

A LIFE ON THE OCEAN WAVE.

A life on the ocean wave,
A home on the rolling deep,
Where the scattered waters wave
And the winds their revel keep!

He Wished She Had

A Tale of Disappointed Love.

BY GWENDOLEN OVERTON

They both had letters to the captain, and the captain introduced them. Her name was Farrar, and the elderly gentleman, who was her father, called her Winifred. Then they all went in search of their respective staterooms and did not meet again until dinner.

It was only the first dinner. The pursuer, who is undoubtedly heaven's vicar on earth in the matchmaking business, had not had time to observe and distill to fittingly, so they sat wherever they listed or wherever they had to, which for Brooke was across the table and not even opposite to her. He bowed as he took his seat, and he bowed when he whirled around and got up, and for the rest they both conversed with each other via the captain.

That evening Brooke went into the purser's cabin to look at some pearls tied up in the corner of a grimy handkerchief. He did not understand that pursers see everything and do not need to be taught their business. Brooke was one of those pleasant people to have about who go on the supposition that you are a fool until you prove yourself otherwise, which is a rule of conduct having the properties of a boomerang. So he brought the conversation round in this wise: He asked if they were likely to have a pleasant trip. The purser said that they usually did at that time of year. Brooke hoped the passengers would be agreeable too. The purser thought the Farrars looked promising. Brooke thought so, too, and added, "I say, you're going to put me beside Miss Farrar, are you not?" He said that he was, and Brooke immediately lost all interest in the little nicked nubbins of pearls and went back on deck, where it was cool, and the purser smiled as he locked his treasures in the safe again.

Brooke came in to breakfast a little late the next morning. Miss Farrar was already seated, looking particularly nice, so, in what is known to men as "some soft, white material" with a gaudy silk Panama shawl around her shoulders. The intelligent waiter showed Brooke to the next chair. Miss Farrar asked him to explain why it is that the sun rises on the wrong side of the world in Panama bay, which gave him the requisite feeling of superiority at once. He did not happen to know that it did, because he had not been up to see, but he explained it, anyway. After breakfast he bought her arguments from the bumboats alongside and told her he would show her at luncheon how to eat them. She knew, but she pretended she did not, and Brooke's opinion of her attractions waxed.

After that the course of things in general was as smooth as that of the vessel as it cut its way statesward through the pale summer sea. By day they sat under the awnings and talked, and by night they sat up in the bow, way up in the very peak, where, if you had the least possible good opinion of yourself—and a girl of excellent taste to help you along—you could fancy you rather suggested Tristan, which—thrown in a good cigar, whose red point of fire gives just enough light in darkness to enable you to see a pair of admiring gray eyes turned up to you—is as pleasant a way of passing an evening as a fellow could wish. They so, times watched the Southern Cross shining all alone on its field of blue black, sweeping across the heavens, and they were silent. Silence and the Southern Cross have accomplished many things.

They went ashore together at Manzanillo, also at Acapulco, and they two being alone in the boat, the elderly gentleman having gone ashore ahead and the beautiful Mexican youth who rowed not counting, he sang softly that "the waves were the highways, so deep, so deep; the waters her byways, asleep, asleep," and ended with the sentiment that "thus true lovers tasted life, still, still." He had a very nice voice. Miss Farrar told him so and wondered how much longer, at the average calculation, it would be before it would come down from generalities to personalities; not that she was in any haste. On the contrary, she liked it as it was. What could be more charming than to drift on over the smooth water, faintest blue in the early morning, deep blue, dark as lapis lazuli at noon; steely gray at sunset, alive with phosphorescence at night, and to have ever beside you a youth, handsome, agreeable and devoted with that devotion most flattering to a woman's soul—the proprietary, everybody else kept off sort? A youth always perfectly willing to let you talk about him or to do it himself. Miss Farrar knew all about Brooke not only what he had told her, but what she had observed, which latter Brooke did not take into consideration, though it was important. She knew

who he was and that he had been down in Quito for the past two years and that he was now going up to San Francisco to be best man for his chum, who was about to be married. "It's an old promise," he explained, "dating from our college days. We agreed then that whichever should marry first, the other should come from the ends of the earth, if necessary, to see him through. Tom sent for me, and here I am." Miss Farrar asked what Tom's other name might be. It was Bolton. Brooke forgot about himself just long enough to ask if she happened to know Bolton, but he did not listen when she answered. He interrupted to wonder if he would have a good time in San Francisco. What sort of a town was it for a fellow who didn't know many people? Miss Farrar explained amiably.

