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STOOS

Columbus



VOL. X.--NO. 38.

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THE WITHERED BOQUET.

A gay party of young people were and modest, he was yet manly and playing croquet upon the smoothly dignified when occasion required. shaven lawn of Godfrey Stanmore's

country seat. The shining waters rolled at the foot of the lawn, and many a hard- a little above the rest of humanity in hit ball sprang over the light iron virtue of my pretty face, my accomsunny ripples.

ers stately trees met to shade them than one case. from the rays of the July sun.

ings for miles around.

and wings. She was always discovering cozy hidden waterfalls for artists, berry

the boys.

o encourage this vanity, and the true in my nature. gay little lady flirted from one pleas-

and devotion wherever she moved. meet his own mental powers, and tea rose has made my heart faint about, on the sunny afternoon on taught me some of the delight a it had hidden from me the happiwhich I write, one of her most de- knowledge of art gives to the sight ness of my life? voted cavaliers playing against her of a fine painting or piece of sculpwas evidently much absorbed in ture. studying the effect of green and gold, as illustrated by the little beauty's ribbons and curls.

He was a tall young man, broadchested, strong-limbed, and curling brown hair, the large blue eyes, and walks of literature than I had ata mouth uniting strength and sweet- tempted alone. Ethel, it is useless ness in a rare degree, as his disposi- to prolong the story. He loved me, tion united a man's power with the and he won my love. spirit of a boy.

wealth, and birth, and a very promising flirtation had sprung up between the two. Lookers-on wondered if this was me the guarantee to speak.

to be a match, or only one of Ethel's amusements, and Harold Goddy himself set his teeth hard at some of true, pure love. the careless coquetries that boded ill for the success of his suit.

man loved the pretty blonde, reading the sweetness of her disposition, heart and mind, as yet untried by two, perhaps three years. any of life's rough discipline. He waited, hoped, and trusted.

that he could win the heart he coveted, and he sued for it with patient, manly devotion, willing to give all homage to the weaker one, yet nevcareless manner.

The game was over, and another was being formed, when Ethel she would be his partner.

In the wide, cool, drawing-room the young girl threw herself into a deep arm-chair, and was half asleep before she detected a figure half receive the lovely gift, and amid my hidden by the window curtains.

'Aunt Grace,' she cried, springing forward. 'I did not know you had returned from town.'

'Two hours ago, dear.' 'Why, aunty, you have been cry-

ing! You have heard bad news?" 'No, dear; no news of any kind. 'And you have my boquet in your hand,' said the young girl, in a wondering voice. 'I thought you did

'I found this on the table.' 'Yes; Harold brought it to me and tossed it down here when we went to play croquet. I have had to dodge Harold all day, auntie,' she

'Oh, Ethel, my dear child, do not trifle with him. If you do not love him dismiss him at once. Human hearts were never made for playthings, and you may find too late. know the temptation youth, beauty, and wealth are to a careless nature, for I was like you twenty years ago. Sit here, darling, and I will tell you

why I was weeping over your boquet of tea roses.' pause Grace Staxley spoke.

'I was about your own age, Ethel, nearly nineteen, when I met George Holmes, a young artist, whose name now has obtained world-wide celebrity. He was even then known as its meaning. an artist of great talent and promise, and society opened her doors wide to receive him.

him to you. Shy in manner, he to me. could be won by interest in his sub-274 ject to a complete self-forgetfulness, and two years later I heard of his I. Independent.

that would betray him into positive eloquence. With a gentle courtesy

'I was then, like yourself, an heiress, petted and courted, and really believing in my own heart that I was

fence, to float merrily down the plishments and my well filled purse. 'I had suitors and friends, and I Over the heads of the merry play- flirted away their respect in more

'It gave me a pleasant sense of Ethel Stanmore, only child and power to lead my lovers on to a heiress of this estate, was leader and proposal, and then mortify their chief promoter of all the gay meet- vanity and crush their hopes by a refusal. A paltry ambition that It was her ingenuity that contriv- brought its punishment, for it was ed outdoor theatricals and tableaux, not many weeks after I met him that with natural scenery for background I found I loved George Holmes with

all the strength of my heart. 'He never flattered me, yet a word little nooks for luncheons, tiny, half or look of approval from him would please me as no honeyed speech had patches for the girls, and brooks for ever done before. He was respectful to me as a woman, but never She was pretty, too, in a graceful, paid subservient homage to my powinning form, and was lively, good- sition and wealth. I think he knew tempered and a little bit of a co- that I was not the vain butterfly of my hand with no ring he had given fashion others believed me, and the upon it. Suitors were certainly not wanting | thought of this roused all that was

'In his presence I dropped my As she knocked the croquet balls pure, high-toned conversation. He since the day when I discovered how

'He guided me through higher

'Yet, during all the months of in-He could meet Ethel Stanmore tercourse that bound our hearts upon equal ground of position, together, George had never said to me: 'I love you,' and, sure as I felt of his affection, I kept my own love hidden till some word of his gave

> 'It was not coquetry that kept me silent, Ethel, but the modesty of 'We had come to town for the winter, and I met George Holmes

With all the strength of a nature constantly, at home and abroad, that was sincere and earnest, in spite when my uncle and guardian told of the surface merriment, the young | me that the young artist had been offered a most desirable and lucrative commission for a painting that and the sterling good qualities of would require him to go to Italy for 'I was sure he would speak then.

