

SACRIFICE.

I took the best that I had
and laid it—
Laid it down on
the altar stone;
It was the best of my life
and I laid it
Down with tears
on the altar stone;
Sometimes I think that gift
to the Giver—
The God who took—
will return again:
That in the round
of the long forever,
There is no space
for endless pain:
But duty is duty
and Truth is right,
And to these I will hold
in ill's despite.

—IDYLA

surplus money in a safety deposit box, or in a stocking gourd, tied in a napkin, and there are many cautious and unsuspecting citizens of Lincoln who have used one of these receptacles for cash in late years. By this course, at the same time decreasing the amount of money in circulation their own patriotism, and prolonging hard times. This numerous class would at once transfer their savings and makings to the postal savings bank and the government would put it in circulation, the owners would be saved the rent of a box and gain two and one-half per cent a year. The laborers of England are a thrifty, hard-working lot, and exceedingly tenacious. But the laborers in this country move around, untrammelled by tradition, love of the home-stand or any sentiment whatever for that matter. The ease with which they have made money has made it easy for them to spend it, and by the same token they would despise two and one-half per cent a year. The patrons of a government savings bank in this country would be drawn from school teachers, and children, ministers, doctors and lawyers, who see so much of tricky bad men that they are wary of trusting their money with anything human or less stable and concrete than the whole United States.

That through "Rock Island" train from the west to Buffalo for the Grand Army boys and their friends will be a hummer." Leaves Omaha, Aug 22, 1897.

You can take this train if you will promptly interview any Rock Island agent. Better make your arrangements very soon and get the best service. It will run through without change.

Cool Niagara Falls near Buffalo is inviting in August, and the ticket rate will be low. Get details from any Rock Island agent or address C. A. Rutherford, G. A. P. D., Omaha; John Sebastian, G. P. A., Chicago.

Now is the chance to get a farm. Harvest excursions on the Great Rock Island route to the Oklahoma district, also to Kansas and Texas. There are six excursions arranged for. Ticket rate, one fare for round trip plus \$2.00.

Dates are Aug. 3-17, Sept. 7-21 and Oct. 5-19. Inquire of any ticket agent of the Rock Island system or address John Sebastian, G. P. A., Chicago, Ill.

Tommy's Toilet.

Tommy (inquiringly)—Mamma, is this hair-oil in this bottle?

Mamma—Mercy, no! That's mucilage.

Tommy (nonchalantly)—I guess that's why I can't get my hat off.

Get Healthy Jurors.

Jimson—I wouldn't hang a man on any "expert" testimony of doctors. Would you?

Jamson—Not if I were in good health.

Humph! What's that to do with it? I haven't much faith in doctors—when I'm well.

A Frosted Garden.

I walked down into the garden this morning to view, out of mere curiosity, the desolation that had been brought by the first sharp frost. Everything was killed. The lima beans hung limp and black about their poles. Tomato plants and sweet potato vines lay flat on the ground and nothing could have looked more desolate than the water melon patch. Green melons, ranging from the size of a cup to the size of my head,—not very large to be sure—lay scattered about, connected here and there by grey snake-like vines. I walked among them, overturning a melon here with my stick and crushing one there with my heel, till I came to the lower end of the garden, where it opened into the road; for the garden belongs to the German people with whom I board and is the old fashioned kind in front of the house. It was made up of flowers and vegetables and fruit trees, put together without any order and was, even in its best days, a curious sight. I smiled to see that the house and the garden suited each other better now than when the garden luxuriated in marigolds and touch-me-nots and cabbages and gooseberries. Now the gooseberry stalks were stripped of their leaves, the cabbages had been stored long ago, and the only flowers left were the Bachelor's Buttons along the path. These were as erect and stiff as if the frost had only straightened their wiry stems the more.

I stopped at the gate, and leaning on it, let my thoughts run loose. Strangely enough I grew sentimental. The idea of an old bachelor like me being sentimental! I seldom am and I might have known that, with my lack of experience, my thoughts would stray into the foothills, and when I came to the round-up, would all stampede.

I kept thinking that everybody's life is like that garden. At the first frost everything wilts down and all the color vanishes. The half ripe water melons were like the good deeds never finished, while the dead flowers were like hopes blasted even in their blossoming. So I went on in a silly fashion, trying to find something in the garden to parallel everything in life and something in life to parallel everything in the garden. Some of my similes were stretched to the utmost; some were so absurd that I blushed to myself in making them. But I kept on, knowing that probably I would never write them down and that if I did, no one would read them.

I was just beginning to tire of these thoughts when I saw Dora, the daughter of my host, standing in the house door with her knitting in her hands. Seeing her, I could not resist the temptation to try one more simile. But I looked around vainly for something to which I might liken her—that is, after she had encountered the frost. But there was too much incongruity in likening the fresh rosy little girl to any of the faded flowers or frosted vegetables, sharpened as my wits were by recent practice, I couldn't see any points of similarity so I gave up in despair. I started down the road with a feeling of being thwarted in my dearest wish when suddenly I stopped with a joyful inspiration. "She'll be just like the Bachelor's Buttons," I said aloud, "she'll be so well fortified against trials and disappointments with her healthy body and strong nerves that she won't notice the trials after the first sting. She'll stand up as straight and placid in her old age as the Bachelor's Buttons after the frost." Having said this, I walked on quite happy, and relieved that I had found a parallel for everything that I had tried. And myself? O, I hoped that I was to be like the cabbages that headed up and were stored before the frost came.

Her doll had been hid away in the

old chest of drawers in the attic for two years ever since she was ten. She took it out one after-noon and smoothed down its dress with a gentle superiority. How could she have been so childish as to play with dolls and like them as if they were really alive. Of course it was pleasant to keep this one to remember one's childhood by, but as for anything more—she turned up her nose.

She laid it gently on her knee and bent over the open drawer. She worked quickly sorting her treasures and putting things in order. It was getting dark; she must hurry.

As she worked the weight of the doll pressed more heavily in her lap and at last she laid it up across her shoulder. The sun did not shine now on the high little window. The boxes and broken chairs sank back quietly into the grey-ness of the eaves and at last she could see no longer. Then a strange feeling came over her, a feeling that she had never known before. She drew the doll down upon her breast and bent till her cheek rested against it. She began to rock back and forth in silence, her eyes staring into the dark. A fierce kind of happiness crept over her.

"My dollie, my dollie," she whispered, and rocked faster.

After a long time she laid the doll back and stumbled down the stairs half dazed by the complexity of her new feelings.

ANNIE PREY.

Cholera in Chains.

At the recent meeting of the German public health society at Magdeburg, Dr. Koeh said that it is now possible to prevent the spread of cholera in any country, and he was certain that Germany would never be visited again by an epidemic if only the measures now adopted were carried out early and energetically. It was a matter of indifference to him what precautionary measures were taken in other countries, for Germany was now able to protect herself and keep the cholera out of her own borders.

Into pretting a Proverb.

"Do you believe that whistling indicates that a man has an empty head?" asked the affable devotee to "Sweet Marie." "It indicates that he will have one if I can reach his head with a club," replied the person who can't be industrious without being irritable.

Public Servants.

Inquiring Child—Why do the papers call office-holders public servants?

Mother—Because they are paid so much and do so little.

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