

ADAM AND EVE.

We walked in Eden, lady fair, I dare not say how long ago; I praised the glory of your hair, For you were lovely then, I know. I loved, and swore you were to me The only woman in the world, But when I bent upon my knee, Your little lip with laughter curled. Ah me! my disconcerted Eve! Ah! hapless me, a love-sick Adam. I loved you deeply, I believe, And yet you scorned me, my dear madam. You have an Eden, lady, still, With scores of Adams at your feet, And doubtless all their hearts you fill, And doubtless they believe you sweet. And yet you squeeze my fingers, too, And look with your bewitching eyes; And what am I to such a prize. You cannot care for such a prize. No, no, my sweet, my tempting Eve, I cannot, dare not, be your Adam. To other lovers let me leave The apple, if you please, dear madam. —[Weatherby in Temple Bar.

TENTS AND ACCOUTREMENTS.

Congressman Laird's Bill for the Benefit of Grand Army and Militia Reunions.

Hon. James Laird, from the committee on military affairs, has submitted to congress the following joint resolution as a substitute for sundry joint resolutions. It will be appreciated by the Grand Army and military boys:

Resolved by the senate and house of representatives of the United States of America in congress assembled, That on and after the passage of this joint resolution the secretary of war be, and he is hereby authorized, on the application of the governor of any state, to send from some convenient fort, depot of supply or arsenal, to any place in such state as may be designated by the governor, to be used at a reunion of ex-veteran union soldiers or state military organization, the ex-veteran union soldiers always having the preference, such cannon, tents and muskets as can be spared, all cost of forwarding and returning such property to be paid by the applicant therefor, the same to be returned in as good condition as when received: Provided, That, the adjutant general, or other proper accounting officer of the state, applying under this resolution shall receipt for such property as may be received in the name of the state; and that the value of any property not returned or damaged to such as is returned shall be charged to each state against its quota: And provided further, That with a view to accommodating the greatest number of ex-veteran union soldiers the secretary of war, in connection with the executive of any state or states that may apply to him under this resolution, shall fix the time at which each shall have the use of the property herein specified.

The following is the report made by the committee on military affairs, to whom the different resolutions were referred:

The committee on military affairs, to whom were referred joint resolutions H. R. Nos. 23, 104, 165, 174 and 181, having had the same under consideration, respectfully report:

That since the resolutions above referred to ask for the use of public property for a patriotic purpose, and provide that the secretary of war shall take ample security against loss or damage there, your committee see no reason why it should not as well be applied to this use as left to rust and decay in the depots and arsenals of the government.

As all the resolutions named refer to the same subject, the committee have prepared and offer the accompanying joint resolution as a substitute, and recommend its passage.

The Touch of a Mother's Hand.

Philadelphia Press.

A lieutenant of a Rhode Island battery, a mere youth, lay dying at Washington. He had his right foot shattered by a piece of shell at an engagement near Mechanicsville. The foot had been amputated, but he sank slowly away. All his sufferings had been borne with a soldier's fortitude, and it was now near midnight, he having reached the city at noon. His mother had been telegraphed for and was to meet him at Washington in a day or two. He was very low, and two ladies sat by his bedside, the one fanning him and the other holding his feeble hands. The lady had her finger on the pulse, noting the fluctuating pulsations. About midnight his mother arrived at the hospital, and begged to see her boy. She said she would slip in and take the place of one of the ladies by his bedside.

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"Oh, mother, I am so happy now that I am with you. I shall die content."

"But you must not die, my dear boy," said the fond parent. "I could not lose you."

"Alas," he replied, "I wish it could be so, but God will it otherwise; but, mother," he said, with a smile, "I have faced death too often to be afraid of him now, and I gladly give up my life to my country."

This young man had been wounded on the very last day of his three years' service. One more day and he would have been discharged and on his way home. He died when he was just twenty years and nine months old.