Now, every one knows that the pleasantest and most fitting occupation a woman can have is to talk to a man about himself, because that makes him like her, which is, of course, her one object in life. But even a charming girl, who understands her place in the scheme of creation, has an underlying human taste for just a pinch of variety. Miss Farrar would have liked to have him show some interest in herself as disconnected from him for just five short minutes. Brooke did not think of that. He went on to tell her something that had happened between Tom and himself at college, something in which he figured rather more creditably than Tom did. And she listened as she watched the delicate yellow coast of Lower California, forsaken of God and man, of all but the sweeping winds and the whipping waves of the sea. She listened, for she never failed of a seemingly interest in what a fellow was saying, but she was thinking of other things: of how he would have brought upon himself any consequences that might now ensue and of how it would serve him good and right anyway. From which it may be seen that appearances are deceptive and that the most lovely woman may have a streak of meanness in her you would never suspect.

Poor Brooke, who had given her his whole heart—he was sure of it now and meant to tell her so some time soon—never so much as guessed at it. She knew he did not. He did not guess anything at all about her and did not try to. A woman is a vain creature at bottom. She likes to be made to think that some few of her thoughts and actions have a minor sort of importance. There are men who understand this, and they get good wives. The other sort ends like Phomme incompris. But he begins it by being understood, better than ever before. The woman of so much perspicacity was the one for him. However, there was no hurry about telling her so. He was going to call on her in San Francisco. Besides her name and that she was returning from New York, he knew this much about her—that she lived on Pacific avenue. He believed she had said something about the view of the bay from there, but he had not paid much attention.

So they stood side by side up among the anchor cables all that last morning, speculating on the points along the coast, betting on the number of the pilot boat, describing the Cliff House, watching the city spreading out and over its hills. Brooke said, "By Jove, it is a big place; a lot bigger than I had supposed." It was cold in the bay to those who had come up from the south. So, after the white tug with the gilt eagle on the pilot house, which had brought out the doctors or customs people or something shot off again, they went and sat on the crimson plush seat in the social hall. Miss Farrar was a little absentminded. Even Brooke saw it. He laid it down to a very natural agitation at having to leave him. However, he would fix that in a day or two.

They came alongside the dock at last. A fellow standing there foremost among the little crowd lifted his hat. "By Jove, it was Tom!" How could he have guessed that he (Brooke) would be on this boat? They were up among the cables again now.

"Have a good trip?" Tom called. Brooke started to answer, but Miss Farrar was in ahead of him. He was surprised, not to say a trifle annoyed. Then he recalled that she had said something about knowing Bolton.

While they waited for the gangplank to be put down Brooke decided that he might as well give Miss Farrar the solace of a hint of his intentions. "May I call tonight?" he asked. He did a little proprietary pantomime for Tom's benefit. Miss Farrar blushed and hesitated. He interpreted it as consent and was so pleased that he went a little further. "I want to see you quite alone—dear!" "I'm awfully!" she started, but at that moment the gangplank was lowered, and the rush began.

Brooke followed the Farrars down, carrying his own suit case and her bag. "So you two came on the same boat?" Tom was saying, and he was holding her hand all the time too. "I thought perhaps you might. Of course you know," he beamed upon them both, "that Brooke is to be our best man, Winifred?" "Yes," Winifred said, she knew. "It's funny you struck the same boat," Tom insisted. "I wish I had thought to cable you, old fellow, that Miss Farrar would be aboard." "Yes," said Brooke, "I wish you had."—Argonaut.

