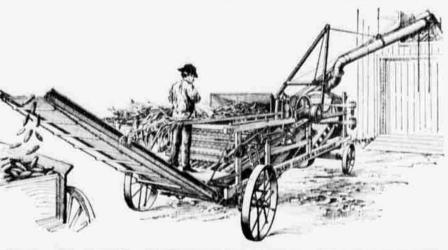
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