

# The Columbus Journal.

VOL. XXIII.—NO. 12.

COLUMBUS, NEB., WEDNESDAY, JULY 6, 1892.

WHOLE NO. 1,156.

## THE OLD RELIABLE

### Columbus - State - Bank

(Oldest Bank in the State.)

Pays Interest on Time Deposits

Makes Loans on Real Estate.

ISSUES SIGHT DRAFTS ON

Omaha, Chicago, New York and all Foreign Countries.

SELLS: STEAMSHIP: TICKETS.

## BUYS GOOD NOTES

And Helps its Customers when they Need Help.

OFFICERS AND DIRECTORS:

LEONARD GERHARD, Pres't.  
R. H. HENRY, Vice Pres't.  
JOHN STAUFFER, Cashier.  
M. BRUGGER, G. W. HULST.

## COMMERCIAL BANK

COLUMBUS, NEB.,

HAS AN

Authorized Capital of \$500,000

Paid in Capital 90,000

OFFICERS:

C. H. SHELDON, Pres't.  
H. P. H. OLLERICH, Vice Pres't.  
C. A. NEWMAN, Cashier.  
DANIEL SCHIRAM, Ass't Cash.

STOCKHOLDERS:

C. H. Sheldon, J. P. Becker,  
Herman P. H. Ollrich, Carl Rieker,  
George Welch, W. A. Merrill, Jr.,  
J. Henry Warrington, H. M. Winslow,  
George W. Galley, N. C. Galt,  
Frank Rowe, Arnold F. H. Ollrich,  
Henry Looke, Ferdinand Looke.

Bank of deposit; interest allowed on time deposits; buy and sell exchange on United States and Europe; and buy and sell available securities. We shall be pleased to receive your business. We solicit your patronage.

## A. DUSSELL,

DEALER IN

## DUPLIX Wind Mills,

And all Kinds of Pumps.

PUMPS REPAIRED ON SHORT NOTICE.

Eleventh Street, one door west of Hagel & Co's.

## SUBSCRIBE NOW

FOR

## THE COLUMBUS JOURNAL.

AND

## THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE.

We Offer Both for a Year, at \$1.00.

## PATENTS

Copyright and Trade Marks Obtained, and all Patent business conducted for MODERATE FEES. OUR OFFICE IS OPPOSITE U. S. PATENT OFFICE. We have no sub-agents, all business done in person. It is as good as any of the older magazines, furnishing in a year over 1300 pages of the choicest literature, written by the ablest American authors. It is beautifully illustrated, and is rich with charming cuttings and short stories. No more expensive present can be made than a year's subscription to The American Magazine. It will be especially brilliant during the year 1892. The price of JOURNAL is \$2.00, and The American Magazine is \$2.00. Offer both for \$1.00.

## COME TO

## The Journal for Job Work

OF ALL KINDS.

## CHANSON.

My love he roams the dark blue sea  
Begins by golden shore,  
As though my love might absent be  
I'll love him ever more.

The moon shines bright his bark to guide,  
The stars burn far and clear,  
Softly rings his airy strains  
Forever in his ear.

My love, it is the dark blue sea  
So deep and pure and strong,  
And like a buoyant boat so light,  
It heavenly love along.

My eyes are all the stars he sees,  
My arms for him the shore,  
Within a haven safe he'll find  
Whene'er the breakers roar.

## WHAT A GIRL DID.

Plumville 'oh de wah' was an interesting little village lying in a remote valley of a New England agricultural district. If the soil was thin, the rocks were thick—so thick, indeed, that it was a grim joke that a shotgun was needed to get the second into the first and between the second. Owing to this bed rock, the drainage was poor, and what the drought spared, sudden showers swept away.

All the young men went West, the old shoemaker had moved away, and even the minister had departed, leaving a monumental pair of crossed poles to bar the entrance to the meeting-house. And yet these natives—New England men and women—were not lacking in shrewdness and common sense. They were simply discouraged. With their hard labor they never got beyond the bare necessities of life. They had no amusement, no expectations, no hope. The women never had time to sit down, but spent their days cooking and wondering to hear their names called in the kitchen. The front room was always closely shuttered, the front steps were overgrown with coarse weeds, and the front gate refused to open. Every body came and went by the back door, the narrow worn foot-path. No flowers were cultivated, and few varieties of vegetables. News was old when it reached Plumville, and excited little more interest than archeological stories. For hours and hours, and hours, a few of a kind in which no rational being could feel an interest.

