

THE SONG OF THE WORKERS.

I sing the song of the workers, the men of the brawny arm, Who give us our daily bread, and keep us from hunger's harm;

Who labor afar in the forest, who leaven the fields with toil, Who take no heed of the sunshine, and mind not sweat or toil.

I sing the song of the workers, who harvest the golden grain, And bind it, and thrash it, and sift it, nor care for the sting and stain;

Who load it in creaking wagons, and stoutly their oxen drive, And bid them good-by as they go, like the bees flying home to the hive.

I sing the song of the workers, the men who struggle and strain, Who give us their muscle and nerve, as they guard the loaded train;

Who give us their sinew and brain as they watch the prisoned steam, And run the risk of their lives, as they pass the perilous stream.

I sing the song of the workers, the men who labor and strive, Who handle for us the honey that comes to the human hive;

The patient and tireless workers with muscles as tough as steel, Who carry the heaviest burdens, and lift, and trundle and wheel.

I sing the song of the workers, demanding for every one His just and rightful due for all the work he has done;

For all the work of the workers, no matter whom or where, To each from the grand result his honest proportionate share.

—[Edward Willlett.]

AUNT BETHIA.

It may be that our old-fashioned aunt needs no introduction. Perhaps you have met her in the city at some recent art exhibition, where she sat among the crowd, a little bewildered,

but sufficiently alert, listening to the glib chattering of the critics as they discussed the merits of some valuable landscape.

The same being, as she declared to the friend accompanying her, "only a pictor of what anybody can see for nothin' up to Craney Holler," where she lives.

"Why," said she, regarding the great work of art with one eye shut up, "just go to our back door of a summer morning and stand and look, and there you have it, for all the world!

"The same smooth, green medders, with the pretty brooks windin' through 'em, and on both sides, to the right and left, the pastur' lands, where the cattle are fed, so peaceful and contented; then, way off in the distance, them solemn-lookin' mountains, with the shadders creepin' round 'em, or restin' on their tops; and all the time the sun shines bright and pleasant below in the valley.

"I do declar, could a'most believe the man stood in our back door when he painted that picter!

"It is a han'some view, and no mistake; but don't it seem a pity to spend so much money just for a picter, when you could buy a small farm—a live picter, as it were—for a thousand dollars?"

"She sees much of our city to disapprove. Most of the so-called modern improvements are abominations to Aunt Bethia.

fond o' sunflowers let 'em go to raisin' 'em by the cart-load! They're excellen' chicken fodder, as everybody knows. I did see a whole acre on 'em once all growin' together; they were in full blow, and looked cur'us enough with their big round faces turned toward the sun.

Oscar Wilde says, you know, that they resemble a lion; and they do look about as wise and knowin'.

"There's nothin' like work for keepin' 'em out o' mischief," she is fond of saying.

"When our girls leave school let 'em take right hold and help their mothers with the housework and the plain sewin' and takin' care of the baby, and then they won't be hankerin' to paint old pots and jars or to embroider sage-green curtains and table cloths.

Though why that color is called sage-green I can't imagine; it certainly ain't the color of any sage that ever grew in my garden; and its unaccountable to me that so many folks nowadays prefer such dirty faded out colors that you can't look at without feelin' sick and faint, when there's plenty of pretty, bright ones, that will wash and bile, as it were."

Aunt Bethia is a born nurse, and as such is recommended by the "Holler" folks with as much enthusiasm as their own favorite spring bitters, or cough remedy.

She is indeed "excellent in case o' sickness," and she comes at such times like a veritable angel of mercy, bringing with her soft voice and gentle, soothing ways, not forgetting the noiseless slippers and white apron.

Aunt Bethia is, I suppose, an old maid; but there is no bitter blight of disappointment upon her life.

She has never loved and her unwoven heart is still fresh with the dew of youth. Though her lovely hair is just beginning to be threaded with gray, she knows not the feeling of growing old, neither do the passing years bring any definite sense of want to her peaceful sunny nature, except, perhaps, sometimes a dreamy feeling of incompleteness, like the faintest shadow only of a pain.

Her city nieces tell her often, with many a hnge and caress, that her face is the sweetest and dearest in all the world; that she looks "quite too utterly" quaint and lovely in her pretty white aprons; and she always answers deprecatingly:

"But, oh, my dears, I am so old-fashioned!"

