

a few bales away, snoring like a happy young black hog and he came very near crawling over to talk to him. But he remembered that Canary was a "nigger," so he talked to himself and faced the shore again.

"We must be pretty near there," he muttered, "prett' near there. Only one more bend. There's the gov'ment light now. There's ole Mike with 'is oil can; but that Tige that's with 'im—new dog. Lord, how ole Tige did chase us fellers out a ole Mike's melon patch! Wisht 't I had one them melons now. They was so cold an' sweet as honey.

"There's th' sawmill now, 'nd there's one end' th' landin', 'nd there's th' wharf house, 'nd there's Brown's hotel 'nd th' postoffice, 'nd there's Mr. Menard's house. Old man Menard use ter treat me decent when all th' rest h'd quit. 'Nd there's Rond's house, damn 'im. He used ter get many a good ole dollar out a me at 'is bar;—'nd there's Jones' 'nd Mac's 'nd Ponders'

"There's our fence 'nd stable 'nd our well—'nd there's pa's shirts on th' line, 'nd our flow'r garden—'nd the house.—'Nd there, there goes mother out t' feed th' chickens."

He rolled over again and buried his face in the loose hay that some one had pulled out of the bales for a pillow.

Another boat was at the landing, unloading; so the Idlewild drifted slowly on the other side of the river, waiting her turn.

Above his head, on the upper deck, he heard girlish laughter, mingled with the chattering of the crowd; and he thought it the strangest, sweetest sound he had ever heard. He did not know why, for he had heard them laughing many times before, and had not noticed it; then he remembered. "She laughed so; just as soft and sweet and clear," he said.

Then he sat up. "A white 'rouster,' a white 'rouster' with niggers," he repeated over and over. He looked out over the river again—out where the water was deep and swift and silent; it was so swift and silent that he did not dare to face it. It was terrible.

He was a coward and he knew it. He had known vile women and viler men for years. For years he had not spoken to any other kind; he had not cared to do so.

He would have killed himself for shame if he had dared to compare himself with others—those of the upper deck—so he had not thought of making the comparison, but had been satisfied to eat, drink, carouse and work when he had to, to earn money to squander.

Today he felt queer, and wondered if he were going to have the fever again. He remembered how clean and cool the St. Luke's hospital had been the other time, and made up his mind to ask them to take him in if he felt no better at the end of the trip. Half dreaming, he was sitting in a dazed way when the Idlewild made her landing and the mate yelled for all hands on deck.

The mate looked like a human bulldog of questionable character. His eyes were red around the edges, and when he cursed the roustabouts his voice grated in a low fighting growl. At that landing several tons of baled hay were to be unloaded; and the men worked fast, for the bales were not heavy, and the passengers were impatient to be moving. They did not like stopping at a dead little river town. So the mate urged his men and cursed them more than usual.

The roustabouts paid little attention to the curses. Vilest epithets had been showered on them for years; so beyond a sullen but subdued glance of resentment now and then, they took little notice of the mate's abuse.

As they neared the last few bales of hay, the mate punctuated his oaths with ugly swings of his club and tapped some of the slower ones on their backs,

until they hurried up the steep incline in a lame, dragging trot, panting like broken-winded draught horses.

The white roustabout carried his first few bales as well as any of the negroes. For months he had done his work with little apparent effort. The negroes had despised, yet feared him, for he could strike harder, and had been readier to fight than any one among them. But at this landing, after he had carried several bales up the incline, he was more tired than he had ever been before. His leg muscles jerked spasmodically, his legs trembled, and his body seemed slowly sinking down upon his hips.

When he was half way up to the wharf house with his last bale, his jaw dropped suddenly, and his face turned grey, then livid white. The bale of hay toppled from his twitching fingers, though he clutched wildly for it as it fell. Then he began groping for it blindly, as one gropes for an object in a dark room.

The mate was by him in an instant, and was swearing himself out of breath. The culprit found the bale, and made a laughable weak attempt to raise it, but he stumbled and fell over it stupidly.