In the spring of 1880 old Mr. Elkins fell sick. His wife had just died, and he had no one to care for him. An added burden to the weary neighbor, who felt that they must 'do' for the old man. At the best it was fragmentary service, and the invalid was alone many hours out of every twenty-four. The relief was great, therefore, when somehow, or other a nephew's widow, or a cousin's daughter, appeared as nurse and housekeeper. She brought a niece with her—a slip of a freckled girl about sixteen years of age, and named Milly French. Milly assumed the care of the sick man, milked the cow, fed the fowls, and as she came and went about these duties, the neighbors wondered to hear her singing like a happy bird. She threw open the front blinds and let the sunlight sacrilegiously stream through the windows. She even set the sacred front parlor in a row, and by and by she had a pleasant afternoon with her knitting work. If the sunset was very gorgeous she was seen with idle hands. The spinning wheel was wheeled off, so that the gate would swing back easily.

'It is enough to make Miss Elkins turn in her grave,' said neighbor Flint. But Missie watched her honey-suckles pop up her daisies, put rich red cherries in winter every kitchen had at least one window full of petunias or geraniums, the steam of washing or cooking causing them to grow wonderfully. Cold frames for plants were manufactured. Even strawberries and asparagus were attempted. And that these improvements might not fall the land about the house was drained, low branches lopped off, the sink nozzle extended to a safe distance, till light and air and dryness came to these denizens of the kitchen.

You would not have known Plumville any more, the shoemaker, who came back to spend his old days, never seen it before. It was rumored that a baker's cart would come over from Lincoln once a week, and on the strength of it the postmaster cleared off a shelf and drove six natives in the loom dooreps. But this Plumville boom is far ahead of my story. Long before the flowers had begun to be very common there, Milly French puzzled much over the unused church. One day she got the key and went in. Though it was August the interior was cold and damp, almost like a cellar. Cobwebs hung from the two long stoves that extended the whole length of the building. The hymn-books were lying about and several window panes were broken. A general air of desolation pervaded the place. Milly sat for a long time thinking, thinking. Then she walked very quietly to Mrs. Flint's, who lived near by.

'Oh, Mrs. Flint, isn't it disgraceful to have our meeting-house shut up?' she cried, on entering.

'A child? what should it be open for?' asked Mrs. Flint in amazement.

'Why, to have a minister, as they do at Lincoln, and everywhere else but just here in Plumville.'

'There's no use talkin', Milly; we haven't any money, nor any public spirit.'

'If you'll help me I'll have that church open next Sunday,' cried Milly.

'No! What can I do?' sighed poor Mrs. Flint.

'If you'll get your husband to mow the grass and sweep out, I'll do the rest.'

'I don't believe he can.' 'I don't believe he can,' if he has a mind to. It wouldn't take an hour,' asserted Milly.

'Well, I'll ask him, but I know he won't.' 'Oh, don't ask him, tell him me,' said Milly, decidedly.

After much protest Mr. Flint agreed to cut a few staves in front of the church door, but no persuasion could induce him to attack the cobwebs inside of the 'house.'

A notice in a feminine hand appeared on the post office door, and another was nailed to the big elm (the natives called it alium) at 'the corner,' to the effect that 'Sunday, August 23, D. V., there will be services in the Congregational church. All are invited.' Old men put on their spectacles and read these notices with great interest. They were not used to such notices, and they were not used to such notices.

On Sunday morning, August 23, the farmers for five miles around came over the hills and plunged down into Plumville valley. The horse shed was full of 'teams,' every hitching post was in use. Even Deacon Bird was on time, marshaling his numerous progeny down the aisle, quite unconscious (as all good men are) of the makeshift in their attire, called thus suddenly to do duty as Sunday-go-to-meeting clothes. The soft summer air awayed the long cobwebs depending from the rusty stoves and blew out the musty taint of monthly meetings. With all their hard labor they never got beyond the bare necessities of life. They had no amusement, no expectations, no hope. The women never had time to sit down, but spent their days cooking and wondering to hear their names called in the kitchen. The front room was always closely shuttered, the front steps were overgrown with coarse weeds, and the front gate refused to open. Every body came and went by the back door, the narrow worn foot-path. No flowers were cultivated, and few varieties of vegetables. News was old when it reached Plumville, and excited little more interest than archeological stories. For hours and hours, and hours, a few of a kind in which no rational being could feel an interest.