After one of the severe battles some officers were riding in the woods near Stone Bridge, and as they passed the dead they noticed the body of a little boy resting against a tree. He seemed to have sat down at the foot of the tree and fallen asleep, with a handkerchief

covering his face. Removing the handkerchief, a countenance of rare loveliness was disclosed. The boy was clad in a handsome, almost gay, uniform of a staff officer, and beside him lay a fancy little sword. The officers dismounted and gathered about him, one lifting him carefully up. The blue eyes stared in vacancy, and although stone dead, he was not yet cold. He had a wound in his right breast, and his jacket and underclothing were soaked with blood. His appearance indicated that he was attached to the staff of some regiment or general, but no one knew him. A search in his clothing resulted in discovering a small bible, and on the fly-leaf was written, "James Simmons, New York. From his loving mother. My son, remember thy Creator in the days of thy youth." Nothing else was found by which to identify him.

One of the officers wished to take him to headquarters, but that was six miles away so they left him where he fell. His face was bright—almost radiant—and his lips parted in a smile. He was indeed a beautiful boy, and some mother's darling, but there he lay, a victim of the cruelty of war. Who he was, other than that Bible told, I never knew, but if they be living I hope these lines may meet the eyes of his friends. He was not over twelve or fourteen years of age.

At Nashville, in one of the hospitals, on a little cot lay a young officer, almost a boy whose form was burning with fever. All day long he lay on the bed, his bright eyes fixed on the miniature of a beautiful woman, which he held in his hand. He kissed it again and again, murmuring, "Mother, my mother." In the night he grew worse and delirious, talking all the time about his mother. One of the sisters came to him, and, catching sight of her dress, he smiled and said, "Ah, mother, I knew you would come." The nurse smoothed his brow, and he murmured, "Kiss me, dear mother." Tenderly the noble woman stooped down and kissed him. "Ah," he said "this is the first moment of peace I have known for a week," and passed quietly away.

His mother did not come, but the sister of charity smoothed his way. Ah, when these death-bed scenes are remembered, and the gentle, patient, gray-robed figures gliding about among the dead and dying, what do we not owe to those noble women who sacrificed comfort, home, everything to minister to our poor boys in the war.

Pioneer Girls of the Plains.

Fargo Letter in the Chicago Herald.

In traveling over the prairies one now and then comes across a lonely shack, which, with its surroundings, wears an aspect of neatness that distinguishes it from the average carelessly thrown together shanty that suffices to prove the claimant's right to the title of proprietor of the 160 acres surrounding it. If of boards, the cracks are carefully battened with lath; if of logs, the crevices are closely plastered with mud; hardy morning-glories cling around the doorway and creep along the humble eaves, while small plants, smiling with violets, larkspur, love-bell and honeysuckle, transplanted from the prairie, hover around the modest domicile, true indices to the female spirit that rules within.

The novelty of their situation seems to charm these women pioneers; their face and form are the embodiments of happiness and health; they as heartily enjoy a tramp over the prairie, in search of the boundary lines of their claim, as the society girl enjoys a trip in a dog cart or a sail on the lake. They become adepts in the use of rifle and shotgun; they learn to handle the harvester as deftly as their masculine neighbors, and ride the sulky plow with as much grace as her refined sister would ornament a tricycle. The majority of these pioneers are schoolmistresses, who pursue their Greek, Latin, astronomy, botany or chemistry during their leisure moments in their prairie home during the summer and pursue their vocation in village or city school during the winter months. Thus they preserve their health, keep up their studies and slowly but surely build up for themselves a home that they care point to with just pride as the fruit of their own labor.

The hardships and trials which these brave little pioneers undergo are enough to shake the courage of the sterner sex. Mrs. Ball, a young widow who came to the territory two years ago, built her claim shack, which was twice blown away by tornadoes, and once burned to the ground, but through her indomitable will she is still there, and says she is bound to stay. Miss Nellie Ulme, daughter of Colonel Ulme, of Chicago, has her homestead near Devil's Lake, is a tireless pedestrian, a crack rifle shot and possesses accomplishments that fit her for the

suicide in Toronto last night." "I don't hear of it, but it must have happened. Suicides are generally said to know that I ever heard of a real, merry suicide that embraced ecstatic elements of a sail over a mill lake at twilight, accompanied by a girl with soft black eyes and a tender little rosebud mouth."

"Your hair is getting thin on top."

