

Do not ever sit at twilight's hour,  
And meditate alone,  
And think how many, many friends  
From life's long way have gone?

Do not ever see thy childhood's friends  
Within the shadowed light,  
And list them tell the golden tales—  
See olden pictures bright?

And then the friend of girlhood's years,  
You used to love so well,  
Whose ever ready ear was lent  
To listen what you would tell?

And then the other dearer friend,  
Whose hand enclasps your own,  
Whispers words so very low,  
None heard but you alone?

And then the friends of later years,  
Who round your hearthstone came,  
And taught your friendship oft can  
boast,  
Of else beside a name.

And then the years that came between  
And blotted all away?  
Some lights went out, but some in  
heaven  
Still burn with steadfast ray.

The backward path I love to tread,  
Its joys are ever mine!  
The future may be rayless night,  
The past through it shall shine.

#### FARMER GORDON'S ECONOMY.

Stephen Gordon was a rich farmer with broad acres of fertile land and money at interest but with all this, was always talking economy. "We must economize," was always his theme. His family consisted of a wife and three boys, and an uncle of his, an old man of more than seventy years.

One morning he entered the kitchen where his wife had just been working over butter, and had the great balls all ready for market. "My! Hannah! What butter! It makes a fellow's mouth water to look at it, and I've got forty cents a pound all winter; it's so much better'n most folks' butter they are willing to pay a good price for't. How much have you made this month?"

"This makes forty pounds this month."

"Well, that ain't bad this time of the year."

"No, but it's real hard work to work over so much butter by hand this cold weather. If I only had a butter-wor-ker, it would be so much easier; it makes me very tired when I work over ten or fifteen pounds. Can't I have a butter-wor-ker, Stephen?"

"Nonsense, wife! Pay five dollars for a butter-wor-ker? Why, my mother had a large dairy, and she never wanted a butter-wor-ker; she preferred to do it with her hands and save the money rather than spend it on every new thing that came along."

"Well, your father had more grass to mow than you ever had, and he never had a mowing machine or a raking machine, and you have both."

"Well, don't you see how much time and labor they save? Why, I should have to hire twice the men I do if it wasn't for them."

"And don't you suppose it would save me the same time and strength, too?"

"Well, perhaps you can have one some time, but I have got so many things to buy this spring; I've got to have a new horse and wagon, and several new fences, and I don't know what. I tell you wife, we must economize all we can," said Stephen, as he left the room.

Yes, that was always the way when she wanted anything; perhaps she might have it some time, but now she must economize. This her husband said five years ago, when she wanted a new stove, and she was using the old cracked stove yet. It was just so about everything in the house. Her home was bare and comfortless. Didn't she economize in everything? Wasn't her wardrobe threadbare, and also that of her boys? Didn't she economize in everything but her table? Oh yes!—and she rattled her dishes in a way that surprised Uncle Moses in the corner. She would economize in a way that Mr. Gordon would feel it.

"Hannah, you shall have a butter-wor-ker if you want it," said Uncle Moses.

"No, uncle; I will have one, but you shan't give it to me. Stephen can afford it, or I would not have asked him. I have taken too much from you already, but now I am going to economize so I can have all I need. Husband is always talking economy to his family but I can't see any way that he practices it himself;—but he is going to."

The next day at dinner Mr. Gordon said: "I guess you forgot to put cream in the coffee, Hannah."

"No, I didn't forget, but I am saving my cream for butter. I must make all I can, for we must economize." And a little later: "I'm ready for a pie now, wife, or perhaps you've one of those nice puddings?"

"No, Stephen, it costs a great deal to make pastry and puddings, and it takes time, too. We must economize, you know."

"Papa, can't I have a sled? You said last winter perhaps I might this winter," said little Willie the six-year-old.

"And can't I have a pair of skates?" said Fred, a boy of ten. "It is such good skating, please buy them for me."

"No indeed, boys, we must economize. I never had a sled or skates, and I guess you can do without them."

"You must have lost lots of fun, then. I'm real sorry for you," said Willie, with tears in his eyes. "I shan't let my boys go without when I'm a man."

