

A QUESTION.

death be an eternal sleep,
Why doth the spring return
To scatter flowers beneath our feet,
And the wastes of winter spurn?

If death be an eternal sleep,
Why doth the buried grain
Send forth new harvests for men to reap,
And whiten the spreading plain?

If death be an eternal sleep,
Why the ocean's ceaseless flow,
When the planets all their journeys keep
And never weary grow?

If death be an eternal sleep,
Why do we hope for heaven,
When we approach the mercy seat
And ask to be forgiven?

If death be an eternal sleep,
When will justice come,
To those who toll for others' meat,
And receive but scanty crumbs?

If death be an eternal sleep,
Why did the angels go
The poor man to bear to Abraham's seat,
While the rich man was in woe?

If death be an eternal sleep,
Why was man e'er born,
And why should he his vigils keep,
If there is no coming morn?

WAYS OF LEARNING.

Many things in the course of human life are grievous for want of rightly pondering this truth: that if we need them not, we should hardly meet with them, and if we do need them, we ought not to wish an exemption from them.—[Dillwyn.]

A wise man looks upon men as he does upon horses; all their caparisons of title, wealth and place he considers but as harness.—[Cecil.]

Wickedness may well be compared to a bottomless pit, into which it is easier to keep one's self from falling, than, being fallen, to give one's self any stay from falling infinitely.—[Sir P. Sidney.]

Be true to your own highest convictions. Intimations from our own souls of something more perfect than others teach, if faithfully followed, give us a consciousness of spiritual force and progress never experienced by the vulgar of high life or low life, who march as they are drilled, to the step of their tunes.—[Channing.]

Extinguish vanity in the mind, and you naturally retrench the little superfluities of garniture and equipage. The blossoms will fall off themselves when the root that nourishes is destroyed.—[Steel.]

They who have never known prosperity, can hardly be said to be happy; it is from the remembrance, of joys we have lost that the arrows of affliction are pointed.—[Mackenzie.]

The improvement of the understanding is for two ends. First, our own increase of knowledge; secondly to enable us to deliver and make out that knowledge to others.—[Locke.]

The Nebraska State Historical Society.

To the People of the State.

The Nebraska state historical society, organized 1878, has been without any means, financially, other than very limited contributions by members, as membership fees and annual dues. The sums thus derived have not been sufficient to defray incidental running expenses, stationary, postage, express, etc. Under even these adverse circumstances, we have collected a great deal of valuable historical matter and data, but without means for their publication. At the session of the legislature in 1888 an act was passed recognizing the society as a state organization, requiring reports annually to the governor, and providing for publication of such, in pamphlet or book form, as extent of matter will demand.

I am now engaged making up a report embracing the transactions of society, and data obtained from its organization to, and including the year 1884. We need more, in order to make such a volume as will be of greatest value to the state. We have reliable and detailed histories of 38 of the 67 organized counties. We should have them all. We have biographies of territorial governors, Burt and Black; of Senator Hitchcock; of pioneer citizens, Dr. Lowe, Stocking, Morrow, Mrs. Mason, Mrs. Morton and Mrs. Creighton. We should have scores of such.

From early settlers still alive, autobiographies are desirable, and will be more valuable, especially if accompanied with early historical recollections and reminiscences. We cannot visit in person in order to obtain these. Can only make an appeal through this medium, and that of the press. The press has been generous and liberal, and will doubtless so continue.

For present purposes, we desire, especially from earliest settlers—say those of, and prior to the first decade of territorial existence, and all past or present territorial and state official, answers to, substantially, the following questions:

1. Name in full. Not initials, but given names complete.
2. Exact date of birth.
3. Place of birth.
4. Names and nativity of both persons.
5. Any further account of your ancestry will be desirable, or reference to works in which it may be found.