Nevertheless, when she is alone she looks in the glass and blushes warmly, half inclined to believe their sweet words, and wholly glad that she is not yet growing homely, though she feels a little guilty, too, as if she ought to do so. Then she turns away and sighs softly; she knows not why.

Now, fate had ordained that when Aunt Bethia came to visit in our family we should be entertaining, as an honored guest, our Uncle Jeremiah Barker, or "Uncle Jerry," as we children familiarly called him, though he was only a distant relative on my father's side.

He had been knocking about for the last fifteen years or so in Australia, and having amassed a considerable fortune, returned now to his native city, with the hope of ending his days among his kindred.

He was unmarried; and hidden secretly away in his rugged bachelor heart was the long-cherished dream of a wife and fireside of his own.

But after spending the best part of his life in rough toil, separated from all society of woman—or, in fact, society of any sort—he found himself laboring under great disadvantages.

The girls that he knew and played with when he was a boy had grown so far away from him in many directions that he felt he had no part or lot with them, and so, slowly and sadly, the hope of years began to fade away.

ungallantly, "by George! I don't know as I want them."

Aunt Bethia looked mildly shocked. "You see," he continued, apologetically, "we couldn't take much comfort together 'less we felt somewhere nigh alike about things, now could we?"

"Why no," said Aunt Bethia, candidly, looking up at him in a meditative way; "I don't s'pose you could."

"And I should hate to see my money fooled away on trash, that I don't care a continental for, though I know women are master hands to spend money, and I mean my wife shall have plenty, too."

"I don't think all women are extravagant," said Aunt Bethia with some show of spirit. "I know I ain't unless," she added deprecatingly, "perhaps I am in the matter of white aprons. Mother always said so, and I do like plenty of clean aprons—say one every afternoon."

"My wife shall have a clean one for every hour in the day, if she wants!" roared Uncle Jerry with enthusiasm.

"And, now I think of it, by George, if I don't believe a white apron dresses up a woman more than the big Kohlnor could."

"And I shouldn't wonder, after all, if them white aprons had somethin' to do with your lookin' different from other women—so kinder good and old-fashioned you know."

Aunt Bethia blushed and laughed. "They call me the old-fashioned woman," she said sharply.

"And I am an old-fashioned man," he said significantly.

Then he looked at her and met the startled glance of her soft eyes.

"Maybe it occurs to you, as it does to me, that there's somethin' particularly interestin' in the fact that I am an old-fashioned man and you are an old-fashioned woman—coincidence, ain't it, now?"

"Dear me," murmured Aunt Bethia, dropping a dozen stitches in her confusion; "why, no, I hadn't thought on't."

He took her hands with gentle force, knitting-work and all, and bent over her.

"Think on't now, then, won't you?" said he. "Come, Bethia, be my wife, and we will show the world what a happy couple an old-fashioned man and woman can be!"

She looked up into the honest, kindly face glowing down upon her, and it reassured her. The grasp of his hand, so firm yet so loving, compelled her, and with a thrill, sweet as strange, she opened her heart at once and welcomed in his love as the bird does its mate to the nest.

She dropped her head in confusion, and foolishly, just for the sake of saying something, faltered:

NEBRASKA STATE FAIR.

A Few Special Premiums.

The next Nebraska state fair will be held at Omaha, September 5-12.

The Nebraska state board of agriculture offers a premium of \$100 for the best yield of corn per acre on a field of not less than ten acres, no yield of less than eighty bushels per acre to receive the award.

For the best yield of fall wheat on ten acres, not less than thirty bushels per acre, \$75.

Spring wheat, same stipulations, except yield, not less than twenty-five bushels per acre, \$50.

Oats, same stipulations, except yield, not less than eighty bushels per acre, \$50.

Barley, same stipulations, except yield, not less than forty bushels per acre, \$50.

Rye, same stipulations, except yield, not less than thirty bushels per acre, \$50.

Irish potatoes, best yield per acre, not less than forty bushels, \$15.

Flax, best five acres, \$15.

For best collection of grain and vegetables grown and exhibited by one farmer, samples one-half bushel each, at fair, \$50, the successful collection to become the property of the state board of agriculture for free distribution elsewhere, as the board of management may desire.

A bushel of each of the successfully competing crops also becomes the property of the board.

Competitors for premiums on crops are required to furnish a statement under oath, and to have the ground and its produce actually measured by not less than two disinterested persons, whose statements shall be verified by affidavit.