"That's the correct place for it to get thin. Suppose a man's hair should fall out all around and remain intact on top. Then he would be touted like a cockatoo and he would eclipse a minstrel show every time he would raise his hat to a lady. And he might wash such a tuft and work it up to a point like a goat, and thus afford his friends lots of innocent diversion; or he might grow it long, and let it hang around his head in a fringe, or convert it into a pig tail."

"Bay rum?" "Yes." "Fifteen cents." "Here." "Thank you. Good morning." "Good morning." And the patron who had done twice as much talking as the barber walked out.

A Domestic sewing machine—the poor woman with eight children. Her gown is to be a deep amethyst

purple velvet, cut into turrots of six inches depth, from which little silk ruffles crop out. Her over dress is to be of pale lilac silk, with a vine of hysteresia embossed through it, the heavy flowers hanging in ripe clusters, as she could not find any lilacs embossed on satin, which made her cry one whole afternoon. This jaunty polonaise is to be draped very high and bouffant, as she is a slim little thing and needs drapery over the hips, the thick satin turning up into rich plaits under the bow of amethyst ribbon. The corsage in front is a double point opening over a waistcoat of the very palest green silk, which will be shirred from the top of the darts down to a stomacher shape. This idea she cribbed from Lady Ormond's lace dress, of course.

The satin sides of the front are to have a tiny valoise collar run in, which deepens about the neck, made of the pale lilac satin, filled in with a double crepe lisse frill to soften about her fair young throat, which shames the neck of the plump Virginia with Paul in the window of a basque dealer. On her head will be perched a cunning little broad-brimmed, pale green chip, dyed for her purpose, to be covered with duchesse lace in foamy cataracts, concealing the roots of the shaded lilies and their stiff, dark leaves, which are to bloom in their own season on one of the dearest little maids in town. She will carry a white lace parasol, lined with pale green. She may be vexed to have this known, as her many imitators may copy her dress and spoil the effect, but you will know her by her dark, big brown eyes and dimples.

In a Barber Shop.

The barber is a satirized and maligned artist. He is set forth as being a skillful business man and a humorist. If he were half as shrewd as he is said to be, he would certainly have sense enough to become a Grit politician and go to Toronto to be bribed by those awful Tories. And if he were the merry jester that he is claimed to be, he would get into a circus or minstrel troupe and secure wealth and recognition by the introduction of a new joke, which would not only redound to his credit, but be a step toward the annihilation of those which are so old that they are obliged to hobble on crutches and hold themselves together with trusses.

In truth the barber uses only the most every-day, commonplace language. To prove this it is only necessary to quote a conversation overheard, the other morning, between one of these so-called fends and a customer, the barber opening:

"Fine day?" "Yes." "Guess the rain is over at last." "Guess it is."

"We'll have snow before long, I think."

"Correct. In some parts of the world they have snow even at this time, in other parts they never have and snow while there are regions where the snow lies on the ground all the year round. You are right in your prediction, however, and you would be safe in betting on it without consulting the almanac. If we don't have it in a few weeks we will have it in a few months, sure."

"Are you a weather prophet?"

"No; I sell pork on commission."

Pause.

"Does the razor hurt you?"

"Not at all; I can't feel it any more than you could feel McKim's pecuniary pulse the morning after the bribery explosion in Toronto."

"The bribery excitement is over, isn't it?"

"It is. It has been over for about one week—for everybody except the Grits."

Pause.

"Is it too cold for you with the door open?"

"Not at all; it is very pleasant."

"I see Venor says we're going to have a warm and dry summer followed by a mild winter."

"Is that so? I hope so, and I trust we may be able to scramble through the winter months on our bamboo canes, summer underclothes, straw hats with blue bands, Oxford ties, twenty-five cent socks, and navy blue bathing suits."

Pause.

"Close shave?"

"Yes, as close as you can; I want this shave to last until pay day."

"Crop prospects are good this year."

"They may be; but it's not proper for a man who cuts hair to speak of crops. That was originally intended for a joke in London where it was built, and had a long and prosperous run, and underwent various changes to meet various contingencies. It is now simply respected on account of its great age, and is kept alive by warm bricks and medicated under-

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POPULAR SCIENCE.

The electric lights at Los Angeles, Cal., can be seen at the Island of San Clemente, eighty miles away.

