

STORIES IN PASSING.

An O street clothier relates this thing about a young farmer living several miles east of Lincoln. The firm had known the man for years and never for a moment thought there was any thing of the sharper in him. But even the head of the firm is caught once in awhile.

The young man came into the store one Tuesday, his faded blue overalls crammed into his boots, his red bandana gathered about his neck with a bone clasp. He needed a shave and his white slouch hat was spotted with dirt and water. He was going to get married, he said, and wanted to purchase a suit of clothes for the occasion.

It didn't take him long to decide on a suit. He chose one out quickly but was uncertain about the taste of his intended. Might he take it out to show her, and come in Saturday and settle?

At the end of the week he brought the suit back. The young lady didn't like it very well. He would have to look again. But he was too busy just then; would be in the first of the week and bring her with him.

A week or so later several young fellows were in from the same neighborhood.

"That was a nice suit you sold Henry Menke," they said. "Got another like it?"

"Certainly," was the reply, "in fact, got the same thing. Menke brought it back, said it didn't suit his girl."

"Brought it back?" they exclaimed, "Why, Great Scott, he was married in it! We saw it at his wedding."

The story leaked out and quickly ran the round of Menke's neighborhood and the neighbors made it so unpleasant for him that he packed up his wife and went back to Illinois.

It was when Washington's army was passing the most terrible winter ever known in the colonies. The snow was drifted everywhere. The cold was biting, and not a dry log to be found for miles. The soldiers were half naked and almost tentless. But there was not a murmur in the ranks.

One day late in December was especially severe. The snow filled the air and half buried the camp. Toward evening a strange outfit drove inside the lines. It was an ox-team dragging four heavy sleds, loaded high and covered with countless blankets.

"From the women in the town," said the driver as he came to a halt.

The men came running from the huts and tents and the blankets were torn off with a shout. On the sleds were baskets and baskets filled to the brim with rich brown doughnuts, and pinned to every basket was a sprig of holly, and a pleasant Christmas greeting.

The teacher of an infant Sunday school class in an East Lincoln church was speaking of an idol and having the children finish each sentence to show that they understood her.

"The idol had eyes," the teacher said, "but it couldn't —"

"See," came from the little ones.

"It had ears but it couldn't —"

"Hear," was the answer.

"It had lips," she said, "but it couldn't —"

"Speak," once more replied the children.

"It had a nose but it couldn't —"

"Wipe it!" shouted the children, and the lesson stopped while the young lady tried to frown the smile off her lips.

She used to live down in Crete, a slight, pale faced little woman, who had been tied down at home all her married life by the children. She seldom got a breath of fresh air, there was always a tired drawn look about her eyes, and

her hair as fast getting grey about the temples.

Then her husband died and things were in such a tangle the lawyers ate up everything, straightening them out again. Life was looking mighty blue just then but her brother who ran a grocery store in Lincoln came down and persuaded her to go back with him and run a boarding house for students.

She took a house close to the university and started in with eight boarders. She now has fifty. Her brother lets her have things at cost. She is making a good living and putting aside a little for the children's education. She has three servants to run the house while she attends to the buying, which she does on a bicycle. There is little worry, the children are in school, and she is out of doors all morning.

She has solved one of the questions of the hour—and now weighs 160 pounds and gaining every day.

"You barely know her? Well, there's but one thing for you to do. It's too bad the snow's so deep and only that one little narrow path along the sidewalk. No rubbers? That is hard luck. And I have none. But 'll it'll never do to go single file on such a short acquaintance, never in the world! You'll have to give the girl the path and plow along in the snow at her side."

And he took me seriously and waded knee deep both going and coming. Of course, the shoes he wore were ruined. He told me about it when he came in late that night and I laughed at him for a fool. But the next morning I found he had gotten into my patent leathers by mistake.

The Salvation Army stopped before the screened door of the saloon and began its services. The jangling of a piano from within mingles with the hymn of the street. Curses and laughter drown the sound of prayer. Suddenly angry voices arise behind the green curtains. The piano ceases. A chair upsets. There is scuffling of feet and a sharp report rings out. Then all is still.

Outside the group huddles horror-stricken. Of a sudden the door bursts open. A young man with bloody hair and paling cheek staggers out, stops short on the pavement and falls to the ground.

Almost instantly a gray-haired woman of the faith darts from the group and drops by his side. The bloody head rests in her lap and a mother's lips are kissing the cold brow of the dead boy.

H. G. SHEDD.

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