A statement of the kind and condition of the soil, the variety and quality of the seed planted or sown, and the mode and expense of cultivation must be presented in writing before the premium is awarded.

The whole amount of roots or grain produced on the amount of land specified must be measured or weighed. Root crops estimated by weight, sixty pounds to be considered a bushel, and grain crops to be measured and weighed according to the usual standards.

In addition to the premiums above offered for the yield of ten acres of corn, best yield of ten acres each, spring and fall wheat, best yield of ten acres of oats, best yield of ten acres of barley, best yield of ten acres of potatoes, there will be awarded to the successful competitor in each a medal engraved "Champion." The prize confers on the successful competitor the title of "Champion" in his respective class.

The party winning the championship is required to be ready to contest for the championship at each subsequent fair, and remain champion until the honor is taken away from him by a more skillful person. When the championship is won from the "champion" he shall not have the privilege of again contesting for the honor until the championship has passed from the person defeating him. The champion medal, being held by the same person for three successive contests, becomes the property of the winner.

The board also offers \$25 for the best twenty-five pounds of sugar made from beets, and \$15 for the second best twenty-five pounds. It is required that there be a statement under oath accompanying the product, showing the per cent. in yield of sugar per ton of beets and per acre.

A Feline Heroine.

London Daily News.

Public opinion is often hard on cats. They are accused of a gentle and complacent selfishness, which gives an admired tone of calm to their manner.

Mr. Romanes has lately shown that cats are philo—the Greeks had no cats till a late period, and we cannot, therefore, coin a proper word to express that quality in the cat called philanthropy in man.

Suffice it to say that cats can be charitable to cats. A cat in Mr. Romanes' "Mental Evolution in Animals" found a starved cat and gave the poor beast her own dinner—a fish dinner, too. Here was real altruism in a puss.

A remarkable example of pluck and devotion has just been given by another cat. When Lusby Music hall was burned, a cat, the mother of seven kittens, chanced to be out of danger's way, but the kittens were in danger at the rear of the stage.

Several times that brave puss rushed into the choking smoke and several times she was driven back. Three kittens she rescued, then she hurried back for the fourth, but she returned no more. The charred remains of the cat and the kittens were found lying side by side where the fire had overtaken them.

If either sect of Positivists still commemorates the virtues of the lower creation this poor plucky cat deserves a place among the four-footed saints. Did any dog ever display so much devotion and could any man die better?

Iowa and New York Dairymen.

SOUX CITY JOURNAL.

A New York dairyman writes: "You fellows out in Iowa are getting us on the hip. You are making just as good butter as we can. Our land is worth from \$75 to \$150 per acre; our cows cost from \$50 to \$75, and these confounded railroads bring your butter all the way from Iowa and lay it down in New York or Boston just as cheap as they will take ours; while your land out there, understand, can be bought for from \$20 to \$50 per acre."

A Texan, who raises goats for their flesh, says that kid steaks are more delicate than venison.

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STOCK DIRECTORY



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.



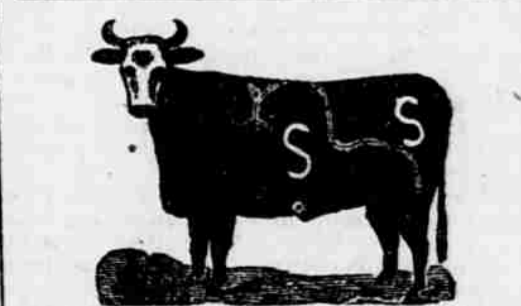
Stock brand—circle on left shoulder; also dewlap and a crop and under half crop on left ear, and a crop and under bit in the right. Ranch on the Republican. Post-office, Max, Dundy county, Nebraska.



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



Indianola, Neb. Range: Republican Valley, east of Dry Creek, and near head of Spring Creek, in Chase county. J. D. WELBORN, Vice President and Superintendent.



McCook, Neb., Range 4 miles southeast, on Republican river. Stock branded with a bar— and lazy 12 on left hip.