Then his body limbered and he stood erect. His teeth snapped shut, and with eyes glaring tiger-like, he rushed toward the mate. The mate raised his loaded club for a full swing, but before he struck "Canary Jim" ducked in between them with an audacious grin and gurgling laugh.

"Scuse me, boss," he said, "de pore cuss am sick. I'll tote de hay up t' de wawf house immediately;" and he tossed the bale to his shoulder and went shuffling up the incline, while the white roustabout dragged himself to the top of the bank and lay down.

"Tell the cap'n—I quit," he panted. "Ain't got nothin' comin' t' me;—owe it all—t' th' bar.—Born here 'n this town—guess I got back—t' stay.—Ye're a good nigger, Canary.—a damn good nigger."

The whistled shrieked and the bell clanged slowly, just as "Canary Jim," showing his ivories and singing his jubilee song—"Holla, niggah, holla—hoo-o-hoo," trotted lazily up the gangplank. Then the new Idlewild backed away from the landing, and went flying up the river.

"The prettiest little boat I ever saw," remarked a bystander at the landing, as she steamed out of sight around the river bend.

JOSEPH A. SARGENT.

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M. I. AITKEN,  
City Treasurer.

We have purchased (because it is just the thing we have needed) the Columbian Cyclopaedia Library, consisting of the Columbian encyclopaedia, which is also an unabridged dictionary thirty-two volumes of convenient size neatly bound, four volumes of the annual cyclopaedic review, four volumes of current history for 1896, one Columbian atlas and the neat convenient revolving oak case with glass doors. From the evidence obtained we find that some part of this work is placed in the best private and public library in this country an dabroad, for the reason that they cover a field relative to the past, present and future progress and achievements of the human race not attempted by others. The plan is original, and the work throughout is carefully and ably written. Current history contains 220 pages, is issued two months after the close of each quarter, this length of time being taken to reduce all information received to be an absolutely reliable and authentic basis. If these are kept on file, this magazine will prove a permanent and invaluable record of all important movements in political, social religious, literary, educational scientific and industrial affairs.

The magazine will be indispensable to all people who have encyclopedias, as it will be needed to keep these works up to date. To those who do not own encyclopedias it will be doubly valuable as their source of information is more limited. About March of each year the four volumes of current history are bound into one volume, known as the Annual Cyclopaedic Review. There are now four of these bound volumes covering years 1892-3-4 and 5. The work has for endorsers and subscribers in this city and state such people as Mr. Gere, editor-in-chief of the Lincoln State Journal, Hon. Joe Bartley, state treasurer, Hon. W. J. Bryan, Mr. Miller, editor of the Northwestern Journal of Education, Hon. H. R. Corbett, state superintendent of public instruction, Dr. R. E. Giffen.

Every reading person has felt the need of brief summaries of current topics and events. The daily, weekly and monthly periodicals and papers may furnish data sufficient, but the labor of collecting and digesting it is frequently out of proportion to the result obtained. A most satisfactory summary may be found in the quarterly issues of Current History. This in the library covering a field that no other attempts. Subscription price, \$1.50 a year in advance; bound volumes, cloth, \$2; half morocco, \$2.50; library sheep, \$2.50; embossed sheep, \$3.50; three-fourths perian, \$4. Complete library from \$36. to \$108; cases from \$6. to \$44. The complete library is sold on monthly payments to suit purchaser. City subscriptions will be received at the Courier office for a limited time only, or at Mr. H. W. Brown's book store, direct all other correspondence to C. S. Borum, general agent Lincoln, Neb.

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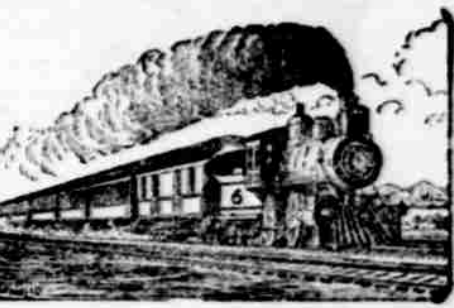
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