[Copyrighted.]

PART I. The managing editor's patience was almost exhausted. "Positively, Maj. Standish, I don't see that we can find any room for anything of yours in The Camera this week. Or any week," he added with an inward oath to himself, glancing impatiently at the heap of "revises" waiting upon his desk. He did not take them up, however, but stood outwardly respectful, for he was a young fellow, and Standish, though a notorious bore, was old and white headed.

The major patted him patronizingly or the shoulder. "My dear fellow," in his most luscious, grandiloquent tone, "let me give you a hint. I've been twenty years in the very thick and heat of American journalism, and you are but a neophyte. You want to make The Camera weighty? I call it dull sir, dull. Too much respectability kills a paper. It needs a different class of articles -something at once forcible and light. Philosophic and vif, sparkling and-well, do

you take my meaning ?" "Something like that in your hand, eh? laughed Stinger. "Precisely. You've hit it," complacently

twitching his white whiskers. "No. Not today, major." "Suppose we try a short thing on fish

culture? I've got myself up on fishes thoroughly." "The Times did that on Friday."

The major stood a moment anxious and silent. "This new asteroid, now! When I was on The London News, Griffin used always to say: 'For anything taking in the scientific line, Dan Standish is our man. Don't want it, eh! Who's doing that hanging down in Delaware for you? I'll make you a two column job of it for \$5, and pay my own expenses. That road always dead heads me.

Stinger took up his proofs, "We sent a stenographer reporter this morning. We really bave no use for you, Maj. Standish." "You never were more mistaken in your life. Where you need me, my dear boy, isto

take charge of your reportorial corps. I'd make those lazy fellows toe the mark." "Mr. Stinger!" It was the proprietor Mc-Murray's voice, which rasped through the room like the filing of a saw. He came to the door of his office. A sandy, flat built Scotchman, to whose making up nature had grudged every atom of flesh save in the one matter of a keen, red, tomahawk shaped nose. "Have not those proofs gone up yet? You encourage too many idlers in the office,



"You here again, Standish?"

"Ah. Mr. McMurray! A de-lightful morning, sir!" The major beamed on him effulgent. Stinger and Withrow, the news editor, both driving their pens furiously at McMurray's appearance, winked at each other. The seedy major, with his grand brawny build, his imperturbable suavity and his dauntless lying, always came off first best in these encounters. McMurray, in his faultless black clothes, with all his backing of wealth and conscientious religion, seemed to feel himself thin and sour, and cowed before

"I wonder," he said, with a sneer, "that with your higher literary occupations, you can spare time to besiege this office as

"'Pon my soul, I wonder, too. Now that is precisely what my publishers say to me. 'Write a book, Standish,' they say. 'Take the public between the eyes with a knock down blow.' Then those magazine fellows in New York and Boston are crying out every month for me to come to their help. But I like to see the old Camera succeed, that's the truth."

"The Camera is under obligation to you." "Not at all. I'm glad to help build it up. Pve a pride-Philadelphia enterprise, sir-a pride in it," backing to the door. "What I have here, sir," touching his forehead, "was meant for mankind, not to barter for fame or money. By the way, have you seen that last little thing of mine in the Westmin-

"No, nor nobody else," savagely. "Ah," you don't take the quarterlies? I'll

send it to you. I'll send it to you. Good morning, Mr. McMurray, good morning." "Keep that liar and braggart out of the office, Mr. Stinger," said McMurray in his coldest, civilest tones; for when other men would have raged, his sense of duty kept him quietest. He smoothed his face before going back into office. Young John Proctor was there, the clergyman to whom Me-Murray's church, through his influence, had just given a call. He had just come from the depot after two years' absence in the west, and McMurray was striving to do him honor in his hard, ungenial way. Proctor had been a sort of ward of his, and it was whispered about in the office that McMurray would be glad to have him now for a son-inlaw. This church was his idol, and to see his only child the wife of one of its ministers was, in his opinion, to inclose her in the pearly gates of salvation while yet alive. "The office" felt as if the delicate, bright haired little heiress would be thrown away on Proctor. "These penniless preachers know how to feather their nests," Stinger had said but a few minutes before

Mr. McMurray could not forget Standish when he went back to his office. "Lazy old Bohemian!" he growled. "If you want the most disreputable vices, Mr. Proctor, always look for them in an old man who lives by his

"Who was it?" "Standish-the major. You know him." "What! There?" Proctor dashed out into the office without his hat, and down the stairs, shouting, "Hillo, major!" leaving McMurray astonished behind him. He took up his pen and began to write severely. The carnal flesh was stronger in the young man than he had thought. Withrow, out of curiosity, lounged down the stairs and found John at the door looking anxiously up and

"Ah, Mr. Withrow! do you remember me! John Proctor," wringing his hand in a hearty "I'm looking for a friend of mine, Maj.

"Yes! Maj. Munchausen, we call him i the office." "He is a friend of mine," coolly. office does not know him as well as I do,

Withrow felt himself rebuffed, but only for a minute. "The old fellow has a cockloft over a ware house somewhere, where he cooks for himself. How he lives, God knows. He has nothing now but the odd jobs we give him here in the office. He's had nothing from

us for two weeks." "Is he alone? There was a little girl, or woman, rather?" Proctor besitated. The story of the old major and Madeline was comething which he could not drag out be-

fore this fellow. "Niece or something? She lives in some country town now, I believe, and colors photographs. A great artist, the major says. She's a dull girl, I fancy. Women without

brains have to scratch hard for a living now-Mr. Proctor did not care to enter into the woman question. He stood whistling under his breath, with some queer ideas in his clerical head, which Mr. Withrow would have hardly thought befitted it. They grew out of the remembrance of those Saturday aftermoons when, for year after year, he used to escape from boarding school and repair to that same cockloft over the warehouse, there to feel himself a Gypsy or a Crusoe for a few delicious hours. What a vagabond, uncertain life it was! the poverty, the shifts, the fun, the inextinguishable jollity and tender love under it all! What a prince the major and Madeline made of him-saving all week to compass the Saturday's roast chicken and

father or mother; his ideas of love or a home crazy menage. So strong was this boyish in- me than I to him," he added, under his stinct in him just now that he actually stood | breath. breathless when anybody resembling the major came in sight. If the old man should not recognize him, or should meet him with the formal deference of other respectable people, why, then, good-by to that old boy-bood, so horribly dear and disreputable!

