#### GENTLE WORDS

Gentle words, O, gentle words, How ye linger in the mind, Like the songs of happy birds, Floating on the summer wind; Like the peal of merry bells, Heard across some sunny plain, O'er the brooks and thro' the dells Lofty, sweet, then loud again.

Gentle words, O, gentle words, How ye linger in the mind, Like the song of happy birds, Floating on the summer wind.

Gentle words, O, gentle words, Ye are powers sent to bless; Richer gems than diadems, Treasures that we all possess; Ye are tones from brighter spheres, Angel voices soothing pain, Thrilling echoes that for years In the heart resound again. Chorus:

## THE QUEEN OF BOHEMIA.

Her Majesty the Queen of Bchemiathere will always be a kingdom of Boin strict incognito and in humble fashion under the name of the Countess des Sept-Chateaux. She was accompanied by the old Baroness Georgenthal, her companion, and Gen. Horschowitz, her to her husband, the love that she now equerry. In spite of furs and footwarmers, it is very cold in the reserved compartment; and when the Queen, growing weary of her English novel, and worried by the General's knitting -for the General knitted-wanted to look out on the snow-covered country, she was obliged to rub the glass of her carriage window for a minute or two with her handkerchief, the frost had covered it so thickly with glittering tracery and delicate ferns of ice. It was a strange caprice, certainly, and been in her kind parents' court-and worthy of her Majesty's twenty years, to set out for Paris in midwinter to this ancient and haughty court of Bohejoin her mother, the Queen of Moravia, who was to have visited her in Prague the following spring. However, nothing would do but she must start on the journey, with the thermometer sixteen degrees below freezing point. The baroness had to shake up her old rheumatism, and the General in despair had to leave belyind a magnificent countervence. tism, and the General in despair had to leave behind a magnificent counterpane he was knitting for his daughter-in-law, and to content himself with working a simple pair of worsted stockings by way of occupation on the road. It was a rough journey. The whole of Europe lay covered with snow, and they had come half way across it, and all sorts of difficulties and hindrances, by rail-ways that were disorganized by the hard weather.

Now they are getting near the end of their journey. At nine o'clock they dined at the buffet at Macon, and although this evening the foot-warmers are again hardly lukewarm, and outside er's neck. great snowflakes float about in the darkness, the baroness and the generalboth slumbering in a corner under furs and railway rugs-are dreaming of their arrival in Paris. The good old lady is there for special religious exercises; and the old soldier, of a certain wool and the old soldier. and the old soldier, of a certain wool shop in the Rue Saint Honore, to which Bohemia, in every one of his hunting- by. But, you see, what troubles me he means to pay an early visit, the only boxes. He was a laughing-stock every- most is having to make her frocks and

fled golden hair that has fallen loose from her coquettish little traveling cap, listening mechanically to the vague, distant music that the tired ears of the travellers seem to hear in the iron gallop of the express. She is looking back queen, and thinking how miserable she

She saw herself as she used to be, when she was a little princess with red hands and an unformed figure, playing with her twin sister, whom they had married far away in the north—the sister she was so fond of and who was so like her, that when they were dressed this stoppage in the open coun-in the same way they had to put rib-try in the middle of the night? The bons of different color in their hair that | General and the Baroness have awakthey might not be mistaken one for the other. That was before the revolution that overturned her parents's throne. She had loved the calm and sleepy atmosphere of the little court of Olmutz. where etiquette was tempered by such easy-going good nature. In those days her father, good King Louis V .- who since then had died in exile of a broken heart-used to walk through the park with her and her sister, in his court dress every afternoon at 4 o'clock, to take cafe au lait in the Chinese pavilion, covered with ivy vines, looking out on the river and the far off circle of hills red tinted in the autumn.

