

ed Wyoming, Lead, Spearfish, and Deadwood, South Dakota.

Mrs. Edward Fitzgerald, Mr. Paul and Miss Lillian Fitzgerald returned on Tuesday from Crow Agency, Montana, where they have been visiting the head of the family for a fortnight.

Mrs. Geo. W. Brown of South Bend, Indiana, arrived in Lincoln yesterday, she will spend a few weeks with her son W. S. Brown 911 G street.

Mrs. W. A. Harris, her daughter, Mrs. H. G. McVicker and Master Hugh and Will McVicker left Monday for a three weeks outing in Colorado.

Ex governor Thayer left on Wednesday to deliver an address before the old settler's association of Thayer county the county which is his namesake.

Mr. and Mrs. Bert Richards, Oliver and Margery Richards and Henry Guile left this week for an outing of a few weeks at Estes Park, Colorado.

The East Lincoln Congregational church gave a picnic Wednesday at Pettibone's farm for the Epworth Leaguers of that church.

Hair Dressing, Shampooing, Scalp Treatment, Manicuring, and Switch Work. Anne Rivett and Agnes Rawlings 143 South 12th street.

Mrs. W. I. Brundage returned to her home in Friend this week after a week's visit with her sister, Mrs. Ingersoll.

Senator Hayward of Nebraska City who fainted from the effects of heat and over exertion is rapidly recovering.

For the next thirty days we will sell Gas, Electric, and Combination Fixtures at 20 per cent off. Korrmeyer Plumbing and Heating Co.

Mr. H. H. Pierce, formerly of Lincoln but now of Peoria, Ill., was in the city a few days this week.

Mrs. J. F. Lansing and Mrs. James Manahan have returned from a tour to the Pacific coast.

Mr. and Mrs. M. J. Waugh have returned from an extended visit in Pine, Colorado.

Mr. and Mrs. T. S. Allen returned Wednesday from a short outing in Colorado.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Speier have returned from a five week's visit in Colorado.

Mr. Oliver Lansing has returned from Luzon and is visiting his parents.

H M Dunn, dentist; rooms 26-27 Burr blk

The Great Rock Island Route is placing Interchangeable Mileage Books on sale at all coupon offices west of Missouri river. These books are good on 37 different railroads and will be a great advantage to commercial men and travelers. The net rate is 2 1/2 c per mile in Kansas, Missouri, Nebraska, Oklahoma and Indian Territory.

TIME IS MONEY.

When you are traveling, due consideration should be given to the amount of time spent in making your journey.

The Union Pacific is the best line and makes the fastest time by many hours to Salt Lake City, Portland and California points.

For time tables, folders, illustrated books, pamphlets descriptive of the territory traversed, call at City Office, 1044 O st. E. B. SLOSSON, Gen. Agent,

Geraldine—The American people are kickers.

Harold—Your father is a good American all right.

"What do you think of the newly organized Chair Trust?" asked Gilgal.

"It should be sat upon," replied Gilfoyle.

THE WAY OF THE WORLD.

[WILLA CATHER.]

Of the world was full of the summer time,  
And the year was always June,  
When we two played together  
In the days that were done too soon.

Of every hand was an honest hand,  
And every heart was true,  
When you were king of the corn-lands  
And I was queen with you.

When I could believe in the fairies still,  
And our elf in the cotton-wood tree,  
And the pot of gold at the rainbow's end—  
—And you could believe in me.

Speckle Burnham sat on Mary Eliza's front porch waiting until she finished her practicing. Apparently he was not in a hurry for her to do so. He shuffled his bare feet uneasily over the splintery boards when the dragging, hopeless thumping within quickened in tempo to a rapid, hurried volley of sounds, telling that Mary Eliza's "hour" was nearly over and that she was prodding the lagging moments with fiery impatience.

Indeed, cares of state were weighing heavily upon Speckle, and he had some excuse for gravity, for Speckle was a prince in his own rights and a ruler of men.