In the spring of 1880 old Mr. Elkins fell sick. His wife had just died, and he had no one to care for him. An added burden to the weary neighbor, who felt that they must 'do' for the old man. At the best it was fragmentary service, and the invalid was alone many hours out of every twenty-four. The relief was great, therefore, when somehow, or other a nephew's widow, or a cousin's daughter, appeared as nurse and housekeeper. She brought a niece with her—a slip of a freckled girl about sixteen years of age, and named Milly French. Milly assumed the care of the sick man, milked the cow, fed the fowls, and as she came and went about these duties, the neighbors wondered to hear her singing like a happy bird. She threw open the front blinds and let the sunlight sacrilegiously stream through the windows. She even set the sacred front parlor in a row, and by and by she had a pleasant afternoon with her knitting work. If the sunset was very gorgeous she was seen with idle hands. The spinning wheel was wheeled off, so that the gate would swing back easily.

'It is enough to make Miss Elkins turn in her grave,' said neighbor Flint. But Missie watched her honey-suckles pop up her daisies, put rich red cherries in winter every kitchen had at least one window full of petunias or geraniums, the steam of washing or cooking causing them to grow wonderfully. Cold frames for plants were manufactured. Even strawberries and asparagus were attempted. And that these improvements might not fall the land about the house was drained, low branches lopped off, the sink nozzle extended to a safe distance, till light and air and dryness came to these denizens of the kitchen.

You would not have known Plumville any more, the shoemaker, who came back to spend his old days, never seen it before. It was rumored that a baker's cart would come over from Lincoln once a week, and on the strength of it the postmaster cleared off a shelf and drove six natives in the loom dooreps. But this Plumville boom is far ahead of my story. Long before the flowers had begun to be very common there, Milly French puzzled much over the unused church. One day she got the key and went in. Though it was August the interior was cold and damp, almost like a cellar. Cobwebs hung from the two long stoves that extended the whole length of the building. The hymn-books were lying about and several window panes were broken. A general air of desolation pervaded the place. Milly sat for a long time thinking, thinking. Then she walked very quietly to Mrs. Flint's, who lived near by.

'Oh, Mrs. Flint, isn't it disgraceful to have our meeting-house shut up?' she cried, on entering.

'A child? what should it be open for?' asked Mrs. Flint in amazement.

'Why, to have a minister, as they do at Lincoln, and everywhere else but just here in Plumville.'

'There's no use talkin', Milly; we haven't any money, nor any public spirit.'

'If you'll help me I'll have that church open next Sunday,' cried Milly.

'No! What can I do?' sighed poor Mrs. Flint.

'If you'll get your husband to mow the grass and sweep out, I'll do the rest.'

'I don't believe he can.' 'I don't believe he can,' if he has a mind to. It wouldn't take an hour,' asserted Milly.

'Well, I'll ask him, but I know he won't.' 'Oh, don't ask him, tell him me,' said Milly, decidedly.

After much protest Mr. Flint agreed to cut a few staves in front of the church door, but no persuasion could induce him to attack the cobwebs inside of the 'house.'

A notice in a feminine hand appeared on the post office door, and another was nailed to the big elm (the natives called it alium) at 'the corner,' to the effect that 'Sunday, August 23, D. V., there will be services in the Congregational church. All are invited.' Old men put on their spectacles and read these notices with great interest. They were not used to such notices, and they were not used to such notices.