Then came her marriage and the presentation ball one beautiful night in July, when the murmer of the crowds in the illuminated gardens had come up through the open windows. How she hour." had trembled when she was left alone a And moment in the conversatory with the young king. She loved him already; she had loved him from the first moment she had seen him, as he came forward, with the white plume in his cap, so graceful and elegant in his blue uniform and diamonds, with the gold spurs on his small gray boots ringing at every step. After the first waitz Ottokar had taken her arm, and, stroking his long black moustache the while, had led her into the conservatory and made her sit down under a palm tree. Then sitting

will you do me the honor of becoming my wife?" And she had blushed and looked down, and, holding her hand to in his house. her heart to still its wild beating, had answered him, "Yes, sire;" while the Tzigones' violins suddenly crashed out the first note of the "Tcheque March," that sublime song of triumph and en-

thusiasm. fled! Six months of error and illusionscarcely six months-and then one day, been deceived, that the king did not love her, that he never had loved her, and that the very day after his marriage he had supped with Gazella, the first dancer of the Prague Theatre, a light woman. And that was not all! She had found out—what every one but herself knew—Ottokar's old liaison and began to look about her. with the Countess Pzilorann, by whom when she was a little girl, squeezing it suddenly in her hand when she had breaking a vase.

She had a son certainly, and she loved him, but it was terrible sometimes. when she was sitting by the gilded and coroneted crad. of her little sleeping Wladislas, to feel a cold shiver pass over her heart at the sight of the child, the offspring of a man who had so wickedly and cruelly outraged her. Besides, she never had him to herself-never all to herself. It was not at all as it had that was another grief that had been driven out by a revolution. Here in mia everything was done according to the laws of the strictest etiquette. whole host of governesses and dry nurses, stiff old ladies with grand manners and lofty airs, surrounded the royal cradle, and, when the Queen came seemed to her as if the chilly breath of these women blew over her mother's

heart and quenched and froze it. She could really bear it no longer, poor Queen-her life was too hard. And so sometimes, when she was overpowered with grief and ennui, she used to get leave from the king to pay a visit to the Queen of Moravia, who had taken refuge in France. She would fly away and escape, as from a prisonalone, for it was contrary to the traditions that the heir-apparent should travel without his father -to weep out all her griefs on her gray-haired moth-

This time she had left without asking permission, suddenly, only staying to leave a rapid kiss on the sleeping Wladislas's forehead, for she was mad with disgust and shame.

and families now in every town in even trembled as the express train went shop at which he can match his green Berlin wool skeins satisfactorily.

The queen is not asleep. She sits there buried in thought, with her eyes wide open in the shadow, feverish and wide open in the shadow, feverish and shows a string state of Prague caps. Fortunately, I was a sergeant in the Zouaves once and know how to use my needle."

"But, my poor friend," began the caps. Fortunately, I was a sergeant in the Zouaves once and know how to use my needle."

"But, my poor friend," began the could touch her.' I mean was she moved? 'Moved! She had no occation to move.'" wide open in the shadow, feverish and tusthe Strong before him, would enroll one hand clenched in the beautiful ruf- his numerous progeny, the king turned everything into money, and drained and indebted the State. The trade in decorations was especially scandalous. There was a tailor at Vienna who was quoted as having made his fortune by selling to amateurs of foreign orders, a over her whole past life, this poor young | certain dress-coat at 500 florins, with the ribbon of the most illustrous order of Bohemia, a military order that dated back to the Thirty Years' War, in its buttonhole.

What is wrong? The train has begun to go more slowly; it has stopped. What is the meaning of ened very anxious; the lord-in-waiting has let down the glass and is leaning out into the darkness, and suddenly the guard who is running along in the snow beside the carriage, stops and raises his lantern, lighting up the bristling white mustaches and fur cap of the General.

"What is the matter? Why are we stopping?" asks old Horschowitz. The matter is that we shall have to stop here for an hour at least. Parisians will have to do without their

cafe au lait to-morrow." "What wait here an hour in this weather? You know the foot-warmers are cold."

"What can I do? They have telegraphed to Tonnerre for sweepers; but, as I said, we must wait at least an

And the man moved away with his lantern in the direction of the engine.
"It is too bad! Your Masjesty will catch cold!" croked the Baroness. "Yes, I am very cold," said the

Queen shivering. Now was the time for the General to show his heroism. He jumped down on to the rails, sinking up to his knees in snow, caught hold of the man with the lantern, and spoke to him in a low

beside her he had taken her hand in "The signal man's house is just in front that grand, easy way of his, and looked into her eyes and asked her, "Princess, lady likes to get down? Hi! Sabatier!" A second lantern approached them. "Go and see if the signal man has a fire

Fortunately he had. The General was as proud as if he had gained a battle or finished the last stripe of kuitting in his famous counterpane. He went back to the Queen's carriage to tell her the results of his efforts, and a moment Alas! how soon that happiness had ed! Six months of error and illusion— after the three travellers were in a low-roofed room of the little house, stamptheir feet on the floor to get rid of the before her bab, was born, she found out by a cruel chance that she had man, who had brought them in and who still wore his sheepskin, knelt down before the fire and threw some dead wood upon the dogs.