In Speckle Burnham's back yard were half-a-dozen drygoods boxes of large dimensions, placed evenly in a row against the side of the barn, and there was Speckle's empire. It had long been a cherished project of the boys on Speckle's street to collect their scattered lemonade stands and sidewalk booths and organize a community; but without Speckle's wonderful executive ability the thing would never have been possible.

In the first place, Speckle had the most disreputable back yard in the community. It would have been quite out of the question to have littered up any other yard on the street with half-a-dozen drygoods boxes and the assorted chattels of their respective occupants. But Speckle's folks had been farming people, and regarded their back yard as the natural repository for such encumbrances as were in the way in the house; and Speckle was among them. Speckle had offered his yard as a possible site for a flourishing town, and the other boys brought their drygoods boxes and called the town Speckleville in honor of the founder.

Now it must not be thought that Speckleville was a transient town, such as boys often found in the morning and destroy in the evening. Speckle's especial point was organization. No boy was allowed to change his business or his place of business without due permission from the assembled council of Speckleville. Jimmy Templeton kept a grocery stocked with cinnamon barks, soda crackers, ginger snaps and "Texas Mixed"—a species of cheap candy which came in big wooden buckets;—these he pilfered from his father's store. Tommy Sanders was proprietor of a hardware store, stocked with bows and arrows, sling shots, pea shooters and ammunition for the same. "Shorty" Thompson kept a pool room with a table covered with one of his mother's comforters. Dick Hutchinson ran the dime museum where he fearlessly handled live bull snakes for the sum of a few pins and exhibited snapping turtles, pocket gophers, bullets from Chattanooga, rusty firearms and a piece of a rope with which a horse thief had been lynched. Reinhold Birkner was the son of the village undertaker and was a youth of a dolorous turn of mind and insisted upon keeping a marble shop where he made little tombstones and neat caskets for the boys' deceased woodpeckers and prairie dogs, and for such of the museum specimens as sought early and honored graves.

Speckle, by reason of inventive genius

and real estate monopoly, held all the important offices in town. He was mayor and postmaster, and he conducted a bank, wherein he compelled the citizens to deposit their pins, charging them heavily for that privilege and lending out their own funds to them at a ruinous usury, taking mortgages on the stock and business houses of such unfortunates as failed to meet their obligations promptly. His father was a chattel broker in the days when money changed hands quickly in the country beyond the Missouri, and from his tenderest years Speckle had been initiated into the nefarious arts of the business. But although his threats many a time caused poor delinquents to tremble, I never heard of him actually foreclosing on any one, and I can assert on good authority that when Dick Hutchinson's father failed in business, causing great consternation throughout the village, Speckle went to Dick privately and offered to lend him a few hundred pins gratis to tide him over any present difficulties.

But certainly Speckle had a right to be autocratic, for it was Speckle's fecund fancy more than his back yard that was the real site of that town, and his imagination was the coin current of the realm, and made those drygoods boxes seem temples of trade to more eyes than his own. A really creative imagination was Speckle's—one that could invent occupations for half-a-dozen boys, metamorphose an express wagon into a street car line, a rubber hose into city water works, devise feast days and circuses and public rejoicings, railway accidents and universal disasters, even invent a Fourth of July in the middle of June and cause the hearts of his fellow townsmen to beat high with patriotism. For Speckle, by a species of innocent hypnotism, colored the mental visions of his fellow townsmen until his fancies seemed weighty realities to them, just as a clever play actor makes you tremble and catch your breath when he draws his harmless rapier. And, like the play actors, Speckle was the willing victim of his own conceit. What matter if he had to peddle milk to the neighbor women at night? What matter even if he were chastised because he had lost the hatchet or forgotten to dig around the trees on his father's lots? Tomorrow he was the founder of a city and a king of men!

