

MEDITATION.

Doest ever sit at twilight's hour,
And meditate alone,
And think how many, many friends
From life's long way have gone?

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.

"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."

"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, 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.

"Hannah, you shall have a butter-
worker 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.
"Can't I have a pair of skates?"
said Fred, a boy of ten. "It is such
good skating, please buy them for me."

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 one
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 clergy-
man.

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

"Have you met with losses recent-
ly?" asked the pastor's wife, with con-
cern.

"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 ex-
penses."

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-
worker, 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-worker, I see."
"Yes; and I don't know how I ever
lived without one. It is so easy work-
ing 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 conven-
ient and handy with which the farm-
er'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 economiz-
ing? 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 min-
ister 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 snap-
ping. "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 be-
fore?"
"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-worker; 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-worker, she ex-
claimed: "Why, what does it mean?"

JOAQUIN MILLER'S CABIN.

A Place to Give a Poet Inspiration.

"Carp."
Joaquin Miller, the poet of the Sier-
ras, 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 pictur-
esque 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 alterna-
tely 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 man-
sion. The street steadily rises, carry-
ing with it old St. John's Episcopal
church, George H. Pendleton's man-
sion, 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 up-
ward 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 pret-
tiest 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 Wash-
ington lies before you surrounded by
hills which make it look as though the
nature around was a mammoth colise-
um of the gods and the national capitol
the scene going on in the arena be-
low. 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 Alex-
andria and at the tombstones of Arling-
ton.

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 "Bach-
elor Authors" was, she thought, a diffi-
cult subject. They were so numerous
and had done so many curious things.
Pope, Pollock, Herrick, Goldsmith,
Macaulay, that good man Swinburn,
Hans Andersen, Voltaire, Ballou, Swinburne,
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 num-
erous. Raphael, Angelo, Landseer,
Joshua Reynolds and Beethoven were
never married. Congreve, the drama-
tist, was a specimen of the bachelor
lady-killer, and Swift, bitter and mal-
licious 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 misfor-
tune, and the wound never healed.
Keats, also tender

had line of money-making. Some-
thing 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,
good-natured and lovable as he was, if
he had 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,
soothing at everything and even defend-
ing suicide. Nowhere in his corres-
pondence could be discovered an evi-
dence 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 fat 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 propo-
sal. 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 at repartee.
Though his name was associated with
lonely rivers, unpeopled wastes, moun-
tain peaks and travels, he was never
known as a husband. Buckle was al-
ways an invalid and was devoted to his

mother. Erasmus was a very facetious
man and the best critic of his age. Hor-
ace Walpole, who for sixty years sat-
irized men, women and things, loved
to write letters. In his old age he be-
came 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 na-
ture shone out in his letters to his sis-
ters. When one of them got married
he said he had nothing left but his am-
bition.

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 con-
tains 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 be-
lieved 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 astonish-
ment 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 ar-
rives, 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 in-
creasing 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 pro-
duction of beef for the eastern market.
Although the number of cattle other
than milch 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 re-
ceived 670,297 beefves, 4,235 cows and
190,287 calves, during 1883, exporting
only 68,200 of the whole number, pecu-
liar 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 elec-
trical 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 ar-
dent 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 trans-
formed into a butterfly, and if he is he
will not be much more than a butter-
fly. 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 go-
ing 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 spiri-
tual 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 Sitings.

"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 af-
fair. 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

