

In this fair land, where honest men
 Their country dearly love—
 Whose past proves plainly it has been
 Protected from above;
 In this fair clime of church and school,
 Of broad and fertile farms,
 'Tis strange that we should find a fool
 That wants a "coat of arms."

Oh, riches! thou with slender brains
 Hast ever played the deuce—
 The fool, with quickly gathered gains,
 In folly's ways turned loose.
 Bedecks his walls with costly daubs,
 His library with trash—
 Becomes the very worst of snobs,
 And spends abroad his cash.

This is the chap that once sold cheese
 And lard and kerosene—
 Who used to get down on his knees
 To hunt a truant bean.
 But now that he's no longer poor,
 Good sense he sore alarms,
 And decks his gaudy coach's door,
 With a glaring "coat of arms."

It may be that I'm most too hard
 On fellows such as he,
 But then, the man that once sold lard
 At least should modest be.
 And when a "coat of arms" he wears
 Mob force should break its tethers,
 And modify his snobbish airs
 With a coat of—tar and feathers.
 —[Parmenas Mix.]

GRACE DARLING.

Some Points in the Biography of the
 Modest English Heroine

Notes and Queries.
 One of the most interesting objects
 in the lord mayor's show of 1885 was
 the boat in which Grace Darling and
 her father went out to the wreck of the
 Forfarshire and rescued the nine sur-
 vivors, at daybreak on Friday, Septem-
 ber 7, 1838. This boat is a stout fish-
 ing cobbie, built for half a dozen oars,
 and is looked as strong as ever. It was
 on view all last summer at the Fisher-
 ies Exhibition at South Kensington,
 and on November 9 it was carried
 through London streets, high on a
 wheeled truck drawn by a team of noble
 cart horses and guarded, as was
 right and proper, by British sailors.
 Where is this boat now? It is kept safe
 and in honor, as such a noble relic
 should be. But for its history, it would
 long ago have been sold, among other
 old stores, by the Trinity house; and
 perhaps it was so sold and bought by
 some private owner. One would like
 to know this; and still more should I
 like to know how much of that heroic
 story of forty-five years ago was in
 the minds of the lookers-on. It is only
 the simple story of an English peasant
 girl of three and twenty, who had lived
 for twelve years with her parents on
 the lonely Longstone island, and who,
 after that night of tempest, persuaded
 her father, the lighthouse man, to row
 out with her, across a mile of stormy
 sea, to the dangerous rock on which,
 through his telescope, a few perishing
 human beings could be seen. She did
 it; and she brought every one of them
 safe back with her. That is all; and
 it is one of those stories that men do
 not willingly let die.

She, Grace Horsley Darling, was
 born at Bamborough on November 24,
 1815, the seventh child of William Dar-
 ling and Thomas Horsley, his wife.
 These details I glean from a poor but
 genuine little anonymous memoir of
 her, published at Berwick-upon-Tweed
 in 1843, just after her death, which lit-
 tle memoir also tells me that during
 those five years of her fame, 1838 to
 1843, she steadily refused to quit her
 parents or her island, and went on liv-
 ing there as quietly and as simply as
 before. She was a devout, courageous
 girl—comely and sincere and silent.
 She had (says good old William How-
 it) "the most gentle, quiet, amiable
 look and the sweetest smile that I ever
 saw in a person of her station and ap-
 pearance. You see she is a thoroughly
 good creature." When Lloyd's agent
 —his name was Sinclair, and he de-
 serves to be remembered for her sake
 —went out to the Longstone he said to
 her: "Well, Grace, we'll surely be
 able to get you a silk gown for this,"
 and she said: "Do you think so, sir?"
 with perfect simplicity. Silk gowns
 came in plenty; silver teapots came,
 and votes of thanks and coin to the
 amount of £700, and visitors from afar
 —yes, even from St. Petersburg. But,
 as my little pamphlet truly says, she
 "never for a moment forgot the
 modest dignity of conduct which
 became her sex and station. Large
 sums of money were offered to
 her by London managers if she would
 but come and sit in a boat at their the-
 aters, and men far above her sent her
 proposals of marriage. But she was
 not a "professional beauty," so she de-
 clined the stage—she was not a suc-
 cessful murederess, therefore she re-
 fused to marry in that way. Neverthe-
 less, when consumption attacked her,
 and she was carried to her native Bam-
 borough to die, I perceive among the
 crowds at her funeral there was a cer-
 tain "young man from Durham, who
 is said to have cherished an ardent af-
 fection for the lamented deceased." Him
 she might have married had she
 lived.

