

**Rock-a-bye, Baby.**  
 Rock-a-bye, baby! On the tree top,  
 When the wind blows, the cradle will rock;  
 When the bough bends the cradle will fall—  
 Down tumbles baby, cradle and all.

Rock-a-bye baby! The meadow's in bloom;  
 Laugh at the sunbeams that dance in the room.  
 Echo the birds with their own baby tune,  
 Ooo in the sunshine and flowers of June.

Rock-a-bye, baby! As softly it swings,  
 Over the cradle the mother love sings;  
 Brooding of cooling at even or dawn,  
 What will it do when the mother is gone?

Rock-a-bye, baby! So cloudless the skies,  
 Blue as the depths of your own laughing  
 eyes;  
 Sweet is the lullaby over your nest,  
 That tenderly sings little baby to rest.

Rock-a-bye, baby! The blue eyes will  
 dream  
 Sweetest when mamma's eyes over them  
 beam;  
 Never again will the world seem so fair;  
 Sleep, little baby! There's no cloud in the  
 air.

Rock-a-bye, baby! The blue eyes will burn  
 And ache with that your manhood will  
 learn;  
 Swiftly the years come with sorrow and  
 care,  
 With burdens the wee dimpled shoulders  
 must bear.

Rock-a-bye, baby! There's coming a day  
 Whose sorrows a mother's lips can't kiss  
 away.  
 Days when its song will be changed to a  
 moan—  
 Cries that baby must bear all alone.

Rock-a-bye, baby! The meadow's in bloom;  
 May never the frosts pall the beauty in  
 bloom;  
 Be thy world ever bright as today it is  
 seen.  
 Rock-a-bye, baby! Thy cradle is green.  
 —Old Song.

**HELD UP.**

Granville shoved his paper in his pocket—he had been reading about a hold-up—and lunged through the door of the street car. The night was black—so dark that it seemed to Granville that there hung down from his hat-brim an intangible black curtain through which here and there feebly sputtering electric lights had burned holes. Down through this enveloping curtain the rain beat furiously.

"Just the proper night for a hold-up," thought Granville, as he swung from the car and raised his umbrella.

Bending forward and holding the umbrella down in front of him, he pushed his way against the charge of wind and rain. From the street corner he knew the way to his room as a blind pianist knows his keyboard, so the fact that for sight the world ended at the tip of his eyelashes made no difference to him.

As he pushed through the solid blackness of the night the story he had been reading in the newspaper reverted to him, and the thought of it brought him neither comfort nor quietude. A sudden depression the sidewalk told him that he was passing an alley. Instinctively he turned his umbrella toward its mouth.

As the distance to his room grew less his uneasiness subsided. When he reached the corner half a block away from dry clothes and a bed it had completely died away. The expected had become unexpected—so it happened.

Just as he turned the corner something hurled itself against him. His umbrella left his hand and joined the wind. Staggering, he threw out one arm. It found and clasped about the neck of a man. In the same instant an arm clenched him about the neck.

"You won't get a cent out of me! Not a cent!" gasped Granville between closed teeth. "You tackled the wrong man this time!"

Granville's voice was brave enough but there was a feeling down to the left of the second button of his vest that gave the lie to it. But he had heard that a valiant front availed much in encounters with gentlemen of road. So he doubled up his fist and struck mightily at the head of the other man. The blow went home, and from the concave feeling of the spot where his fist first struck Granville knew he had found an eye. The knowledge brought joy to his heart, but the joy immediately departed, for there came a blow on his chin that made him forget everything but a desire for blood.

He struck out wildly, and the pain of his knuckles was a pleasure. But the hold-up man was not asleep. His fists—and they were heavy ones—found Granville just below the ear, in the neck, in the checks, and pommelled his chest without mercy. Then the two clinched and both went to the pavement. The hold-up man broke away, scrambled to his feet and disappeared in the darkness. Granville rolled from the sidewalk into the gutter-water. Sputtering, he threw out a hand, which fell upon his hat. Grasping this he got up.

When he reached the room Billy was sitting with his coat off, unlacing his shoes. Billy's hair was tumbled, and his coat, which was hanging on the back of a chair, was soaked.

"Been held up," announced Granville without prelude.

"What's that?" Billy raised up and half way turned about.

"Held up," repeated Granville.

"You don't say! So have I!" exclaimed Billy.

"What, you, too?" Granville paused, with overcast half off, and looked at him incredulously.

"I should say I have—and punched up, too. Don't I look like it?"

Billy turned about so that the other side of his face came into view.

"Well, I guess you do! Heavens, man, what an eye!"

"It doesn't look very foxy," agreed Billy, gazing ruefully into the mirror.

"But the other fellow's face must look like a raw Hamburg steak. Did the fellow that tackled you get anything?"

"Not a thing."

