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"COMMERCIAL,"

ONLY ONE DOLLAR A YEAR.

SISTER ELIZABETH.

NOTHING is more mortifying to a person, especially if that individual is a maiden lady of thirty-five, than the consciousness that others begin to think her too old for the society of young people.

"It is a 'laying on the shelf' that is by no means agreeable.

At least such was my feeling as I glanced at the invitations to a little moonlight excursion on the lake which were handed in by John while we were seated at our cozy breakfast-table in Snow Cottage, one lovely morning in June.

The note was directed to Miss Lottie and Miss Cornie Whittaker; not addressed, as previous envelopes had been, to the Misses Whittaker, which would of course include Elizabeth Whittaker, spinster.

How my heart yearned over that favorite sister of mine, the very image of her lost father. We were now laying aside the sable robes worn for three years in token of our loss, but it seemed to me that I should always wear the calm, sober tints of second mourning, and in my inmost soul the memory of that idolized parent would be enshrined.

My own mother I cannot remember; she drooped and faded when I was an infant; and my step-mother, kind and indulgent as she ever was to me, was not one to call forth the ardent affection, which but few had power to awaken in my heart.

Lottie, who was five years her senior, had always been so self-reliant and womanly that I could never regard her as needing that loving watchfulness that our younger sister seemed to require, and the relations between us could never be so tender and affectionate.

As I reflected thus, long after we had left the breakfast-room and were seated in my little parlor, I reasoned with myself that it was but natural that I should be omitted in the plans for enjoyment formed by the young people of Caldwell. The mothers were not invited with the daughters. Why should I expect to go with Cornie, my sister-child?

These reflections made me more calm and content, and I could bid my sisters a smiling adieu when they left me early in the evening.

Cornie came back to give me a second kiss, and whispered, "I wish you were going, too, you old darling!" "Old," I repeated to myself. "Yes, that is the word."

And that night I looked more attentively than was my wont into my mirror, and tried to realize that I deserved the epithet. But I saw no threads of silver in my dark, heavy braids, and but few lines of care on my fair, broad forehead. Anyhow, my heart felt young, and with a sigh I tried to realize that I must accept the

Many farmers rolled or planked their land, and that will help very much to carry their crops through the dry spell; but not much of that rice land was prepared in that manner, and it will result in a loss to the farmer. — Caldwell Rice Field, in Southern Farmer.

YOU OLD DARLING. "What a beautiful day! I am glad to see you. I have been thinking of you very much lately."

"Oh, Elizabeth," said Cornie, "do you know we are to go to the lake with the young people?"

"An old friend of mine," I queried.

"Yes," Lottie replied, "Mr. Lottin; he is staying at the Ansonia, and has just returned from a long foreign tour."

been, I had always kept one corner of my heart sacred to his name, and it was with a strange thrill that I heard her name again near me, and that I soon should see him.

That day he called with his friend, Harry Mills. He was a tall, fine-looking man, polished, refined and fascinating in his manner. I could hardly identify him with the slender youth that I had once known; but he referred so gracefully to our former acquaintance and expressed so much pleasure at renewing the intercourse so suddenly interrupted, that I felt perfectly at ease.

How pleasant were the days that followed! We called each other "Will" and "Lizzie" in the most friendly way, and Lottie and Cornie seemed already to regard him in a very sisterly manner. We read, walked and talked together, and night after night his deep, rich voice would accompany those of my sisters, while I played the old familiar tunes upon the piano.

I fancied that my own voice might have lost a little of its early sweetness, and so did not attempt to join the others, whose melodies were so harmonious.

Several other invitations were sent as of yore to Misses Whittaker, and I was fast forgetting that I was an old maid, when, at an evening party, I overheard the envious and ill-natured remark, "Just see that Elizabeth Whittaker. What youthful airs she does put on! Trying to catch Mr. Loftus, I dare say."

How those words rang in my ears long after the lights, the music and the dancing were shut out, and I was alone in my own room. How I cathechized myself, and tried to reason with my poor, foolish heart. Yes, I had been trying to look young, and had appropriated Will's attention as a matter of course.

What right had I to monopolize his time? Was it not far more likely that he would choose Lottie or Cornie—if indeed he were to pay court to any of us? Even this was by no means certain; he might go again as suddenly as he had come; and I was startled to find what a sad void his departure would make in our circle, and still more in my own heart.

"Ah, Elizabeth, Elizabeth," I soliloquized, "take warning ere too late!" The next morning I rose with a new resolve firm in my mind; I would not yield to the sweet delusions of love—would not, unasked, give my heart. The world should not have cause to laugh at the silly fondness of an old maid, strengthened by these purposes, I was the better fitted for the trial that awaited me.

That very day Will Loftus came, and inquired for me alone. I caught a quick glance passing between Lottie and Cornie as I left the room, and there was a more rapid pulsation at my heart as I entered the cool, dim room where he was seated.

"Elizabeth," he said tenderly, as he took my hand, "do you know what priceless treasure I have come to ask? I hardly dare to be so bold, and yet, faint heart never won fair lady, and I must not lose my courage."

"How very timid he has grown!" I thought. "Can he not see that he has but to speak in order to win?" I smiled assuringly, and he proceeded.

"Do not think me precipitate in my affection, though the acquaintance has been so brief, for I cannot be mistaken in my feelings, and only wait your permission to offer my hand to your pet sister, Cornie. You stand in the place of a parent to her, and therefore I asked your consent."

Ah, Will, Will! It was well you could not read my heart just then! With a mighty effort I choked down a convulsive sob, and replied that he had my full, free permission; and adding that I would send Cornie to him directly, left the room a sadder and a wiser woman.

There is not much to add. Cornie's love was already given to the handsome man so recently a stranger; and a very few months later she became his wife.

