

Telling his listeners how  
In the wide new country far away  
The rainfall follows the plow.  
"As fast as they break it up, you see,  
And turn the heart to the sun,  
As they open the furrows deep and free,  
And the tillage is begun.  
"The earth grows mellow, and more and more  
It holds and sends to the sky  
A moisture it never had before  
When its face was hard and dry.  
"And so, wherever the plowshares run  
The clouds run overhead,  
And the soil that works and lets in the sun  
With water is always fed."  
I wonder if that old farmer knew  
The half of his simple word,  
Or guessed the message that, heavenly true,  
Within it was hidden and heard?  
It fell on my ear by chance that day,  
But the gladness lingers now,  
To think it is always God's dear way  
That the rainfall follows the plow.  
—[A. D. T. Whitney.]

#### POPULAR SCIENCE.

The tunnel connecting the Lanca-shire and Cheshire sides of the River Mersey is nearly finished.

The total product of copper of the Lake Superior mines for the year 1883 is reliably estimated at 60,000,000 pounds.

M. Boulez, who has been appointed vice president of the academy of sciences, Paris, will be the president of that organization next year.

A writer in the American Druggist says that oiled paper is a very good substitute for oiled silk for surgical dressings when economy is required.

There were 23,310 houses built in London and the suburbs in 1882, forming 508 new streets and one new square, covering a distance of 75 1-2 miles.

To preserve sandstone it is advisable first to let it dry as thoroughly as possible and then paint it or coat it with silicate of soda.—Manufacturer's Gazette.

Dr. Louvain, of Carisbad, has met with several cases in which difficulty of breathing was due to the administration of moderate doses of salicylic acid. The breathing was labored and very rapid.

That which recently excited the close attention of the observers of the Pons-Brooks comet was the remarkable changes in the intensity of the brightness it presented from time to time.

Whatever may be true of harmless luxuries in the way of drinks the Lancet maintains that health, happiness and work find stimulus enough in the unsophisticated well of nature—in pure water.

The Scientific American suggests the rubbing of the joints of stylographic pens on which the fingers rest with the thin edge of a piece of wax to prevent soiling the fingers with the ink that escapes from the imperfect joint.

Electric lights have been introduced into a gunpowder manufactory in England. The buildings are scattered over three miles of territory, and the wires are carried above ground from a dynamo near the center of the inclosure.

As a cure for the bites of rattlesnakes and other poisonous creatures the following is offered: Indigo four drams, gum camphor eight drams, alcohol eight ounces; mixed and kept in close bottles. Apply to the wound and the cure is soon completed.

#### Pollution of Well Water.

New York Herald, March 7.  
Dr. Frankland has recently called attention in the London Times to a case of well-water pollution which has far more than a local interest. The proprietor of a brewery at Brentford, depending for its water supply on a large well sunk into the chalk, suddenly found the water poisoned to a degree rendering it utterly unfit for brewing or other purposes. Upon putting chloride of lithium in a neighbor's well it was soon discovered that it made its way into the brewer's well, and it was learned that the former had been converted into a cesspit for receiving factory sewage. Though the injured party brought an action against his neighbor in the chancery court, the case was decided in favor of the defendant. Dr. Frankland justly argues that this decision will be a serious blow at public health, as the result of "the growing pollution of rivers and streams" every year makes the public "more dependent on subterranean water."  
There is more need than most people suppose for municipal legislation in this country to guard the underground water from pollution. The increasing insufficiency and foulness of the supply furnished through the pipes in some of our largest cities will eventually force people to resort to pumps and wells wherever it can be safely done, as in suburban districts. That in many places this return to the primitive water supply would inure to the interests of health cannot be doubted if only the wells sunk were protected from pollution by wanton or careless persons. While notable instances in which contaminated wells have produced fatal sickness in a locality have often been paraded to the discredit of subterranean water for dietic purposes, it is probable that contaminated river water has slain its thousands. Should the Asiatic cholera, epidemic in the east last year, resume its westward march this summer, the question raised by Dr. Frankland will loom up as one of vast moment.

#### The Germs of Fever.

Dr. E. W. Carpenter in the Nineteenth Century.  
I have recently had the opportunity of learning, on the spot, the full particulars of a case in which four members of one household were last year attacked with typhoid fever—one of them narrowly escaping with her life—under circumstances which left no doubt in the mind of the very accomplished

the opening of an old cesspool belonging to a neighboring house, then in course of demolition. The house in which the outbreak occurred is large and airy, and stands by itself in a most salubrious situation. The most careful examination failed to disclose any defect either in its drainage or its water supply; there was no typhoid in the neighborhood, and the milk supply was unexceptionable. But the neighboring house being old, and having been occupied by a school, its removal had been determined on to make way for a house of higher class; and as the offensive odor emanating from the uncovered cesspool was at once perceived in the next garden, and the outbreak of typhoid followed at the usual interval, the case seems one which admits of no reasonable question.