12. Any interesting incidents of early life in this state.
13. Business engaged in here.
14. Public offices held—United States, state or county. Where, and how long.
15. If you are or have been connected with any corporation, society, public institution, secret order or church, either as an officer or member, please state facts of same.
16. If you served in the United States

army, please give dates of enlistment and discharge, official position held, and of the new paper, and A. E. of its editor.

de: lift the figures of Charlie Boyle, who tiot around taking the census of school Ne: en, last week, there are 166 school en in this district.

sw: ber hardware men have sold an im- amount of barbed wire to par- tiying up on the Frenchman. Mc- and journals relative to the torary and settlement of Nebraska, bi- graphical notes of our pioneers and of eminent citizens, deceased; and facts illustrative of our Indian tribes, their history, characteristics, sketches of their prominent chiefs, orators and warriors, together with contributions of Indian implements, dress, orna- ments and curiosities.

2. Files of newspapers, books, pam- phlets, college catalogues, minutes of ecclesiastical conventions, associations, conferences and synods, and other pub- lications relating to this state.

3. Drawings and descriptions of our ancient mounds and fortifications, their size, representation and locality, if any.

4. Information respecting any an- cient coins or other curiosities found in Nebraska. The contribution of such articles to the cabinet of the society is respectfully solicited.

5. Indian geographical names of streams and localities in this state, with their significations.

6. Books of all kinds, and especially such as relate to American history, travels and biography in general, and the west in particular, family genealo- gies, old magazines, pamphlets, files of newspapers, maps, historic manu- scripts, autographs of distinguished persons, coins, medals, paintings, por- traits, statuary and engravings.

It is desirable to have a full at- tendance at our annual and quarterly meet- ings. We intend, during this year, to inaugurate new social and other fea- tures, by which they will be made more attractive and interesting. Still, these meetings are but the machinery by which the organization is kept in mo- tion. The real work is done ad in- terim—all the while. Will the people aid? We are willing to give our time free in this work. Let us have mater- ial, and we pledge a volume of inter- est, and worthy perusal and preserva- tion. As the duty of preparing the first report has been devolved on the president, for the present address the undersigned at Brownville, Neb.

ROBT. W. FURNAS, President.

Sir Sydney Waterlow.

Harper's Magazine.

Sir Sydney is one of the most live and useful men "the City" can boast, and one of the most practical philan- thropists of philanthropic England. Born in 1821, he was at thirteen head boy of the Southwark grammar school, and the next year was apprenticed to the government printer, Mr. Thomas Harrison, who put him in charge, in his eighteenth year, of the private printing press in the foreign office in Downing street. At twenty-one, his apprenticeship over, he crossed the Channel, and while in Paris worked as a compositor in the Gallani estab- lishment. The year following he joined his father and brothers in build- ing up what is now the enormous sta- tionery and printing business known as Waterlow & Sons, limited. In those days printing and lithography had not superseded the "law writer," and Sir Sydney will tell of his own experiences in spending the midnight ink, when clerks from offices all over the city used to eke out their day pay by joining of an evening the great staff of copyists at "the writers," whose pens were flying to make ready the parliamentary bills for the next day. It was largely through Sir Sydney himself that improved methods came in vogue. Hard work brought success and hon- ors. In 1856 he became common councilman for the ward of Broad street, and in 1863 alderman for the ward of Langbourn; in 1866, sheriff, when he was knighted; in 1872, lord mayor, when he was made a baronet, Mr. Gladstone expressing his lively satisfaction in tendering the honor to one "who, independently of the high office which he holds, has deserved so well of the people of this great metropolis for his intelligent and indefatigable philanthropy." He is the head, as treasurer, of St. Bartholomew's hospital, to which, in 1872, he presented Lauderdale house, Highgate, with its fine grounds, newly fitted as a convalescent home. He was from 1874 to the general election in 1880 the asso- ciate of Sir John Lubbock as a member of parliament for Maidstone, but since that year he has represented the important borough and port of Grave- send. To be at once an M. P., a Lon- don alderman, and the head of a great hospital and of many philanthropies, demands an industrious devotion for which the honors do not pay extrava- gant interest. London also owes to him the police telegraph and Hospital Sunday fund. Sir Sydney Waterlow has recently resigned his position as alderman, after a service of more than a quarter of a century. It will interest "the kin across the sea" to know that the present Lady Waterlow is an Amer- ican lady.

Talk of the Toddlers.

"Hurry, mamma," said a little child with a cut finger, "it's leaking."