On Sunday morning, August 23, the farmers for five miles around came over the hills and plunged down into Plumville valley. The horse shed was full of 'teams,' every hitching post was in use. Even Deacon Bird was on time, marshaling his numerous progeny down the aisle, quite unconscious (as all good men are) of the makeshift in their attire, called thus suddenly to do duty as Sunday-go-to-meeting clothes. The soft summer air awayed the long cobwebs depending from the rusty stoves and blew out the musty taint of monthly meetings. With all their hard labor they never got beyond the bare necessities of life. They had no amusement, no expectations, no hope. The women never had time to sit down, but spent their days cooking and wondering to hear their names called in the kitchen. The front room was always closely shuttered, the front steps were overgrown with coarse weeds, and the front gate refused to open. Every body came and went by the back door, the narrow worn foot-path. No flowers were cultivated, and few varieties of vegetables. News was old when it reached Plumville, and excited little more interest than archeological stories. For hours and hours, and hours, a few of a kind in which no rational being could feel an interest.

In the spring of 1880 old Mr. Elkins fell sick. His wife had just died, and he had no one to care for him. An added burden to the weary neighbor, who felt that they must 'do' for the old man. At the best it was fragmentary service, and the invalid was alone many hours out of every twenty-four. The relief was great, therefore, when somehow, or other a nephew's widow, or a cousin's daughter, appeared as nurse and housekeeper. She brought a niece with her—a slip of a freckled girl about sixteen years of age, and named Milly French. Milly assumed the care of the sick man, milked the cow, fed the fowls, and as she came and went about these duties, the neighbors wondered to hear her singing like a happy bird. She threw open the front blinds and let the sunlight sacrilegiously stream through the windows. She even set the sacred front parlor in a row, and by and by she had a pleasant afternoon with her knitting work. If the sunset was very gorgeous she was seen with idle hands. The spinning wheel was wheeled off, so that the gate would swing back easily.

'It is enough to make Miss Elkins turn in her grave,' said neighbor Flint. But Missie watched her honey-suckles pop up her daisies, put rich red cherries in winter every kitchen had at least one window full of petunias or geraniums, the steam of washing or cooking causing them to grow wonderfully. Cold frames for plants were manufactured. Even strawberries and asparagus were attempted. And that these improvements might not fall the land about the house was drained, low branches lopped off, the sink nozzle extended to a safe distance, till light and air and dryness came to these denizens of the kitchen.

You would not have known Plumville any more, the shoemaker, who came back to spend his old days, never seen it before. It was rumored that a baker's cart would come over from Lincoln once a week, and on the strength of it the postmaster cleared off a shelf and drove six natives in the loom dooreps. But this Plumville boom is far ahead of my story. Long before the flowers had begun to be very common there, Milly French puzzled much over the unused church. One day she got the key and went in. Though it was August the interior was cold and damp, almost like a cellar. Cobwebs hung from the two long stoves that extended the whole length of the building. The hymn-books were lying about and several window panes were broken. A general air of desolation pervaded the place. Milly sat for a long time thinking, thinking. Then she walked very quietly to Mrs. Flint's, who lived near by.

'Oh, Mrs. Flint, isn't it disgraceful to have our meeting-house shut up?' she cried, on entering.

'A child? what should it be open for?' asked Mrs. Flint in amazement.

'Why, to have a minister, as they do at Lincoln, and everywhere else but just here in Plumville.'

'There's no use talkin', Milly; we haven't any money, nor any public spirit.'

'If you'll help me I'll have that church open next Sunday,' cried Milly.

'No! What can I do?' sighed poor Mrs. Flint.

'If you'll get your husband to mow the grass and sweep out, I'll do the rest.'

'I don't believe he can.' 'I don't believe he can,' if he has a mind to. It wouldn't take an hour,' asserted Milly.

'Well, I'll ask him, but I know he won't.' 'Oh, don't ask him, tell him me,' said Milly, decidedly.

After much protest Mr. Flint agreed to cut a few staves in front of the church door, but no persuasion could induce him to attack the cobwebs inside of the 'house.'

A notice in a feminine hand appeared on the post office door, and another was nailed to the big elm (the natives called it alium) at 'the corner,' to the effect that 'Sunday, August 23, D. V., there will be services in the Congregational church. All are invited.' Old men put on their spectacles and read these notices with great interest. They were not used to such notices, and they were not used to such notices.