On the whole, then, the conclusion seems clear, that while the breeding ground of ordinary malarious germs is the earth alone, and the breeding ground of the ordinary exanthemata is the human body alone, there is an intermediate class of pestilential diseases—including cholera, typhoid and probably yellow fever—in which (as Mr. Simon tersely expressed it) "certain microphytes are capable of thriving equally, though perhaps in different forms, either within or without the animal body; now fructifying in soil or waters of appropriating quality, and now the self-multiplying contagion of a bodily disease."

#### Old-Time Nonsense.

Dr. Foote's Health Monthly.  
The Minneapolis, Minnesota, Tribune recently made a "brief mention" of "Science in Story" and says that it acquaints the youthful reader with many things of which he might be well and wisely ignorant." The writer thinks that "children should acquire a gradual knowledge of themselves through the medium of home and school training, rather than from the teachings of books which in their effect are little better than the purulent literature they condemn." Considering the fact that hundreds of newspapers throughout the United States have spoken of "Science in Story" in the highest terms of commendation, we are not at all piqued by this left-handed notice. The work has been highly spoken of by such papers as the Independent, the Christian Intelligencer, the New York Times, the Cleveland Leader, the Chicago Inter-Ocean, the Graphic, the Commercial Advertiser, Hall's Journal of Health, and a host of other first-class papers throughout the United States.

The object therefore of noticing this article of the Minneapolis Tribune is simply to call attention to the dangerous species of old fogism which crops out here and there and everywhere, and which furnishes the material for our vice societies and supports such peculiar specimens of the human family as Anthony Comstock. Considering that such people, however, are really scarce, it is wonderful how much influence they have. It is astonishing that they can get legislatures to pass laws to meet their narrow ideas. It has been said over and over again that children should acquire a gradual knowledge of themselves, and with what result? It has been proposed again and again that they should learn certain matters from their parents, and what has come of this teaching? As populations grow more dense it is getting so that even children of five or six years of age, unless properly instructed, gather certain knowledge in a way to be a curse to them. That is, they get it from hearing vulgar conversation, and from what they overhear from older persons in a casual way. We recently received a letter from a western friend who gave us some most remarkable accounts of what was going on among little children five or six years old. Of the hundreds of papers which have spoken the Minneapolis Tribune is the first to find fault with the purity of "Science in Story."

There have been two other unfavorable notices, one from a southern paper, because we had made a lion of a black boy, and another from a paper having decidedly bourgeois democratic proclivities. The Minneapolis Tribune bears of the palm.

#### Four Hogs to the Cord.

New York Sun.  
"Come up and see some hogs," said Mr. Charles Rohe to a friend yesterday. The hogs were piled along Thirty-third street from Mr. Rohe's place to the corner of Eighth avenue, over 100 feet distant.  
"To fully comprehend the size of these hogs," said Mr. Rohe, "a little comparison is necessary. Thus a neat little phaeton mare weighs anywhere from 800 to 900 pounds. An ordinary roadster weighs anywhere near 1,000 pounds. A good farm horse will go from 1,200 to 1,300 pounds. Of the twenty hogs piled along Thirty-third street, the runt weighs 866 pounds.  
The weights of the others were painted on their rounded jaws, and ran from 873 to 1,098 pounds. Twenty of them weighed 1,968 pounds. Four of them measured a cord. The breeds are known as red and white Jerseys.  
"Where did they all come from?"  
"Burlington, N. J.," said Mr. Rohe.  
"They were raised by Mr. John Carter. He's got some more like them, only one is larger. They dress down about 15 per cent. Those hogs had a better house to live in than a third of the people of this city have. Each hog had a separate stall that was kept clean and sweet by constant attention and unlimited fresh bedding. They were cared for just as fast horses are. They were fed on meal and milk. As a lot they are the heaviest ever brought to New York, or ever raised, for that matter. The largest one of the lot is the largest hog on record except one not slaughtered yet."  
"Did it pay?"  
"Yes and no. The gratification of beating the record is always worth the expense; but lighter hogs yield more money on the investment."

A young physician must not lose patients. If he does he will injure his trade.

