



WEST VIRGINIA BUILDING.
PAN-AMERICAN EXPOSITION.

ONE OF THE NORTH MEN.

[KATHARINE MELICK.]
For The Courier.

II.

Eliza Ann Matthiason was a woman who made life hard for herself. She knelt down to scrub her floor, and stood up to pare potstoe, and never sat upon her cushioned chairs. Those three plump pads of red and blue crewel were set apart, dedicate to the use of the ministry. The Reverend James Matthiason consecrated one to his own service.

When, after a morning at the wash-board, Eliza went to her own room, with every morsel of flesh tingling in dull, weary aches, she did not even look at her snowy bed. She laid herself down for a quarter of an hour on the bare floor, and then rose to prepare the dinner of the Reverend James. If by any chance she saw a cob web, or a feathery dust-wraith sliding under that white valance, when she took her breath of rest, the foreign substance must first be banished. Even at night, Eliza Ann put her hair into tight plaits, pinned them rigid and fast to the back of her head, and tucked them away in her night-cap, before she went to bed. For forty years, she combed her hair so every night, and slept, too, as even a Japanese martyr to the coffure sleeps, in some inscrutable wise.

It was not, then, altogether to the blame of the Reverend James Matthiason, reformed jockey and frontier circuit rider, that he rode away on his fortnightly pilgrimages with out a thought of providing for Eliza Ann's fire or chest or cupboard; without even a farewell kiss to the wife he might never ride home to find. Let us who build no stone fences about our hearts to shut out our nearest, wonder at the two devotees to duty, who conscientiously hardened each other's path through this thorny life.

For the Reverend James, as he jogs forth to face Apollyon and all his emissaries, feels dimly a sense of Eliza Ann's patient, wordless reproach. Without connecting this at all with the circumstances of the empty wood house, or the mute pots and pans, he is oppressed; and as he meets another horseman, thinks first of the stranger's pistols, and afterwards of his soul.

In the log tavern where he is permitted to hold forth the Word, he dwells with tenacity upon the future state of the condemned. Women in severe bonnets, and men without cravats listen to the tale of tortures in store for the spirits that have chosen "gold and pearls and costly array," rather than the "ornament of the meek and quiet spirit."

"For like as the souls of the righteous grow more and more into the perfect day, increasing in their power to hold

the ineffable joy of the redeemed,—so, my friends, is it unto the lost. They, too, pass through periods of change. They become more and more capable of feeling the sting of the worm that dieth not. Every second counts its weight to the sum of their damnation."

It was at this climax that a kitten strayed along the rows of seats, arching her back expectantly, as no one put out a hand. When she came to chair of Hester Ann Rogers Rugg, aged seven and very sleepy, the intruder cast one look at Hester, and sprang into her lap. But the place of the preaching of Reverend James Matthiason was not to be trifled with. In tones that chilled Hester Ann Rogers Rugg for fifty years thereafter, the speaker called:

"Let that cat be removed! For this hour we are in the house of God!"

And his denunciation of the works of Apollyon became caustic.

"Ye are a parcel of children, playing with the toys of the world, worshipping the gods ye make of your gew-gaws and your ear rings, while the summons of the Almighty falls unheeded. Ye spend your immortal time in reading the inventions of Satan and all his emissaries, while the Word of God—" he smote it fearfully upon the tavern table—"the Word of God is forgotten. Ye deck your mortal bodies for corruption, instead of adorning your immortal souls for incorruption."

Wherever Reverend James Matthiason went—such is the power of conviction and determined will—a holocaust of strange offerings rose behind him. Bands of crocheted lace and hand-worked embroidery smoked with Waverly and Pendennis. Every where were found some in whom the spirit of sacrifice was stirred—some who forswore the temporal comforts for what seemed to them spiritual good. And despite the superior intelligences of that day, who held themselves aloof from the vandalism and vulgarity of destroying ambotypes to do God a service,—despite the lugubrious groanings and shoutings and spirit dances, those men and women who sacrificed physical comfort for the good of their souls had not an ignoble philosophy. It reverts to the dark ages, perhaps; but I know of little that is brighter in ours.

If, at all events, an infancy of denial and arduous toil is better for a race than a beginning of indulgence, then we owe much to the Reverend James Matthiason who by precept and practice wrought for our fathers midway upon their march to the sacrifice. For beyond the three score and ten, he was to labor, denying himself ever of those meats prohibited in the Mosaic law, abstaining very often from all food, and issuing at such times, Bible in hand, from some forest retreat to announce in awful tones:

"The Spirit tells me that I give the last call, this night, to some one in

sound of my voice. One of you will go from this place to face the Judge of all the earth—" a stern prophecy which seldom failed of fulfillment.

Eliza Ann fasted also, very often; but not always voluntarily. Her quiet homing instinct would have done much to soften the edges of her James' discourses, but she had as little thought of venturing comment upon her husband as he had of receiving the same. Jeremiah would as soon have carried the altar coal to his wife to blow upon.

