

BRUSH, COLORADO.

This bit of information is printed for convenience about answering the numerous inquiries now coming in concerning Brush, Colorado, and surrounding country.

- 1—BRUSH has about two hundred inhabitants.
- 2—A splendid, commodious school building, with all "high school" facilities.
- 3—Located in the Platte and Beaver valley, eighty miles east of Denver, in the midst of a large area of fine, arable land, covered by irrigation ditches, and only waiting judicious farming to develop wealth.
- 4—The climate is adapted to all sorts of crops grown in the North Temperate zone.
- 5—Excellent water can be had at depth varying from 30 to 60 feet, the lower strata furnishing the purest mountain water at a table.
- 6—Fine building stone adjacent to the town, can be had at from \$1.75 to \$1.00 per cord, thus making it cheaper to build of stone than lumber.
- 7—Three crops of alfalfa are grown in the season, yielding as a rule six tons per acre as the product, while wild hay on the higher land grows well and always brings a big price. The rich yield of hay makes it pre-eminently a country in which to raise cattle and hogs to the feeding stage when it is easy to drive them to the cheap corn of Nebraska.
- 8—Small fruits and vegetables of all kinds can be developed to any extent almost—the real conditions when told seem almost fabulous.
- 9—Steam threshers in work of 1896 show average of wheat in this vicinity to be forty bushels per acre, oats fifty bushels.
- 10—Entire absence of contagious diseases of both man and beast; the atmosphere is a regular daily life giver.
- 11—The county of Morgan, in which Brush is located, is free of debt and taxes are low.

There is now excellent opening for a first class grist mill, one hundred barrel capacity, one good hardware store, one good drug store.

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SHADOWS ILLUMINATED.

Gill stood at the foot of the long, narrow stairs, surveying them critically. "Of course he's at the top," she said; "they always are—and no lift! Poor Van! I ought to have married him!" She mounted three flights with a brisk step that left her breathless at the end of the fourth. For a moment she leaned against the balustrade, her heart beating violently; then she knocked at the studio door. There was no response, and she beat an impatient tattoo with her knuckles—she was not in the habit of being kept waiting. She could hear footsteps as of a person crossing the room, and the door was opened by a swarthy man whose great shock of black hair, and the dingy red jersey he wore gave him a certain gipsy picturesque.

"Good morning," the girl said, with a little accent; "this is Mr. Drayton, I believe?"

"Won't you come in?" the man replied, kicking aside some rubbish to make way for her.

Gill entered, and stood in the middle of the room taking in its disorder with a smile-lit critical eye. Everything had the ragged, dusty appearance that betokened negligence rather than the confusion that is picturesque. Slovenly was the outward expression of it. Had Van come to that?

Drayton stood waiting for her to open the conversation.

"If you are quite done staring at me," she said, breaking the silence, "perhaps you will ask me to sit down!"

"I beg your pardon," he stammered, dumping a pile of cardboard out of a chair, and pulling it up for her; "I seem to have forgotten my manners."

"And a lot of other things besides, eh, Van?" She spoke without any accent now, and lifted the closely dotted veil that had partially concealed her face.

"Gill!" he gasped, with his eyes riveted on her; "it isn't possible!"

"Everything is possible," she remarked coolly; "even that I should run over from Paris to see you. Upon my word, you're not very cordial—you haven't even shaken hands with me."

"When did you come?" he managed to ask, though his tongue felt dry and parched, and he made no movement toward her.

"For pity's sake, don't get tragic, Van!" the girl said impatiently. "I can't talk while you stand devouring me like that! Come and sit down and be sensible. I did succeed in surprising you, didn't I?" and she laughed delightedly.

"When did you come, Gill?" he repeated, dropping on a divan, pushing a rattle under the cushions out of sight.

"Yesterday, on the St. Louis. Just a sudden freak to have a look at my country and you. We're staying at the Moreland, Tommie and I—it's so deadly respectable! You remember Tommie, don't you? She's the best of chums—always around when I want her and never when I don't."

"Why didn't you send me word, Gill?"

"Van! Van!" she cried, protestingly, "you're worse than the witness stand. It has been nothing but 'why, why,' since I came in. As if I ever knew why! And I did not come all this distance to be cross-examined!" She left her chair and sat down beside him on the divan, throwing off her furs with a graceful movement. "Aren't you glad to see me, Van?" and then, as if no answer were necessary, she sprang up and went over to an easel, examining a canvas that was wet. "Cherubs!" she exclaimed, "and exquisitely tender they are, too! How long have you been going in for that sort of thing?"

"Some months," he answered, mechanically.

She turned and looked at him. "Van," she said, "you're a stupid old thing—I'm disappointed in you. I

thought it would be such fun to drop in like this, so I looked you up in the directory this morning, and I climbed up all those awful stairs just to see see for myself how you were getting on, and really you've been abominable—you haven't any manners at all!"

"Gill! Gill! You do not know."

"Yes, I do know," she interrupted. "I know that America does not agree with you—come back to Paris with me."

The man took a step toward her and stopped. From the adjoining room came a faint, peevish wail.

"Van," the girl said, facing him, "I know why you got out of Paris, and I was sorry—very sorry, but I let you go. There were so many others," she said wearily, "only you took it more tragically than the rest. Sometimes it has worried me that I spoiled your work there. Often I have been tempted to send for you, but you see"—speaking more lightly—"I never did. I thought I would wait until I just couldn't wait any longer, and here I am! Van!" she cried, merrily. "Isn't that a confession?"

From the adjoining room the faint, peevish wail deepened into a luscious cry that was broken by a woman's voice droning monotonously. A startled look came into the girl's eyes and she turned to Drayton inquiringly.

He strengthened himself with a visible effort, and taking her hand in his drew her to the other end of the studio. "I can't go back to Paris with you, dear, because of—that," he faltered glancing toward the door through which a sing-song lullaby now came in snatches.

"Van!" she cried, in a low, tense whisper, then, with a half-articulate cry she buried her face in the cushions.

"Gill, Gill!" he cried, beseechingly, "look at me—laugh at me, dear. See, I am not worth anything else—only to be laughed at. You know you always laughed at me."

She raised her head as if in obedience to his will, but her eyes went by his face and rested on the canvas. "How old is he Van?" she asked quietly.

"Six months. May I tell you about it dear?"

She nodded her head, and going over to the window, pulled back the tapestry that covered it and let her gaze go out over the roofs and chimney pots. How dingy and sordid and commonplace it all seemed! Beyond and above was the sky, a vivid blue flecked with tiny clouds, but she did not see it—darkening shadows obscured her vision.

Drayton followed her, and rested one knee on a chair behind her, leaning heavily on the back while he talked. The lullaby had ceased, and the silence about them was oppressive. "I married her, Gill, six months after I left you. I thought I was a fool ever to have dreamed of you—I, poor devil of a painter, to whom you were kind, and you with all the world from which to choose!"

"And if I did not choose the world?"

"Ah, Gill!"

"Perhaps, too, you think I made you one of us out of pure kindness?" she asked, scornfully.

"Dear I did not dare think—how could I? And you laughed when I came away." He waited a moment but she made no comment, and he went on slowly. "The love of you was like a fever that consumed me, but I did not mean it should weaken me, so I worked—God in heaven, how I worked those first months! And I began to gain recognition and make a place for myself, and always I said, 'it is Gill who is doing it.' I saw very few people those days, dear; no women but my models."

"Ah!" she interjected.

"She was a sweet, slender little thing, and one day, when, in spite of everything, I went to pieces, she nursed me and pulled me through. When I got about again we were married. That is about all of it, dear."