

But this is no rock bound coast. It is not exactly encouraging to look down on a three-acre lawn about three-quarters captured by the dandelions, with their fluffy heads flying as the wind listeth. A prize for the man with a dandelion exterminator which takes into consideration the value of a man's time, his knees, and his wife's best butcher-knife!

There is another old town up the river a ways, a hill town, a spread-out town, as old in years as its neighbor, but with a different atmosphere, which you notice at once. Platts-mouth—the old darky brakeman was very sure about the "mouth"—is first of all too hilly for comfort or beauty, in the eyes of a plainsman who is not used to thinking of a house as a bird's nest in the tree top, or of lawns as green toboggan slides. They could mow their lawns by the force of gravity applied to a lawn mower. Their temple of learning stands on the highest hill and from it you get a good view of the town and the river. If in your ramblings around the town you pass the small shed where the fire apparatus is kept—above it a bell-tower, not a steam whistle—you may wonder. They have no fire engine, only a hose-cart and minor appliances. They need none; the stand-pipe is on a high hill and that does the rest.

Plattsmouth has a very visible means of support,—the B. & M. shops,—an imposing brick court house and a very pretty park ornamented by an inspiring flag-pole. In the band stand here the band gives concerts on Sundays. There is a new building for the high school on the hill and the Parmelee brothers are now breaking ground for an opera house—one of the crying needs of the town. For years the Presbyterian church has been the only considerable auditorium.

There are three daily evening newspapers in the town. I looked in upon two editors; they declared they were prospering, a statement that sounded strange from the lips of newspaper folks, but which, from the looks of things, I felt inclined to believe.

South of the town and the shops is one of the old landmarks, a tumbling house still occupied by descendants of the original owners. At the side of the house is an old spring still doing business and dribbling through a spring-house hewn out of the rock. Perhaps to the early inhabitants it was better than a refrigerator and equal to a cyclone cellar.

An interesting old town, but too hilly, too hilly.

Child-Study Briefs—No. 3.

"Now, Willie,"—the teacher's voice was stern and had a note of discouragement in it—"you do not know your lesson at all. You do not know it any better than lazy old Tommie lying out there in the sun. I am sure that Tommie could recite just as well as you have if he were in here."

"Can't I go out and bring him in and see if he knows it?"

And never a smile. What can one do? Especially when the little fellow comes up to you in class and whispers devotedly, "I wouldn't sell you for a hundred dollars."

A Summer Outing.

J. H. AGER.

This suggestion was well received; we talked the matter over and over, and it was at last determined that tired wives and busy husbands should spend a few weeks in camp. All four families lived in the same block and the details were soon agreed upon.

A new and commodious compartment tent, a kitchen tent, an outfit of

folding camp furniture, together with a liberal supply of groceries, were purchased. Shot guns and target rifles were cleaned and cased, shells loaded, reels and lines overhauled and put in order, and a quantity of brown and gray hackle, coachman, professor and white miller trout flies laid in.

It was six o'clock on the evening of July 19th, 1899, when we boarded a Burlington train for Ranchester, Wyoming, where we were to leave the railroad and continue our journey in wagons. Our party consisted of a banker, a city officer, an insurance man, and a railroad employee, each with his wife. With us were also Chester, my thirteen-year-old son, and Edie, the accomplished housekeeper, whose authority in camp was never questioned, and whose cooking rarely failed to evoke praise. Sometimes it led to gormandizing.

The ride from Lincoln, Nebraska, to Ranchester, Wyoming, is one of interest. The few hours of daylight left us on the evening of our starting revealed Eastern Nebraska a sea of corn, wheat and pasture, broken with islands of trees, in which were nestled cozy homes peopled with prosperous and contented occupants. The next morning we breakfasted at Edgemont, South Dakota. On resuming our journey we skirted the southern end of the Black Hills, entered the coal and oil fields of Wyoming, and passed through the Bad Lands, which in turn gave way to the rich irrigated valleys and well stocked ranches lying north of and parallel to the Big Horn mountains.

With proverbial promptness, the Burlington set us down at Ranchester on time, a little after two P. M. By previous arrangement, Tom Davis, the mountaineer, teamster and guide, was at the station to convey us to the mountains which, although appearing not more than two miles away, were in reality nine miles distant. With several hours of daylight before us we speedily bundled ourselves into his spring carry-all, leaving him to follow with our belongings loaded on his big four-horse mountain wagon. A delightful ride of an hour took us to Dayton, a small village on the banks of Tongue river, at the base of the foothills. The Hotel Davis, well managed by the little daughter of our teamster, was our refuge until the next morning. The evening was spent by the ladies in strolling about the village and beside the river, while the male members of the party bought some additional supplies at the store.

The next day was devoted to the selection of a site and establishing camp. Through the kindness of Mr. George Milward and sons, who owned the land and in honor of whom we named our camp, our tents were pitched in a grove of large trees on the bank of Tongue river, about half a mile from where the stream emerges from the mountains and begins its journey through the valley to the north.

What a beautiful view was ours! with a mountain stream of unrivalled beauty flowing past our door, its clear, cold waters laughing, dancing and leaping over their rocky bed to join the far-away Yellowstone, making perpetual music without note of discord; with lofty mountain peaks towering above us, their sides adorned with great pines and evergreens and vari-colored smaller growth, or seamed and scarred by convulsions of inconceivable force that made a continent tremble. The sunrise was splendid, its setting was transcendent beauty, whose glories neither pen nor brush can depict. Except during two or three hours in the early afternoon, when we fought the hammocks, conveniently hung in the shade of the trees surrounding camp, the days were pleasant and the nights always cool enough to make

blankets a comfort. How we slept! In middle life we were permitted to again enjoy the dreamless, restful sleep of childhood; and after such a night, a bath in the melted snow of the river and a breakfast eaten with camp appetites, care was a stranger and living a delight.