A poor old bachelor living alone,  
With a heart which had almost turned to stone,  
Had only one friend in whom he took pride.  
One friend who was never known to deride;  
So he sang his praise in his quaint old way,  
And these were the words I heard him say:  
Your silver teapot and Wedgwood's fine,  
Your sparkling ale and your generous wine,  
I care not for if the cup that cheers,  
Is filled from the teapot which time endears.  
The little brown teapot, homely and old,  
I prize far more than the miser's gold.  
It welcomes me when I'm weary for rest,  
With a cup of Hyson, of friends the best.

#### GOLD HUNTERS.

The Stampede to the Idaho Mines.

Cor. Chicago Times.

It is never too cold or too hot for men in search of gold. I have been near the Idaho gold mines three days and have seen pack trains one after another filing up the old Mullan road to the gold fields, and now I have just thawed my ink to remark that the thermometer now indicates twenty-three below. The air is still and clear, and the tall pine trees around the fort glisten with an iciness such as I have never before seen. The new city, which lies alongside the reservation, is just beginning to bristle with hotels and stores, and the boat builders are working on the steamer propped up above the ice. Everything is going forward in the way of preparation, and if there are not 50,000 men going through this place during the next six months, then somebody will be fooled. Town lots are selling at prices running into the hundreds, and every man at the garrison expects to get rich enough on his mine during the spring and summer to retire into civil life. Life here is civil enough, as far as the real distinction goes, and I could ask for nothing better than my place by the broad open fireplace in Lieut. Kinzie's quarters. The hotel is so crowded that the average is two in a bed and some on the floors in nearly every room, and while everybody is doing his best to make things comfortable, it still falls far short of the attractions of an officer's mess.

All sorts of stories come from the mines. So far I have seen no one from there who is not going back in the spring. With the spirit of the occasion strong within me, I "grub-staked" a young man known to me as perfectly trustworthy. Before leaving Portland, Oregon, I received the following letter from him, which I send you in the original. The statement substantially agrees with what I have picked up in the three days I have been here:

EAGLE CITY.—Well, I just arrived yesterday, and I traveled on foot for eighty-six long, long miles, and it was the hardest trip that I ever dreamed of. The camp is booming, and there are 1,200 men in the mines. Snow is from four to seven feet deep. Every foot of ground is taken, but I am going across the mountains in a few days to try and prospect some; but I am afraid I can't do much for two months. They are working a few mines, and they are showing up fine. Nine out of every ten claims have been relocated, and there is going to be some big fighting this summer. There is only one female in the town. Men are coming in at the rate of fifty and sixty per day. My friends say they will work me into some good ground. I feel very much elated. There are about thirty miles of mines already located, and there is timber on every foot of it.  
J. H. M.

The officers at the fort seem to have confidence in the future developments, and they are not men to be either "enthused" or stamped. I confess that I do not believe enough is known yet to warrant me in advising men to go. Two companies have been formed and are beginning to work on the mines only a few miles from Coeur d'Alene City. St. Joe River valley, near the lake, is to be raked open by some expert men who have been down that way; and at Wolf Lodge, between here and the mission, I am told there will be good digging. The old miners say it will be a quartz mining field, rather than placer, though some lumps as big as one's finger (say the little finger) have been shown me. They came out of the placers and are solid gold. There are stories of bigger ones, and I have seen quartz specimens rich in "shot gold," as they call it. They perhaps came from up above, at the new mines, and perhaps from Liberia.

#### As to "Taking Colds."

Popular Science Monthly.  
No man can freeze himself into a catarrh. In cold weather the hospitals of our northern cities often receive patients with both feet and both hands frozen, with frost-bitten ears and frost-frozen eyes, but without a trace of a catarrhal affection. Duck hunters may wade all day in a frozen swamp without affecting the functions of their respiratory organs. Ice cutters not rarely come in for an involuntary plunge bath, and are obliged to let their clothes dry on their backs; it may result in a bowel complaint, but no catarrh. Prolonged exposure to a cold storm may in rare cases induce a true pleural fever, a very troublesome affection, but as different from a "cold" as a headache is from a toothache—the upper air passages remain unaffected. Sudden transition from heat to cold does not change the result. In winter the "pullers" of a rolling-mill have often to pass ten times an hour from the immediate neighborhood of a furnace to the chill draught of the open air; their skin becomes as rough as an armadillo's, their hair becomes grizzly or lead-colored; but no catarrh. On my last visit to Mexico, I ascended the peak of Orizaba from the south side, and reached the crater bathed in perspira-

