

A WOODLAND REVERIE.

[Written for THE CONSERVATIVE.]

A lonely country road, a little bridge on which  
I stood one day in leafy June,  
A noisy brook ran far below the pier,  
Within the deep ravine that edged the wood,  
And with its ceaseless babble sped away  
To join a sister brook when on they went  
Together to the sea.

On the right thick woods held close the road,  
While on the left a wealth of silken corn  
Ran on a little space to where a hill  
Lifted its head toward Heaven.  
Behind a steep ascent, before the road,  
Gradually winding upward 'till 'twas lost  
Between a narrow vista of green trees.

A lovely day in June, Oh, sweet rare June,  
When all the land lies open like a book  
Of fairy stories learned at mother's knee,  
Too beautiful for truth, yet still they live  
An unchanged reality in memory,  
Held sacred with the charmed things of youth.  
How the birds laugh to the woods, and it in  
turn

Bends with low murmurings to the brook,  
Which for the joy of their blithe messages  
Can scarce contain its narrow banks,  
But leaping, bubbling, clamoring more and  
more  
Speeds on to tell its good news to the sea.

Oh, mystic June! your spell of light and air,  
Sweet perfumes from the fragrant fields and  
flowers,

Steal in upon my soul and hold me fast.  
I close these outward eyes, but know and feel  
The subtle throb of Nature's finger warm  
Held firm upon the pulse of hurrying spheres.  
I look abroad a trace her rosy feet  
On the near hills and distant mountain-slopes,  
And catch a glimpse of trailing drapery where  
The sunset touches yonder snowy cloud.  
I hear in every variation sweet  
The undertones of that grand harmony  
Sung by the countless creatures of her grace.

The light wind plays a wierd and minor strain  
Among the boughs of yonder lofty oak;  
A bird's sharp cry, a hawk's descending flight  
With prey in beak, and the bright spell is past.  
I waken with a scathing sting of pain,  
A swift revulsion 'gainst the natural law  
That bids us live by death.  
A longing for the good, the infinite,  
A higher plane of action, nobler laws,  
That in their just fulfillment racks no pain,  
Nor mars the holiness of solitude  
With a dumb creature's cry.

This is the curse of all humanity,  
We buy, we sell, we barter all for gain.  
In daily conflict 'twixt the weak and strong  
All but the mighty ones go down  
With scarce a pause to mark the place they  
fell.

Thus darkly raging, as when passion's hand  
Strikes shivering discord from the latent lyre,  
For music's measures strung,  
So reasoned I, while slowly died the light,  
From eastern skies.

The pink along the hills to ashen turned,  
The mists rose silently with gliding step,  
And hung aloft the curtains of repose,  
As sweet-faced, white-capped nurses gently  
move  
In watchful ministry.

The feathered folds of dewy woodlands vast,  
Chirped low their lullaby, goodnight, good-  
night,  
While shown against the darkening vault  
above

The slender silver crescent hung aloft,  
'Mid jeweled settings of the stars,  
And over all the night wind softly sang,  
Bearing the burden from a thousand throats,  
Swelling and sinking to the gentle rhythm,  
Beat by the tossing pines.

Thus love-locked in the arms of slumber  
Lay the land,

And I with humbled heart and clearer vision  
turned

Upon my homeward way,  
No more to quarrel with the human lot,  
That spite of vexed conditions blindly strives  
Upward and onward 'till love's perfect light  
Shines in unshaded splendor.

Plainly I saw and blest the vision true,  
That underneath the mask of selfish greed,  
Which bids us pray, on others, looks love's  
eyes  
Preserving each her own.

Until the dawning of that better time  
Which painfully through many cycles moves,  
When we shall stand where God's first children  
stood,

Not as they, in the untried burst of light  
That greets the newly born;  
But with trained eyes and limbs made resolute  
By patient striving up the narrow path,  
The weary distance, thick beset with thorns,  
That lies between us and closed Eden's gate.

'Till then, dear Father, give us of Thy light,  
That we may use the evils of our time  
As foils 'gainst which to pit our strength  
For mastery o'er self.

When conquering stand we, victors o'er the  
source of darkness,  
And behold! the day is here.

—EMMA SHUMAN.

ADMIRAL DEWEY'S GOLDEN WORDS.

"I have never been in favor of violence  
towards the Filipinos. The islands are  
at this moment blockaded by a fleet,  
and war reigns in the interior. This  
abnormal state of things should cease.  
I should like to see autonomy first con-  
ceded, and then annexation might be  
talked about. This is my opinion, and  
I should like to see violence at once put  
a stop to. According to me, the con-  
cession of self-government ought to be  
the most just and the most logical  
solution."

The McKinley View.

"They assailed our sovereignty, and  
there will be no useless parley, no pause  
until the insurrection is suppressed, and  
American authority acknowledged and  
established."

HISTORY OF NEBRASKA.

At the earnest request of J. Sterling  
Morton, whom I have known for over  
forty years, I consented to actively  
identify myself with the proposed "His-  
tory of Nebraska" of which he is editor-  
in-chief. In arriving at this decision, I  
have been influenced largely by a sense  
of duty to future generations, and an  
abiding faith in the value of this pro-  
posed record and review of the helpful  
agencies that have contributed to the  
wonderful progress and development of  
the state. In my humble judgment,  
this history, under Mr. Morton's broad  
plans, cannot fail to exert a continuous  
and permanent influence upon the future  
of our commonwealth. Not only will  
Nebraska's people, climate, resources  
and capabilities be better known to the  
world, but the work itself will stand for  
all time as the true story of the upbuild-  
ing of a state.

The history will be fair and impartial  
to all persons and interests. The feel-  
ings engendered by political and other

contests will find no place in these vol-  
umes. I have no doubt that the work,  
under Mr. Morton's direction, will take  
a broad, just and comprehensive grasp  
on the subject, and will make a positive  
gain to historical research and knowl-  
edge. What has occurred will be so  
portrayed as to make the history not  
only a compendium of information, but  
an entertaining and popular work for  
the enlightenment of those who will  
follow us.

Citizens of Nebraska should see to it  
that a copy of this history is placed in  
every public and school library, and  
every newspaper office, not only in Ne-  
braska, but in all of the large cities of  
the East, to the end that prospective set-  
tlers and investors may have ready  
access to the most complete information  
regarding Nebraska.

Holding these views, and having  
entered upon this important duty, it is  
my purpose to visit personally many of  
the commercial centers of the state, and  
by voice and pen, aid, as best I may,  
in creating a public sentiment favorable  
to this great undertaking.

Very respectfully,  
GEORGE L. MILLER,  
Associate Editor.

HOW IS IT DONE?



The remarkable success of the method of  
healing without drugs as developed and  
practiced and taught by Prof. Theodore Kharas, of  
Nebraska City, Neb., has caused the scientific  
world, the thinking class of people, to inquire  
"How is it done?" The method is easily ex-  
plained, and to people who will lay aside old  
prejudices long enough to write for literature,  
the explanation will be entirely satisfactory.  
There is a class of people who do not want to  
know any more than they know now. They  
needn't write for they couldn't learn anything  
anyway. The Kharas Method of Magnetic  
Healing appeals only to educated people—the  
ignorant and superstitious are afraid to in-  
vestigate. They think the only cure for disease is  
something which tastes bitter and smells bad.  
Prof. Kharas cures by Vital Magnetism all  
curable diseases without the use of drugs or  
surgery. Treatment by the "Absent Method"  
equally successful, but recovery is not quite so  
rapid as where personal treatment is taken.

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Magnetic Infirmary is at Nebraska City.  
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burn, Neb. Others will soon be established in  
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