A week passed by. In that time the Gordon family had no pastry, cakes or puddings. Now Mr. Gordon liked all kinds of sweetmeats, and it was hard for him to do without them. He craved them so much that when he went to the store he bought half a pound of block sugar and filled his pockets. He had never "economized" on his likings, and he prided himself on a good table. On going home one night he found the minister and his wife making a call. He was glad to see them, of course;

and now, he thought to himself, Hannah will have a decent supper once more. But what was his consternation to see, as he seated himself at the table, nothing but bread and butter, cold boiled ham and apple sauce.

"Well," said Mr. Gordon to his wife, "I am afraid the pastor will think your supper a scant one."

"I'm sorry, Stephen, but the fact is, we have been economizing lately, and they came so late I had no time to prepare anything different."

"This delicious bread and butter needs no apology, to say nothing of the other good things," said the clergyman.

Poor Stephen! His pride was deeply hurt as he contrasted his table with others that had been spread.

"Have you met with losses recently?" asked the pastor's wife, with concern.

"Oh, no," said Mrs. Gordon; "but in the spring, on a farm, there are a great many things wanted, and we are economizing in order to meet expenses."

The next morning Mr. Gordon called on a neighbor, Mr. Jones, to pay him for a pair of young cattle. "Here is the money for the steers," said Mr. Gordon, handing him a roll of bills.

Mrs. Jones was working over her butter in the kitchen. She had a butter-wor-ker, and it was astonishing how fast she made the butter into cakes and stamped them, draining out every drop of the buttermilk without hardly any exertion, while Mr. Gordon watched her.

"Got a butter-wor-ker, I see."

"Yes; and I don't know how I ever lived without one: It is so easy working butter now compared to what it used to be."

"Here, wife, is twenty dollars you wanted for a cloak. Give Mr. Gordon a receipt for fifty dollars."

Mr. Gordon stared. Twenty dollars for a cloak! When had he given his wife that sum for anything? He looked around the kitchen. Here was a model range, and everything convenient and handy with which the farmer's wife could do her work. What a contrast to Hannah's kitchen! He well knew that he was better able to afford such an outfit than his neighbor was.

On returning, Mr. Gordon first stopped at the barn. Here everything was in order and everything convenient to work with. Was it possible that he had made Hannah do all the economizing? In one corner of the shed was something that looked a little like a sled. His little boy had been trying to make one, and the words of the child rang in his ears, "I shan't let my boys go without when I'm a man." He then went into the house. "Where is Hannah?" he inquired of Uncle Moses.

"She's gone over to see Stiles' sick child."

The farmer sat down and took his paper, but his thoughts were too busy to read. He had never looked so mean in his own eyes before. He was still angry with his wife for humbling him so the night before, by giving the minister and his wife such a supper. Yet now, as he thought it over, he wondered how he could have blamed her.

"Uncle Moses, how much do you think it would cost to clothe a woman for a year?"

"It's never cost much to clothe your'n," said he, his black eyes snapping. "I never thought you could have been so mean and stingy with any one as you have been with her. She's too good for ye, and it's time ye found it out. You've got enough to keep her like a lady, but instead of that she can't even have things to work with. Ye'll never get a cent from me, what I have I'll settle on Hannah and the boys."

"That's all right but why did you not tell me how selfish I was before?"

"Haven't I been telling ye all the time, and what good did it do? If yer stomach hadn't been pinched a little, yer never would have found out how good it was to follow what yer allers a-preachin' to her, 'We must economize; we must economize!'"

"Well, I did miss the goodies, but that wasn't all the reason, and it's never too late to mend."

After dinner Mrs. Gordon went back to the dying child, and her husband went to town. In about two hours he returned with a tinsmith, a new stove, a new churn and a butter-wor-ker; a new sled for Willie and two pairs of skates for the other boys.

When Mrs. Gordon came home she found the children rejoicing over their presents, and Uncle Moses and Mr. Gordon busy getting tea.

"Why, where did that stove come from?" said the astonished woman, and as her eyes fell upon the new churn and butter-wor-ker, she exclaimed: "Why, what does it mean?"