Now the major was in a restaurant a few doors down the street. "Try an advertisement in The Camera, Sam," he said to the bookkeeper. "I swear it will pay you like -like"- His talk halted; the ideas seemed to stagger through his brain. "I believe you've had a drop too much,

Standish," said Sam. "No; I've had to stop drinking. You can't get a glass of champagne fit for a gentleman in this accursed town. But about the advertisement?" (The Camera paid him a small percentage on this sort of business, and a few cents now would buy him his din-

The major leaned on the glass counter for moment. It was two days since he had tasted food. The steam of savory dishes below was too much for him. A collapsed stomach in a powerful frame like his is a deadly drag upon a man's pluck. He looked at Sam. The fellow would give him his din-

ner if he asked it, he knew. He gathered himself up with an effort. "I'd steal, but I can't beg," he said, silently. He nodded affably to Sam, and filliped to the parrot as he went out. His high featured. usually florid face, had turned cold and blue under the mustache and whiskers, but he carried himself jauntily.

John Proctor saw him as soon as he stepped on the street. There was the identical broadcloth suit cut twenty years ago, and the vast expanse of shirt bosom, frayed in the plaits, immaculately white. The major was a property of the town, well known as the city clock. With his bushy white mane, his imposing shoulders, his lofty bow, he radiated and filled the pavement from wall to curb. Proctor thought the old man would be glad to see him, but he certainly had not expected the strange effect which the sight of him produced. Standish stopped as though he had been struck a blow, holding him off at arm's length. His pomposity seemed to suddenly

Why, Jack! Jack!" he stammered, "I did not look to see you. I beg your pardon, Mr. Proctor. I forget"- drawing back, yet still holding the young man's coat sleeve with what would have been very like a caress in

"Forgot? You forget old friends, I think." "Prince Hal has changed his state," said the major, smiling, with an effort to be himself. "It is time he shook off old Falstaff. How ill white hairs become a fool and jester!

So surfeit swelled, so old and so profane! touching his big breast with a bitter laugh. "You did not use to affect the cynic." "No. It is the sight of you that reminds

me of what I had better forget." Proctor was ashamed, as one man always is of emotion in another. "You had always an unreasonable liking for me, vicious young dog that I was!" he said, lightly. "You're at the old place, I suppose! I'll come round at dusk. We'll troil a steak together, hey, major! My hand has not lost its cunning.' The old man looked down at him steadily with an inexplicable brightness in his keen eves. "I did not think you would go so far as that, my boy," he said quietly.

Mr. McMurray's carriage drew up at the door at that moment. It was plain but rich, the horses thoroughbred. An innocent looking, delicate little blonde, dressed with Quaker like plainness, looked out and blushed crimson at the sight of John. At that the blood mounted also into the fellow's tell tale face, and he went down to the carriage, leaning on the door to speak to her.

"A handsome pair, major," whispered Withrow, who was still loitering near. Standish nodded. "She looks like a good religious woman. McMurray would raise his daughter cleaner than other girls." "She's worth a cool half million; that's the

way in which I'd think you would look at "So I do. Mr. Withrow. Proctor is lucky, very lucky. Talents and education and religion, and now a good wife with money.

The boy could not ask for more." There was something in the old man's unusual quiet, and the look which he fastened on Proctor, that roused Withrow's curiosity. "There used to be some connection between you and the young man, wasn't there! He was under your guardianship when he was a boy, I think I've heardf"

"Not at all, sir," eagerly, "not at all. It was a mere business transaction. I held certain moneys for the lad's use from his father, and paid his bills; that was all. I placed him under Mr. McMurray's care when he was entered here first at school. McMurray has the entrance to the best society, and is religious; those were the two things I looked at. Why, the boy's blood is of the best. His father was one of the old blue bloods of Virginia. He would never have trusted his son to the guardianship of an old scallawag like

Dan Standish." The major was himself again, his rolling voice and theatrical gest ures keeping time and apparently enjoying each other thoroughly.

"Oh, that's it? You were not one of the blue bloods then?" "My father was a butcher, sir. I've lived by my wits; and an infernally poor capital they are for any man. I'll say that. I've

dined with dukes and ragpickers in my day, Mr. Withrow. But the smell of the slaughter house followed me. A man is nothing with out family here in Philadelphia." And again his eyes rested on Proctor, with the anxious thoughtfulness so strangely at variance with his ordinary stagey manner. Withrow clapped his hand to one pocket, then to the other. "By the way! Where the

deuce- Oh, here it is. Come this way, major," drawing him into the doorway, and opening a New York paper. "Here in the Personals. 'Richard Standish.' You see! No relation of yours, ehf" The major had the paper up before his face. He took out his cracked eyeglasses and adjusted them on his nose; took them down it," he said, with dignity. "Good day, Maj.

