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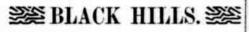
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TRIUMPH OF THE SENTIMENTAL. Of course I would like to go now-" the

Mrs." Maynard came from the funeral go in debt." and went directly up to the room where her son had died. She stood a moment pocket. in the door and looked stolidly around the room; she leaned a little heavily letter." against the door casing and put her large white hand to her throat. A he looked at the letter, and with an indiamond on her finger gleamed and the coherent word or two brushed past him lace across her shoulder moved in the rather ungraciously into the house. It a'r from the open window.

cheeks and heavy circles under her writing. eyes, but in spite of them her face was things of life.

had studied. The evening before he had tore away the end of the envelope. been taken sick suddenly. His papers twenty lines of "Passing of Seyld."

less tragic than his death. had lived so alone with his books and ived alone with her diamonds and her down to the corral. opera. While her husband, Lee's stephad.

would have loved her and understood her tail rest'esely. her, it might have been. A sudden "I ought to let the cat out," Stella The children belong to the mother.

She started to leave the room and "Come kitty" she whispered softly, then stopped. No, she would write to and the cat purred in her arms. him and ask for Stelia to como and see go back.

not like hers, but this would do.

towards the house and came trotting his shoulder. He turned a little to press along briskly by the door. She cast her his bearded cheek against her breast eyes swiftly around over the stretching ctus prairie to take in the red sunset and the far away line where the Rockies made a dim irregularity on the horizon. she should come to him. She sat quite Then she turned to the door where her still. The cat curled comfortably upon father stood, and sprang from the saddle. He was looking at his old purling through the screen. fashioned watch and smilirg. "Is the hour up?" she laughed. "But spoke quietly. it doesn't mattter anyway. I've got the school. I can afford to lose a bet." She dismounted and held the horse a minute while sheexplained that she was to teach a seven months school and was to get thirty-five dollars a month. "Which'll be," and she made a pretense of counting on her fingers, "two hundred and fifty five dollars. That ought to be enough to send me you shall have all you want as long as through the high school." Then she led her pony down to the corral. When she came back her father somehow Stella felt what was underspoke hesitatingly. "I wish I was well enough off to send you to school with out this year of teaching. I could, by getting a mortgage and if you say so-She interrupted him.

smiled up into his face-"but I'll never

Suddenly she reached into her

"I forgot," the said, "there was a

She tried not to seem inquistrive as might mean many things for her father There were traces of tears on her to get a letter in a woman's hand

He held the letter a long time before the face of one who would Le as selfish he opened it. He could hear Stella in grief as in, to her, not less important moving about in the house and the soft clink of carefully handled plates. When she had stood a moment, she He loooked out at the sky and the diswalked restlessly to the table where he tant Rockies. Then with an effort he

When he had folded the letter away and books lay spread out as he had left in his pocket and let his hands fall them. An open knife lay at one side listlessly between his knees, Stella with a newly sharpened pencil; the last called him in to supper. He went quietly number of the college paper half covered and ate as usual, bearing as long as a copy of Beowuff, open and marked possible the scenting of her keen eyes. with a memorandum of the next lesson: He kept up a forced conversation about the new irrigation ditch that was to be She saw in a dim new way the tragedy dug, but when he rose from the table of her son's death, and following came he took down his hat and changed the a brief sense that his life had not been subject abruptly, answering her He thought.

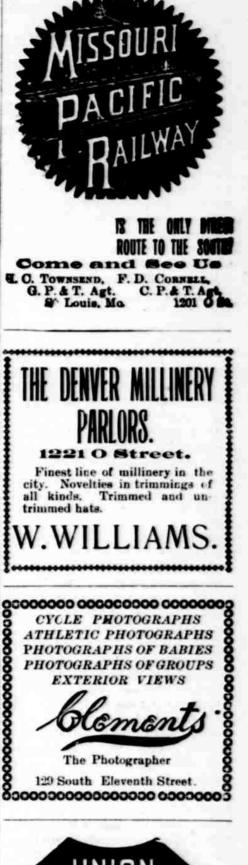
"I can't tell you what was in the his violin, while she, his mother, had letter just yet" he said and walked away

Stella washed her dishes and sat by father, had lived alone with his stocks the table reading till ten o'clock, but and dividends; yet in all their complexi- her father delayed coming in. Then she ty of feeling she felt most keenly the left the lamp burning, and when she baffled sense of having lost in Lee's had turned down the covers of her death something that she had never father's bed in the front room, turned into her own room and went to bed. They had never understood each other. From where she lay she could see the Perhaps if she had kept Stel'a and let lamplight from the kitchen fall across Lee go with his father she might have the rag carpet of the front room. The been different and happier. A girl cat came and stood in the light, moving

tierce resolve came into her heart. She thought drowsily and then fell asleep. knew where Stel'a was now; she would "In the night she was wakened by the go to ber and bring her back. It was cat creeping softly across her knees. She not fair that Stella should be alive with saw that the lamp had been put out and her father and that Lee should be dead. rose carefully that she might not dis turb her father.

At the door of her father's room she her for a little while, for a year, because hesitated. In the dim light from the Lee was dead. She would come and she stars she could see that her father's bed could choose herself whether she would was as she had left it. But at the window he sat looking out through the She sat down at Lee's table and took screen with his chin leaning on his from the drawer a box of plain and un- hand. She stroked the cat a mon-ent scented note paper. Lee's tastes were and then went resolutely across the room.

"Father," she said, and stopped to lay St lla urged her pony up the incline her arm in its white gown softly across and then, as if she had been a little girl, drew her down on his knes. It seemed the most natural thing in the world that her lap and the soft summer wind came



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ton to state tr

"I told you before I wouldn't. I can wait a year I guese. "I'm not so old. When her father began to talk he

"I have let you always think that your mother was dead, Stella. You are old enough now to be told that she is not. When she left me and got her divorce, I came here with you. She could not very well refuse when I asked for you She kept your brother; he wasn't a year old then; and a week ago tonight he died. Now she wan's you. She says you will stay."

He had given only the bare story, but neath.

"Am I like her?" she asked.

"No." Stella guessed the "Thank God" that

followed in his mind. "Was she wicked?"

"No, no, not that!"

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