"It means that we have done 'economizing' for the present, and that you are to have the money for yourself for all the butter you make. This is your capital to begin on," said her husband, as he handed her twenty-five dollars.

After this Mr. Gordon never told his family again "We must economize," and Hannah never gave him any cause to do so.

#### In Agonizing Suspense.

Boston Journal.

Among the numerous applications for pensions received by the commissioner of pensions is one sent the other day by an ex-soldier, who has discovered an entirely new ground for relief. He stated that he had no wounds and was not disabled by disease, but while fighting in the Union ranks, at the battle of Antietam, he lost his coat, vest and one suspender. "The other suspender," he wrote, "was my only stay and support. Imagine my dismay when a bullet came along, and, slightly scorching my skin as it passed, cut the last precious suspender clean in two. There I stood in presence of many thousands of men. My emotions cannot be described. You, Mr. Commissioner, can imagine them. I am certainly entitled to a pension for that occasion. Possibly you may not decide that a large pension should be given me, but, at least, I ought to have enough to keep me in strong, reliable suspenders all my life."

#### JOAQUIN MILLER'S CABIN.

A Place to Give a Poet Inspiration.

"Carp."

Joaquin Miller, the poet of the Sierras, has just got into his log cabin. I called upon him in it and found a tall, well-made, blue-eyed man of forty-five, with long, tawny hair flowing out from under his slouch hat, with pantaloons tucked into a pair of fine boots, and a good-natured air of western wildness, which well accorded with his picturesque surroundings. He received me cordially, and kindly showed me over the cabin, saying that for fifteen years he had been wandering about over the ace of the earth, and that he was glad to feel that he had at last a place he could call his home.

The cabin is on the heights at the head of Sixteenth street, the great street of the Washington of the future. As Waukeen says, "The president's house is at one end of it and his hut is at the other, but that while he has a cabin the president has only a cabin-et." Sixteenth is a great wide street paved with asphalt, and lined alternately with \$50,000 mansions and \$50 negro huts. The White House, almost bathed by the Potomac and faced by Lafayette park, is its starting point, and half way up to Mr. Miller's cabin is a green plat in which a bronze equestrian statue of Gen. Scott looks at the executive mansion. The street steadily rises, carrying with it old St. John's Episcopal church, George H. Pendleton's mansion, negro laborers' cabins, Senator Cameron's great palace, and a like mixture till it reaches the boundary of the town, where there is a jump upward in the shape of a fifty-foot hill or plateau, running back into the country. On this plateau Joaquin Miller has bought a lot and put up one of the prettiest of log cabins.

The lot runs almost to the edge of the hill, and the view is certainly one of the finest in the United States. Mr. Miller says he has never seen anything to equal it, and that if man can write poetry anywhere he ought to be able to write it here. Stand in front of the large yard of the cabin, under one of the great oaks which shade it, all Washington lies before you surrounded by hills which make it look as though the nature around was a mammoth coliseum of the gods and the national capital the scene going on in the arena below. The great white, classic capitol is plainly seen, the Potomac flows on along the edge of the arena, and off on neighboring hills you can look into Alexandria and at the tombstones of Arlington.

#### Distinguished Bachelors.

Cincinnati Commercial-Gazette.

Miss Kate Sanborn concluded her course of ten lectures on literature at Bartholomew's school, with "The Bachelors," the other day. The "Bachelor Authors" was, she thought, a difficult subject. They were so numerous and I had done so many curious things. Pope, Pollock, Herrick, Goldsmith, Macaulay, that good man Watts, Hans Andersen, Voltaire, Ballou, Swinburn, Newton and a host of others were and are bachelors. Pope was known as the interrogation point of literature and hated women. Dr. Watts is said to have written one of his sweetest hymns after being refused by a woman. James Buchanan, the bachelor president, was something of an author, and used to publish his love verses in the papers.