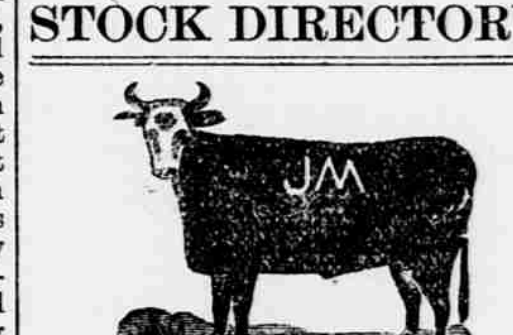


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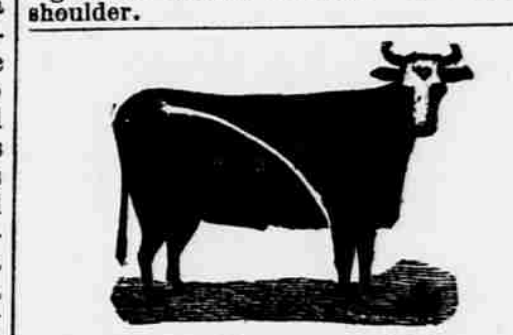
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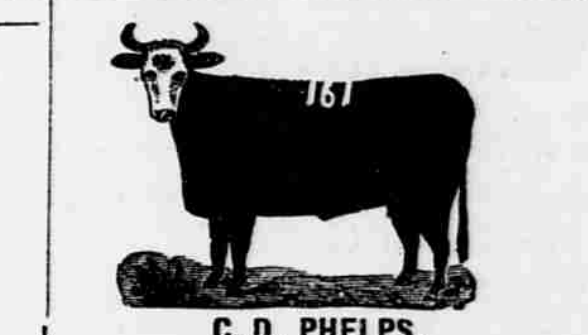
DENNIS M'KILLIP.
Ranch on Red Willow, Thornburg, Hayes
County, Neb. Cattle branded "J. M." on
left side. Young cattle branded same as
above, also "J." on left jaw. Under-slope
right ear. Horses branded "E" on left
shoulder.



J. B. MERVISE.
Ranch, Spring Canyon on the Frenchman
River, in Chase county, Neb. Stock branded
as above; also "77" on left side; "O. L."
on left hip; "77" 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 "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. ERKANBRACK.



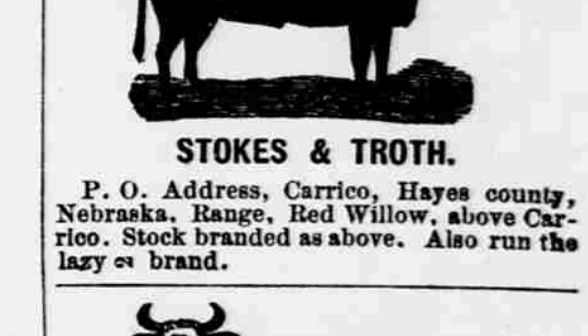
W. J. WILSON.
Stock brand—circle on left shoulder; also
dewlap and a crop and under half crop on
left ear, and a crop and under bit in the
right. Ranch on the Republican. Post-
office, Max, Dundy county, Nebraska.



STOKES & TROTH.
P. O. Address, Carrico, Hayes county,
Nebraska. Range, Red Willow, above Car-
rico. Stock branded as above. Also run the
lazy brand.



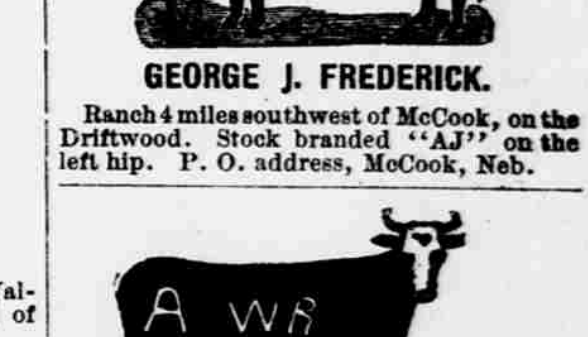
HENRY T. CHURCH.
Osborn, Neb. Range: Red Willow creek,
in southwest corner of Frontier county, cat-
tle branded "O L O" on right side. Also,
an over crop on right ear and under crop on
left. Horses branded "S" on right shoulder.



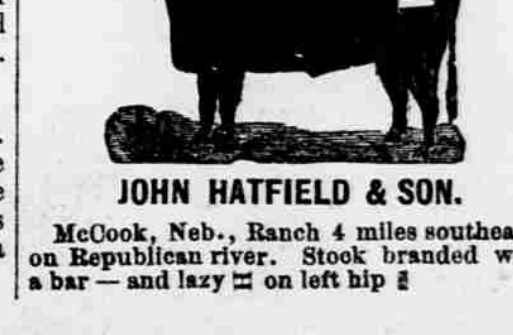
GEORGE J. FREDERICK.
Ranch 4 miles southwest of McCook, on the
Driftwood. Stock branded "AJ" on the
left hip. P. O. address, McCook, Neb.



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Indiana, Neb. Range: Republican Val-
ley, east of Dry Creek, and near head of
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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.



JOHN HATFIELD & SON.
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a bar — and lazy on left hip.

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