

the beach, where, by merest chance, the farmer had found him and brought him back to life.

Two months passed before the sick man was able to return to the scene of his former happiness. Saddened and desolate, he wandered over the ground whose landmarks had been swept away by the anger of the elements, ground once so familiar, now so strangely altered. He lingered by the ruins of his dwelling as by a new-made grave. Everywhere he asked the same question, and everywhere he received the same discouraging answer.

No one had seen his wife since the night of the flood.

His heart grew heavy with despair. He bade good-bye to the wreck of his fortunes and the resting place of his broken hopes. Then he turned his face toward a new field, to begin life over again, alone. There could be no solace for his grief, but in labor might he find some measure of forgetfulness.

Frank Parrish went to the home of his brother, Charles Parrish, in the mountains of Lincoln county, New Mexico. Slowly came back to him his strength and health, but the joy of life was no longer his. To work for work's sake was not the same task that it had been when work meant the care of the little woman who to him was the dearest and loveliest in all the world; the building of a home together; the delight of daily companionship and sympathy; the constant presence of that influence which has power to make devils or heroes of men—the passionate influence of love.

It was not satisfactory at its best, working merely for work's sake, but Frank Parrish did what any man with the right sort of stuff in him would have done—he tried with all his might to make something worth while of himself in his new environment.

To inspire him he had his memories; and they were sweet.

All this time Mrs. Parrish was wearing the sombre weeds of widowhood in Murfreesboro, Tennessee. She had gone there to make her home with a distant relative of who she had never happened to speak to her husband. Of her husband's brother she knew nothing more than the fact of his existence somewhere in America.

When the fury of the flood had torn her from her husband's arms, a wave had driven her against some wreckage. She grasped at it and slowly, painfully drew herself upon the roof of a house—perhaps it was that of her own house. She never knew. There she remained until the storm had spent itself—until the heavy clouds had broken—until the blackness of the night had been split, and a new day had dawned. Within a few hours more she was found and rescued.

She sought everywhere for her husband, amid the ruins of their home, among the sandhills, even upon the big, black barges, into which were tumbled the swollen bodies for carriage into the sea, there to be weighted down and sunk. She questioned the living, and gazed into the silent faces of the dead; but nowhere did she find a trace of the man she sought.

Then she made her way to Tennessee. As the weeks went by she regained her health, for youth is buoyant and recuperative; but mind and heart were not at rest—her loss at times seemed too great to be borne. She was so melancholy that her relatives finally planned a change of scene for her. She acquiesced with indifference.

In the days of her happy wifehood she had been a merry mate for the man who loved her. Now she was pensive and sad, her thoughts always with the husband whose tragic fate she steadfastly mourned.

One of Mrs. Parrish's new-found

friends was a Miss Ellen Alexander, who was about to leave Tennessee for New Mexico to teach in a private school in Otero county. Before the commencement of the term it was arranged that Mrs. Parrish should accompany her. In New Mexico she would find different associations, and the change would perhaps enliven her depressed spirits.

Late in July Mrs. Parrish and Miss Alexander arrived at Roswell. The day was Thursday. They learned that the stage by which they were to proceed to Lincoln and Captain, at which place Miss Alexander had a married sister, would not go until Monday.

The next day Mr. Parrish came to town to purchase supplies and machinery. He wished to go back that same day, but was delayed until Sunday. He was disappointed. For two days the husband and wife were in the little town without knowing it, both detained there against their wills.

On Sunday at noon Mrs. Parrish left the hotel at which she was stopping for a walk.

On Sunday, at noon, Mr. Parrish, his team ready, stepped from the postoffice to the sidewalk, and in another moment would have mounted the vehicle, taken up the reins and been on his way to the mountains.

Looking up, he saw before him what he thought was a vision—a wraith from the sea. But the vision was so real that it did not melt in the sunshine of that Sabbath noon. It did not fade away, as all the other visions of his lost love had faded, phantoms of a fond imagination. Indeed, it held out two long, trembling arms, and the light of deathless devotion illumined its face.

"My wife! My wife!"

And so it is that a second honeymoon has begun down in the New Mexico mountains.—St. Louis Republic.

THEATRICALS.

THE OLIVER.

Masquerading in plays is not uncommon. We are used to seeing queens and kings disguised as peasants, but it is something new to witness a lady of title masquerading as a cook. This is what the chief character does in "Lady Huntworth's Experiment." This comedy will have its first presentation in this city at the Oliver Theatre next Thursday evening. Those interpreting it will be members of Daniel Frohman's company, formerly of the Lyceum Theatre, New York, and more recently of Daly's Theatre. Miss Hilda Spang, the feature of the organization, has never appeared here, but a great deal has reached us as to her dramatic ability, beauty and stunning physique. Miss Spang makes an imposing society figure in the last act of the play, though in the first two acts she is merely the cook in the household of a village clergyman.

THE FUNKE.

No firm of theatrical managers has given the public more successful melodramatic productions than the Holden Brothers. Their name attached to a dramatic enterprise is always a guarantee of the attraction. This season they have outdone all former efforts in their production of "The Denver Express." Nearly a car load of scenery is carried for the production and the mechanical effects are more elaborate than anything in this line ever attempted. The raiding of the emigrant train in the first act and the wonderful railroad scene in the third act are both novel features and new to stage productions.

At the Funke Opera House on Monday and Tuesday nights. Seats now on sale.

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