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WHOLE NO. 567.

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TWO WOMEN'S LIVES. Two babes were born in the self-same town. On the very same bright day; They both laughed and cried in their mother's arms. In the very self-same way. And both were pure and innocent As falling flakes of snow. But one of them lived in a terraced house And one in the street below. Two children played in the self-same town, And the children both were fair. But one had her curls brushed smoothly back And the other had tangled hair. As all our children grow, One had many to mourn her loss. For the other few tears would flow, For one had lived in a terraced house And one in the street below. Two maidens lived in the self-same town, And one was wedded and loved. The other saw through the curtain drawn The world where her sister moved. One had many to mourn her loss. For the other few tears would flow, For one had lived in a terraced house And one in the street below. Two women lay dead in the self-same town, And one had tender care; The other was left to die alone On her pallet so thin and bare. One had many to mourn her loss, For the other few tears would flow, For one had lived in a terraced house And one in the street below. If Jesus, who died for the rich and poor, In wonderful, holy love, Took both of the sisters in his arms And carried them up above, - Then all the difference vanished quite, For none in heaven would know Which of them lived in the terraced house And which in the street below.

A SCRAP OF PAPER. Herbert Balfour had been brought up with great expectations. His father had been a wealthy Manchester merchant, a man who had risen from nothing, as the saying goes. He was wont to relate how he had walked into the great manufacturing city with nothing in his pockets but three-pence-halfpenny, an old pocket knife, and a piece of string. With this limited capital he had started life on his own account, and a great success he had made of it. In due course he had married, and displaying in matters matrimonial the same good judgment that he had displayed in business affairs, he fixed upon as good a wife as man could desire to possess. The offspring of this union was an only son, the hero of this over-true tale. Perhaps it would have proved far more beneficial for Herbert Balfour had he commenced life with even less than the proverbial half-crown, and after the manner of his father; but as it was, from his cradle upward he was surrounded with all the comforts that his poor mortals can desire. He was the idol of his parents. If ever a boy was spoiled - by which we mean indulged - Herbert Balfour was that boy. But for all that his father had the good sense to draw the line somewhere; so, hard though it was to him and his good wife, they despatched young Herbert to a first-class boarding-school. 'He shall be as well educated as any gentleman in the land,' said Mr. Balfour with tears in his eyes, as he saw his idol borne away by express train to the region of study. 'So he shall, my dear, so he shall!' sobbed the dotting mother. Herbert's school-days over, he at once prepared to enter upon college life. As yet it remained undecided as to what profession he should embrace. 'I am sure he would make an excellent clergyman,' said Mrs. Balfour. 'Or a doctor,' said Mr. Balfour. 'He reads so beautifully, and would look so imposing in a surplice,' said Mrs. Balfour. 'He would be so gentle and sympathetic with the afflicted,' said Mr. Balfour. 'Imagine him at the bar!' exclaimed the enthusiastic mother. 'He would become Attorney-General in no time,' cried the equally elated father. Also for the vanity of human hopes. Neither divine, doctor nor barrister became this youthful idol. Like the generality of young people who had been brought up to have pretty nearly everything their own way, Herbert Balfour was wayward and undecided as to his future. 'There is heaps of time,' he would say; 'why on earth should I worry myself in arriving at any decision? Being able to command what money he needed, he could, he imagined, afford to go in for a profession just when it suited him - or not at all, for the matter of that, unless he felt so disposed. But, fortunately, Herbert Balfour was not an utterly idle and selfish young fellow - of which nowadays, as ever, there are so many specimens - for he had his really good and redeeming qualities. He was not a reckless spendthrift. He did not squander money in gambling. He took no mean advantage of his father's generosity in the matter of monetary allowance. Of course, like all young men, he