"Here, either?"

"Except," corrected Granville, "the few I gave him."

"You punched him, did you? Good. I handed mine all he wanted. Gad! My fist feels as if I'd been breaking bricks with it."

Billy felt his knuckles sympathetically.

"Did he give you much trouble?"

"Not much."

"How'd he come after you? How'd it happen?"

"It was while I was coming from the street car. He jumped out on me and told me to hand over my money. I wasn't so easy as he thought and went after him. I punched him up in great shape. By the time I got through with him he wasn't worrying about money—he was glad enough to get away. I wanted to hold him and get a policeman but he broke away. I couldn't catch him."

"Well, if his face is punched up as bad as yours you've reformed him. He'll never try the hold-up game again. He must have used his fists, too."

"Yes, a little," admitted Granville, fingering his swelling face. "It's dark, you know, and I couldn't see to guard. But you—what kind of a time did you have with your man? How'd he try it?"

"Same as with you. Jumped out on me. I laid him out and came on home."

"Well, this is what I call blamed funny!" Granville spread his legs wide apart, shoved his hands into his trousers pockets, and looked with nodding head at Billy. "Think of it, man! Both of us held up the same night and both of us laid our man. It wouldn't happen again in a million years."

"I should say it is funny—the kind of a thing you read about."

"That's dead right."

"By the way, Granville, where were you held up?"

"Just up to the corner."

"At the corner! The deuce you say!" Billy sprang to his feet and looked at Granville blankly out of his one open eye. Then into that eye there suddenly flashed the light of understanding and he fell over backward on the bed.

"Funny! I should say it is funny!" he howled, kicking his legs in the air. "Ah, Granville! Granville!"

"What in the—"

"Funny! I should say!"

"What's the matter, then? What under the sun's come over you?"

"That's—that's where I was held up," gasped Billy.

"For a full minute Granville gazed vacantly at his chum. Finally he saw. "Then—"

"Yes, you're right there." Billy sat up and propped himself with stiffened arms. "I was one—you were the other. Oh, Lord, Granville! I'm the terrible robber you so bravely resisted, punched up, and wanted to get arrested. Ah, you're a brave man, Granville."

"Well, I fixed your eye all right enough," said Granville with satisfaction.

"I don't know—I don't see that you got any the best of it." The laugh had subsided into a grin, but gave promise of again breaking forth.

"I don't see anything so blamed funny about it—neither of us can show up at the office tomorrow."

"That's the best part about it," said Billy cheerfully. Then he went into another convulsion.

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**DATE FIXED FOR FIRST**

**Nebraska Regiment to Start for Home Thursday.**

**WILL SAIL ON THE HANCOCK.**

**Cable Received from Colonel Mulford**  
 Asking That Colonel Colton Be Discharged at Once—Committee of Fifty Appointed to Prepare a State Welcome.

**LINCOLN, June 21.**—At the governor's office was received the following cablegram from Colquhoun Mulford of the First Nebraska.

**MANILA, June 21.**—To Governor, Lincoln, Neb.: Colton ordered discharged, Manila. Would like all vacancies filled before sailing, 22d.

**MULFORD.**  
 The adjutant general is in communication with the governor advising as to the course to be taken in accordance with Colonel Mulford's request. Colton is lieutenant colonel of the regiment and it is presumed he desires to remain in Manila. By this situation Major Frank Eager, the senior major, is next in line for promotion to the lieutenant colonelcy and Major Wallace Taylor, the junior major, would then become senior major. Captain Herpolsheimer of Lincoln is now the ranking captain.

**OMAHA, June 21.**—About 70 members of the committee on reception of the First regiment met in the council chamber yesterday afternoon, discussed plans for suitably honoring the returning soldiers and organized a working committee of 50 members. Twenty-five of these are from this city and the remaining 25 are from other cities of the state, each town or city from which a company of the regiment came being included.

**Bargain Hunting.**  
 It is impossible for all of us men to be the gallant prince who is the devoted slave to the lady in the rose-colored fairy story, but we can offer our seat in the street car to the tired woman who has been "shopping" all day in the vain endeavor to make the \$2.25 her husband kindly "gave" her clothe a family of six and make them look as neat and comfortable as the children next door.—L. A. W. Bulletin.

**Death of Judge Foster.**  
**TOPEKA, June 22.**—C. G. Foster, former federal judge for the district of Kansas, died last evening at 6 o'clock. Judge Foster was appointed judge of the United States district court by President Grant in 1874 and served until March of this year, when he was retired and succeeded by W. C. Hook. Judge Foster died worth about \$300,000.