In art the bachelors were also numerous. Raphael, Angelo, Landseer, Joshua Reynolds and Beethoven were never married. Congreve, the dramatist, was a specimen of the bachelor lady-killer, and Swift, bitter and malicious as he was, was really of the same order. Cowper was of a tender, sensitive nature, and was as shrinking as the petals of a dainty flower. At twenty-eight he met with a love misfortune, and the wound never healed. Keats, also tenderhearted. Mr. Coivn had Richardis arrested, and he was brought before Squire Fisher who fined him \$10 and costs. We are sorry the Squire did not impose a much larger fine, and also when the prisoner acted so outrageously during the trial that he did not fine him heavenly for contempt of court. Another thing, isn't it unusual to bring a prisoner before a justice with a revolver and belt of cartridges strapped around his waist. He should have had a line of money-making. Something serious pervaded his writings and paintings.

Lamb was defined as the self-denying bachelor, because he gave up marriage on account of his sister. Gray and Erasmus were old-maidish bachelors. Goldsmith was a blundering bachelor, and his life might have been changed, had he married. The ideal bachelor was Whittier, who was everybody's friend, gentle, good and kind. Next came the clams, of whom Hume was a distinguished example. Encased in his shell he was a regular bivalve, scoffing at everything and even defending suicide. Nowhere in his correspondence could be discovered an evidence of warmth and sentiment.

The corpulent bachelor authors made a long list. Hume was the fattest of the fat. Not appreciated at home, he was intoxicated with the praise of Paris, and made a failure in the salons as a society man. Gibbon's corpulency was even ridiculous, and he went through several courtships, but forgot that his rat kept pace with his fame. After reading several chapters of the "Rise and Fall of the Roman Empire," he got on his knees to make his proposal. She refused, and Gibbon could not regain his feet until helped by two stout women.

Buckle, Boyle and Spencer were never married, and the fact may have been that many of them never had time. Humboldt was a general favorite in society, and was courted and feted; he was witty and sharp as repartee. Though his name was associated with lonely rivers, unpeopled wastes, mountain peaks and travels, he was never known as a husband. Buckle was always an invalid and was devoted to his

mother. Erasmus was a very facetious man and the best critic of his age. Horace Walpole, who for sixty years satirized men, women and things, loved to write letters. In his old age he became infatuated with Miss Berry, but feared that the world he had so long ridiculed would laugh him down. Pope delighted to write letters and would send half a dozen copies to his lady friends. Though many detested the "wasp," he was devoted to his mother and was self-sacrificing. Macaulay was never married, but his noble nature shone out in his letters to his sisters. When one of them got married he said he had nothing left but his ambition.

#### Our Wonderful Beef Belt.

Philadelphia Times.

It is said that a belt about 400 miles wide and extending from the Gulf of Mexico to the British possessions along the slope of the Rocky Mountains contains neat cattle worth more than \$600,000,000, which subsist wholly on natural grasses. Much of this belt is included in what was formerly known as the Great American Desert. Nearly twenty years ago an ox train was belated on the plains and the driver of the cattle turned them loose to shift for themselves in a winter of unusual severity, and great was his astonishment the following spring to find the animals in excellent condition. They had fed on the grama, or buffalo grass, which grows in great abundance in all that region, and possesses qualities of the highest nutritive value. It grows luxuriantly during the rains of spring and early summer, and "cures" on the stalk when the August drought arrives, remaining in good condition throughout the season, owing to the extreme dryness of the winter months. The average annual rainfall of the beef belt is only about one-fourth as much as that of the eastern states.

The production of beef for export and for the states which do not produce as much as they consume is rapidly increasing the demand upon the grama grass region. Ohio, Indiana, Michigan and Kentucky have almost ceased to contribute to the beef supply of other states, and Illinois, Iowa and Missouri are finding that they cannot compete with the famous beef belt in the production of beef for the eastern market. Although the number of cattle other than which cows has increased from 23,482,591 in 1880 to 29,046,101 in 1883, it is doubted whether the increase will continue to keep pace with the increase of population, and if the population reaches 150,000,000 as early in the next century as some statisticians predict, it is probable that we shall not have much beef to sell to Europe, marvelous as may be the productiveness of the Rocky mountain beef belt. As New York received 670,297 heaves, 4,235 cows and 190,237 calves, during 1883, exporting only 68,200 of the whole number, peculiar interest in the grama grass country is felt in this community.

#### Sudden Conversions.

Henry Ward Beecher.