It is said that wheat kept sealed in an air-tight receptacle for some length of time will not germinate.

Although corrosive sublimate is gaining in favor among surgeons as an antiseptic, it is safe only in skillful hands.

In twenty years the sales of single packages of patent medicines in Great Britain have increased from 6,661,667 to 18,457,990.

Diphtheria has recently been observed in pigeons in Germany. According to Prussian veterinary reports the disease is incurable and highly contagious.

Liquid oxygen boils at 106° C., and forms into crystals. The critical temperature, M. Wroblewski also finds, is at a pressure of 40 atmospheres—113 C.

Sir W. Thomson is to deliver eighteen lectures on "Molecular Dynamics" at the Johns Hopkins university during the first twenty days of next October.

Pure linseed oil, an expert observes, has a bright amber color. It runs freely, sparkles when flowing from the can, tastes smooth and mild, and has the smell of a flaxseed poultice.

Professor Ball, the astronomer royal for Ireland, in an address on comets, considered that the meteoroids seen as shooting stars in 1866 were actually the remains of the tails of comets.

The Engineer says it is probable that the government of Victoria will repeat the offer of a high premium for a combined reaper and threshing machine suited to Australian requirements.

The late Professor Jevons, in a treatise on the coal supply of Great Britain, assigned to the year 1883 an output, on the principle of estimation he adopted, of 178,100,000 tons. The actual number of tons of coal mined was 163,750,000.

The Gazette Medicale de l'Algerie calls attention to a great number of facts which appear to show that cider drinkers are not troubled with stone, and that patients having this affection are either cured or greatly relieved by that beverage.

According to Professor Wanklyn the manufacture of gas from limed coal is a success, as it reduces the amount of sulphur compounds to three grains in the hundred cubic feet, and increases the yield of ammonia and tar by the abolition of the lime purifiers.

The Plea of Intoxication.

Clinton Herald.

The New York court of appeals very justly and properly decides that intoxication is no extenuating circumstance in the commission of crime. It was pleaded in the case before the court that the prisoner was in a state of intoxication amounting to frenzy, and hence he could not have formed an intelligent intent, nor controlled his action. The court held that "voluntary intoxication of one who without provocation commits a homicide, although amounting to a frenzy, does not exempt him from the same legal inferences upon the question of intent which are applicable to a person perfectly sober."

The vicious ruling to the contrary made in many cases is indefensible and without support by analogy. It is an established principle of the law that if a man in the commission of a minor offense accidentally commits a greater, he is answerable for that greater. A man might thus be legally guilty of murder who might have intended only to kill some animal, or to commit burglary or a like offense. Analogy would require that one who by committing the offense of crazing himself with alcohol perpetrates a still greater, though unwittingly, should be made to suffer the penalty for the larger offense.

To find a prisoner not guilty because he was intoxicated is to suggest a way by which the vicious may commit crime with impunity—namely, to get drunk.

Henry Clay's Heroic Son.

Cincinnati News Journal.

"Do you know what killed Henry Clay?" my genial Kentucky story-teller asked me the other day. "If not, I will tell you. He died of a broken heart, not because he lost the presidency, but his son, Henry Clay, Jr. was his father's idol. He was sent to West Point, where he graduated second in his class. After four months in the army he resigned, and began practicing law in Lexington, living with his father at Ashland. Not a young man in Kentucky promised better things than he did. When the Mexican war broke out he was determined to go. His father made no objection, and he went out as lieutenant colonel of the First Kentucky regiment. At the battle of Buena Vista, Santa Anna, with 32,000 troops, nearly overwhelmed Gen. Taylor, with about one-eighth that number. Clay fought hard, but, as his regiment was falling back, a shot went through both legs. He was not mortally wounded, and three men picked him up to convey him off the field. It soon became evident that the Mexicans would overtake them. "Save yourselves, boys," he said, and taking the pistol which his father had given him, he handed it to one of the men with the words, "Take this, and return it to my father. Tell him I have no further use for it." With that they dropped him and ran after the retreating troops. The last they saw of Clay he was lying on his back, fighting a squad of Mexicans with his sword. Next morning his body was found, hacked to pieces. The pistol came to his father, then a senator, and though he lived several years after, I am convinced that he died from the blow."