**CUBANS ARE UNGRATEFUL.**

**They Think Americans Made to Cater to Their Desires and Tastes.**

One of the most noteworthy orders that has been issued is that in reference to caring for the widows and orphans of Spanish officers. A large institution called the "Casa de Viudas" (widows' home) was erected and supported by subscription from the pay of the Spanish officers, and while in the past few months it has been used by officers themselves to quarter their families and thus save rent, still, since the occupation the Americans have opened it up and are rapidly filling it with those widows and orphans who can show that they are the wives or children of Spanish officers. An effort will undoubtedly be made later to return these dependent women to Spain, where their own government can take care of them. I went with Capt. E. St. J. Greble of Gen. Ludlow's staff, who has this work in hand, and it was interesting to note the degrees of gratitude shown by these people. We would find a large family huddled in one small room, without anything to eat or any support. They had been granted a pension by their government, but this payment had long since ceased. We put them into this institution, and tears of gratitude flowed freely, but in less than a week they were complaining, like the rest, of the food given them, excellent as it was. All the people seem to think that Americans are to work for them, feed them, and clothe them, but the idea of thanks never seems to enter their minds, and the greatest jubilee the island has ever known will be when the American flag comes down from the official buildings. The lower classes and the army still shout for "Cuba Libre." There are more Cuban officers in Havana than ever saw a uniform until the idea of paying them was put forth.—Leslie's Weekly.

**When Leap Year Is No More.**  
 Within eight more centuries leap year will have become a relic of the present time. By that time the extra 11 days lost to make up the changes from the old Julian calendar to that of the present day will have been duly accounted for, and the world will run around in just 365 days, and no more. The ladies of the coming century will be forced to devise some other scheme for forcing the unwilling again to take a wife. Nineteen hundred, while one of the even years ending a quartet, will not be a leap year, simply because in arranging the dates it was purposefully left out.

The ladies lose their privilege again in 1900; but though there will not be many of those who see 1900 who will see 2000, the latter year, ending a fourth century, will be a leap year. In this way three days are retrenched in four centuries, and the remaining seven days will be made up in a little over 800 years. After that calendar years will be like solar years, and errors in calculation of time will occur no more.

The loss of leap years will in thousands of years affect the seasons, probably the mathematicians of the centuries hence will be so expert in handling figures and making calculations that they will have no difficulty in keeping things going correctly.—The Rival.

**Jungle Campaign.**  
 The war near Manila has well been called "the campaign of the jungle," for it has been fought among the wilds of a tropical wilderness, whose luxuriant vegetation offers excellent cover for the hordes of insurgents, and makes such a thing as clear field fighting almost impossible. Considering these circumstances, it is remarkable that Aguinaldo's forces have been so quickly and furiously driven from the vicinity of Manila into the wilderness beyond. The American soldier has never shown his fighting qualities better than during the campaign against the Filipino insurgents, a campaign fought under the enervating heat of a burning sun, with a well-armed and savagely revengeful enemy, who skulks in the thickets and resorts to every method of warfare excepting that which is fair and open.—Leslie's Weekly.

**A Sure Sign.**  
 "I am quite certain that Edith intends to marry Tom."  
 "But they are not engaged, are they?"  
 "Not that I know of, but they go everywhere together. He never goes with another girl, and she never accepts attention from another man."  
 "That is good as far as it goes, but is it enough to make one certain that she intends to marry him? Has she told you so?"  
 "Oh, no; she hasn't said a word about it to me, nor to anyone else, so far as I know."  
 "Then what makes you so sure?"  
 "I have watched them a great deal, and I am convinced that Edith is taking a long look ahead, for whenever Tom tries to spend any money on her she always dissuades him."—Detroit Free Press.

**Proportion of Physicians.**  
 The proportion of physicians to the population varies remarkably in German cities, from about 6 to 10,000 in Chemnitz to 12 in Dresden and 14 in Munich.

**"The Divine Sarah."**  
 Sarah Bernhardt was once intended for a milliner, and came very near to being sent to a shop to learn the trade.

**Best Growing Time of Youth.**  
 The growth of girls is greatest in their fifteenth year; of boys in their seventeenth.

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**CHURCH DIRECTORY.**  
**S. ROSE OF LIMA—Catholic.**  
 Services every morning at 7:30. First and third Sundays in each month services at 10:30. Parochial school in connection taught by Sisters of St. Francis. Everybody invited.  
 Rev. M. J. FARRELLY.

**GERMAN M. E. CHURCH.**  
 Services every Sunday. Sunday School 9:30 to 10:30. Preaching at 10:30 a. m. and 8 p. m. Class meeting 11:30. Prayer meetings every Wednesday evening.  
 Rev. G. CLAUSSEN, PASTOR.

**METHODIST CHURCH.**  
 Class meeting at 9:30 a. m. Preaching at 10:30 and 7:30. Sunday School at 11:45. Junior League at 3:00 p. m. Epworth League at 6:30. Prayer meeting Thursday evening. Teachers' meeting following prayer meeting.  
 Rev. E. E. LIGENFELTZ, PASTOR.