On Sunday morning, August 23, the farmers for five miles around came over the hills and plunged down into Plumville valley. The horse shed was full of 'teams,' every hitching post was in use. Even Deacon Bird was on time, marshaling his numerous progeny down the aisle, quite unconscious (as all good men are) of the makeshift in their attire, called thus suddenly to do duty as Sunday-go-to-meeting clothes. The soft summer air awayed the long cobwebs depending from the rusty stoves and blew out the musty taint of monthly meetings. With all their hard labor they never got beyond the bare necessities of life. They had no amusement, no expectations, no hope. The women never had time to sit down, but spent their days cooking and wondering to hear their names called in the kitchen. The front room was always closely shuttered, the front steps were overgrown with coarse weeds, and the front gate refused to open. Every body came and went by the back door, the narrow worn foot-path. No flowers were cultivated, and few varieties of vegetables. News was old when it reached Plumville, and excited little more interest than archeological stories. For hours and hours, and hours, a few of a kind in which no rational being could feel an interest.

In the spring of 1880 old Mr. Elkins fell sick. His wife had just died, and he had no one to care for him. An added burden to the weary neighbor, who felt that they must 'do' for the old man. At the best it was fragmentary service, and the invalid was alone many hours out of every twenty-four. The relief was great, therefore, when somehow, or other a nephew's widow, or a cousin's daughter, appeared as nurse and housekeeper. She brought a niece with her—a slip of a freckled girl about sixteen years of age, and named Milly French. Milly assumed the care of the sick man, milked the cow, fed the fowls, and as she came and went about these duties, the neighbors wondered to hear her singing like a happy bird. She threw open the front blinds and let the sunlight sacrilegiously stream through the windows. She even set the sacred front parlor in a row, and by and by she had a pleasant afternoon with her knitting work. If the sunset was very gorgeous she was seen with idle hands. The spinning wheel was wheeled off, so that the gate would swing back easily.

'It is enough to make Miss Elkins turn in her grave,' said neighbor Flint. But Missie watched her honey-suckles pop up her daisies, put rich red cherries in winter every kitchen had at least one window full of petunias or geraniums, the steam of washing or cooking causing them to grow wonderfully. Cold frames for plants were manufactured. Even strawberries and asparagus were attempted. And that these improvements might not fall the land about the house was drained, low branches lopped off, the sink nozzle extended to a safe distance, till light and air and dryness came to these denizens of the kitchen.

You would not have known Plumville any more, the shoemaker, who came back to spend his old days, never seen it before. It was rumored that a baker's cart would come over from Lincoln once a week, and on the strength of it the postmaster cleared off a shelf and drove six natives in the loom dooreps. But this Plumville boom is far ahead of my story. Long before the flowers had begun to be very common there, Milly French puzzled much over the unused church. One day she got the key and went in. Though it was August the interior was cold and damp, almost like a cellar. Cobwebs hung from the two long stoves that extended the whole length of the building. The hymn-books were lying about and several window panes were broken. A general air of desolation pervaded the place. Milly sat for a long time thinking, thinking. Then she walked very quietly to Mrs. Flint's, who lived near by.

'Oh, Mrs. Flint, isn't it disgraceful to have our meeting-house shut up?' she cried, on entering.

'A child? what should it be open for?' asked Mrs. Flint in amazement.

'Why, to have a minister, as they do at Lincoln, and everywhere else but just here in Plumville.'

'There's no use talkin', Milly; we haven't any money, nor any public spirit.'

'If you'll help me I'll have that church open next Sunday,' cried Milly.

'No! What can I do?' sighed poor Mrs. Flint.

'If you'll get your husband to mow the grass and sweep out, I'll do the rest.'

'I don't believe he can.' 'I don't believe he can,' if he has a mind to. It wouldn't take an hour,' asserted Milly.

'Well, I'll ask him, but I know he won't.' 'Oh, don't ask him, tell him me,' said Milly, decidedly.

After much protest Mr. Flint agreed to cut a few staves in front of the church door, but no persuasion could induce him to attack the cobwebs inside of the 'house.'

A notice in a feminine hand appeared on the post office door, and another was nailed to the big elm (the natives called it alium) at 'the corner,' to the effect that 'Sunday, August 23, D. V., there will be services in the Congregational church. All are invited.' Old men put on their spectacles and read these notices with great interest. They were not used to such notices, and they were not used to such notices.