An Infallible Test.

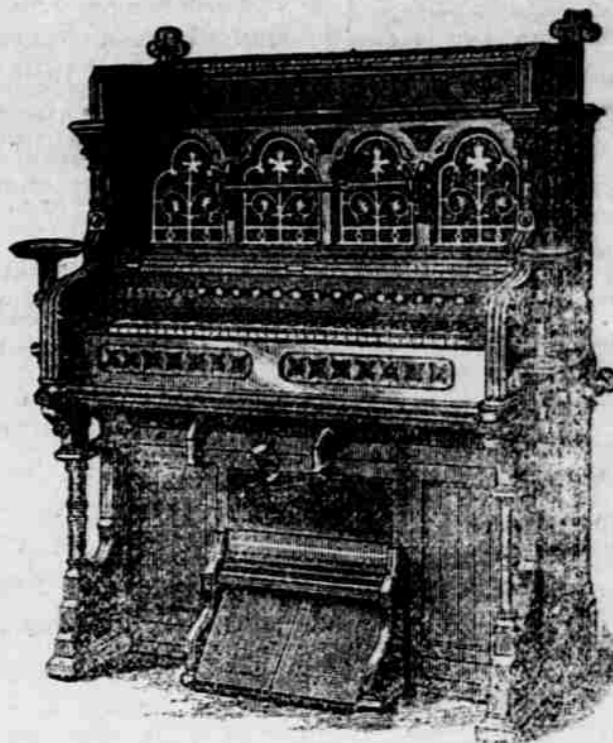
Brocklyn Eagle.

"I'll bet a bottle of champagne that's a married couple," remarked a swell standing at the window of a fashionable clubhouse and watching a lady and gentleman who were crossing the street during a heavy shower. "I can't imagine your reason for saying so," replied his companion. "It's plain enough. Don't you see that the center of the umbrella is over his head, not over hers."

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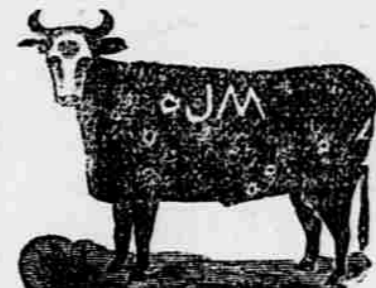
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DENNIS M'KILLIP.

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.



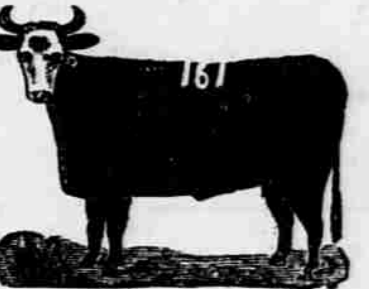
J. B. MESERVE.

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 crosses on left side. C. D. ERKANBACK.



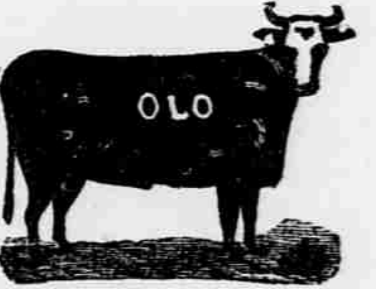
HENRY T. CHURCH.

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



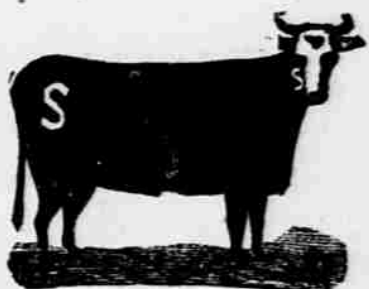
GEORGE J. FREDERICK.

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



SPRING CREEK CATTLE CO.

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



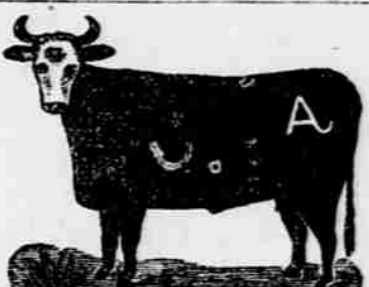
W. N. PROCTOR.

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.



JOHN HATFIELD & SON.

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



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