and wiped them leisurely; read the card Standish. once, a second time. "No; I don't know the "From Virginia, you see," said Withrow,

did. But your name's Dan. Certainly. It looks like a trick of the police to get hold of a friend!" criminal to me." "So it does to me ' "Going, eh? Proctor's busy," with a sig-

nificant wink. "He has no need of old fellows like us, now. "No." The major stood a moment watch ing John's eager gestures, and the bright, blushing face bent over him. "No; he has no more need of me," he said quietly, and turned away with a bow as he passed the

carriage, though neither of them saw him. Mr. McMurray, with the young clergyman again in his office, safely trapped, could not let him go without a word or two of rebuke. of his past life and take the punishment. "Should you accept it" (they were talking of | "I've had the dance, and I'll pay the piper," the call), "you must be careful, my dear sir, he said, kicking open the to avoid even the appearance of evil. You are young and impulsive, fond of your friends. The dignity of your position would render improper many associates whom you knew as a boy, unless, indeed, you approach them officially, administering the Word as the hope of salvation. This Maj. Standish

now, for example"----"I am very uncertain about accepting this church at all," broke out Jack. "There is a little camping ground at one end, in which place in the west that suits my ways better. But I could not marry on their salary. It's the merest pittance. I could barely live on

Mr. McMurray paused, and answered with deliberation: "In the matter of marriage, must you consult that point of salary at all Mr. Proctor? The wife you may select may -will, in all probability-be independent woman ought to feel herself honored in being called to share the spiritual work of a Christian minister, and should rejoice if she can bear her part in his temporal burdens. "I'll never be supported by a rich wife," said John, bluntly. "I'll be frank with you, Mr. McMurray. There is a woman whom have loved long and faithfully. I will marry her, if I can. If she has money, well and good; but I must be the provider in my own

"It is a natural feeling, and a manly one, said McMurray, not ill pleased. "We differ, too, in this matter of associobstinately resumed Jack. "I have never felt that my 'cloth,' as the vulgar phrase has it, placed me one whit apart from other men. When I measure myself with a prince or ruffian in the dock by his courage or good sense or faithfulness to his friend. I touch a brotherhood between us stronger

than any church bond. We get our naked hands together. You understand? And were all drawn from poor Standish and his oftener then it is he who gives the Word to

Mr. McMurray checked the angry rebuke on his lips. All young men were flighty nowadays, and given to this visionary talk. He bered John Proctor's brilliant reputation in the church, the crowds that pressed to hear him as he went from city to city. If Clara were his wife, no woman in the church would hold higher rank. "I cannot understand," he said, gently, "what bearing this has on your intimacy with Maj. Standish, particularly"-raising his voice when Proctor would have spoken-"when I have every reason to believe the police are on his track as a long escaped criminal." John's face burned as though he himself

had been accused. "What proof have you of this?" he said, rising. "There is a New York detective here to dentify him now," in a mysterious whisper. "I could learn no more from him than that Standish is living under an assumed name. But I fear the worst, Mr. Proctor, the very

"Bah!" muttered John to himself. "Where

is this fellow! I'll go to him at once," putting on his cap. McMurray rose and put out his hand. It was high time that he became the mouthpiece of the church and Clara. "Mr. Proctor. I beg that you will not espouse this disreputable old man's cause so vehemently. His name is a public by-word of infamy among newspaper men. A vaporing boaster

"Newspaper men know but one side of the fellow," retorted John, hotly. "I could tell you tales of him, of his unselfishness and his noole charity, that would put the lives of many of our professors to shame. Besides, he was kind to me when I was a boy. I'll

not turn by back on him now." McMurray's sallow cheek began to burn. Then I regret to say, Mr. Proctor, that you must make your choice between the church and your very boyish impulse. A clergyman who makes an associate of so doubtful character is hardly suited to our society. As for his good traits, I know nothing. I do not know that the righteousness of the carnal flesh is fiithy rags."

"And I know that courage and self-sacrifice are proofs of as good mettle in poor old Standish as in a church member, and come as direct from the Master of both. I must judge for myself in these matters." "Assuredly. But if your judgment in

points so essential differs so widely from ours, I must beg leave, as chairman of the committee, to withdraw the call. Do not be rash, my dear sir," changing his voice and laying his hand on John's shoulder. "There! don't answer me now. Think it over, and by evening you'll see that I was right. You are young and-pardon me-a little hotheaded.

A friendly word disarmed Jack. He laughed. "You're right there, anyhow, Lot the matter go till evening. But I will not change my mind." And, nodding a hasty good-by, he ran down the office stairs. Now the quality of lovalty to his friends was exaggerated in John Proctor. But yet he was a young man, with all the ambition, tastes and shrewd knowledge of the world belonging to young men of the present day. When he reached the pavement he saw the stately towers of the church in which he was parsonage, its picturesque walls draped with ivy. Mr. McMurray's carriage rolled by again, and soft, tender little Clara beckoned smiling to him with her white jeweled hand. It was a high path and a flowery one that opened itself before him. No wonder that the doubt suggested itself to him, as he stood hesitating, whether it was

romantic fealty to a boyish fancy.

worth giving it up for a bit of quixotism-a

PART II. Later in the afternoon the major stood caning against a pile of bales in front of the ware house, loftily tapping his chin with his pinchbeck headed cane and listening to Mr. McMurray. That gentleman, in his anxiety lest the church should actually lose Proctor, had resorted to the desperate remedy of an appeal to Standish. The old man kept his malicious eyes fixed upon him, and grinning with enjoyment of his embarrassment, but under the grin he looked haggard and

anxious. "So the boy has a mind to take the part of his old friend? He'd stick by the hulk because it's going down! Tut! tut! There's stupidity for you."

"I do not talk in metaphor about hulks. I only thought it likely, from my knowledge of you, you might presume on your acquaintance with the lad and his generous nature to draw him into trouble, and I warn you what the result will be to him."

"It will ruin him to be known as even my friend. I understand." McMurray hesitated. After all, why not give Standish a hint of the detective on his track! If he would escape, all difficulty would be over. "Inquiries of a significant kind have been made for you this week, Maj. Standish," he said.