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

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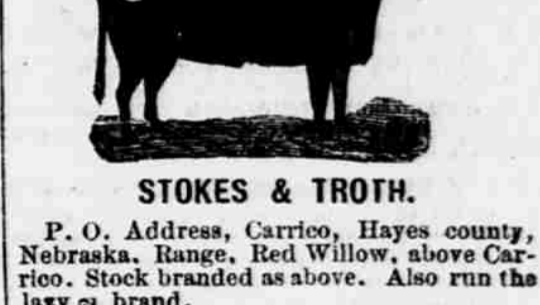
Ranch, Spring Canyon on the Frenchman River, in Chase county, Neb. Stock branded as above; also "717" on left side; "O. L." on left hip; "77" on right hip and "L" on right shoulder; "L" on left shoulder and "X" on left jaw. Half under-crop left ear, and square-crop right ear.



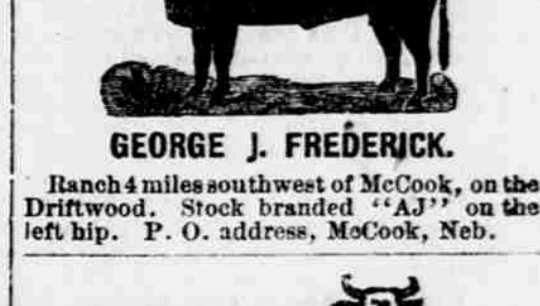
Range: Republican Valley, four miles west of Culbertson, south side of Republican. Stock branded "161" and "7-L." P. O. Address, Culbertson, Neb.



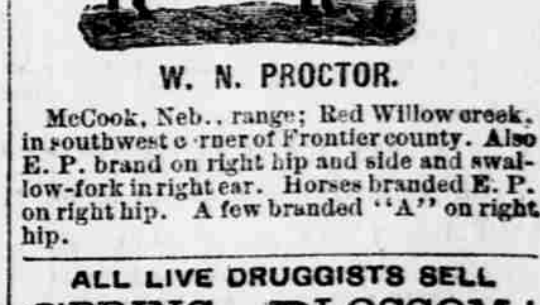
Ranch 2 miles north of McCook, Hayes county, Nebraska. Range, Red Willow, above Carrio. Stock branded as above. Also run the lazy 20 brand.



P. O. Address, Carrio, Hayes county, Nebraska. Range, Red Willow, above Carrio. Stock branded as above. Also run the lazy 20 brand.



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



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.

NEBRASKA'S UNIVERSITY.

A Handsome Compliment to its Work From a High Authority.

Lincoln Journal.

The Journal has maintained in season and out of season that our university faculty contains among its members as able men as can be found anywhere, and that the work of the university in many lines and the students in attendance there are of as high character as can be found anywhere.

One of the most strongly developed departments is that of history. The following complimentary reference to this department is taken from one of the numbers of the "John Hopkins University Studies in History and Political Science," which are published monthly and edited by Prof. Herbert Adams, one of the ablest of the faculty of that institution.

The number in question treats of "Methods of Historical Study," and in connection with the subject of co-operative study in history, the editor in a foot-note says:

"To Baltimore students it is an interesting fact that the same line of co-operative study in the history of the Italian renaissance has been followed by their former associate, H. W. Caldwell, and his students in the University of Nebraska. Admirable papers on Savonarola and Erasmus have been sent in from Lincoln, Nebraska, to Baltimore for examination. It may be added in this connection that the course in history under Professor Geo. E. Howard and Instructor H. W. Caldwell, at the University of Nebraska, is among the most complete and the most modern in spirit of any that are given in this country. The weak side, however, is insufficient attention to American history."

The paper on Lavonarola referred to was by A. G. Warner, who took the first prize in the late oratorical contest for an oration on the same theme. The paper, however, was an entirely different production, being a critical study perhaps three times the length of the oration. The paper on Erasmus was by A. L. Frost. It is but justice to this department to say that the subject of American history, the insufficient attention to which was very properly criticized, will receive ample attention next year, as arrangements are being made for a full year's course of American history alone.

Not to Be Found.

Savannah (Ga.) News.

Will G. Nicholas, the witty managing editor of the Washington National Republican, stutters badly. It is said of him that when he was the city editor of the Indianapolis News one of the state house commissioners explained to him what kind of a superintendent they wanted. "He must be," said he, "honest, industrious, good, pure-minded, frugal, self-sacrificing—" "I th-th-th-th-th-think," interrupted Nicholas, "y-y-you w-w-w-w-w-won't find him. He was c-c-c-crucified a-b-b-out 1800 y-years a-g-go."

Eighteen thousand knit mittens and wristlets were made by students of the Hampton Indian school last year. An Iowa farmer has killed 278 skunks on his farm. Jumbo is to be taken back to England early in October.

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