"Johnnie, I told you to get me warm water. That isn't warm, is it?"

"It doesn't lukewarm, ma, but it s."—[Yonkers Gazette.]

A little girl on Carleton street was presented with a doll by an older sister the other day. The child, noticing a bruise or indentation in the wax, said, "I dess it was born in a burry."

When little Mary went on board a ferryboat for the first time, as the boat began to move she looked up very much astonished. "Why, mamma," she asked, "where are the ferryboat's feet?"

Totor's mamma said to him: "My son, why did you open the door of your little bird's cage?" Totor hesitated an instant and then replied: "Mamma, I

wanted to give him more air."—Chi- go Sun.

Two children in the Tuilleries gar- bage were extolling the qualities of their public pappas.

"Mine is as tall as the garden wall," to had one.

"My papa can see over the wall."

"And mine, too, when he has his hat the p."—[Parisian Pickings.]

send Sunday School Teacher—What has their lesson to-day taught us?

Little Boy—That we must shun evil.

Teacher—But we are told that money Red the root of all evil. Now, what far- der does the lesson teach?

Little Boy—That we must shun the evil and grab the root.—[Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.]

A little French boy awakened his mother early the other morning to ask her what God is, and whether he had eyes, a nose and a mouth.

"My child," replied the mother, half asleep, "God is everything, the heav- ens, the infinite—everything you can't understand."

"Then," said the child, "God must be an American, for there are some little American boys at school and I can't understand them at all!"—[French Fun.]

The Language of Postage Stamps.

Philadelphia Record.

"There is one of the sort of letters that make me tired, absolutely so tired that I can't even swear," remarked a clerk at the postoffice last night, in a tone of deep disgust, as he tossed aside a pink envelope from a pile of letters on which he was cancelling the stamps. The offending missive fell on a corner of the table among a dozen others which had all in a measure contributed to the clerk's "fatigue," and after he had concluded his task he reached over and pulled the lot toward him.

"Just see here," he said, continuing his wail; "not one of these letters is properly stamped. Look at this, the stamp on the upper left hand corner, and this one is down at the bottom, and this right in the center, with a heart drawn around it, and, hang it! why, here's a new racket, the stamp stuck on the back," and as he rattled on he gave each of the epistles a vicious jab with the canceling stamp and then tossed it into the mail bag.

"Do you run across many of that kind?"

"Do I? Well, I'm pretty good-na- tured, and you wouldn't hear me kick- ing if it was only once in a while; but they come along by dozens, and, by Jove, around Christmas and St. Valen- tine's day about half the extra mail is stamped in some awkward way."

"Who do it?"

"Well, principally silly people who are in love. I fancy most of the letters stamped in those queer ways are love letters or valentines or christmas cards. Look at this," and he fished out the pink envelope before mentioned. It was directed in a feminine hand to a man in Norristown, had the stamp in the center, with a conventional heart drawn around it, and smelt like a cake of hotel toilet soap. "Now I must say I don't often get 'em that bad. If I did I'd soon go crazy, for you don't know how exasperating it is to have to stop and change your regular clock- like work because one of these things comes along and breaks up your steady trot, as it were."

"Perhaps there is some language of postage stamps, and different positions mean different sentiments," suggested the reporter. "For instance: Up in the left corner, 'I love'; in the lower left corner, 'Do you love?'"

Of course there is, and I'll tell you just how it goes. Whenever a stamp is put anywhere but in the upper right- hand corner it means just this: The man, woman or child who stamped the letter is either a fool, or a crank, or an idiot, or wants to be smart, or— Here the conversation was cut off by the irate clerk being called away, and the scribe went out in the dark night.

Adelaide Neilson's Lover.

Philadelphia Times.