Now and then a man who has been a gross drinker is converted by some electrical experience. Men seeing these wonderful transitions from midnight to midday are fascinated by them, and they have an idea that if a man has been very wicked the power of God's spirit will come on him and you will see him turned in an instant to an ardent Christian. They say: "What a splendid contrast!" I don't think a man who has been wallowing for thirty years is very apt to fly the next thirty years. A man who has crept on his belly like a worm will hardly be transformed into a butterfly, and if he is he will not be much more than a butterfly. I don't believe the highest form of spiritual excellence ever comes from the lower practices of men violative of the laws of morality. It is worth a man's while to be moral even if he is not going to be a Christian.

You may ask, "Will it save him? Will morality save men?" That leads me to say you must not suppose that morality is a substitute for the higher form of religion. If I plant a holy-hock and it comes up in stock and leaf it is pleasing so far, but if it is cut off before blossoming it is good only so far. You have lost the very end for which you planted it.

Morality counts for something so far as it goes. It is, like the spoiled flower, a process balked, imperfect. The spiritual has not blossomed. Preparation for what fits you to live in this life is well, but when it comes to the question of the great beyond can you speak that language? Have you got that money which passes current there? The ship wants to anchor, and the line comes within twenty feet of the bottom. What is it good for? It doesn't reach bottom, and therefore it is good for nothing.

#### An Awful Scandal.

Texas Sittings.

"Why, la, Mrs. Jinks, have you heard the news?"

"No, Mrs. Brown; do tell me, for I am dying to hear."

"Well, you know I never gossip, my dear."

"Of course not; I do not think it right to talk about one's neighbor's affair. But what is the latest? Of course, we will tell each other what is going on."

"Why, you know Col. Jones' house is near to ours, and we can see right into their side windows. Well, would you believe it, I actually saw him kiss his wife this morning before leaving the house."

"You are sure it wasn't the hired girl?"

"No, I could see her plain enough. I know they have had a terrible row and were making up. The idea of a man kissing his own wife, and before everybody, too."

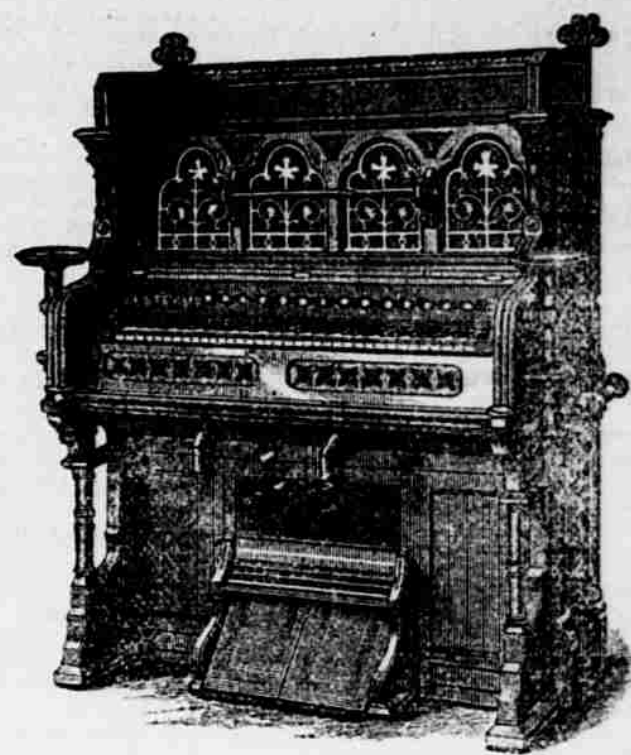
"Yes, dear, it is an awful scandal, good-bye," and Mrs. Jinks hurried off to see her friend Mrs. Smith, and tell her about the big row, and how Col. Jones nearly killed his wife.

Wendell Phillips left but little MS. behind him in collected form. There is much good material, however, in the newspaper reports of his numerous speeches, and they will be used in a forthcoming volume.

## M. A. SPALDING,

AGENT FOR THE

ESTEY ORGANS



STORY & CAMP

Sold Low for cash, or on easy payments or rented until the rent pays for the organ.