On Sunday morning, August 23, the farmers for five miles around came over the hills and plunged down into Plumville valley. The horse shed was full of 'teams,' every hitching post was in use. Even Deacon Bird was on time, marshaling his numerous progeny down the aisle, quite unconscious (as all good men are) of the makeshift in their attire, called thus suddenly to do duty as Sunday-go-to-meeting clothes. The soft summer air awayed the long cobwebs depending from the rusty stoves and blew out the musty taint of monthly meetings. With all their hard labor they never got beyond the bare necessities of life. They had no amusement, no expectations, no hope. The women never had time to sit down, but spent their days cooking and wondering to hear their names called in the kitchen. The front room was always closely shuttered, the front steps were overgrown with coarse weeds, and the front gate refused to open. Every body came and went by the back door, the narrow worn foot-path. No flowers were cultivated, and few varieties of vegetables. News was old when it reached Plumville, and excited little more interest than archeological stories. For hours and hours, and hours, a few of a kind in which no rational being could feel an interest.

In the spring of 1880 old Mr. Elkins fell sick. His wife had just died, and he had no one to care for him. An added burden to the weary neighbor, who felt that they must 'do' for the old man. At the best it was fragmentary service, and the invalid was alone many hours out of every twenty-four. The relief was great, therefore, when somehow, or other a nephew's widow, or a cousin's daughter, appeared as nurse and housekeeper. She brought a niece with her—a slip of a freckled girl about sixteen years of age, and named Milly French. Milly assumed the care of the sick man, milked the cow, fed the fowls, and as she came and went about these duties, the neighbors wondered to hear her singing like a happy bird. She threw open the front blinds and let the sunlight sacrilegiously stream through the windows. She even set the sacred front parlor in a row, and by and by she had a pleasant afternoon with her knitting work. If the sunset was very gorgeous she was seen with idle hands. The spinning wheel was wheeled off, so that the gate would swing back easily.

'It is enough to make Miss Elkins turn in her grave,' said neighbor Flint. But Missie watched her honey-suckles pop up her daisies, put rich red cherries in winter every kitchen had at least one window full of petunias or geraniums, the steam of washing or cooking causing them to grow wonderfully. Cold frames for plants were manufactured. Even strawberries and asparagus were attempted. And that these improvements might not fall the land about the house was drained, low branches lopped off, the sink nozzle extended to a safe distance, till light and air and dryness came to these denizens of the kitchen.

You would not have known Plumville any more, the shoemaker, who came back to spend his old days, never seen it before. It was rumored that a baker's cart would come over from Lincoln once a week, and on the strength of it the postmaster cleared off a shelf and drove six natives in the loom dooreps. But this Plumville boom is far ahead of my story. Long before the flowers had begun to be very common there, Milly French puzzled much over the unused church. One day she got the key and went in. Though it was August the interior was cold and damp, almost like a cellar. Cobwebs hung from the two long stoves that extended the whole length of the building. The hymn-books were lying about and several window panes were broken. A general air of desolation pervaded the place. Milly sat for a long time thinking, thinking. Then she walked very quietly to Mrs. Flint's, who lived near by.

'Oh, Mrs. Flint, isn't it disgraceful to have our meeting-house shut up?' she cried, on entering.

'A child? what should it be open for?' asked Mrs. Flint in amazement.

'Why, to have a minister, as they do at Lincoln, and everywhere else but just here in Plumville.'

'There's no use talkin', Milly; we haven't any money, nor any public spirit.'

'If you'll help me I'll have that church open next Sunday,' cried Milly.

'No! What can I do?' sighed poor Mrs. Flint.

'If you'll get your husband to mow the grass and sweep out, I'll do the rest.'

'I don't believe he can.' 'I don't believe he can,' if he has a mind to. It wouldn't take an hour,' asserted Milly.

'Well, I'll ask him, but I know he won't.' 'Oh, don't ask him, tell him me,' said Milly, decidedly.

After much protest Mr. Flint agreed to cut a few staves in front of the church door, but no persuasion could induce him to attack the cobwebs inside of the 'house.'