Society and the stage both had a frightful shock in the sudden death of Admiral Carr Glyn. The prospective Lord Wolverton was a universal favorite, really an intimate of the Prince of Wales, and one of the few Englishmen whom the Duchess of Edinburgh seemed to like. His death finishes the chapter of the Adelaide Neilson romance. I think there is no doubt he would have married that beautiful Peg Woffington if she had lived until after the admiral's daughters were married and out of the need of paternal chaperonage. His was the ideal character of the sailor; frank, generous, loyal, staunch, and true. It was those qualities which set him apart from the crowd of Neilson's other lovers; he loved and was capable of making a generous sacrifice for that love; therefore he offered mar- riage. She loved, too, and popularly, but it was of him alone she thought when she sat down, with testamentary pen and paper, and faced death. His funeral service was an impressive ceremony. The interment is to be made in the family burying ground somewhere in the country, but for the convenience of those in town who wished to pay a last tribute of respect a service was held in St. Mary Abbott's, Kensington, of which church the cousin of the deceased, the Honorable and Rev. Carr Glyn, is the vicar. The coffin was borne into the church by blue jackets and over it was thrown a union jack, upon which was placed the deceased admiral's insignia, his hat, sword and epaulettes. The admiral's two sons, Henry and Frederick Glyn, walked as chief mourners directly be- hind the coffin, and following them came the Prince of Wales, who seemed to have difficulty in restraining his tears from flowing. Exactly thus was it I saw Admiral Glyn himself walk, weep- ing, behind Neilson's coffin, and I as- sure you the recollection was one that brought vividly to my mind the noth- ingness of all things, the instability of human plans. Looking around upon the crowded assembly of mourners, involuntarily I murmured, "Dabit Deus his quoque finem!" [God will put an end to these also.] And then comes the never answered question, "Why? Why all this suffering, striv- ing, anguish, love and death?"

ANTHRACITE FOR THE WEST.

Five Million Tons to Be Sent There This Year.

Philadelphia Record.

The amount of anthracite coal to be taken west this year is said by the pro- ducing companies to be greater than ever before known. It is variously es- timated at from 4,000,000 to 5,000,000 tons. The officials of the Philadelphia and Reading railroad company state that the latter will be the amount. The most extensive preparations have been made in Buffalo for handling this coal for Western shipment. The Lehigh Valley railroad company has spent \$3,000,000, and the Buffalo, New York and Philadelphia railroad company fully \$1,000,000. The Reading and New York Central have made extra preparations, but are bidders for water front that will give them exceptional facilities for the shipment of anthracite coal. Navigation opens upon Lake Erie on the 1st of April, and the hard coals will then begin to move to the lake ports in large quantities. Parties in this trade state that the west is be- coming the best market for anthracite coals, especially for domestic purposes, and that the only difficulty will be in shipping it fast enough. In sections where wood has for years been the only fuel used, anthracite coal has won great popularity. One ton is equal to four cords of wood; and the price of the lat- ter being \$3 per cord in the forest, and anthracite coal only \$9 per ton, coal is the cheaper fuel of the two. The su- periority of the coal over wood in con- venience is readily seen. In St. Louis there were 300,000 tons of anthracite coal consumed last year, against 175,000 tons the year previous, and it is ex- pected that 400,000 tons will be taken there this year. Chicago is to be the greatest consumer of anthracite coal among all the western cities, and a few figures prepared by the coal association of that city will show how rapidly the anthracite coal trade has there in- creased. The amount received there in 1880 was 797,349 tons; in 1881, 1,102,748 tons; in 1882, 1,081,421 tons, and in 18- 83, 1,245,411 tons. This year there will not be less than 2,000,000 tons dis- posed of in that market. The man- agers of the anthracite trade contend that the west will absorb all the surplus stock.

Jim Wo's Shanghai.

New York Sun.

Mr. Mulcahey lives up stairs in a Mott street tenement. Ah Jim Wo has a laundry in the basement. Mr. Mul- cahey, who is of a sporting turn of mind, kept a red game bantam of warlike temperament confined in a three-cor- nered coop in the yard. Ah Jim Wo has a gigantic shanghai, which he has been trying for a year to fatten for the table. Mr. Mulcahey had frequently expostulated with Ah Jim Wo because the shanghai pecked at the bantam through the bars of the cage. Yester- day morning Mr. Mulcahey discovered the shanghai with a grip upon his chicken's tail feathers, trying to drag him through the bars. The chicken didn't come out, but the tail did.

Mr. Mulcahey was indignant. "Why don't ye keep that beast av yours in the house?" he demanded.