The Queen threw her cloak on the back of her straw-bottomed chair and sat down before the cheery blaze. She

It was a peasant's room. There was there will always be a kingdom of Bo-homia for story tellers—was travelling he had three children, whom he had never abandoned, in the midst of a onions hung from the earthen rafters; hundred saprices, and whom he had an old poacher's gun was fastened over actually dared to make first lady in the chimney-peice by a couple of nails. waiting to his wife. The Queen's love and there were a fεw flowered plates on was killed on the spot—the delicate, the dresser. The General made a grimshy love she had never dared to confess to her husband, the love that she now compared to a tame bird she had killed M. Thiers wearing the ribbon of the Legion of Honor, the other Garibaldi in his red shirt. But what attracted been startled by the noise of a servant the young Queen's attention was a wicker cradle, by the side of the large bed, half hidden by striped chintz curtains, from whence there came the murmurings of a child awakened from its sleep. As soon as he heard it the signal man

> "By-bye, chickie, bye-bye! It is nothing—only friends of daddy's." He seemed a kind father, this man in his goatskin, with his bald head, his

left the fire, went to the cradle and

rocked it gently.

rough old soldier's mustache, and those two deep sad lines around his mouth. "Is that your little girl?" the queen asked with interest.

"Yes, ma'am; it is my Cecile. She will be three years old next month.' "But-her mother?" inquired Her Majesty, hesitatingly. And as the man shook his head, "You are a widower?"

But he shook his head again. Then

the queen, touched, got up and went to the cradle, and looked at Cecile who had gone to sleep again hugging a card-board dog tenderly to her breast.

"Poor child!" she murmured,
"Wasn't it a heartless thing to do for a mother to abandon a child of that age?" said the signal man in a smothered voice. "That she should have left me after all was my own fault. I ought not to have married a woman too young for me-I ought not to have let her go to town where she picked up evil acquaintances. But to abandon this darling! Wasn't it infamous? And now I have to bring up the poor mite myself! And I can tell you it is not easy with all the work I have to do. In the evening I am very often obliged to leave her there screaming and crying when I hear the whistle of the train. In the daytime, though, I take her with me, and she is quite used to it already, the darling! She is not afraid of the railway now. Only yesterday Iwas hold-

shivering in her blue fox furs, with her elbow leaning on the window-sill and honor. To provide for the wants of pose there is a village near here, and there must be some good people in the village who would take charge of your little girl. If it is only a question of

money-But the signal man shook his head.

"No, good lady, no. I am not proud, and I would accept with all my heart anything that was done for Cecile. But I will never part with her. No, not even for an hour!"

"Why?" repeated the man, in his deep voice, "beceuse I can trust no one but myself to make this child what her mother was not-a good woman! But, excuse me would you kindly rock Cecile a moment? I am wanted on the

Who can tell what thoughts passed through the mind of the young Queen of Behemia that winter night as she sat rocking the poor signal man's child, while the General and Baroness whose help she had refused, sat and sulked before the fire? "Now then, ladies and gentleman, the express is starting; take your seats!" the Queen put her purse, swelled with gold and the bouquet of violets from her belt, into little Cecile's cradle and went back to her seat in the

train. But her Majesty stayed only two days in Paris; she retntned to Prague almost immediately, and now she never leaves it. She devotes herself entirely to her son's education. The places of the governesses, with their thirty quarterings, who cast the shadows of their funeral caps over the heir-apparent, have become sinecures. If there are still kings in Europe when little Wladislas is grown up, he will be what his father was not—a good king. Already, though he is but five, he is very popular; and when he travels with his mother on those good old Bohemian railways, where they go as slowly as a carriage, and, looking out of the window, sees a singual man holding a child with one arm and waving his little flag with the other, the royal child, at a sign from his mother, kisess his hand to "If it was the Great Mogul himself I him.—Adapted for the Argonaut from rolled in the public schools, which cost could do nothing," answered the man. the French by Mile. Bouchier.