It could not be that he would leave home for years, and give me no word of love at parting. 'We were preparing for a large party at home when the servant

er cringing if sorely tried by Ethel's handed me a boquet of tea roses with Mr. Holmes' compliments. 'I loved tea roses then, Ethel, and the creamy, half-opened buds, the pleaded fatigue, and ran into the bright leaves, the deep-tinted hearts house, leaving Harold fast bound by of the open flowers, all seemed the mallet he had taken, believing smiling hope on me, as I sat in my

room inhaling their perfume, and thinking of the giver. 'It seemed to me a promise of all I hoped and wished, that I should tender thoughts, I resolved to drop all my careless manner, all my flirting, heartless tricks, when I was

assured this noble, true heart all 'Never was I more careful of my

dress than, on the evening of the party to which I referred. 'My choicest jewels, my richest silk, did duty for that occasion, and

the most becoming.

added laughing; 'he is bent on mak- that he was very pale, and his eyes dition of affairs and fully realizing ing a proposal and I am not ready were fixed upon my face as if he the peril of all on board, with great would read my very soul.

your own bruised and bleeding. I eyes, and then abruptly turned from had started out ahead of the wild

heart full of hope.

Ethel took a low seat beside her my dressing table, wrapped it in of mind of Mr. Lowery in a moment If he can answer that truthfully, we 'Then with tears and sadness I put | wreck and passengers hurled into

> it away, as we bury our dead. 'He would come no more. 'I knew that the silent parting was

marriage. 'On that day I opened my box for the first time, to throw away the flowers I had no longer a right to

cherish. 'They were withered away, and saw for the first time what the flowers and leaves had hidden with such fatal security.

'Tied in the very heart of the bo-

just was a letter and a diamond ring. 'He had written to me asking my love, and telling me his own, and he begged me, if I could be his wife, to wear the ring when I met him in the evening. 'But the sting, Ethel, the punish-

ment in that letter were words telling me he dared not speak to me face to face, because my reputation was that of a coquette, who laughed at her suitors when they offered 'Yet he wrote that he thought me

wronged, and begged me to prove to him I was not the heartless flirt society called me. 'And when he came to me, Ethel, smiled in his face, and offered him

'Do you wonder he left me believing all he had heard of my false heart and cruel coquetry? Do you ure to another, certain of attention vanity and coquetry, and tried to wonder the sight and perfume of a

> 'I never saw George Holmes again He is happy in Italy, with his wife 'He trained my eyes for me till and children, and I am an old maid every flower, every sunset, every for love of him, weeping over a bosight in nature acquired a new quet of roses that reminds me of the

> > voice. 'See if my fate is there.' 'No. darling, there is no ring here, no letter; but yet I tell you my

any rich girl, but they need not gain the triumph of debasing your heart by leading you through the mazes of a flirtation. 'Quiet dignity will soon teach anything: them their hopes are vain. 'Yet, if a true heart is in your grasp, do not play with it. Gently discourage it, if the plea is a vain

piness, do not trifle with a love you 'But, auntie, you were not to blame if you did not know the letter was hidden among the flowers.' 'Not for that, but for the conduct

one; if not, as you value your hap-

ing to me, for fear of heartless oughly ignorant of the nature of the There was a very grave-faced lady | sengers who imparted this informareturned to the croquet ground, and I tion and tried to look as though they Harold Goldy wondered what had weren't wondering what it was.

It disquited him to see the bright relative to the nature of accidents to face clouded, and he watched an opportunity to suggest a short ramble wasn't a passenger in that coach to the woods, hoping to secure an that ever expected to see good Dave explanation of the cause.

to her aunt, as she kissed her good- the engine all to pieces, stood it on "The new ring is Harold's auntie, and then ran on shead, tore up the

What was said exactly, history

withered boquet.'