We found much enjoyment in contriving numerous articles for comfort and convenience about the camp. With the aid of a few spikes, a rake was manufactured and our door yard tidied to a degree of neatness surpassing many a city lawn. Benches, shelves, gun racks and cupboards were improvised, everything was assigned a place and a fine was imposed on each one failing to return to its proper place, after using, any article belonging to the camp. The women cherished a broom which they evolved from juniper twigs and various utensils which they manufactured from birch bark for table use. Fresh bouquets of wild flowers adorned our dining table, and when our granite ware service was placed on the white oilcloth, we congratulated ourselves on its possession. At the point opposite our camp the river was about eighty feet wide and one to five feet deep. Two days were consumed in contriving and building a foot bridge, which proved a great convenience, and became a favorite lounging place.

The women wore short woolen skirts, shirt waists, broad brimmed hats, heavy soled shoes and leggings, while the men enjoyed the luxury of flannel shirts, sweaters and hunting boots. The woods abounded in berries and wild fruit, and their gathering made pleasant diversion and added an agreeable variety to our daily menu. Neighboring ranchmen and their wives paid us frequent friendly visits, and from their irrigated gardens we replenished our larder with fresh vegetables and luscious strawberries, while their dairies and poultry yards furnished us a bountiful supply of fresh, sweet butter, milk, cream and eggs. Without exception, the kind hearted people living in the vicinity showed a desire that our visit should prove enjoyable, and their hearty good will added much to the pleasure of our stay among them.

No more beautiful stream than the Tongue river can be found in the mountainous regions of the West, and the canyon through which its waters tumble their way out of the mountains is, while less massive and awe-inspiring than the Royal Gorge or Black Canyon in Colorado, even more picturesque and beautiful. Its verdured walls, many hundreds of feet in height, are crowned with gigantic rocks which the elements in untold centuries have fashioned into wonderful imitations of monuments, amphitheatres and castle ruins. The river abounds in brook and rainbow trout, and but little time was required to provide our table with all the toothsome fish we could use in camp or present to our neighbors who found no time to whip the stream. Some of us had previously fished in the Gunnison in Colorado, the Skykomish in Washington, the Wood in Idaho, the Flathead and Lake MacDonald in Montana, and the brooks of Vermont and Wisconsin; but in none of them, except Lake MacDonald, have we found trout more gamy or plentiful or of a larger average size than those of the Tongue river, with its environment of rugged and beautiful scenery.

In the valley willow grouse were plentiful, while blue or mountain grouse with flesh as white and savory as that of the quail, frequent the higher altitudes and love the shelter of the pines growing on the mountains. Within half a mile of our camp was a deer hck, and bear and elk inhabit the whole Big

(Continued on Page 10.)

CLUBS.

[LOUISA L. RICKETTS.]

CALENDAR OF NEBRASKA CLUBS.

May.	18.	Sociosis, American humorists.	Stanton
	18.	Woman's c., Declaration of Independence.	Plattsmouth
	18.	Ladies' Philomathian c., Carey Sisters.	Shickley
	18.	Woman's c., Closing day.	North Bend
	18.	Self-culture c., The club woman.	St. Paul
	18.	History and Art c., Business meeting.	Seward
	21.	Woman's c., Parliamentary practice.	Omaha
	21.	Woman's c., Political and social science.	Omaha
	21.	History and Art c., Annual meeting.	Seward
	22.	Woman's c., Ethics and Philosophy.	Omaha
	22.	Woman's c., French conversation.	Omaha
	22.	Woman's c., City improvement.	Omaha
	22.	Woman's c., Current topics.	Omaha
	22.	Woman's c., German history.	Omaha
	23.	Woman's c., Oratory.	Omaha
	23.	Sociosis, Topics of the times.	Stanton
	24.	Woman's c., Art.	Omaha
	24.	Century c., The Hague, Government and royal family.	Lincoln
	25.	Woman's c., Education.	Omaha
	25.	Woman's c., Current topics.	Omaha
	25.	Woman's c., General review of parliamentary law—Discussion American writers.	Plattsmouth
	26.	Woman's c., English history.	Stromsburg
	26.	Zetetic c., Comparison of men and women as story writers.	Weeping Water
	26.	Self Culture c., Definite establishment of the French republic.	St. Paul

OFFICERS OF N. F. W. C., 1899 & 1900.

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 Librarian, Mrs. G. M. Lambertson, Lincoln.
 Auditor, Mrs. E. J. Hainer, Aurora.

To the Clubs of Nebraska:

There will be an effort at the biennial meeting for the admission of proxies. Many clubs cannot send a delegate—or more than one—when they are entitled to others. I therefore ask the clubs of the state belonging to the general federation, which cannot send a delegate, to send their proxy to me. In this way we can be prepared to have full representation in case proxies are allowed.

L. L. RICKETTS,

State Chairman Correspondence for Nebraska.

There will be universal regret over Mrs. Lowe's decision not to permit her name to be used for a second term. Mrs. Lowe's administration has been exceptionally able and satisfactory to the club women of the country, and that, too, under very trying circumstances. Scarcely was she in office when the agitation for reorganization began, an agitation which has stirred all club gatherings the past year and a half, whether they were executive, social or regular club gatherings. But Mrs. Lowe, while never speaking her own

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