A notice in a feminine hand appeared on the post office door, and another was nailed to the big elm (the natives called it alium) at 'the corner,' to the effect that 'Sunday, August 23, D. V., there will be services in the Congregational church. All are invited.' Old men put on their spectacles and read these notices with great interest. They were not used to such notices, and they were not used to such notices.

On Sunday morning, August 23, the farmers for five miles around came over the hills and plunged down into Plumville valley. The horse shed was full of 'teams,' every hitching post was in use. Even Deacon Bird was on time, marshaling his numerous progeny down the aisle, quite unconscious (as all good men are) of the makeshift in their attire, called thus suddenly to do duty as Sunday-go-to-meeting clothes. The soft summer air awayed the long cobwebs depending from the rusty stoves and blew out the musty taint of monthly meetings. With all their hard labor they never got beyond the bare necessities of life. They had no amusement, no expectations, no hope. The women never had time to sit down, but spent their days cooking and wondering to hear their names called in the kitchen. The front room was always closely shuttered, the front steps were overgrown with coarse weeds, and the front gate refused to open. Every body came and went by the back door, the narrow worn foot-path. No flowers were cultivated, and few varieties of vegetables. News was old when it reached Plumville, and excited little more interest than archeological stories. For hours and hours, and hours, a few of a kind in which no rational being could feel an interest.

In the spring of 1880 old Mr. Elkins fell sick. His wife had just died, and he had no one to care for him. An added burden to the weary neighbor, who felt that they must 'do' for the old man. At the best it was fragmentary service, and the invalid was alone many hours out of every twenty-four. The relief was great, therefore, when somehow, or other a nephew's widow, or a cousin's daughter, appeared as nurse and housekeeper. She brought a niece with her—a slip of a freckled girl about sixteen years of age, and named Milly French. Milly assumed the care of the sick man, milked the cow, fed the fowls, and as she came and went about these duties, the neighbors wondered to hear her singing like a happy bird. She threw open the front blinds and let the sunlight sacrilegiously stream through the windows. She even set the sacred front parlor in a row, and by and by she had a pleasant afternoon with her knitting work. If the sunset was very gorgeous she was seen with idle hands. The spinning wheel was wheeled off, so that the gate would swing back easily.

'It is enough to make Miss Elkins turn in her grave,' said neighbor Flint. But Missie watched her honey-suckles pop up her daisies, put rich red cherries in winter every kitchen had at least one window full of petunias or geraniums, the steam of washing or cooking causing them to grow wonderfully. Cold frames for plants were manufactured. Even strawberries and asparagus were attempted. And that these improvements might not fall the land about the house was drained, low branches lopped off, the sink nozzle extended to a safe distance, till light and air and dryness came to these denizens of the kitchen.

You would not have known Plumville any more, the shoemaker, who came back to spend his old days, never seen it before. It was rumored that a baker's cart would come over from Lincoln once a week, and on the strength of it the postmaster cleared off a shelf and drove six natives in the loom dooreps. But this Plumville boom is far ahead of my story. Long before the flowers had begun to be very common there, Milly French puzzled much over the unused church. One day she got the key and went in. Though it was August the interior was cold and damp, almost like a cellar. Cobwebs hung from the two long stoves that extended the whole length of the building. The hymn-books were lying about and several window panes were broken. A general air of desolation pervaded the place. Milly sat for a long time thinking, thinking. Then she walked very quietly to Mrs. Flint's, who lived near by.

'Oh, Mrs. Flint, isn't it disgraceful to have our meeting-house shut up?' she cried, on entering.

'A child? what should it be open for?' asked Mrs. Flint in amazement.

'Why, to have a minister, as they do at Lincoln, and everywhere else but just here in Plumville.'

'There's no use talkin', Milly; we haven't any money, nor any public spirit.'

'If you'll help me I'll have that church open next Sunday,' cried Milly.

'No! What can I do?' sighed poor Mrs. Flint.

'If you'll get your husband to mow the grass and sweep out, I'll do the rest.'

'I don't believe he can.' 'I don't believe he can,' if he has a mind to. It wouldn't take an hour,' asserted Milly.

'Well, I'll ask him, but I know he won't.' 'Oh, don't ask him, tell him me,' said