I do not know whether there is any
 monument to her in Bamborough church-
 yard, nor whether St. Cuthbert's chapel,
 on Houselands, the largest of the Farne
 islands, was ever rebuilt (as
 some had proposed) in memory of her.
 Perhaps a new chapel was not wanted,
 for the old one was destroyed long ago
 by a Protestant monarch, and since his
 time, says my pamphlet, "there has
 been no public celebration of divine
 worship upon the island."

Libraries.

Cleveland Leader.
 The National library may indeed be
 called the great brain bottle of the
 American people. But the bottle is al-
 ready too full. The library was made
 to accommodate 300,000 volumes, and
 there are already 513,441 piled in it one
 above another, and over 170,000 pam-
 phlets are stored away in the crypt.
 After the work on the new building is
 commenced, says Architect Smithmyer,

it will require five years to complete
 and in that time at the present rate of
 increase our National library will have
 approximated a million of volumes.
 Aided as it is by the copyright tax it
 will always be the largest and best li-
 brary in the United States, and it will
 soon compete with those of Europe.
 There are now five bigger libraries in
 the world, viz: The National Library
 of France, with 2,300,000 volumes;
 the Library of the British Museum at
 London, 1,500,000; the Royal Public
 Library at St. Petersburg, 1,000,000;
 the Royal Library at Munich, 900,000,
 and the Royal Library at Berlin, 750,-
 000.

The first library in the United States
 was the Harvard college library, started
 in 1638, while that of Yale college
 was started in 1700. Thirty-one years
 later Ben Franklin, having walked
 from New York to Philadelphia and
 started a printing office there, origi-
 nated the first subscription library of
 America, and in 1800, when our capitol
 was removed to Washington, the li-
 brary of congress, or our national
 library, was founded. When the British
 came here in 1814 they burned it, and
 congress bought Jefferson's library of
 7,400 volumes as a second begin-
 ning. By 1851 the library had increased
 to 55,000 volumes, when it was again
 destroyed by fire, only 20,000 volumes
 being saved. Since that time the library
 has steadily grown, having nearly
 doubled its size within the past ten
 years.

In 1870 there were estimated to be
 50,000,000 books in the libraries of the
 United States and 20,000,000 of these
 were in public libraries. This gives an
 average of over one book per person,
 as there were 38,000,000 people in the
 United States by the same census.

The German nations have the most
 books in their libraries, and there are
 over a thousand public libraries in
 Germany, Austria and Switzerland,
 twenty of which contain over 100,000
 volumes. Great Britain has only nine
 libraries containing over 100,000 vol-
 umes, but the British museum pays out
 \$80,000 annually to improve its collection.
 France has six libraries of 100,-
 000 volumes outside of the national li-
 brary, which is the largest in the world,
 and Spain has, all told, thirty public
 libraries containing in all 700,000 vol-
 umes, of which 220,000 are in the li-
 brary at Madrid.

The Pleuro-Pneumonia.