A Close Call. As train No. 3 was getting ready to leave Council Bluffs last Saturday forenoon, all on board received a thorough fright by the train starting out at a break-neck speed without waiting for a signal from the con-I dressed my hair as George liked it ductor. It appears that the engine best, and wore the color he thought had been left by both engineer and fireman and that on some account 'I was still at my post as hostess, the lever flew back and a full head receiving my fast arriving guests, as of steam was put on, starting the train at a reckless speed. Thos. 'I saw as he advanced to meet me. Lowery at once observed the conpresence of mind and courage clim-'I smiled as I greeted him, my bed upon the top of the baggage car and made his way over the tender 'He took my hands in his own, to the engine, stopping the train looked at them a moment, again when within only about two car searched my face with strange, wild lengths of the dummy train which train which was approaching the 'All through the long evening I bridge, thus averting a terrible diswatched for his return, but he did aster. As soon as the passengers had had time to realize the situation 'When I was alone in my room | the fright was general, as they well once more, I took the boquet from understood that but for the presence

a final one, though I could not guess fireman had absented himself supposing the engine would be all right 'Yet I did not doubt him even and take care of itself. Mr. Lowery. then, believing some good reason has the hearty thanks of all on board existed for his silence, and waiting Including the mail clerks, who were 'I scarcely know how to describe till time should reveal the truth not quite prepared to start on that long journey hence, for his coolness, 'I heard of his departure for Italy, presence of mind and bravery .- G.

WHOLE NO. 506.

Why the Train Stopped.

Wednesday morning the passener train south on the Keokuk division was lifting itself right off the rails. She was running so fast the poise of the wheels was rattling along about two hundred yards behind the train, doing its level best to keep in sight, but losing ground every jump. Suddenly the train stopped, away out between stations; no cattle on the track, no water tank in sight, nothing apparently to stop

for. She pulled up so close to an orchard that the farmer came out and sat on the fence with a gun in his hand and a couple of bold, bad dogs, looking deceitfully pleasant, tagging along at his heels. He evidently didn't care about 'setting up' the apples. The passengers were loved one from her sight? And, slarmed, not at the determined neutrality of the farmer, but at the sudden stoppage of the train. They knew something serious had happened. Presently the fireman came

the cab window. 'What is it?' asked the first pas-

walking down along the side of the

track, looking carefully, as though

'What is the matter?' asked the second passenger. 'What has happened?' asked the third passenger.

'What broke?' asked the fourth 'Why did we stop?' asked the fifth passenger.

'What broke loose?' asked the seventh passenger. 'What done it?' asked the eighth

'What's up?' asked the sixth pas-

'Tear it apart,' Ethel said, in a low 'Broke a spring hanger,' gravely replied the fireman, and passed on and all the questioning passengers story as a warning. There are fordrew their heads back and closed tune hunters, I know, who will woo their windows, and with great gravity was repeated the fireman's statement to the other passengers who had not been able to get to the win-

dow in time to ask the fireman

'Broke a spring hammer.' 'Broke a sling hainer.' 'Broke a screen hanger.'

Broke a string hammer.

'Broke a string ander.'

'Broke a scene hanner.'

Broke a steam hammer.'

'Broke a swing hanger.' And if Benjamin F. Franklin and Christopher C. Columbus had been in that coach, they couldn't have that prevented George from speak- looked wiser nor been more thoraccident, than the awe-struck pashappened while he was knocking the | There should be a law compelling balls around with more energy than railroad people to speak United States when imparting information the inquiring passengers. There Blackburn or the engineer alive again. We all supposed that when does not record, but Ethel whispered a spring hanger broke, it just tore end and rammed it into the ground, I did not let him bury his heart in a track, set fire to a bridge and blew up a culvert. The average passenger has an idea that a spring hanger owns about the whole engine, that it is one of those things that can even swear at a brakeman and walk up to a baggageman and call him a Wooden-headed, flat-backed, trunk-

> very dollar there is on the train to set the old thing up again. - Burling-A colored minister in Georgia was prought to trial before the deacons of his church for stealing bacon. After a number of witnesses had been examined the deacons retired. and afterward returned the following verdict: "The Rev. Moses Bledso am acwitted of the sinuations dat he future he must be more keerful." The most trying occasion for

of a string band. before a room full of company: "I know what makes that red mark on but caused a great share of amuse-Mary's nose. It was the rim of John | ment at the time. - Lincoln Journal. Parker's hat." And there are girls who believe that little brothers never go to heaven.

Rates of Advertising.

Space.			110		210		1mo		328		674		lyr	
1col	mn	Ī	\$12.00	Ī	\$20	4	25	1	\$35	Ī	\$60	Į	\$100	
34	46.	1	8.00	i	12	Ī	15	Ī	20	Ï	35	Ī	60	
34	+4	1	6.00	į	9.1	Ī	12	1	15	ĺ	20	Ī	35	
4 inc	hes	i	5.25	į	7.50	Ī	11	Ī	14	Ī	15	Ĭ	27	
3	66	I	4,50	Ī	6.75	Ĩ	10	Ī	12	ě	15	Ĭ	20	

Business and professional cards ten lines or less space, per annum, ten dol-"Editorial local notices" fifteen cents a line each insertion. "Local notices" five cents a line each lusertion. Advertisments classified as "Special notices" five cents a line first insertion, three cents a line each subsequent

Aged Parents.