### Personal Paragraphs.

Husband Langtry has been heard from as the possessor of a new and pretty life-boat-possibly his proportion of the profits from the American Tour in which he did not immediately take part. He is an enthusiastic fisherman and wild fowl shooter, and spends his days in boating about the channel.

Mrs. Fletcher is soon to be married to her brother-in-law, Mr. James Harper, a member of the publishing house of Harper & Brothers.

Jesse James's mother and widow have brought suit against a St. Louis publishing house to recover \$12,000 royalty on the life of the desperado.

Herr Makart has left a fortune of about \$200,000. A London picture dealer is said to have offered \$35,000 for the contents of Makart's studio.

An old reporter writes: "When I was much younger than I am now I was sent to ask questions of the late Commodore Vanderbilt, and I remarked apologetically to him. 'I'm afraid I am prying too much into your private business.' 'Never you mind my half of the iness.' 'Never you mind my half of the job, young man,' the blunt old veteran replied, 'I am not going to say anything to you that I don't want to.'"

Sir John Parkington, who held the position of secretary of state for the colonies and first lord of the admiralty under Lord Derby's two tory administrations, resembled Mr. Tilden a good deal in appearance, and was, like him, a great horseman, having a light figure, always wearing spurs, and neatly dressed. Though a good worker and administrator, he was made a good deal of a butt in his party.

It is said that the only three survivors of the battle of Stonington, Conn., are Charles O. Williams of Stonington, aged eighty-nine; Henry Denison of Ledyard, aged ninety-one, and Colonel George L. Perkins of Norwich, aged ninety-six.

The father of General Custer lives in Michigan. He is described as being of venerable appearance, with long white beard and hair. He is seventyeight years old, and may be often seen driving a horse his gallant son rode in the Black Hills.

Mr. James O'Kelly, member of Parliament for Roscommon, will retire from Parliament at the end of the present session, and go to the United States to engage in journalistic pursuits. He was at one time connected with the New York Herald.

Lecturing last week at Richmond, Va., on "The First Maryland Campaign," General Bradley T. Johnson revived the Barbara Frietchie discussion, declaring emphatically that Whittier's heroine never saw a confederate soldier, and that "Stonewall" Jackson did not pass anywhere near her house.

Lord Panmure's stolid want of comprehension is amusingly illustrated in Lord Malmesbury's memoirs. "The queen," he says, "had been presenting medals to the Crimean heroes, many of whom were maimed or suffering from wounds. 'Was the queen touched?' Mrs. Norton asked. 'Bless my soul, no!' replied Lord Panmure, 'she had a

The following note by Thackeray has lately been published for the first time by the Pall Mall Gazette: "Kensington, W., Wednesday. Dear Ned-You ask me for a recipe for restoring your eyes to their wonted lustre and brilliancy. Very good. Here you are. Take them out and wash well, first with soap and water, and afterward with a solution of nitric acid, white sand and blacking. Let them dry well, and then replace them, fastening them in their places with gum water. One great advantage of the discovery is that by turning the pupils inwards, on restoring the eyes to their places again, a view of the whole internal economy may be obtained, and thus the precept of the old philosopher, to 'know thyself,' be readily complied with. There! Will that suit you? Eh? Generously yours, W. M. Thackeray.'

#### Common Schools in the United States.

When Connecticut, eighty-nine years ago (Nov, 1795), devoted the \$1,200,000, obtained from the sale of her Western reserve lands, to the establishment of a school fund, the present system of common schools in the United States received its first impetus. Massachusetts made a similar use of her lands in Maine, and soon most of the States established funds for the same purpose. In the West, the government has given assistance, by grants of land for school funds to the amount of \$60,000,000. Each State controls its own schools and regulates the attendance of children within specified ages, which is in most States compelled by law. Until after the Civil War there was no well-ordered system in the Southern States, but \$3,000,000 of the great Peabody educational fund has greatly remedied that lack, and there is now no State or Territory without its public schools. In 1867 the Educational Bureau was established at Washington, and by its report for 1881 there were nearly ten million children ennearly \$85,000,000.

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