"So I have been told." "I do not know to what part of your past areer they refer."

"And you'd better not ask too closely, Mac. Dan Standish has led a hot life, I tell you," with a vicious wink that made the deacon shudder from hat to boots.

"Well, I have discharged my duty," he said, after an irresolute pause. "It is most probable that young Proctor will come to seek you this afternoon."

"And if he comes, I am not to see him?" with an attempt at a jocular tone that had more terrible force in it even to the cold blooded hearer than any painful outcry. Why, man, I am pushed nearer to the wall today than anybody knows. As for this boy -well, no matter what he is to me. I gave up something for him once. It seems as if I had the right to ask his help now, whenwhen death has me by the throat." He looked vacantly, quickly about him, at the boxes, the cars rattling by, at the head of his cane. McMurray thought he had been drinking. "I am sorry I troubled myself about

"Good day," effecting a flourishing bow with his unsteady hand. "Take old Dan to point your next sermon, will you? I've lived putting the paper in his pocket again; "and by my wits. I've made myself the compancame here about the same time you say you | ion of poets-of nobles, sir! And now when the end comes, damn it, man, I haven't a

Mr. McMurray hurried nervously away. picking his steps among the boxes and bales. Standish stood a moment looking at the ground, and then turned and stumped up the narrow rickety stairs that led to the top of the building. He did not know what especial sin of old times was coming back to give him the last blow, nor did he care. That was all fair enough. It seemed to him sometimes, comparing his life with that of other men, that he had lived just like a beast from hour to hour, out of whatever impulse was in him. He was ready to meet any old abomination and going in.

"But—the boy? Now the major's cockloft was in reality : garret room covering the whole sixth story of the warehouse. The beams overhead, the plastered walls, the half dozen squat dormer windows, the pine floor, were as clean as lime and scrubbing could make them. It looked, in fact like a big white plain with a was a grate with a good fire, a tent bed neatly made, a table with pens and paper laid in exact order, the "Men of our Day," out of which the major furnished obituaries at ten minutes' notice for The Camera, and an odd volume of Appleton's Cyclopædia, out of which he drew its supplies of science. Great decency of cleanliness everywhere, but nothing to eat. If there had been, perhaps the major's acts in the next hour would have been less guilty in the eyes of religious people. But when it comes to looking out in the world from a starving body, a man is apt to slip the orthodox leashes and follow his

own notions of right and wrong. He took off his black coat carefully, hung it up, threw his braces loose down his back, and sat down in his shirt sleeves before the fire, his hands on his fat knees. He wished, dully, Madeline was nere to puzzle it out for him; remarking half aloud, that if that girl undertook to write a leader it would be bosh, but in every thing else she never failed to hit the nail plump on the head. There was a round roly-poly brown crock in the window, in which bloomed a outtony little rose, one of the Burgundy sort, red, fresh and pungent. Madeline had left it. It was like her somehow, the major thought. Do what he would, his thoughts would go with him, instead of this question of nire and

death which must be settled today. There was the door to her little room ajar. He always had contrived to pay the trifle of rent for the room after she left him, liking to think of it as hers. He remembered the day he brought her there first. He had had a tough siege nursing old Durbrow, her father (on The Camera like himself). When bo was dead, the major settled up the estate: there were \$400 of debts, and for assets one trunk, empty; one suit of clothes, patched; one watch, gold; a pretty lot of meerschaums; and the little girl of 5, just over the measles The watch went to pay the debts, and the little girl, of course, must go to an asylum. But the major brought her home for a week, to cheer her up a bit. He took her to the theatre and circuses every afternoon; he bought her a gay little plaid silk suit (it was a flush time with him just then); he stuffed her with oysters and caramels; and in the night, when she cried for her father, took her on his knee in her white nightgown, made her say over her prayers again, and then rocked and croaked over her some old ditty about "Shepherds, have you seen my love?" till she fell asleep. The other men, who missed him at billiards or over their stews and ale when the papers were out toward morning. used to unearth old Standish at this sort of work, and joked him about it roughly enough. But they were pleased when he kept her week after week, and used to be coming in perpetually with scraps of anxious advice about croup or nettle rash, and fell into the habit of buying all sorts of expensive and useless things for "poor Durbrow's baby." So it went on for years. There was always

a strong smell of cigars and printer's ink in the air the child breathed, and no doubt when she came to be a young lady she learned to think in a scrappy, itemizing, newspaper way; but Madeline's life was in fact as cleanly, and sweet, and tender among these men, as if she had been one of any rosebud garden of girls, perhaps more so. Whatever garment of lies the major chose to put on as armor, or to perk and vaunt himself in out among other men, he never wore it into "the cockloft." Nobody could account for the almost pathetic tenderness of his love to the girl. It was more than seemed due for her father's sake, or even her own. Once, however, he had said to her, "You

came to take the place of a child that I lost." That was the only time be had hinted at the secret of his former life. He kept it hidden even from himself. It came to him to-day, and would not be thrust aside. In a few hours it would be

known to all the world. John Proctor was his son. He remembered well now the last day when dreary, rainy season in Novemb r. three or four years before he took Madeline. He sat by a hotel window with Jack on his knee. It was a week since he had come from Richmond, leaving the child's mother dead there. He had spent the week going from one newspaper office to another, vaunting and vaporing, and drinking hard, but with still cold conscieusness all the time of standing by her grave, on which the rain pattered, with her child's life left in his hands

to do with it what he would. Mary's boy would have grown into a truth ful, God fearing man if she had lived; a gentleman, too; the class which Standish. with all his tawdry bragging, watched far off with jealous awe. Now- What could he Argonaut. hands in his, and pulled him closer, trying with his bleared eyes to penetrate the future Like father, like son; it was so always. For himself, whether it was the taint of the butcher shop or some flaw in his make up he did not know, but he was labeled everywhere for contempt. Even here, where he was a stranger, he was marked already, he saw, as disreparable, vulgar, a frothy bubble of a man. He was sore and galled by the snubs he had met with today. He sat quiet in the gaudy hotel parlor, holding Jack close while the servants lighted the lamps and people came and went; he looked steadily at the cost of what he meant to do.