So the inhabitants of Speckleville had dwelt together in all peace and concord until Mary Eliza Jenkins had peered at them through the morning-glory vines on her back porch and had envied these six male beings their happiness; for although Mary Eliza was the tom-boy of the street, the instincts of her sex were strong in her, and that six male beings should dwell together in ease and happiness seemed to her an unnatural and a monstrous thing. Furthermore, she and Speckle had played together ever since the days when he had been father to all her dolls and had rocked them to sleep, and until the founding of Speckleville he had openly preferred her to any boy on the street, and she bitterly resented his desertion.

Once, in a moment of rashness, the boys invited her over to a circus in Speckle's barn, and after that Speckle knew no peace of his life. Night and day Mary Eliza importuned him for admittance to his town. She hung around his back porch as soon as she was through practicing in the morning; she nudged him and whispered to him as she sat next to him at Sunday school; she waylaid him while he was taking his cow out to pasture and sprang upon him from ambush when he was taking his milk in the evening, even offering to accompany him and carry one of the tin pails. Taking his milk was the prime curse of Speckle's life and he weakly accepted her company, especially to the house of the old

woman who kept the big dog. When Speckle went there alone he usually played he was a burglar.

Now Speckle himself had really no objection to granting Mary Eliza naturalization papers and full rights of citizenship, but the other boys would not hear of it.

"She'll try to boss us all just like she bosses you," objected Tommy Sanders. "Anyhow, she's a girl and this ain't a girl's play. I suppose she'd keep a dressmaking shop and dress our dolls for us," snorted Dick Hutchinson contemptuously.

"Put it any way you like, she'll spoil the town," said Jimmy Templeton.

"You began it all yourself Temp. You asked her to the circus, you know you did," retorted Speckle.

Poor Speckle! He had never heard of that old mud-walled town in Latium that was also founded by a boy, and where so many good fellows dwelt together in jovial comradeship until they invited some ladies from the Sabine hills to a party, with such disastrous results.

On this particular morning Speckle had come over to, if possible, persuade Mary Eliza to desist from her appeals, and he sat in the sunshine gloomily awaiting the interview. Presently a triumphant "one, two, three, four," and a triumphant bang announced that her hour of penal servitude was over for the day, and she dashed out on the porch.

"Well, have you made them?" she demanded.

Speckle braced himself and came directly to the point.

"I can't make them, Mary 'Liza, and they say you'd get tired and spoil the town."

"O stuff! What makes them say that?"

"Well, it's 'cause you're a girl, I guess," said Speckle reflectively, wrinkling the big, yellow freckle on his nose that was accountable for his nickname.

"Girl nothin'! I'd play I was a man, and that's all you do. M. E. Jenkins—that's what I'll have over my store. I've got the signs already made. 'Delmonico Resteraunt, M. E. Jenkins, Prop.' Come, Speckle, you know I can skin a cat as well as you can and I can beat Hutch running, can't I now?"

"Course you can. I'd like to have you in, Mary 'Liza," remonstrated Speckle.

"O well, I don't care so much about getting in your old town anyhow, only my father keeps the bakery and I could have cookies and cream puffs and candy to sell in my store, chocolates and things, none of your old Texas Mixed, and I thought I could be a good deal of use in your town."

"Say, Mary 'Liza, do you mean that? I guess I'd better tell them. I guess I'll tell them tonight," said Speckle, with a new interest.

"O do, Speckle, and do get me in!" cried Mary Eliza, as she hopped gleefully about on one foot. "You know you can if you want to, 'cause it's in your yard. And we can have Strawberry for a ring horse when we have circuses. His tail isn't all rubbed off like your Billy's and he can be a pony in the side show, too."

Speckle did not reply at once. He was wondering whether Mary Eliza could meet the large demands on the imagination requisite to citizenship in Speckleville. He was not wholly certain as to the enduring qualities of feminine imagination, but he did not know exactly how to express his doubts, so he remained silent.

"What are you thinking about now?" demanded Mary Eliza.

"O nothing. I'll see them about it tonight."

"And if they don't let me in I'll know it's all your fault," called Mary Eliza threateningly, as she dashed into the