had his faults; but, if the truth were known, there is little doubt that he was quite as good as, if not better than, half those model students who cannot apparently do anything amiss. Poor Herbert Balfour had not been at college much over twelve months when his misfortunes began. His father was among the victims of a bank failure, which, in plain English, should have been designated 'The Directors' Swindle,' and in consequence found himself a ruined man. To use his own words: 'Thirty-three years ago I came to Manchester with three-pence-halfpenny, a pocket knife and a piece of string; and to-day, after a life's toil, and when my hairs are gray, I am not worth the coppers I started with.' Addressing his wife he said: 'My dear Mary, it is not for myself that I care so much, 'tis for you and the boy. I began with nothing, and was used to rough fare from my cradle; but with you two it is different. 'Never mind, my dear,' said the wife, 'we shall be just as happy in poverty as in wealth; and who knows but what you may recover your position?' Now, Mrs. Balfour was very decently connected; and her people had rather turned up their noses at the idea of her having married 'a person in trade.' But the said 'person in trade' having a long purse, they had borne it with Christian resignation. They had done more than this; they had borrowed with charming willingness from 'the person in trade,' who had become a family connection. Ruin having fallen upon her husband, Mrs. Balfour appealed to her grand relatives. The only result was the repayment of a small amount of the moneys which had been formerly lent to them by Mr. Balfour. In consequence of this, the once-wealthy merchant was left to battle against misfortune, comparatively speaking, unaided. The struggle continued for a period of two years, when death came to the good old man's assistance, not by way of calling any one to his last account who had left him any money, but by tapping Mr. Balfour himself upon the shoulder, and so forever closing his eyes to the trials and sorrows of this mundane existence. A few months later, and his wife also laid down her burden, leaving Herbert an impecunious orphan. There was but one person in the world who took the smallest interest in the young man's fate, and that was a well-to-do paternal uncle, possessed of a remunerative business in Leeds. He gave Herbert Balfour a clerkship in his counting-house, and paid him a salary of 25 shillings a week. Out of this the once well-to-do Oxonian had to find himself in everything. His uncle treated him as he treated the other clerks, both in business hours and out of business hours - in short, he behaved toward him as though there existed no relationship between them whatever. When Herbert entered his uncle's office, he knew nothing whatever of business matters, and the only advantage he gained by being there was the acquisition of business habits, and a slight knowledge of commercial transactions. He bore his uncle's coldness without a murmur, 'but felt it none the less.' So matters went on for two years, at the expiration of which Herbert Balfour took unto himself a wife, his salary at the time having been raised to thirty shillings a week. His wife was the daughter of a tradesman. Surely one who had been brought up as a gentleman, with a university education, might have looked higher. Being handsome, polished and fascinating in manner, he might have gone in for an heiress. Well, so he might, even though he was only a clerk in his cold-blooded uncle's counting-house; but if he had aspired to anything so tempting, and won it in the bargain, he could not have gained a worthier or better wife than she who so willingly shared his lot in the days of his impecuniosity. Not long after his marriage he heard of a vacancy in a London merchant's office, where a higher salary was offered. Like a sensible fellow he applied for it, and was lucky enough to be engaged. His uncle was wild with indignation when he found that Herbert was going to leave him. 'I won't give you a charter, sir,' roared that outraged individual, 'unless it be for base ingratitude.' 'I can do very well without it, thank you, sir,' answered Herbert. And so he could, for the father of an old Oxford friend of his, at whose house he had stayed in happier

times, was the personage who had used his influence in obtaining him his new and improved appointment. Herbert Balfour, with his good wife and their little baby boy, arrived in London. For six years he remained with his new employer. Happy years were they, too, in spite of the very humble way in which he was compelled to live. His good wife and his little ones made a perfect heaven of home. But misfortune had not yet played her worst trick upon the hero of this story. His good-hearted and ever-considerate employer died, and the business passed into other and less pleasant hands. The old staff of clerks, with two exceptions, was dismissed, and Herbert Balfour had to look out for another situation. Times were bad, and the task was a difficult one to find employment. As one can easily imagine, he had not saved much out of £2 a week, with four children and a wife to provide for. But it is hardly fair to include 'the wife' in the expense, since as far as she was personally concerned she proved, like all really good wives who are not afraid of soiling their fingers, the means of saving him many expenses, which as a single man he was sure to have incurred. Persevere as he would, he could not obtain a fresh opening, and things became as bad as they well could be with him. Through all the misery that poverty brought with it Herbert Balfour had in his beloved wife a comforter of whom he might justly be proud. Indeed, had it not been for her, Heaven only knows how far desparation might have driven him. Probably it would have been the old, old story over again; a plunge in the darkness of night from one of the somber bridges which span Father Thames, and then - The dreamless sleep which lulls the dead. For days nothing passed the lips of any among the poverty-stricken family but dry bread. Butter became an unknown luxury. Their only shelter was a garret in Drury Lane. Yes, it had become as bad as that. Heaven help them! Entering a small baker's shop in the vicinity of his lodgings, Herbert Balfour was induced to confide his troubles to the good-hearted proprietor, who offered him a few shillings for going through his books, which had been long neglected. 'If you give me satisfaction,' said the sympathetic man of flour, 'I shall be willing to recommend you to my fellow-tradesmen, and perhaps the trifling job I give you may lead to something better.' Herbert thanked the baker with sincere gratitude, and straightway applied himself to the accounts in question. When the job was completed he received prompt payment, which amounted to something over a couple of sovereigns. Making his way homeward through the dull November evening, with his welcome earnings in his pocket, he resolved to give his wife and family a treat; he determined upon purchasing a quarter of a pound of butter. He entered the wretched garret that now constituted his home with a smile upon his wan face such as had not been seen there for months past. 'Mary, my dear,' he said, 'I have brought you and the little ones a luxury for supper.' 'A luxury, dear?' answered his wife, in a tone of incredulity. 'Ay! a luxury.' 'Some fried fish?' 'No.' 'A pot of dripping?' 'A quarter of a pound of fresh butter, really fresh butter, Mary!' Placing on the table the two half-quantity loaves that he had been carrying, he drew from his pocket the luxury in question, carefully wrapped in a fragment of the Daily Telegraph. 'And now, dear, you and the children must have a really good feed.' 'Ah, with what pleasure did the half-starved father cut substantial and satisfying slices of the humble, but much-needed fare. And with what still greater pleasure did he see the hungry mouths he loved so well busily devouring the staff of life. 'But you have not let yourself say a word; you are eating a dry crust,' observed Mrs. Balfour. 'I - I really prefer it,' apologized Herbert. 'I'll not eat another mouthful,' expostulated his wife, 'unless -' 'All right, my dear, all right,' interrupted Herbert. 'There is quite enough left for me here.' So saying he commenced scraping the remnant of the butter that remained upon the scrap of Daily Telegraph in which he carried it home. 'See!' he observed, scraping away