"Looster likee fightee you looster," explained Ah Jim Wo.

"Them things don't fight," exclaimed Mr. Mulcahey, in disdain.

Ah Jim regarded the game compas- sionately, and exclaimed: "Him too little."

Mr. Mulcahey whispered hoarsely and impressively: "Have ye anny money, Mister Wo?"

"No got verry much."

"Can ye cover a five that yer long- legged devil'll stan' up till the game?"

"All lite. Come back, click," said Ah Jim Wo, and he tucked the long- legged fowl under his arm and retired to the laundry to prepare for battle.

Mr. Mulcahey winked solemnly at Mr. Flaherty, who sat on the fence. Then he deftly fastened a pair of long steel gaffs upon his chicken.

Ah Jim Wo reappeared with his cousin Hop Gee, and several gentlemen from up-stairs followed them into the yard. The Chinaman put his bird down and Mr. Mulcahey threw the game at him. The game crouched, strut- ted up, and walked around his big an- tagonist, looking for weak points. The shanghai elevated himself upon his toes and looked down sideways at the pig- my. The game flew at the shanghai, which dodged and tried to run, but the game headed him off. There was a flutter and a flash, and the feathers flew from the shanghai's breast, and then Mr. Mulcahey's chicken sneezed and lay down upon the ground to do it more conveniently.

"What ails the burrd?" shouted Mr. Mulcahey, and then he grasped a clothes-pole for support, for the big one set one ponderous foot on the game's back, and gave his neck a wrench, and the little chicken expired.

"Be the powers," cried Mr. Mulca- hey, "it's snuff the heathen sprinkled in his rooster's breast to shanghai me poor burrd. I'll not pay."

Ah Jim Wo picked up the dead fowl and said: "What do you call 'em on loosta's toe? Lishman cheatee Jim Wo."

"I'm beat entirely, Mr. Flaherty," said Mr. Mulcahey, dolefully. "Them Chinese is full o' deceit."

How to Read a Novel.

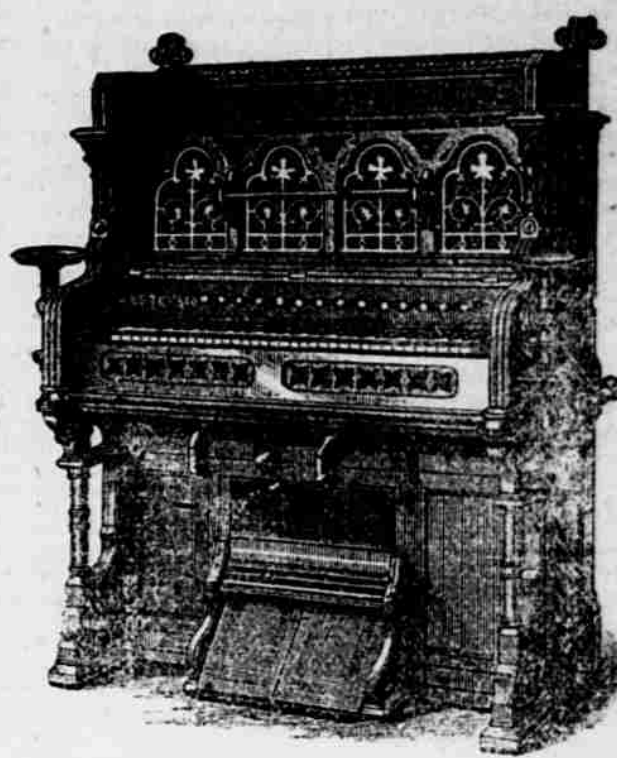
Hartford Post.