Misses and Maid.
Misses—So your first name is Clo-rinda. Well, I think I will call you by your last name while you are in my service.
New Maid—Very well, ma'am.
Misses—By the way, what is your last name?
New Maid—Darling, ma'am.—New York Tribune.

Next to the Lowest Bidder.
"Said contract to go to the next to the lowest bidder" is the way that a local building contractor would have the closing sentence read in advertisements for bids on any particular job. While speaking of the matter recently this same contractor said that if the truth were known nine out of ten of the lowest bids made are made through a mistake in the calculations of the bidder.

"If the contractor who gets the job was aware that his bid is oftentimes \$1,000 below that of the one next above him, and this on a comparatively small job, he would immediately institute a search and find where he had made the mistake, thus having an opportunity of failing to qualify to complete the job. This privilege is often denied the bidder, however, and he gets well along with his work before the fact dawns upon him that he is on a losing venture. It is then too late to go back on the job, and the result is that the party who is doing the building and the contractors also are losers, and this because of the natural inclination of the contractor to sidle in order not to lose any more than he is absolutely obliged to in order to get out on the bad deal.

"These mistakes are not only disastrous to the parties immediately concerned, but to the trade in general, as by the error of the unlucky bidder another worthy contractor is unable to get the work at reasonable figures. Give the work to the next to the lowest bidder, I believe to be a good general rule."—Omaha World-Herald.

His Only Conundrum.
The old pilot of the little steamer Maid of the Mist, which used to carry passengers quite up to the foot of the falls of Niagara until the mist from the falling waters drenched the clothing of every one on board, used to perpetuate one solitary conundrum each trip. It always commenced and ended the same.

Moving his hand along the sides of the pilothouse and examining the wood-work minutely, he would look up mysteriously and remark:

"I say, stranger, do you know what this boat is made of?"

"Made of? Why, pine and oak, isn't she?"

"No, sir."

"Hemlock?"

"No."

"Tisn't cedar, is it?"

"Oh, no."

And then the old pilot's eyes twinkled and his mouth whistled a crazy tune.

"Well, iron perhaps?"

"No."

"What in thunder is she made of, then?"

"She's Maid of the Mist, stranger; Maid of the Mist."

Then the pilot accepted his morning cigar.

He Was Very Charitable.
An amusing story is told in connection with a swell bazaar held a short time ago. Among the features of the entertainment was a refreshment stall, to which charitable donors contributed supplies, thus enabling all the takings to represent clear profits.

The lady in charge requested a gift for this purpose from a well known and wealthy gentleman in the city, but one not famous for "parting." To her surprise she received next day a note to the effect that he was sending her a sirloin of beef and "two" ox tongues.

The same morning the lady happened to go to her butcher (who was also the butcher of Mr. X.), and after giving him a large order for her stall, asked him if he would like himself to give anything.

"I should very much, ma'am," replied the worthy tradesman, "but I yesterday gave to Mr. X., at his request for this purpose, a sirloin of beef and three ox tongues."

Net gain to Mr. X.: One ox tongue and a cheap reputation for charity!—London Standard.

A Cable With a History.
The cable of the Western Union Telegraph company which runs under Lake Champlain from Ticonderoga to LaRabree Point has something of a history. It was made in Europe and was first used in connecting opposite shores of the Red sea. From there it was brought to Hilton Head, where it was used in connecting that place with Tybee Island, near Beaufort, S. C. At the close of the civil war it was taken up and carried to New York city, where it remained for several years in the company storehouse before it was placed where it now is.

His Inspiration.
"What furnishes your inspiration?" they asked of the author.
"My wife," was the reply.
"How lovely!" they cried. "How perfectly idealistic!"

"Yes," he went on, "if the muse ever halts and I feel like loafing on my job, her demand for a new gown or some additional money for household expenses stirs me to renewed effort and puts Pegasus in a gallop."—Chicago Post.