Lottie was a fair and stately bride-maid, while I witnessed with maternal complacency the ceremony which united the destinies of the only man I had ever loved and my child-sister, Cornie.

Peace and contentment were my guardian angels that night, and with a serenity that was sincere and unfeigned I returned the kiss which the bridegroom gave me, as he said tenderly and gently, "Sister Elizabeth!"

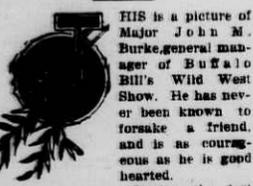
Japanese Carving. Japanese art is supreme in wood and ivory carving. Sir Edwin Arnold declares in "Poets and Lovers" there is nothing in it to him in the songs that come near what Japanese craftsmen can achieve. A specimen of ivory carving was shown to him which represented a bag of rice with two or three figures on it and a scroll. Every part was an individual in character, position and action as if a special poet had been taken of him, and the web of the bag, the glimmering grains of rice and the stalks of the rice could not have been better expressed in carving. An old man, looking on the carved figures of wood, exclaimed, "This is a piece of wood carved representing a scene of a Japanese festival. It is a fine specimen of Japanese art, and the carving is very beautiful and the figures are very expressive."

For Every Family. The Commercial is a family paper, and is read by every family in the city. It is a paper that is full of news, and is a paper that is full of interest. It is a paper that is full of news, and is a paper that is full of interest.

MAJOR JOHN M. BURKE

UNIQUE CHARACTER OF THE WILD WEST SHOW.

He Is Buffalo Bill's Right Hand Man—Has Never Been Known to Forsake a Friend—Whiting Allen's Tribute to the Indian Fighter.



THIS is a picture of Major John M. Burke, general manager of Buffalo Bill's Wild West Show. He has never been known to forsake a friend, and is as courageous as he is good hearted.

During the last fourteen years Major Burke has been connected in an executive capacity with the Wild West Show. Prior to that time he was an Indian fighter in the West, where he first met "Buffalo Bill."

In the route book of the Wild West for 1896 appears a tribute from Whiting Allen, who says: "Major John M. Burke, general manager, is also claimed by the advance. The Major is the Major—unique, solitary, the only one of his kind. His huge form, all too small for his heart, casts as welcome a shadow as ever fell across the threshold of an editorial room. It is not fulsome adulation to say that the newspapers only honor themselves in honoring Major Burke, and they, knowing it, inevitably place their columns at his command. Reminiscence, history, anecdote, story fall from his lips in as graceful stream as ever water flowed from a fountain, and they are eagerly caught up by the editors and repeated in print in the generous and genuine effort to let their readers share in the 'feast of reason and flow of soul.' John Burke can neither be considered nor written of as an ordinary man, and the writer, as one member of a harmonious advance.



MAJ. JOHN M. BURKE. feels all too keenly the poverty of his pen when he attempts to set down the pride and pleasure of himself and all the others in being clasped in the same company with Major Burke."

Two Southern Poets. Madison Cawein and Samuel Minturn Peck, two southern poets of more than national reputation, have been lately enjoying together a triumphal progress through New York. This commercial metropolis has no poets of her own; but it must be said to her credit that her hospitality to visiting bards from other sections of the country is only surpassed by the effusion with which she welcomes the lyric envoys from Canada, Great Britain and Darkest Africa. On this neutral ground the great editors and critics stand, with the right hand of fellowship extended towards Nova Scotia, the left towards the Gulf States, and their eyes fondly fixed in the direction of London. The most gratifying thing about the success of Mr. Cawein and Mr. Peck is that it is honestly and well deserved. Mr. Cawein's several published volumes, the latest of which is "The Garden of Dreams," undoubtedly represent the most spontaneous lyrical individuality that has appeared in our literature during the present generation. Mr. Peck is less of a poet than is the author of "Intimations of the Beautiful," but his poems have wider popularity, because they are true songs, in the simple sense of the word. Mr. Peck, who is an Abolitionist, is about thirty-five years old, tall, robust, sociable, a traveler and musician. Mr. Cawein is a native of Louisville, Kentucky. He is about thirty-two years of age, of slight figure, quiet manner, and studious habit, and is regarded as an eccentric genius in Kentucky because he does not ride horseback, drink whiskey, nor carry a gun. Moreover, he insists upon calling his name Cawein, though everybody else knows that it is properly pronounced Kay-wine—Lottie's Weekly.

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IMMIGRATION.

Plans to Promote It—An Association for the Purpose Formed at Shreveport.

The Louisiana Immigration Association is a chartered institution formed for the purpose of securing desirable immigrants to this state. The Association will keep a book in which lists of lands with their description and price will be entered for the inspection of such persons as may visit our state with the view of purchasing lands for homes. The office at Shreveport is in a suitable portion of the city, close to all hotels and depots.

The Association will also answer all questions by intending home-seekers who may correspond with its officers. It will also advertise Louisiana abroad, especially in the states of the northwest. The Association is simply an organized effort to set forth the advantages of Louisiana as a home and to bring together the land seeker and land seller. It relies on the patriotic public spirited citizens and land owners to take stock, which is \$5.00 per share. Its charter provides that it shall pay no dividends, hence all stockholders understand that they are uniting in a collective capacity to develop the state. The present is the most suitable time for this work as the completion of a great trunk line railway to Shreveport from the great grain producing center, whose commercial empire is Kansas City, brings Louisiana in close touch with Nebraska, Kansas and the great Northwest.

The Association earnestly requests land owners, particularly those having large bodies, to send on their lists with postage for correspondence. There will be no fee for entering the lists of lands or corresponding relative thereto.

J. C. Monereu, President; J. Henry Shepherd, Treasurer and Secretary pro tem.

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