"I'll take the weight of your old father off of you, Jack," he said at last, stooping to kiss the fat, red little face. "Good-by, my son." He did take it off. He entered the boy under the name of Proctor at a fashionable boarding school, setting aside the entire sum he had saved with which to start a paper in Philadelphia. "I can scratch for myself," he

"Let the lad have everything he wants," he urged his governess one day. "His father had the best blood in Virginia in his veins, madam. And teach him religion. His mother"- but he broke down her. "She's yonder," he said quietly at last, glancing up. The governess nodded, and understood him. So the feint succeeded. Of what it cost himself, he said nothing; it had lifted the boy at once, he thought, into a pure region of fashion, and refinement, and salvation. The glories of the Proctors, in the course of years, grew and multiplied readily in the major's andling. There were times when he became confused himself, so real had Jack's illustrious family grown. "Remember your father the general, lad!" he would cry, when urging the boy to manliness or courage. "Noblesse

"Damned if I know whether there was: Gen. Proctor or not!" he would mutter perplexed to himself afterward. Well, there was the end of it all now. The lie had been played successfully for years, yet now all Jack's world was to know it was

lie. Sitting by the fire in his shirt sleeves, tapping his knees with his clumsy fingers, the major went over it this afternoon. "There's nobody who knew me in Virginia, and knows my name is Richard and not Dan, that can't tell about the boy." He saw no way of escape. "If to call himself my friend was ruin to the lad, what will become of him as my son?" And to-day, Jack's fate stood in the balance, as McMurray had said, Again and again the major reasoned round

the dreary circle. "On one side the charge of a great church, wealth, and the woman he loves; on the other-me." There was nothing beyond that. To-night must end it one way or the other. The dramming of his fingers grew slower on his knees, till he sat like a block staring in the fire. The gnawing hunger tearing at his flesh made his brain clearer. He was to be hung on his boy like a mill stone to drag him down, till one or other of them died? What if he were dead now? Great gain would follow: and as for loss-

(Concluded next week.) Bravery and the Machine Gun. British troops have done great things in their day, and in the face of overpowering numbers too as when Wellington with 25,000 men, some of them Spaniards and Portuguese and of no value, turned upon his 70,000 pursuers under Ney, at Busaco, in the Peninsular war, and beat them; and again when, in the Crimea, Col. Scarlet, with a single brigade of cavalry, the "Heavy" brigade, charged successfully 10,000 Russian horse. These ere but specimens of what the British oldier can do History abounds with similar incidents. But in those days, there is reason to believe, brawn and courage were of more value than now, when the direful machine gun and its cousin, the agazine rifle, have come into genera The soldier whose nerves cannot stand the approach of cold steel has heart enough for the work behind the machine gun battery, and may prove a very demon with a repeating rifle on a half mile range.—Scientific American

Original Idea of Common Schools. Are free schools "maintained by the public and for the public," a New Engand idea or invention, or shall we say that the idea was Dutch or English? Motley holds to a Dutch origin. He says that the patriarch of the Nassau family, as early as 1590, urged the estab ishment of a system of common schools in the United Netherlands His advice was that "according to the example of the pope and the Jesuits, there should be free schools where children of quality as well as of poor families, for a very small sum, can be christianly educated. The institution thus recommended according to Sumner and Motley was transported by English Pilgrims from Leyden to lassachusetts." Again Motley says of Holland in 1608, "it was a land where every child went to school." Motley gives no authorities or details.-James D. Buter in Magazine of American History.

Didn't Want Time Called on Him. "George, dear, shall we hang the ham mock out under that beautiful chestnut treer" asked Maude, softly. "No, no, not that tree; not that one be cried, hoarsely "Why not, George?"

"Because, Maude, there are a number of things that I wish to say to you toback to the girl and to the years she had lived night."-Merchant Traveler.

A FAR CRY TO HEAVEN.

What! dost thou pray that the on rolled back on the strand. The flame be rekindled that mounted away from the smoldering branch

The past summer harvest flow golden to stubble lands naked and sear The winter gray woods upgather and o leaves of last year?-Thy prayers are as clouds in a drouth; regardle unimutful, they roll; or this, that thou prayest vain things, 'tis

Thou dreamest the word shall return, shot arrow like into the air, wound in the breast where it lod balmed and closed for thy prayer, The ear of the dead be unsealed till thou whisper Thy white hour of life be restored, that pass this, that thou prayest fond things, thy prayers shall fall wide of the goal; loweth them back with a breath, 'tis a far cry to heaven, my soul-

Oh, a far cry to beaven!

cry to heaven, my soul-

Oh, a far cry to heaven! and cravest thou fondly the quivering sands shall be firm to thy feet. The brackish pool of the waste to thy lips made wholesome and sweet? nd cravest thou subtly the bane thou wrought to thy good, forth from a po

safe food?this, that thou prayest ill things, thy prayer are an anger rent scroll; he chamber of audit is closed—'tis a far cry t

Oh, a far cry to beaven! -Edith M. Thomas in The Century. A Newspaper Man's Vacation. Several newspaper men were speaking how generous the proprietors of their papers were in granting them vacations. when a fellow named Skaggs remarked.
"Yes, I worked for one of those fellows

once I asked him one day if he would give me a vacation. He replied that the

granting of my request would give him

great pleasure. I went away and stayed

three weeks. "Well," some one remarked, "was there anything wrong about that?" "About the vacation? Oh, no. The vacation was all right, but the proprietor made it too long. When I went back he told me to let it run on. That was five years ago, and it is still running on Very kind in him, I must say, but one trouble arose. He stopped my pay."-Arkansaw

