

CARL.

He is not there!
We carry flowers, those he loved,
And place them on his grave. Snow white
It lies today. The hillside lone
Wears glitter of the winter's light—
He is not there!

He is not there.
And still 'tis sorrow's yearning wish
Some loving thing to do for him,
Again to drop the fragrant rose,
To weep until the eyes grow dim—
He is not there.

For yet he lives.
In summer's golden morning hours
When birds their carols sing,
His voice seems laughing through each peal,
Its echoes blithely ring—
And still he lives.

For yet he lives.
Within his children's deep, brown eyes
We see the same bright gleams
Of sunny mirth and boyish glee
So like, it surely seems
In them he lives.

We see him still.
In all sweet, thoughtful looks
That search each human face
With eager sympathy and wish
To lend some helpful grace,
We see him still.

We see him still.
In all kind deeds that come
Within our daily view,
When hearts grown faint find gifts
That bring them strength anew,
We see him still.

Yes, still he lives.
Rose after rose we drop today
Till crimson petals hide the mound,
Then turn to see in all fair things
Reflection of his life is found,
And still he lives.

—MARY FRENCH MORTON.
Arbor Lodge, January 9th, 1902.

The skies were
IT WAS gray and dim, and
SNOWING! there was a silence so
supreme in all the air
that sounds seemed banished forever.
The trees and shrubs upon the lawn
were fringed with clinging, moist,
fluffy snow, as brides for weddings and
little children for Christmas carols are
garbed in white. The piazzas of the
old home, where he had been born, were
festooned with snow and its roofs covered
with white, so that folds of it hung
over the eaves and depended like blankets
from a bed. The light came timorously
into the windows and lingered
tenderly upon the face of the dear dead,
as with a human wish for a last caress.
Sorrowing widow and little children,
his brothers and his father, and other
near and loving relatives looked again
and again through tears upon the calm,
still face and the strong head which had
so often and so faithfully harbored
thoughts for the good of others. There
in the room where he had been born
more than thirty-five years before,
rested from useful life and good works a
noble son, a devoted husband and father,
a faithful brother, reflecting, even in
death, the refined features and sturdy
character of his competent mother.

Neighbors and friends came and looked
and wept and went away. Many had
known him from his boyhood, and there
was nothing in his career that one
wished to forget. His care for others,
his desire to help and to please others
had been always a marked characteristic,
and now that he was dead, his
altruism lighted up all the path from
the beginning of an intensely active
life, down to its end. And when, by his
request, made when he was dying, his
brother Mark told the multitude that
"Carl wished none of them to stand un-
covered at his grave, because it could do
him no good, and might harm them,"
all gratefully remembered his generous
care for others. And, at last, in sorrow
and tears the dear one was carried out
from the old home into the falling snow
that muffled every sound, and the gray
skies, in pity, lighted dimly the far way
to Wyuka, "the place to sleep and rest
forever." Sorrow saw the earth envelop
him, and white flakes cover his grave in
purity. It was January 9th, 1901, and
it was snowing when we buried
Carl.

**A YEAR IS
GONE.**

It is now a year
since Carl Morton
died. A year has
passed in which
none of us has heard his voice
nor looked into his keen and
kindly eyes. How many in that time
have missed his strong hand and active
brain; how many, of rich and
poor, of the leaders of great industries
and the boys and girls in the mills,
have felt that his was the touch that
was needed to set everything right?
How much he would have accom-
plished in this year; and how the
color went out of things, many
things, when his participation was
withdrawn!

One year gone; but there are many
yet to come. We are all a year older,
but he is not. We shall grow old and
gray, some of us, but Carl will al-
ways remain the same. His voice
sounding in our aging ears, will al-
ways be that of a young man in the
fullness of his strength. It is his
courageous young spirit that we who
will remember him will have with us,
instead of his mature aid and counsel.
January 7th. A. T. R.

NEW LIGHT.

Many of us have
long been taught
to revere the
memory of Solomon, King of Is-
rael, in an especial manner. In
church and in other places of public
instruction we have been taught that
he was the wisest of men, who in
connection with Hiram, King of Tyre
and other distinguished persons, did
some remarkable things in architect-
ure and other lines.

But now it is represented that to

Solomon must be laid the present
desert condition of Palestine. In his
building operations, though he was
sparing of the metals, using neither
axe, hammer nor any tool of iron, he
consumed a great deal of timber;
the vessels in which his bold sea cap-
tains made voyages to Ethiopia and
other seaports were also built of wood;
and his lumbering operations, being
conducted improvidently, resulted in
all the trees being cut down and all
the dirt being washed into the sea, so
that there was none left to raise corn,
wine and oil on any more. King Sol-
omon is therefore better entitled to
fame as a destroyer than a builder,
and the naked hills of the Holy Land
are his monument, more permanent
than his temple would have been if
Nebuchadnezzar had kept his hands
off it.

We fed fifty-
RAZOR BACK eight cross-breeds
RETURNS. one hundred and
fifty-eight dollars'

worth of corn at market price of De-
cember, 1901, and sold them on De-
cember 28, at \$6.30 a hundred and
they brought seven hundred and
eighty-two dollars and forty-nine
cents. Up to the last of November
they ran wild in the woods and upon
alfalfa fields, which had been three
times cut during the season. These
swine were crosses from the razor-
backs of Florida upon Poland China,
Jersey Red and Berkshire. They work-
ed, and made a good living and growth
by rustling, until put up on Saturday,
November 23, to be fattened. The
ancient swine of the forests never
indulged, so far as we know, in hog
cholera!

A number of our
OMAHA'S CREDIT. excellent friends
in Omaha, who
have nothing of the dead
beat in their make-up, object
to our using that term in connection
with their city, and point out that
Omaha's bonds are selling readily and
commanding a premium.

We did not say that Omaha was a
dead beat; we know that she is not.
We say that some of her city officials
are willing to have the city appear in
that light; and our Omaha friends
know that to be the case also. Oma-
ha's bonds are handled without hesi-
tation by professional dealers in such
securities; so are those of every cross-
roads school house. There are, how-
ever, a great many private investors all
over the country, who have lost con-
fidence in Omaha's city government,
through unfortunate experiences, and
are afraid of anything that comes from
that source. The good men of Omaha,
who are jealous of their city's reputa-
tion, should blame their councilmen
and responsible city officials for allow-
ing this condition to exist; not those
who call their attention to it.