Hastings Journal.
 We have no apology to offer for the
 amount of space we have devoted to the
 above named disease. There is nothing
 in the range of newspaper discus-
 sions so important to the people as this.
 We have therefore collated and given
 our readers all the news available on
 the matter. We regard the stamping
 out of this disease a question of the
 greatest importance. It is true, that
 as yet we have no pleuro-pneumonia
 in Nebraska, but as it is Kansas and
 Iowa, we are liable to be troubled with
 it in some degree. This disease being
 incurable, preventing its spread is all
 there is left for the people to do. Even
 cattle that have been exposed to the
 infection must be killed. Dr. Bushman,
 the famous veterinary surgeon of the
 U. S. army, says that it is first detected
 in a cough, and that if more than one
 is known to be coughing that that is
 evidence sufficient that they have the
 pleuro-pneumonia. This is followed
 by a loss of the milk. He advises peo-
 ple then to kill their cattle to prevent
 its spread. The value of the cattle in-
 dustry to this or any other country
 is of incalculable advantage, and
 anything which threatens to
 destroy this industry deserves the
 closest attention, not only of the in-
 dividual owners, but of the state and na-
 tion as well. It is therefore no won-
 der Kansas and other states have ap-
 pealed to their legislatures and to con-
 gress to do something in the way of
 stamping out the disease. It seems to
 us that congress is short-sighted in al-
 lowing the states' rights idea to pre-
 vent action of that body. It is a mat-
 ter in which every man of every state
 is interested beyond measure, and
 therefore the general government
 ought also to be interested in its extir-
 pation. Now, as the government is in
 a sense responsible for its introduction,
 and as the killing of every infected ani-
 mal is necessary to its extirpation, and
 as this is decidedly expensive to the
 individual and state, and as every one
 is interested in its destruction, it there-
 fore becomes the duty of the general
 government to oversee the matter and
 share in the losses. Whatever means
 are adopted to kill out this dread dis-
 ease or to prevent its spread, they
 should be ample, and should be used
 in time. Delays are extremely danger-
 ous.

The Sioux Reservation.

Des Moines Register.
 Considerable interest is being felt as
 to what the senate will do in regard to
 opening the great Sioux reservation.
 The Dawes Indian commission has re-
 ported favorably for the proposed bill,
 and it is thought that the senate will
 pass it. Then the real difficulty will
 begin. For by the treaty of 1868 with
 the Indians, it is required that a ratifi-
 cation of all ceded lands shall contain
 the signatures of three-fourths of the
 male adult Indians themselves. If the
 senate should pass the proposed bill at
 once, it would probably take some
 months to obtain the necessary en-
 dorsement from the Indians. The parts
 ceded to the government by this ar-
 rangement will include about ten mil-
 lion acres. The greater part of it is
 known as the Brule reservation, and is
 described as follows: Beginning on
 the Missouri river at old Fort George,
 thence to the western boundary of Fresho,
 south to the forty-fourth degree of lati-
 tude, thence east to the river at Fort
 Lookout. The treaty also provides for
 the opening of that part of the Sioux
 reservation lying between the White
 and Cheyenne rivers. The Indians
 will still be provided with all the lands
 necessary for their happiness and com-
 fort, and these lands will be held in
 trust for them by the United States for
 a period of twenty-five years, at the ex-
 piration of which time they will receive
 them in fee simple. The ceded lands

will only be open to homestead settlers,
 and the settler will be required to live
 on his claim five years. The govern-
 ment fees will be 50 cents per acre; pay-
 able in four annual installments of \$20
 each. The opening of this reservation
 will hasten the already rapid flow of
 immigration to the northwest, and the
 conditions upon which the land may be
 obtained will secure a fine class of set-
 tlers—those who intend to make per-
 manent residences there.

How Shall We Meet the Spring?

Harper's Magazine for April.
 How shall we meet the spring? This
 would be an easier question to answer
 if we knew how spring in this latitude
 would meet us—whether half way, or,
 indeed at all. For in this matter we
 are not guided by experience. Hope
 springs eternal in the northern breast.
 And we allow ourselves to be deceived
 by many artificial conditions we have
 created. We get seventy and eighty
 degrees Fahrenheit by telegraph, and
 fancy we are warmed. We eat green
 peas and strawberries and the shade
 out of season and fancy that we have
 changed the course of nature. Lulled
 into negligence by these appearances,
 man leaves off his overcoat, and next
 day sends for the doctor. The doctor,
 who has all seasons for his own, re-
 gards spring as his harvest time. He
 saves more lives than in any other
 season. And lives are worth saving
 then, for the man who lives through
 spring is likely to be a good patient all
 the year. There never was a notion so
 without foundation as this, that doctors
 don't want patients all the year. This
 faith in spring is a beautiful trait in
 human nature. We always expect that
 this spring will be early and will be
 mild, and fifty years of disappointment
 do not sour us. If the winter is hard
 and heavy, we say that is a sign of an
 early spring; if it is open and tolerable,
 we know that we shall have an open
 spring. More than this, our mem-
 ory is colored like our hope, and as
 we go on in years we say that in our
 youth spring was early, mild and
 joyous. No trout rise so readily and
 are so gamy as the trout of our youth—
 except the trout we expect to throw a
 fly to this spring. This is the nature
 of man. No wonder that the Psalmist
 exclaimed, "What is man that Thou
 art mindful of him?"