In a Scotch Railway Station. Scene-Scotch railway station. Ticket lector, in making his collection, finds he had called the boy by that name. It was an old gentleman fumbling in his pockets for his ticket. | Ticket Collector-Tickets please? Old Gentleman—I'm just lookin' for it. Ticket Collector-Well, I'll look in again in a few minutes. See and have it ready then. Ticket collector returns shortly; but the old gentleman is still hunting for it. Ticket Collector (suddenly) -Why you have it in your mouth, man Old Gentleman (giving him the ticket)-Oh, so I hae! Here you are! Another Gentleman in the carriage, as the train moves on, to first gentleman-I'm afraid you're losing your memory, sir. Old Gentleman-Nae fear o' that; nae fear o' that! The ticket was a fornicht auld, and I wis jist sookin' the date aff't! Tableau.-The

Where It Got Its Name. Many persons have wondered how doing a lively galop got to be called "dancing the racquet." Mrs. Simmons, a wel Mrs. Simmons, a well known young lady of Washington, composed a few years ago a galop and was at a loss to give it a name. One day, being disturbed by children in the room, she called out: "Don't make such a racket," which was caught up and repeated by the children as they went out. It occurred to her that it was a good name for her piece, and so, with a touch of French, she called it the "Racquet Galop," and over 200,000 copies of it have been sold.—Phil-

adelphia Times. Didn't Quite Understand It. Johann Schnell, a new messenger in the navy department at Washington, is ex tremely nervous regarding a telephone. never having seen one until a few days ago. He was obliged to answer a call from the instrument recently, and his in coherent answers exasperated the speaker at the other end of the line. "You must have been drinking." Schnell heard the angry individual exclaim. haven't," said the messenger, gently. "It must be the strong tobacco I am chewing that you smell."—New York

World. An Amesing Dilemma. It is really one of the most amusing and anomalous situations in politics that has ever been known when a party is unanimous for a candidate whom they do not like and whom nine-tenths of its members would like to see thrown overboard into the deep sea if they had anybody to take his place. This is the attitude of the Democratic party today toward Mr. Cleveland. It is a case of a party being led about by the nose, dependent and helpless.—National Republican.

Stick a Pin Here, Voters. If the Republican party is to win this fall it can afford to make no mistake in the choice of a candidate. It has to make platform are better for the interests of drop of Republican blood in his veins to elect the candidate chosen at Chicago. -Iowa State Register.

Mrs. Dusenberry-What queer ways they have in some countries! This paper says that in Morocco when the women talk scandal their lips are rubbed with cayenne pepper.
Mr. Dusenberry—An odd custom indeed (Half an hour later.) Where are you going, my dear? Mrs. Dusenberry-To the sewing circle. Let me see; I've got my scissors, thread,

Mr. Dusenberry-And the cayenne pepper?-Detroit Free Press. Cheap Paint for Outbuildings. The American Cultivator recommends mixture of hydraulic cement and skim milk for painting farm buildings and fences. The cement is placed in a bucket and sweet skim milk stirred in until the mixture is of the consistency of cream. The proportions are about one quart of cement to a gallon of milk. Color may be added if desired. This plan is cheap and durable.—Frank Leslie's.

Monogolian Pheasants in Oregon. The farmers of Willamette valley. Ore., complain that the Monogolian pheasants introduced a few years ago and protected by law are becoming too numerbarns among domestic fowls, sometimes whipping barnyard cocks on their own dunghills, and making themselves as ob-noxious as the "heathen Chinee."—Boston Budget.

A Neighbor Corrected. The Bloomington Telephone makes the thrilling announcement that "Eph Hughes has added a bathing department to his tonsorial establishment." "Bathing department" is very ordinary language for a progressive newspaper; it should have said "ablutionary annex."—Indianapolic Almost Absolute Alcohol.

remain behind, and thus nearly absolute alcohol may be obtained without distilla tion.—Frank Leslie's. From observations on the Congo. M Dupont, of the Brussels Natural History museum, is convinced that the waters i the interior of central Africa once col lected in a great lake, of which Stanley pool is the last remnant.

The City of Glasgow. Glasgow will soon be the second city the United Kingdom. Its boundaries are o be extended so as to include a number of populous suburban towns; and it is es timated that it will then have a popula-tion of nearly 800,000.—Chicago Tribune

Slow falling up appears to be favored by numerous writers on ensilage.

"Did n't Know 't was Loaded"

May do for a stupid boy's excuse; but what can be said for the parent who sees his child languishing daily and fails to recognize the want of a tonic and blood-purifier? Formerly, a course of bitters, or sulphur and molasses, was the rule in well-regulated families; but now all intelligent households keep Ayer's Sarsaparilla, which is at once pleasant to the taste, and the most searching and effective blood medicine ever discovered.

Nathan S. Cleveland, 27 E. Canton st., Boston, writes: "My daughter, now 21 years old, was in perfect health until a year ago when she began to complain of fatigue, headache, debility, dizziness, indigestion, and loss of appetite. I concluded that all her complaints originated in impure blood, and induced her to take Ayer's Sarsaparilla. This medicine soon restored her blood-making organs to healthy action, and in due time recentalhealthy action, and in due time reestab-lished her former health. I find Ayer's Sarsaparilla a most valuable remedy for the lassitude and debility incident to spring time."

J. Castright, Brooklyn Power Co. Brooklyn, N. Y., says: "As a Spring Medicine, I find a splendid substitute for the old-time compounds in Ayer's Sarsaparilla, with a few doses of Ayer's Pills. After their use, I feel fresher and stronger to go through the summer.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla, PREPARED BY Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Price \$1; aix bottles, \$5. Worth \$5 a bottle.