By some, aged parents are considsidered a burden, of which they would gladly rid themselves. We often see these persons treat their parents very unkindly, apparently forgetting the debt of love and gratitude which they owe to their father and mother. Ah, how ungrateful is the human heart! How spt it is to become cold and hardened toward those whom it once loved with the tenderest, holiest affection! O heartless children! Was it not your mother who watched over you in the hours of infancy? Was it not she who spent so many sleepless nights by your side as you lay in your little bed, suffering from disease which she feared might take the when fhe danger was past, kneit and offered a prayer of thanksgiving to God for his great kindness in sparing the life of her darling? She has prayed for you all through bygone years, and she prays for you still. It was she who taught you to say he had dropped his diamond out of your simple prayer each evening as you knelt beside her knee. Oh, how you loved her then! Every childish care and sorrow was poured into her listening ear, and you ever found

in her a sympathizing friend and counselor. And your father? Do you not remember when you used to stand at the window and watch his coming from the field where he had labored hard all day long, that you might not want? And, when the evening meal was over, that he took you on his knee, told you pretty stories, and called you his precious child? And that, when you came to be of the proper age, he sent you to school that you might obtain an education and prepare vourselves to become wise and useful, and be an honor to yourselves and to the world? Have you forgotten all this? It cannot be.

mother burdens. Consider that the vigor of life is gone, that they have become weak and dependent, and that their poor old hearts need cheering by kind words and pleasant smiles. The shadows of their lives are lengthening-their sun is about to set. Then be careful that you cause no cloud to settle and obscure the glory of that sunset. Your father's growing old,

Stop and think what you do when

you pronounce your father and

His earthly hopes are fled; He soon will slumber cold Among the silent dead. Your mother's old and weak, Her locks are thin and gray; Her aged form is bent, She soon will pass away The one who loves you ever,

His sight is very dim;

He leans on his faithful staff,

His years are well-nigh told

For he's weak in every limb.

You soon shall see no more, Until you cross the river, And stand on the other shore. Be kind to the old folks, then, They've done enough for you; They've braved the storms of life, With spirits strong and true.

And now, when age has come And earthly hopes have fled, Oh, share with them your home And cheer their dying bed.

Judge Mason's Duel. At the recent meeting of the Old Settlers of Otoe County, held in Nebraska City a few days since, the following practical joke, perpetrated by Judge Mason when he was a broth of a boy, a quarter of a century ago, was related by William Mc-Lennan, after speaking of the prac-

"We left here to go to Johnson,

tice in those days, said :

and from there around the circuit. The party who left here consisted of the Judge, W. Taylor, O. P. Mason. and myself. A young lawyer from liftin' hurricane of wrath,' and con- Brownville, named Johnson, met us sequently when a passenger is told at Tecumseh, and Mr. Mason comthat the spring hanger is broken, he | menced his practical jokes on Johnson, and as he was very sensitive, has an impression that it will take Mason kept it up. Mr. Taylor appeared to take Johnson aside for the purpose of helping it along, and by the time we reached Falls City it had progressed so far that Tayler told Johnson in justice to his own self-respect, it was his duty to challenge Mason to fight a duel, which he agreed to do, and asked Taylor to act as his second. Taylor conveyed the challenge as second which was accepted and Mason selected Mr. Thomas as his second. The time was to be at sunrise the next mornactual stole do pork, as 'twas not ing, place the Sac and Fox reservation, two miles south of Falls City, shode dat sumbudy else miten't have as they said the laws against dueling bin wearin' his cloze, but de brudder | would not extend to the reservation. s hereby fectionately warned dat in Weapons, navy revolvers, distance, twenty paces. All except Johnson were aware of the sell. The weapons were loaded with loose paper wads. Johnson, although knowing ournalist will be when he is hauled nothing of the condition of affairs, before the high court of heaven and stood up like a brave man to his asked what his real circulation is. place. The others had provided fresh blood from a butcher at Falls aunt to listen, and after a moment's soft tissue paper, and put it in a box. the train must have been a total feel authorized to predict that he City. The ground was measured will be passed on to the flowery bed and both fired at the word and Maof the conservatory where, with a carried there and scattered where he Engineer Wilking had left his fire- crushed hat and a plate of ice cream, fell. Taylor and Johnson hastily man in charge of the engine and the he may flirt with the angels of the left the field and Taylor told Johngolden stairs to the heavenly music son that he had killed Mason. Johnson replied that the loss was triffing. Taylor said it was a plty Observing little brother's remark for his family. Jehuson said his family would be fortunate in being rid of him. It was a severe joke,

> Never speak much of your own performances.