How shall we meet the spring? We
 have stood a long siege, from Novem-
 ber to April. A part of the garrison
 have been "braced up" by it, as they
 call it; others are weary and worn out,
 and would have surrendered long ago
 if a flag of truce had appeared. Their
 energies are exhausted, and just when
 they need a tonic there comes upon
 them at a leap the debilitating heat of
 summer. This is, however, only one
 way of looking at it. More subtle in-
 fluences are at work. The plants, the
 trees, have had as hard a time as we
 have; some of them are dead. But
 those that survive, as soon as they feel
 the coaxing sun and the increasing
 warmth in the soil, begin to get up
 their circulation, to quicken the pulse
 of their sap, and to pourgen into the
 most exquisite life. We are much like
 them. Grumble as we will, we, too,
 feel to the core of our being the thrill
 of life newly beginning, and we are
 born again. This is a delicious feeling,
 this tender sympathy in the renaissance
 of all things, this sentiment we feel
 about the voice of the frog, and the
 first flush of pink and green on the
 trees, and the south wind. For some
 days everybody, however old, is a possi-
 ble lover, and for some days everybody
 is a poet. He experiences a sensation
 that the poets never have fully ex-
 pressed, and that he cannot put into
 words, or even into music. The song of
 a bird swinging on a spray of apple
 blossoms comes nearest to
 expressing his emotion. It may not
 last long, but while it does last it is
 like a taste of paradise. This is one of
 the compensations of our climate. The
 people in the tropics know nothing of
 this sensation. They are not born
 again annually; know nothing of the
 joy in contrast and change. Conse-
 quently they produce no poetry, no lit-
 erature; they invent nothing; they make
 no "progress." And they are not un-
 happy.

We should go forth in the spring, as
 the poet says, with a light heart. We
 have had a long rest from the innum-
 erable insects, from the busy fly and
 the expectant worm. We shall go forth
 to sow, and to fight all these enemies
 with new courage. Science is on our
 side to name all these destroyers of our
 labors and our peace, and to describe
 their habits. We feel a consciousness
 of superiority in this knowledge. There
 is an excitement in taking up again the
 life arrested for so many months. There
 is a perennial charm in the colored
 Easter eggs, although we know by ex-
 perience that they will not all hatch.
 It does not matter. Hope is a thou-
 sand times better than fruition. In the
 spring everybody requests his mother
 to wake and call him early.

Plenty of Hope for the Greely Party.

Washington Star.
 "I would like to bet," said a by-
 stander, "that the Greely relief ex-
 pedition returns next fall in safety."
 "Why, of course," said Capt. Schley.
 "And I am just as certain that we will
 find the Greely party, and find them
 safe, too. There is not the slightest
 doubt of it in my mind."
 "Where do you expect to find them?"
 asked a Star reporter, who was an in-
 terested listener.
 "We will find them, I think, between
 Cape York and Littleton Island. There
 are fourteen hundred rations between
 Lady Franklin bay and Smith sound—
 sufficient to last the Greely party for
 fifty-four days on full rations. The Po-
 laris people made the journey in safety,
 with no such prospects as the Greely
 men have. The chances are good,
 even if the trip was made last fall. In
 the vicinity of Littleton Island enough
 reindeer could be killed to last all
 winter, or the Esquimaux could be
 reached without much difficulty. If
 the trip was made this spring we are
 sure to find them all right. In any
 event, therefore, I feel satisfied they will
 be returned in safety."

Learn what people glory in, and you
 may learn much of both the theory
 and practice of their morals.—[Mar-
 tineau.]

No one can lay himself under obliga-
 tion to do a wrong thing. Pericles,
 when one of his friends asked his ser-
 vices in an unjust cause, excused him-
 self saying "I am a friend only as far
 as the altar."—[Fuller.]

Good-breeding is the art of showing
 men, by external signs, the internal re-
 gard we have for them. It arises from
 good sense, improved by conversing
 with good company.—[Cato.]

Poor and content, is rich and rich enough;
 But riches, fineless, is as poor winter,
 To him that ever fears he shall be poor.
 —[Shakespeare.]