Self-extinction is not so rare. Eliza Ann was not carrying out just the manner of self-abnegation she had foreseen, when she left her Canadian pines to spread the Gospel. But what was the wife of Sam Adams doing while he fathered our glorious liberty? History reck little of the wash tub which supported his eleven children, or of the woman who stood over it. To adhere to historical unity the story of this north man should concern itself little with the ugly black bonnets which Eliza Ann wore, or the vicarious scraps she ate, But I cannot help thinking of Eliza Ann

Secretary Furnas forwards the agricultural editor some tickets to the state fair. They are "special press tickets," and in an accompanying note he says they are good for anybody on any day of the big show. This is as it should be, and he knows it. Experience has shown him the newspaper men of Nebraska do not like to be sent a "courtesy" that can be realized on only after they have been photographed and sworn to on oath and otherwise humbled themselves. If the newspapers have done enough for the state fair to deserve the recognition of courtesies, then the editors are entitled to the courtesies, without having strings placed on them or becoming objects of suspicion. If they have done nothing for the fair then there is no reason for extending any courtesies. And this is a general proposition applying to all newspaper editors under all circumstances. Secretary Furnas is one of the first to recognize the proprieties and it has taken him nearly a hundred years to learn it.—Fremont Tribune.

Spoiled His Day.

Mrs. Rafferty lay dying and she called Tim to the bedside. Tim had always been a good and a loyal husband, with two defects, unfortunately. One can be guessed by the casual reader, the other was his dislike of his wife's mother. He couldn't "abear" her, he used to say. On this solemn occasion Mrs. Rafferty took his hand. "Tim, I want ye to promise me somethin'." "If it's not to marry again, ye—" "It ain't that, Tim, at all, dear. I want ye to promise

A REMARKABLE ENTERPRISE

Is That of the British Doctors in the Sheldon Block, Cor. of 11th and N Sts., Lincoln, Nebr. These Eminent Gentlemen are Giving Their Services Free for Three Months to All Invalids Who Call Upon Them Before August 7th.

A staff of eminent physicians and surgeons from the British Medical Institute, at the urgent solicitation of a large number of patients under their care in this country, have established a permanent branch of the Institute in this city, at the office, corner of Eleventh and N streets, in the Sheldon block.

These eminent gentlemen have decided to give their services entirely free for three months (medicines excepted) to all invalids who call upon them for treatment between now and August 7th. These services will not only consist of consultation, examination and advice, but also of all minor surgical operations.

The object in pursuing this course is to become rapidly and personally acquainted with the sick and afflicted, and under no condition will any charge whatever be made for any services rendered for three months to all who call before August 7th.

The doctors treat all forms of disease and deformities, and guarantee a cure in every case they undertake. At the first interview a thorough examination is made; and, if incurable, you are frankly and kindly told so; also advised against spending your money for useless treatment.

Male and female weakness, catarrh and catarrhal deafness, also rupture, goitre, cancer, all skin diseases and all diseases of the rectum are positively cured by their new treatment.

The chief associate surgeon of the Institute, assisted by one or more of his staff associates, is in personal charge.

Office hours from 9 a. m. till 8 p. m.

No Sunday hours.

Special Notice—If you cannot call send stamp for question blank for home treatment.

Canker Sore Mouth Cured.

LINCOLN, NEBR., July 7, 1901.

Editor Courier:

This is to certify that I have been under the care of the British Doctors for two months, and I now can say that I am perfectly cured. I suffered from canker sore mouth for a number of months and as a consequence my system was run down and I felt much disheartened. I now feel perfectly well and thank the Doctors for their courteous treatment.

ELIZABETH KRUGER.

me to ride in the first coach wud mother at the funeral." Tim was silent. "Arrah, Tim, promise it now, for your dyin' wife." "Very well, then," said Tim suddenly, "but—ye've spoiled the whole day for me."—The Mirror.

UTAH AN IDEAL CLIMATE

The first white man to set foot on Utah soil, Father Silvestre Volez de Escalante, who reached the GREAT SALT LAKE on the 23rd day of September, 1776, wrote in his diary: "Here the climate is so delicious, the air so balmy, that it is a pleasure to breathe by day and by night." The climate of Utah is one of the richest endowments of nature. On the shores of the Great Salt Lake especially—and for fifty miles therefrom in every direction—the climate of climates is found. To enable persons to participate in these scenic and climatic attractions—and to reach the famous Health, Bathing and Pleasure Resorts of Utah, the UNION PACIFIC has made a rate to OGDEN and SALT LAKE CITY of one fare for the round trip, plus \$2.00. From Missouri River, to be in effect June 15th to 30th inclusive, July 10th to August 31st inclusive. Return limit October 31, and \$30.00 for the round trip on July 1 to 9 inclusive, September 1 to 10 inclusive.

Proportionately low Rates from intermediate points.

Full information cheerfully furnished upon application.

E. B. SLOSSON, Agent.