with such diligence that the scrap of paper was as readable as when it came from the printer's hands. 'See! I have not wasted an atom.' While thus engaged his eye was attracted by the printed matter, which his energies rendered so clear. To his utter astonishment he read his own name contained in the advertisement, 'To the next of kin,' printed on the fragment of the Daily Telegraph which had served as a wrapper for the quarter of a pound of butter. On making the necessary inquiries he found that he had come into a very commendable fortune. Herbert Balfour's trials through the pressure of poverty were over forever, and now he is a happy and wealthy man; and doubtless all the better and happier for the struggles which adverse fortune for a time brought upon him. Misfortune never harms a man spiritually if he only bears it bravely and trusts in Providence.

Good Advice. Young men, be busy. Don't loiter about the streets in idleness. Don't be out at night; for if you are vice will overtake you. The first little step in the path of error is the biggest, longest and most fatal step of all of them. Stay at home with your parents and books. Look for something to do; there is plenty of it everywhere if you will but take hold. It is your duty to be industrious and energetic. Life was not given you for idle pleasure; it was given you for that you might improve yourself, glorify God, bless your fellow-men with good examples as well as good deeds. Remember that the errors of to-day can never be corrected. The little fountain that gushes out of the mountain-top and hurries on to the great ocean cannot go back to its source and retrace its step. Like that little fountain, you are leaping down the hill of time to the great ocean of eternity. All along the way of life there stands a sentinel on either side, above and below, who records your every thought, word and deed. That these reports may be good, make haste to improve every moment of life; make haste to be just, honest, truthful and honorable in all things. Go it now. This is the time. This is the most important moment of them all, because it will be lost if not used now.

In the late Nebraska Legislature there were no more able, faithful and industrious members than the representatives of the editorial fraternity sent from four counties of the State. The only editor in the House was Hon. E. M. Correll, of the Hebron Journal, the successful advocate of the woman suffrage amendment, and one of the hardest working members of that body. In the Senate was C. H. Gere, of the Lincoln Journal, a fine parliamentarian, and withal one of the ablest men in the State; H. M. Wells, of the Crete Union, who was so nearly successful in getting through a bill reducing passenger fares to three cents a mile, and a member whose vote was with the people on all important questions; and M. K. Turner, of the Columbus Journal, the only member from the North Platte country, a legislator of marked ability and sound judgment. Of this number Mr. Gere is the outgoing president of the Nebraska Press Association, Mr. Wells the ex-secretary, and Mr. Correll its late poet and at present vice-president.-- Beatrice Express.

A lawyer, whose visits were more frequent at the shrine of Bacchus than that of Themis, was one day entering a church, and caught the eye of the preacher, who was just uttering these words: "I will bear witness against that sinner at the day of judgment." The lawyer felt the rebuke, and shaking his head with drunken gravity, replied: "I have practiced twenty years at the bar, and have always found the greatest scoundrel is the first to turn evidence." A newspaper is a window through which men look out upon the world. Without a newspaper a man is shut up in a small room and knows little or nothing of what is going on outside of himself. In our day a newspaper will keep a sensible man in sympathy with the world's current history. It is an unfolding encyclopedia, an unbound book forever issuing and never finished. "See here," said a fault-finding husband to his wife, "we must have things arranged in this house so that we shall know just where every-thing is kept." "With all my heart," she sweetly answered, "and let us begin with your late hours, my love; I should dearly like to know where they are kept." He lets things run on as usual.

TABLES: RATES OF ADVERTISING. Space. 1 in 2 in 3 in 4 in 5 in 6 in 7 in 8 in 9 in 10 in 11 in 12 in 13 in 14 in 15 in 16 in 17 in 18 in 19 in 20 in