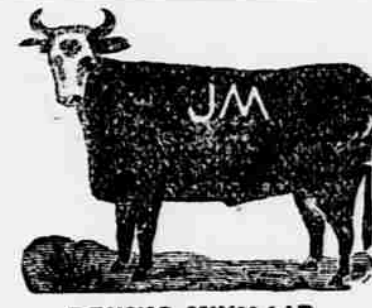
Catalogue with Price-List and full Description Free.

M. A. SPALDING, Agent,

McCOOK,

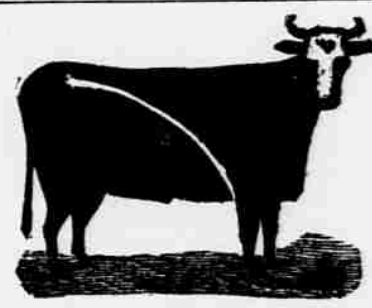
NEBRASKA.

#### 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.

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.

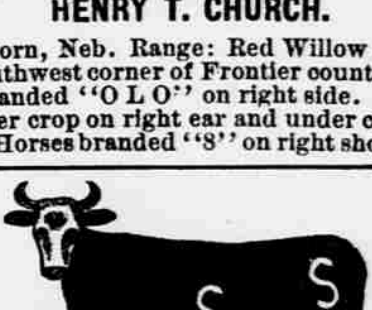


HENRY T. CHURCH.

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.

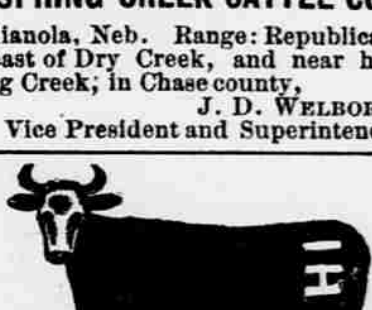


OSBORN, Neb. Range: Red Willow creek, in southwest corner of Frontier county, cattle branded "O L O" on right side. Also, an over-crop on right ear and under crop on left. Horses branded "S" on right shoulder.



SPRING CREEK CATTLE CO.

Indiana, 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 lazy in left hip.



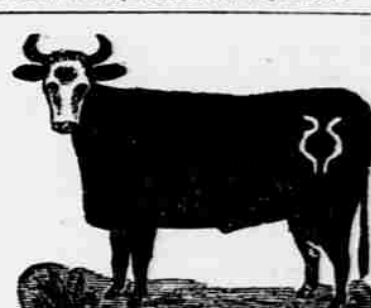
J. B. MESERVE.

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.



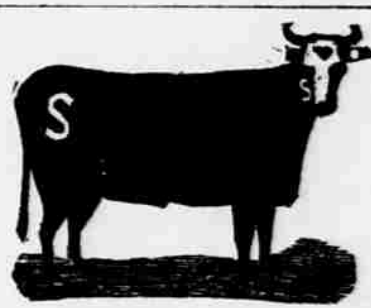
C. D. PHELPS.

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



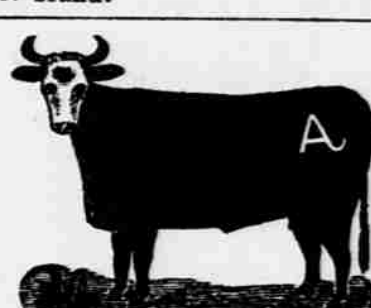
THE TURNIP BRAND.

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



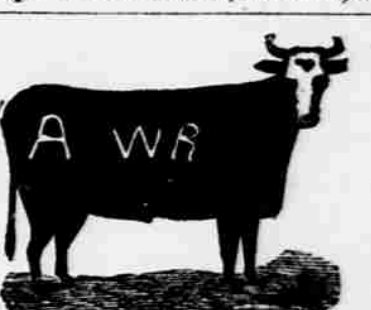
STOKES & TROTH.

P. O. Address, Carrico, Hayes county, Nebraska. Range, Red Willow, above Carrico. 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.

ALL LIVE DRUGGISTS SELL  
SPRING BLOSSOM!  
THE GREAT  
Anti-Bilious and Dyspeptic Cure.