Some Mistake.
"What does she say?" asked the crafty politician who had referred the committee to his wife for information as to his intentions.

"She refuses to talk," replied the spokesman of the committee.

"Then it wasn't my wife you met, gentlemen," he rejoined, with great positiveness. "It was somebody else."—Chicago Tribune.

An Example and a Warning.
"I'm afraid," said the patient wife, "that yours will be the fate of Abel!"

"Why, what do you mean?" asked the astonished husband.

"Then it wasn't my wife you met, gentlemen," he rejoined, with great positiveness. "It was somebody else."—Chicago Tribune.

Half Rates to Chicago. via the Northern Pacific. Excursion tickets will be sold at one fare for the round trip, June 25-27, limited to July 2, on account of Professional National convention. Apply to agents Chicago & Northwestern Ry. 4-23 W.

Half Rates to Kansas City. via the Northwestern line. Excursion tickets will be sold at one fare for the round trip, July 2-4, limited to July 9, with extension under certain conditions to Sept. 30, on account of National Democratic convention. Apply to agents Chicago & Northwestern Ry. 4-23 W.

Very Low Excursion rates to Denver, Colorado Springs and Pueblo. via Chicago, Union Pacific and Northwestern line, on July 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7 and August 17 and 21, good returning to Chicago and Denver, Colorado Springs, Pueblo, Deadwood and Hot Springs. Quickest route, best service. Apply to agents, Chicago & Northwestern Ry. 4-23 W.

EXCURSION RATES.

NORTHERN PACIFIC.

TWICE EACH MONTH—The Northern Pacific Railway runs Home Seekers excursions. These excursions are run on the first and third Tuesdays of the month. Tickets are sold from eastern terminals to points on main line and branches west of Astoria and Little Falls, Minn., in nearly all cases, at one fare plus \$2.00 for the round trip. Time is given for intending settlers and homeseekers to stop at various places and examine the conditions prevailing, prices of land, etc., with a view of purchasing homes at most desirable points. The northwest is becoming scarce and these excursions offer opportunities for young people especially to procure homes in the finest portions of the northwest, in most cases reached only by the Northern Pacific. For more detailed information regarding the scope and conditions surrounding excursions, valuable literature about the country, etc., call on or write to G. D. Rogers, District Pass Agent, 503 W. Lecest. St., Des Moines, Iowa, or Chas. S. Fee, Gen. Pass Agent, St. Paul, Minn. For six cents, Mr. Fee will send Wonderland 1900, the finest illustrated descriptive tourist book published. 25-6t

"OPPORTUNITIES"—is the appropriate title of a little book recently issued, containing a concise description of the towns along the line of the Northern Pacific Railway in Wisconsin, Minnesota, Manitoba, North Dakota, Montana, Idaho and Washington, where business openings are to be found at the present time. Full particulars are given of the existing conditions in these places, and persons contemplating a change of location for any commercial enterprise will find in this work a mine of valuable information. Copies will be sent free upon application to C. W. Mott, General Immigration Agent, N. P. Ry., St. Paul, Minn. 52-6t

THE STATE OF WASHINGTON—is known as the Evergreen state because of its vast forests. Outside of the limited areas of Big Trees in California, there are no such forests of pine, fir, hemlock, spruce, timbers and fine shingles made from them are shipped all over the world. Washington fruit is a produce of great value. Its flavor and color are unsurpassed. East of the Cascade mountains, the climate is dry and warm and mountain irrigations unnecessary and the rainfall is ample for all purposes. Canneries and fruit drying establishments can be operated profitably in this state. Grain, hops and alfalfa are very profitable crops and beet sugar is rapidly making headway. Washington is a coming empire. Returns are in demand in all professions and labor is wanted and is paid remunerative prices. Fuel, coal as well as wood, is abundant and cheap. Schools and churches abound, the state is well supplied with railways. Varied altitudes and climates render this country a desirable place of residence and all can be suited. For further information, rates, etc., address G. D. Rogers, District Pass Agent, 503 W. Lecest. St., Des Moines, Iowa, or Chas. S. Fee, Gen. Pass Agent, Northern Pacific Ry., St. Paul, Minn. 52-6t

ILLINOIS CENTRAL.