Birds of a Feather. The president has an amazing capacity for finding fellows who were blatant cop-perheads during the war to sit in judgment on questions which they are no more fit to decide than Jeff Davis, unless they have totally changed their opinions. We can see no good in any such insults to men who struggled with Lincoln and Grant when fellows like Fuller were abusing northern men who were loyal and snapping at the backs of the Union sol-diers in the field.—Lincoln (Neb.) News.

An Overwhelming Majority. The New England Homestead has taken a vote of the farmers in New England and Eastern New York on the Mills bill, with this result: Out of 2,832 returns from legal voters, 2,590 were against the bill and 242 in its favor. Maine went four to one; New Hampshire, thirty to one; Vermont, twenty to one; Massachusetts, twelve to one; Rhode Island, seven to one; Connecticut, seven to one, and New York, nine to one.

The Place to Settle It. The renomination of Mr. Cleveland means that the question of maintaining our tariff system must be decided at the polls. The campaign will not, therefore, be like that of 1884, a conflict between persons, but a test of the strength of principles. This in itself will be a great pub-Bucklen's Arnica Salve.

THE BEST SALVE in the world for Cuts, Bruises, Sores, Ulcers, Salt Rheum Fever Sores, Tetter, Chapped Hands Chilblains, Corns, and all Skin Eruptions, and positively cures Piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give for over the Union Pacific Railway, to Also sell the world-famous Walter A perfect satisfaction, or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. For sale by Dowty & Becher. july27

To have money is a fear, not to have it

The Commercial Travelers Protective Association of the United States, has a membership of over sixteen thousand and is probably the strongest association of the kind in the world. Mr. John R. Stone, their national secretary and treasurer, 79 Dearbone street, Chicago, in a letter states that he has been severely troubled at times, for the past twenty years, with cramp and bilious colic which would compel him to take to his bed from three to six days-while in St. procured a bottle of Chamberlain's Colic. Cholera and Diarrhosa Remedy and has since used it with the best results. It is pond with Mr. J. Tebbets, G. P. & T. A., the only remedy he ever found that effected a rapid and complete cure. No one can safely travel without it. Sold by Dowty & Becher.

The cat sees not the mouse ever.

An Absolute Cure. The ORIGINAL ABIETINE OINT-MENT is only put up in large two ounce its fight upon pure principle and by a demonstration that its candidate and its old sores, burns, wounds, chapped hands carry only passengers holding first-class the American people than the candidate and all kinds of skin eruptions. Will tickets, to points where the train makes and the platform opposed to it. It will positively cure all kinds of piles, Aak for regular stops, between Council Bluffs require the vote of every man who has a the ORIGINAL ABITINE OINTMENT and Ogden. Such passengers must pur-Sold by Dowty & Becher at 25 cents per box-by mail 30 cents.

mar7y Little dogs start the hare, the great

The Passenger Department Of the Union Pacific, "The Overland Route, has gotten out a fly-bill designed to call attention to the summer resorts along the line of this railway. It is a good bill and tourists, pleasure seekers, sportsmen and fishermen should apply at once to J. S. Tebbets, General Passenger agent, Omaha, Neb., for information in regard to the points of interest along the line, before deciding where they will spend the summer season, or vacation holidays.

The command of custom is great

without night.

for \$2.50.

By dispelling the symptoms so often daken for Consumption. SANTA ASIE has brought gladness to many a usehold. By its prompt use for bro irg up the cold that too often develops into that fatal disease, thousands can be caved from an untimely grave. You make no mistake by keeping a bottle of this pleasant remedy in your house. CALI-FORNIA CAT-R-CURE is equally effective in eradicating all traces of Nasal Catarrh. Both of these wonderful Caliornia remedies are sold and warranted by Dowty & Becher. \$1.00 a package, 3

Rivers need a spring.

Electric Bitters. If gelatine be suspended in ordinar This remedy is becoming so well known alcohol it will absorb the water; but as it is insoluble in alcohol, that substance will and so popular as to need no special mention. All who have used Electric Bitters sing the same song of praise. A purer me licine does not exist and it is guaranteed to do all that is claimed. Electric Bitters will cure all diseases of the Liver and Kidneys, will remove all Pimples, Boils, Salt Rheum and other affections and prevent as well as cure all Maiarial fevers. - For cure of headache. consumption and indigestion try Elecric Bitters - Entire entisfaction guaranteed, or money refunded.-Price 50 cents and \$1.00 per bottle at Dowty & Becher's drug store.

THE IMPORTING DRAFT HORSE GO.



Pure-bred French Draft (Percheron or Norman) AND ENCLISH SHIRE HORSES.



This is the Top of the GENUINE A Weekly Newspaper issued every Pearl Top Lamp Chimney.

Allothers, similar are imitation. This exact Label ison each Pearl Top Chimney. TOP A dealer may say and think he has others as good, BUT HE HAS NOT. Insist upon the Exact Label and Top.

FOR SALE EVERYWHERE. MADE ONLY BY 6EO. A. MACBETH & CO., Pittsburgh, På. SI a year, in Advance.