Open it in the middle; glance at a page; catch the names of the charac- ters; turn to the last page to see whether he married her or she died with angels hovering around the head- board; turn to the beginning and see what the matter was with the old man, and why he didn't approve of the match. You have thus acquainted yourself with all the essential facts of the novel, and can imagine the moon- light walks, the sylvan dells, the after- noon teas, the cross words muttered be-

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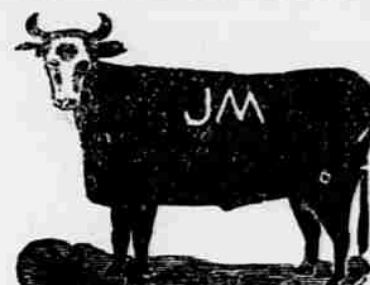
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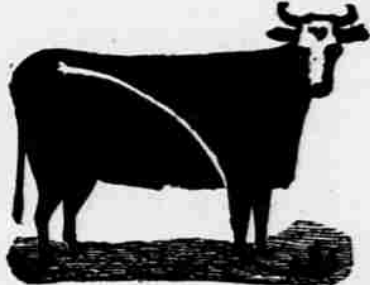
NEBRASKA.

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. M." on left jaw. Under-slope right ear. Horses branded "E" on left shoulder.



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; "717" 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.



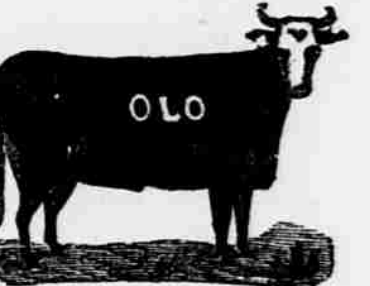
C. D. PHELPS.

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



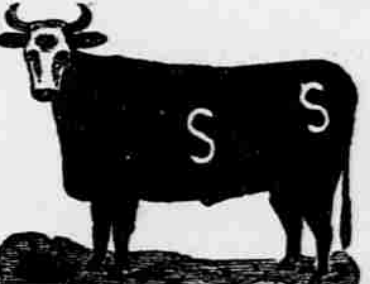
W. J. WILSON.

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, Dundey county, Nebraska.



HENRY T. CHURCH.

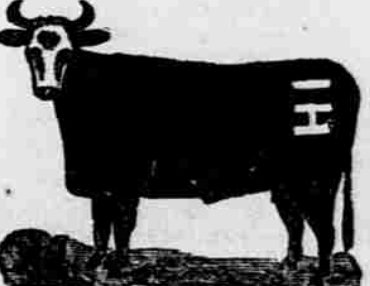
Osborn, Neb. Range: Red Willow creek, in southwest corner of Frontier county, cat- tle branded "O L O" on right side. Also, an over crop on right ear and under crop on left. Horses branded "8" on right shoulder.



SPRING CREEK CATTLE CO.

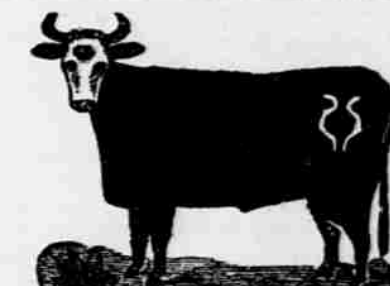
Indianola, Neb. Range: Republican Val- ley, east of Dry Creek, and near head of Spring Creek, in Chase county.

J. D. WELBORN, Vice President and Superintendent.



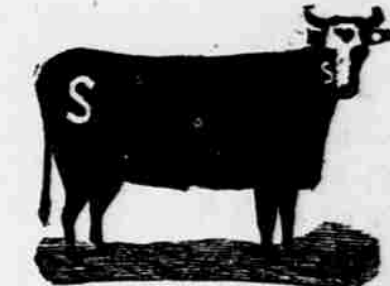
JOHN HATFIELD & SON.

McCook, Neb., Range 4 miles southeast, on Republican river. Stock branded with a bar—and lazy 2 on left hip &



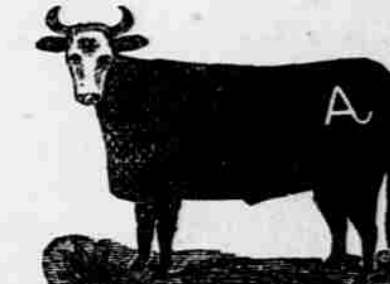
THE TURNIP BRAND.

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



STOKES & TROTH.

P. O. Address, Carrico, Hayes county, Nebraska. Range: Red Willow, above Car- rico. 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 swal- low-fork in right ear. Horses branded E. P. on right hip. A few branded "A" on right hip.

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