tion on the northwest slope, we were for ten minutes exposed to an ice-storm that swept the summit in blasts of fitful fury. Two of my companions, a boy of sixteen and an old army surgeon, were not used to mountain climbing and could hardly walk when we got back to our camp in the foot-hills, but our lungs were none the worse for the adventure. Dr. Franklin, who, like Bacon and Goethe, had the gift of anticipative intuitions, seems to have suspected the mistake of the cold-air fallacy. "I shall not attempt to explain," says he, "why damp clothes occasion colds rather than wet ones, because I doubt the fact; I believe that neither the one nor the other contributes to this effect, and that the causes of colds are totally independent of wet and even of cold."

#### He Was Mistaken.

The Jerseyman.  
"Nice child, very nice child" observed an old gentleman, crossing the aisle and addressing the mother of the boy who had just hit him in the eye with a wad of paper. "How old are you, my son?" "None of your business," replied the youngster, taking aim at another passenger. "Fine boy" smiled the old man, as the parent regarded her offspring with pride. "A remarkable fine boy. What is your name my son?" "Puddin' Tame!" shouted the youngster, with a giggle at his own wit. "I thought so," continued the old man, pleasantly. "If you had given me three guesses at it, that would have been the first one I would have struck on. Now, Puddin', you can blow those things pretty straight, can't you?" "You bet!" squealed the boy, delighted at the compliment. "See me take that old fellow over there!" "No, no!" exclaimed the old gentleman hastily. "Try it on the old woman I was sitting with. She has boys of her own, and she won't mind." "Can you hit the lady for the gentleman, Johnny?" asked the fond parent. Johnny drew a bead and landed the pellet on the end of the old woman's nose. But she did mind it, and rising in her wrath soared down on the small boy like a blizzard. She put him down over the line, reversed him, ran him backwards till he didn't know which end of him was front, and finally dropped him into the lap of the scared mother, with a benediction whereof the purport was that she'd be back in a moment and skin him alive. "She didn't seem to like it, Puddin'," smiled the old gentleman, slyly. "She's a perfect stranger to me, but I understand she is a matron of a truant's home, and I thought she would like a little fun; but I was mistaken," and the old gentleman smiled sweetly as he went back to his seat.

#### Burnside's Boyhood.

Ben. Perley Poore.  
Gen. Burnside and Senator Morton, when they were boys, were apprentices in the little village of Liberty, Ind., Burnside in a tailor's shop and Morton in a hatter's. One day the Hon. Caleb B. Smith, then representative in the federal congress from that district, was about to start on an electioneering tour when he discovered that there was a rent in his coat. Stepping into a tailor shop to have it mended, he found no one there but young Burnside, who was stitching away on a coat while he was attentively studying a volume of "Cooper's Tactics," which he propped up by a "goose" and kept open by a pair of shears.

Questioning the young man the congressman was struck with his self-reliant confidence and the unflinching look with which he returned his gaze, and unknown influence prompted him to say: "You should be a cadet at West Point!" That remark changed the young tailor's destiny. He sought and obtained an appointment to West Point, but he never forgot the neat and trim habits of the tailor shop.

#### The Country Editor.

Danville Advertiser.  
The country editor lives nearer to his readers than the city editor does. The country editor knows by sight and by name a goodly proportion of his subscribers, and to a large extent he is familiar with their family history. He personally congratulates them upon the birth of a child, and sympathizes with them when death takes a loved one from the family circle. He attends the funerals, the weddings, the anniversaries, and all other sorts of gatherings. He joins their societies, religious and otherwise, acts as president or secretary, or as a private member, discusses questions with them, writes essays and delivers speeches. He is a trustee of all sorts of local enterprises, and tries to make himself generally "useful as well as ornamental."

#### How to Make Things Hum

Wall Street News.  
A smart-stepping citizen of Tennessee was in New York a few days ago to see about raising money for a proposed railroad line down in his country, and, when asked to explain, he said: "There's no explanation about it. This is to be a railroad 200 miles long." "But about the company?" "Oh, that's been organized and all the officers elected." "What's the capital?" "Five million dollars." "How much stock has been taken?" "About \$300 worth." "What! Only \$300 worth?" "That's all, mister, and if you fellows down here will only pitch in and gobble up the rest of it, we'll go ahead and make things hum."