**GERMAN EVANGELICAL—Lutheran.**  
 Regular services at 10:30 a. m. on Sundays. Sunday School at 9:30 a. m.  
 Rev. F. LOEBINGER, PASTOR.

**BAPTIST.**  
 Preaching services at 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Young People's Union Monday evenings at 7:30. Prayer meetings Thursday evenings at 7:30. Ladies' prayer meetings Friday afternoon at 3:00 o'clock. Covenant meetings before first Sunday of each month. Sunday School at 11:30.  
 Rev. F. W. BATESON, PASTOR.

**PRESBYTERIAN.**  
 Sabbath services after first day of May at 10:30 a. m. and 8 p. m. Sabbath School at 11:45 a. m. and Young People's Christian Endeavor at 7:40 p. m. Weekly prayer meetings Thursday at 7:30 p. m. Bible class and Teachers' meeting immediately after prayer meeting. Choir practice Friday at 7:30 p. m. Ladies Aid every third Wednesday at 3 o'clock, and Ladies' Missionary Society every second Friday of the month.  
 Rev. A. G. MARTY, PASTOR.

**CHURCH OF JESUS CHRIST—L. D. S.**  
 Services every Sunday at 11:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Sunday School at 10:00 a. m.  
 J. T. TURNER, PASTOR.  
 Deloit, Iowa.

**EPISCOPAL.**  
 Services on Fourth Sunday evening by Rev. Talbot. Services Tuesday evening after second Sunday of each month by Rev. Allen Jun d.

**FIRST CHURCH OF CHRIST—Scientist.**  
 Services every Sunday at 10:30 a. m. Wednesday evening at 8 o'clock. Services in McKim Hall. Reading room in connection. Open from 3 to 6 p. m. The public is invited to call and acquaint themselves with the teachings of Christian Science.

**DENISON FRATERNITIES.**  
**POWELL LODGE NO. 90, KNIGHTS OF PYTHIAS.** Meets every Monday evening at 8 o'clock, McHenry hall. Visiting members always cordially welcome.  
 W. C. ROLLINS, J. F. GLENN, K. B. & S.

**SYLVAN LODGE, NO. 507, A. F. & A. M.** Meets every Tuesday evening after full moon. Special meetings 2d Tuesday following. Laub's Hall. Visiting members in the city are urged to attend.  
 A. OSWALD, W. C. M. STALEY, Sec'y.

**SYLVAN CHAPTER, NO. 207, O. E. S.** Regular meeting first Tuesday evening after full moon in Laub's Hall. Visitors welcome.  
 Mrs. J. B. ROMANS, W. M. MAX SIMS, Sec'y.

**DELOIT CAMP, NO. 581, M. W. A., Deloit, Iowa.** Regular meetings every Saturday night. Visiting Woodmen always welcome.  
 STANLEY BRADY, Clerk. C. R. WILEY, V. C.

**DENISON CAMP, NO. 315, M. W. A., Denison, Iowa.** Regular meetings Thursday night. Visiting Woodmen tendered a cordial welcome.  
 E. GULICK, Clerk. W. J. HORTON, V. C.

**DENISON LODGE, NO. 624, I. O. O. F.** Meets every Wednesday evening at 8 o'clock in Laub's Hall. Old Fellows visiting in the city are especially invited.  
 A. G. STEUBER, N. G. CHAS. FLINT, Sec'y.

**SIDONIA LODGE NO. 383, I. O. O. F. (German)** Meets every Friday night in Laub's Hall at 8 o'clock. Visitors especially welcomed.  
 FRED CLAUSEN, N. G. PETER KRAUTH, Sec'y.

**HAWKEYE CAMP NO. 78, WOODMEN OF THE WORLD.** Meets every Saturday evening at 8 o'clock in Laub's Hall. Visiting sovereigns invited.  
 C. E. WALKER, C. C. J. T. CARRY, Clerk.

**UTE TRIBE NO. 92, O. R. M.** Meets every Tuesday evening at 8 o'clock in McHenry Hall. Visiting Red Men always cordially welcomed.  
 A. E. MILLER, S. H. W. FAUL, K. R.

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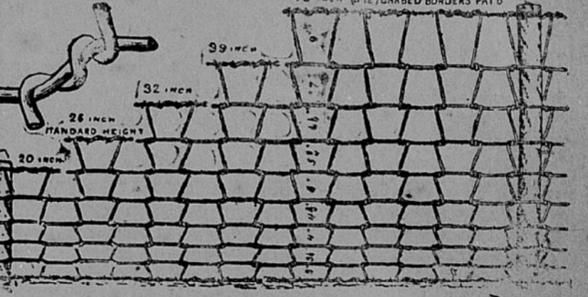
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