Hope is the last thing that dies in
 man, and though it be exceedingly de-
 ceitful, yet it is of this good use to us,
 that while we are traveling through
 life it conducts us in an easier and more
 pleasant way to our journey's end.—
 [Rochefoucauld.]

Every child should be taught to pay
 all his debts, and to fulfill all his con-
 tracts, exactly in manner, completely
 in value, punctually at the time. Every-
 thing he has borrowed he should be
 obliged to return uninjured at the time
 specified, and everything belonging to
 others which he has lost he should be
 required to replace.—[Dwight.]

Prosperity has this property, it puffs
 up narrow souls, makes them imagine
 themselves high and mighty and look
 down upon the world with contempt;
 but a truly noble and resolved spirit
 appears greatest in distress, and then
 becomes more bright and conspicuous.
 —[Plutarch's Lives.]

Pride is as loud a beggar as want, and
 a great deal more saucy. When you
 have bought one fine thing you must
 buy ten more, that your appearances
 may be all of a piece; but it is easier to
 suppress the first desire than to satisfy
 all that follow it.—[Franklin.]

A Type of Arkansas Character.

Texas Sittings.
 There is a certain type of Arkansas
 man that hurrying civilization is not
 likely to jostle. He is not exactly the
 old squatter, nor is he the small farmer,
 but he is the wild and wayward child
 of circumstances over which he does
 not care to exercise control. He went
 to the state in 1846 and settled on the
 left prong of Dry Fork creek. He
 married, as he expressed it, "a right
 smart chunk o' gal," and began house-
 keeping on a floor made uneven by the
 burrowing of moles. Unlike the squat-
 ter, he does not withhold information.
 Bless you, no. He'll stop work and
 talk to you all day. He'll tell you
 more lies in half an hour than you
 would think possible for an unskilled,
 uneducated man to throw off in a
 year's time. He won't tell the truth,
 and it is said that he never made an
 effort in that direction.

Why It Didn't.

Wall Street News.
 He was looking over a Pennsylvania
 town with a view of entering into busi-
 ness. A citizen accompanied him to
 post him on points, and as they left the
 hotel the stranger asked: "By the way,
 who owns this hotel?" "Why, the
 Standard Oil company," was the reply.
 The same question was asked about the
 opera house, a toll bridge, a weekly
 newspaper and a market house, and the
 same replies were received. "Is there
 anything in this town on which the
 Standard Oil company hasn't got its
 clutch?" finally asked the stranger.
 "Why, yes; there's the Baptist
 church." "And how does it happen
 that the company missed it?" "Well,
 it's mortgaged for \$4,000, and it was
 cheaper for the Standard to give free
 Sunday excursions on the railroad, and
 draw the congregation out of town."

What's in a Name?

Philadelphia Record.
 The celebrated firm of I. Ketchum &
 U. Cheatem is said to exist or to have
 existed in London, New York, Phila-
 delphia and probably various other
 places; but it is scarcely more singular
 than the Philadelphia building firm who
 are Ernest & Akin for a job, or the
 London undertaker whose name was
 Earthrowl. In this city Doll sells toys,
 Drown deals in umbrellas and Harts-
 horne is a doctor. In Loudon Virtue
 is a publisher, Death a watchmaker
 and Cutbush a gardener; Latimer &
 Ridley are bootmakers, and Shakes-
 peare keeps, or at least kept, a fruit
 stall.

Standard. Time.

Traveler's Magazine.
 "What's this 'ere 'standard' time I
 hear folks talkin' about?" asked a seedy
 old countryman of a brakeman. "You've
 seen a prize fight, have 'nt you?" said
 the station yeller. "O, laws, yes; lots
 of 'em." "You've heard them call
 'time' when the fighters stand hard
 against each other?" "Yes." "Well,
 that's it," said the brakeman, as he
 went on out on the platform to com-
 mune with himself. The old man sim-
 ply muttered: "Oh!" and wondered
 how railroads could run on time like
 that without being knocked out.

The Critic and Good Literature (New
 York) has consented to act as a ballot
 box in an election for a possible Ameri-
 can academy, consisting, like the
 French academy, of "Forty Immortals."
 Any who wish to do so may send to the
 editors of that review a list of the forty
 living American men-of-letters whom
 they consider most worthy of mem-
 bership in such an institution. The result
 of the vote will be made known in The
 Critic of April 5.