DENVER, Colorado—springs and Pueblo, Col., Ogden and Salt Lake City, Utah, Hot Springs, Southwestern, Chicago, and Cairo, S. D., St. Louis, Mo., Special excursion rates to above named points, June 29, July 9th, July 15th and August 1st, of only one fare plus \$2. Limit October 1st.

HOME-SEEKERS Excursions twice each month during 1900. One fare rate plus \$2.00. See other notices.

CHICAGO, Ill. National Prohibition Convention, June 27-28. One fare rate from points where the one way rate is more than \$4. On sale June 25, 26 and 27. Limit July 2nd.

BIENNIAL convention National Republican Convention of the United States, St. Paul, Minn., July 17-19, 1900, one fare plus \$2.00 July 15, 16, 17, limited to July 21st, except that tickets be deposited with joint agent, St. Paul, on or before July 21st, and upon payment of 50c, and also upon presentation of round trip ticket reading from St. Paul to some point beyond for which rate of \$5.00 or more was paid, return limit will be extended to date upon which round trip ticket from St. Paul expires but in no case later than August 21, 1900. H. E. CASNER, Agent.

CHARLESTON, S. C. Annual meeting National Educational Association, July 7-11. One fare plus \$2.00 and returning by the same direct route, or going by one direct route and returning by any other direct route. Tickets may also be paid via other available routes by payment of a reasonable extra amount. Tickets on sale July 3d, 5th, 6th and 8th. Limit September 1st. Tickets allow of stopovers returning at will south of the Ohio river.

WATERLOO, Iowa Annual State Meeting Grand Lodge K. of P. and Bathbone Sisters, August 7-9. Rate to be announced later.

CHICAGO, Ill. National Encampment Grand Army of the Republic, August 27 to September 1st. Rate will be announced later.

DETROIT, Mich. Biennial Conclave Knights of Pythias, August 27 to September 1. Rate will be announced later.

FOURTH OF JULY Excursions via Illinois Central Railroad to points within 200 miles of Denison, one and one-third fare for round trip. Tickets on sale July 3rd and 4th, good to return to and including July 31st. H. E. CASNER, Agent.

The only way to the National Democratic Convention at Kansas City, Mo., July 4th, 1900, is via the Illinois Central—One fare for the round trip. Tickets on sale July 2, 3 and 4, 1900, limited to July 9th. Extension of ticket can be obtained by depositing ticket with joint agent at Kansas City on or before July 9th, and upon payment of 50c, joint agency fee, also upon presentation of round trip ticket reading from Kansas City to some point beyond Kansas City for which \$5.00 or more was paid. Return limit will be extended to the date upon which the round trip ticket purchased at Kansas City expires, but in no case later than Sept. 30, 1900. H. E. CASNER, Agt.

C. & N. W.
FOURTH OF JULY rates.—On July 3 and 4 the Northwestern line will sell excursion tickets at low rates to points on the Northwestern System and Union Pacific R. R. in 200 miles of selling station, good returning until July 5 inclusive. Apply to agents Chicago & Northwestern Railway.

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6 STYLES! 6



Men's Tan Shoes

Are on sale until July 10th. We have slashed the prices on these styles for a few days only. Styles are guaranteed the latest in shape and color. Note:--We have all sizes and widths. These shoes will please those who want the best and yet the price is only the price of the ordinary everyday shoe. Prices always the lowest.

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DA. With all the latest flavors drawn from a new, superb fountain. We are headquarters for the finest line of Perfumes in the city. The verdict of all—"Oh, what nice stationary." Call and see—visitors more than welcome. Do not miss the Broadway Pharmacy when you are looking for an up-to-date drug store.

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