RICHLYREWARDED are those who read this and then act; they will find honorable employment that will not take them from their homes and families. The profits are large and sure for every industrious person, many have made and are now making several hundred dollars a month. It is easy for any one to make \$5 and upwards per day, who is willing to work. Either sex, young or old; capital not needed; we start you. Everything new. No special ability required; you, reader, can do it as well as any one. Write to us at once for full particulars, which we mail free. Address 8tinson & Co., Portland, Me. dec 28y

English Spavin Liniment removes all hard, soft or calloused lumps and blemsplints, sweeney, ring-bone, stifles, orains, all swolen throats, coughs, etc Save \$50 by use of one bottle. Warranted. Sold by C. B. Stillman, druggist, Co- All kinds of Repairing done on

God is at the end when we think He s furthest off it. Daily excursions have been arranged

San Francisco, San Diego, Colton, Los Angeles, San Bernardino and San Jose, California, also to Portland, Oregon, at \$80.00 for the round trip. Tickets are good 60 days for the going passage and good for the return trip for six months from date of sale, with the usual stopover privileges in both directions within these limits. These tickets are also good by way of Denver and Salt Lake City in each direction. The Agent, Mr. J. R. Meagher, tells us quite a number are thinking of making the trip soon, and it would be well for those intending to go in select parties to see him and arrange for their accommodations. Mr. J. B. Frawley, Traveling Agent, Union Pacific, at Omaha, is arranging for these select Louis at their last annual meeting he parties, and will be glad to give any further information in regard to these excursions. Parties who prefer can corres-

Omaha, Neb. The thread breaks where it is th

known as the "Overland Flyer," will be taken off, to better enable it to make time. This will add largely to the popularity that has already been gained by chase tickets for seats or berths in Pullman sleepers, before entering the cars.

A good prayer is master of another's Garffeld Branch. On the Great Salt Lake near Salt Lake City, on the Union Pacific. "The Overland Route," will be formally opened to the public on Decoration day, M. v 30th. Ample accommodations have been provided, and the Pacific hotel company will have charge of the hotel accommodations at this famous resort under the supervision of the Union Pacific railway. No pains or expense have been spared to make this the summer resort of the west. It is only eighteen miles from Salt Lake City on the Utah & Nevada branch of the Union Pacific. Trains will be run at frequent intervals daily between Salt He that contemplates, hath a day Lake City and the Beach. Cheap trains, good baths, and excellent meals will be

> among the attractions. Willows are weak, yet they bind other

Is Consumption Incurable? Read the following: C. H. Morris, Newark, Ark., says: "Was down with Abscess of lungs,and friends and physicians pronounced me an Incurable Consumptive. Began taking Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, am now on my third bottle, and able to oversee the work on ic my farm. It is the finest medicine ever

made." Jesse Middlewart, Decatur, Ohio, says; "Had it not been for Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption I would have died of lung troubles. Was given up by the doctors. Am now in best of health." Try it. Sample bottles free at Dowty & Becher's drug store.

The fat man knoweth not what the lean thinketh.

Ladies

In delicate health needing a gentle yet effective laxative will find the California liquid fruit remedy, Syrup of Figs, pleasing to the taste, acceptible to the stomach, and perfectly safe in all cases. It is the most easily taken and pleasantly effective remedy known to cure and prevent costiveness, to impell headaches colds and fevers, and strengthen the kidneys, liver and bowels and is there A good judge conceives quickly, judg- fore a favorite remedy with the ladies For sale only by Dowty & Becher.

NEBRASKA FAMILY: JOURNAL

Wednesday.

32 Columns of reading matter, consisting of Nebraska State News Items, Selected Stories and Miscellany.

Sample copies sent free to any address. "

Subscription price,

Address

M. K. TURNER & Co., Columbus, Platte Co., Nebr.

LOUIS SCHREIBER. ishes from horses; blood spavin, curbs, splints, sweepey ring bone stilled

> Short Notice. Buggies, Wagons, etc., made to order. and all work Guaranteed.

Wood Mowers, Reapers, Combined Machines, Harvesters, and Self-binders-the best made.

Shop opposite the "Tattersall," on Olive St., COLUMBUS, 26-m

DR. E. C. WEST'S NERVE AND BRAIN TREATMENT, a guaranteed specific for Hysteria, Dizziness, Convultions, Fits, Nervous Neuralgia,
Headache, Nervous Prostration caused by the use
of alcohol or tobacco, Wakefulness, Mental Depression, Softening of the Brain resulting in insanity and leading to misery, decay and death,
Premature Old Age, Barrenness, Loss of power
in either sex, Involuntary Losses and Sperimatorrhea caused by over-exertion of the brain, selfabuse or over indulgence. Each box contains
one month's treatment. \$1.00 a box, or six boxes
for \$5.00, sent by mail prepaid on receipt of prices.

weakest.

On and after April 29th, the day coaches on the Union Pacific's No. 3,

One and after April 29th, the day for six boxes, accompanied with \$5.00, we will send the purchaser our written guarantee to refund the money if the treatment does not effect found the money if the tr a cure. Guarantees issued only by Dowty. Becher, druggists, sole agents, Columbus, Neb.

The only Specialist in the City who is a Regular Graduate in Medicine. Over 20 years' Practice, 12 years in Chicago. Authorized by the State to treat Chronic, Nervous and "Special Diseases, Sexual Debillty (loss of sexual power), Nervous Debillty, Polsoned Blood, Ulcers and Swellings of every kind, Urinary Diseases, and in fact, all troubles or diseases in either male or female. Cures guaranteed or money refunded. Charges low. Thousands of cases cured. Experience is important. All medicines are guaranteed to be pure and efficacious, being compounded in my perfectly appointed laboratory, and are furnished ready for use. No running to drug stores to have uncertain prescriptions filled. No mercury or injurious medicines used. No detention from business. Patients at a distance treated by letter and express, medicines and everywhere free from gaze or breakage. State your case and send for terms. Consultation free and confidential, personally or by letter. THE OLDEST IN AGE, AND LONGEST LOCATED.

A 64 page **BOOK** For Both Sexes, sent illustrated BOOK sealed in plain envelope for 6c. in stamps. Every male, from the age of 15 to 45, should read this book. THE GREAT TURKISH RHEUMATIC CURE.

Dr. HENDERSON, 109 W. 9th St., Kansas City, M