Sir William Vernon Harcourt, British
 home secretary, who married a daugh-
 ter of the historian Motley, has se-
 cured a very favorable lease of crown
 lands in the New Forest, near Lynd-
 hurst, and will build thereon a fine
 country house with surrounding exten-
 sive grounds and gardens.

The Psychological Journal gives the
 increase in the number of insane per-
 sons in the United States: From
 1850 to 1860, 8,432; 1860 to 1870, 13,-
 390; 1870 to 1880, 54,565. The whole
 number of insane is given at 91,997;
 idiots, 76,86. More than one-half are
 not under hospital treatment.

The Moliere plastron in various
 forms is much worn.

M. A. SPALDING,

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Sold Low for cash, or on easy payments or
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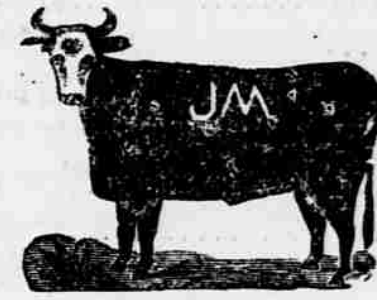
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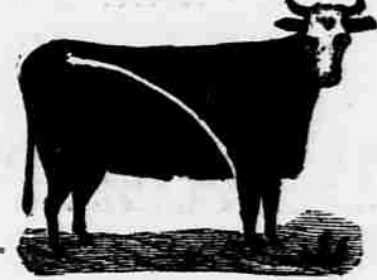
NEBRASKA.

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, also "J." on left jaw. Under-slope
 right ear. Horses branded "E" on left
 shoulder.



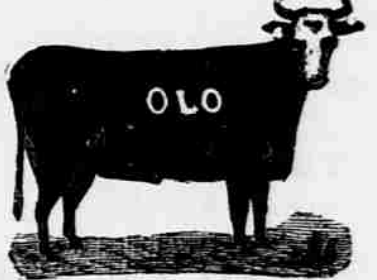
W. J. WILSON.

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.



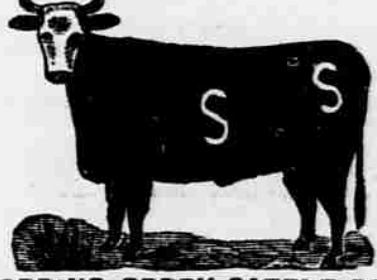
HENRY T. CHURCH.

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



SPRING CREEK CATTLE CO.

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



JOHN HATFIELD & SON.

McCook, Neb., Ranch 4 miles southeast,
 on Republican river. Stock branded with
 a bar — and lazy on left hip.



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 swal-
 low-fork in right ear. Horses branded E. P.
 on right hip. A few branded "A" on right
 hip.



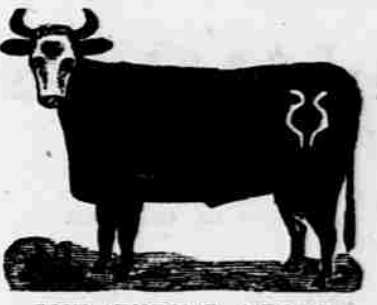
J. B. MESERVE.

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 Republi-
 can. Stock branded "161" and "7-L." P. O.
 address, Culbertson, Neb.



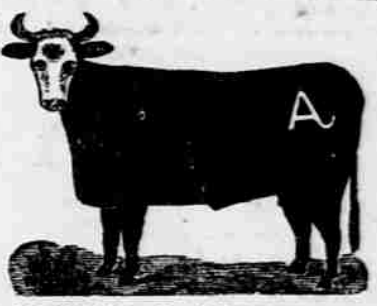
THE TURNIP BRAND.

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



STOKES & TROTH.

P. O. address, Carrio, Hayes county,
 Nebraska. Range, Red Willow, above Car-
 rio. Stock branded as above. Also run the
 lazy brand.



GEORGE J. FREDERICK.

Ranch 4 miles southwest of McCook, on the
 Driftwood. Stock branded "A J" 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 swal-
 low-fork in right ear. Horses branded E. P.
 on right hip. A few branded "A" on right
 hip.