#### Too Strict.

Texas Stripes.  
In Germany the police regulations are very strict, and any violation of them is promptly punished. The people have a holy terror of the law. Two gentlemen happened to meet in Berlin, and the following conversation took place: Have you heard the dreadful news about Miller?" "No, what is it?" "He was in a boat in the river. He fell overboard and was drowned." "The water was too deep?" "Didn't he know how to swim?" "Don't you know that all persons are forbidden to swim in the river?"

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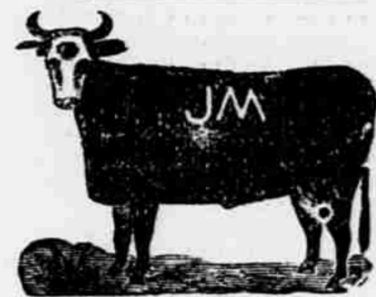
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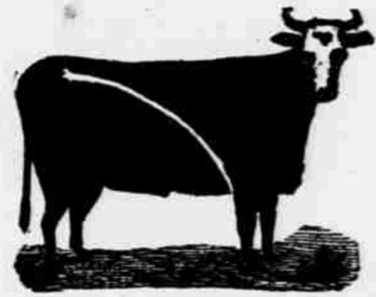
NEBRASKA.

#### STOCK DIRECTORY



DENNIS M'KILLIP.

Ranch on Red Willow, Thornburg, Hayes County, Neb. Cattle branded "J. M." on left side. Young cattle branded same as above. "J." on left jaw. Under-slope right ear. Horses branded "E" on left shoulder.



DENNIS M'KILLIP.

FOR SALE.—My range of 1,000 acres of deeded land in one body, including the Black and Byfield hay lands; timber and water with two good farm houses and other improvements. Convenient to No. 1 school privileges. Situated in the Republican valley west of Red Willow creek. Call on or address J. F. BLACK, Red Willow, Neb.



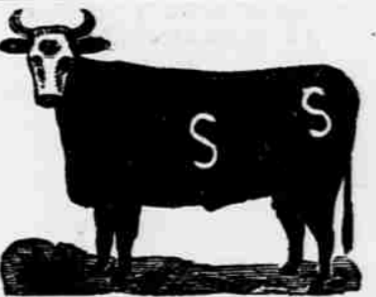
W. J. WILSON.

Stock brand—circle on left shoulder; also dewlap and a crop and under half crop on left ear, and a crop and under bit in the right. Ranch on the Republican. Post-office, Max, Dundy county, Nebraska.



HENRY T. CHURCH.

Osborn, Neb. Range: Red Willow creek, in southwest corner of Frontier county, cattle branded "O L O" on right side. Also, an over crop on right ear and under crop on left. Horses branded "8" on right shoulder.



SPRING CREEK CATTLE CO.

Indianola, Neb. Range: Republican Valley, east of Dry Creek, and near head of Spring Creek, in Chase county.



JOHN HATFIELD & SON.

McCook, Neb., Range: 4 miles southeast, on Republican river. Stock branded with a bar — and isay on left hip.



J. B. MESERVE.

Ranch, Spring Canyon on the Frenchman River, in Chase county, Neb. Stock branded as above; also "717" on left side; "O. L." on left hip; "7" on right hip and "L." on right shoulder; "L." on left shoulder and "X." on left jaw. Half under-crop left ear, and square-crop right ear.



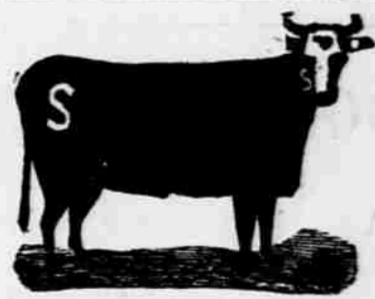
C. D. PHELPS.

Range: Republican Valley, four miles west of Culbertson, south side of Republican. Stock branded "161" and "7-L." P. O. Address, Culbertson, Neb.



THE TURNIP BRAND.

Ranch 2 miles north of McCook. Stock branded on left hip, and a few double-crosses on left side. C. D. ERCANBRACK.



STOKES & TROTH.

P. O. Address, Carrioc, Hayes county, Nebraska. Range, Red Willow, above Carrioc. Stock branded as above. Also run the lazy brand.



GEORGE J. FREDERICK.

Ranch 4 miles southwest of McCook, on the Driftwood. Stock branded "AJ" on the left hip. P. O. address, McCook, Neb.



W. N. PROCTOR.

McCook, Neb., range: Red Willow creek, in southwest corner of Frontier county. Also E. P. brand on right hip and side and swallow-fork in right ear. Horses branded E. P. on right hip. A few branded "A" on right hip.

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