

### SUMMER DAYS HAVE COME.

The summer days have come, dear,  
I'll tell you how I know;  
Amidst the dandelion grass  
White heads begin to show;  
And as I sat with book intent  
Last night, it came to pass  
A big June beetle came to warm  
His feet beside my gas.  
He dropped down in a shriveled heap;  
I stabbed him with my pen,  
And laid a book upon his corpse  
To hold him down, and then  
I turned to write a letter  
To a friend "about my age,"  
And ere my first apology  
Was half way down the page,  
Full twenty bugs had come to see  
What kept their comrade so.  
They lifted up "Poetic Gams"  
And brought him forth, and lo!  
He straightened out his broken legs,  
Unfurled his singed wings,  
Humped up his flattened back and struck  
The strain the June bug sings.  
Then sang they all about my ears  
And drove me from the room;  
And by these presents do I know  
That summer days have come.  
—[Barbara Moss.]

### PIONEER PLUCK.

How Mrs. McShane Defended Her Home Against Savages.

Nineteen years ago this season an enterprising Irishman and his wife started for Pike's Peak, with thousands of others, from the states. The young couple hailed from Pittsburg, Pa., and after tarrying a few days in Denver started for Russeville, near the head waters of Cherry Creek. This point was then, as now, a great center of attraction for gold seekers, prospectors and others. Arriving there with a slender outfit of provisions and tools, David McShane and his wife, the subjects of this sketch, concluded to proceed a little further toward the setting sun. They looked the country over carefully and decided to take up a homestead on the beautiful Monument Creek. Although it was six miles from the nearest settlement, yet the prospective advantages overruled the present, and in a short time a rude home was built, a crop put in and preparations made for the coming winter. As time passed on four sturdy children came to gladden this home in the far west, neighbors settled within a few hours' ride, and the pioneer's cabin was made to resemble the home they had left in the east as far as possible. The McShanes prospered, and as time wore on became noted for considerable possessions. In 1868 a band of Cheyennes and Arapahoes swept through the country, killing the defenceless, burning houses and driving off stock. At this time the father was absent at Colorado City, attending to necessary business. The predatory savages swept down from Russellville, where they had established a camp, upon the home of the devoted couple.

But here they met an unexpected obstacle. Mrs. McShane had learned to handle a rifle, and on the approach of the Indians she collected the children, barricaded the doors and windows and waited patiently for results. Near the house were some small stacks of hay, and in a field was the live stock, consisting of horses and cattle.

The Indians circled around the place, keeping out of range of the defenders, as it was easy for them to see the house was occupied. Finally they sent forward a messenger, who imperatively demanded a surrender, promising all sorts of pleasant things. The reply was a rifle shot, and then another, telling them that there were determined defenders in the barricaded place. They knew that the country behind them was aroused, and that at any moment an attack could be expected in the rear. McShane's prowess as a marksman was well known, and after a council, the attacking party decided to move on, not before, however, collecting all the stock of horses and driving them off. To prevent this Mrs. McShane was powerless, and was only too well content that the hay stacks and house were not burned.

### Emerson's Hope, Carlyle's Despair.

Lecture on Emerson.

You will find many earnest preachers of our popular religion to be fervent in their praise and admiration of Carlyle. His insistence on labor, righteousness and veracity pleases them; his contempt for happiness pleases them, too. I read the other day a tract against smoking, although I do not happen to be a smoker myself. "Smoking," said the tract, "is liked because it gives agreeable sensations. Now, it is a positive objection to a thing that it gives agreeable sensations." Shortly afterwards I was inspecting a school, and I found the children reading a piece of poetry on the common theme that we are here to-day and gone to-morrow. I shall soon be gone, the speaker in this poem was made to say—

"And I shall be glad to go,  
For the world at best is a dreary place,  
And my life is getting low."

How usual a language of popular religion that is, on our side of the Atlantic at any rate! But then our popular religion, in disparaging happiness here below, knows very well what it is after. It has its eye on a happiness in a future life above the clouds, in the New Jerusalem, to be won by disliking and rejecting happiness here on earth. And so long as this ideal stands fast, it is very well. But for many it stands fast no longer; for Carlyle, at any rate, it had failed and vanished. Happiness in labor, righteousness and veracity—in the life of the spirit—here was a gospel still for Carlyle to preach, and to help others by preaching. But he baffled them and himself by choosing the paradox that we are not born for happiness at all. Happiness in labor, righteousness, and veracity; in all the life of the spirit; happiness and eternal hope—that was Emerson's gospel. I hear it said that Emerson was too sanguine; that the actual generation in America is not turning out so well as he expected. Very likely he was too sanguine as to the near future; in this country it is difficult not to be too sanguine. Very possibly the present gen-

eration may prove unworthy of his high hopes; even several generations succeeding this may prove unworthy of them. But by his conviction that in the life of the spirit is happiness, and by his hope that this life of the spirit will come more and more to be sanely understood, and to prevail, and to work for happiness—by this conviction and hope Emerson was great, and he will surely prove in the end to have been right in them. In this country it is difficult, as I said, not to be sanguine. Many of our writers are over-sanguine, and on the wrong grounds.

### The Boss Snake Story.

The News of Berrien, Ga., prints the following: Last Friday Messrs. R. Q. Houston, B. K. Johnson, George McMillan and W. K. Roberts went on a deer hunt in the Alapaha river swamp, about three miles from town. After taking their respective "stands" Mr. Houston went below about three miles to "drive" up the swamp. When he was near the Brunswick and Western railway bridge which crosses the Alapaha three miles east of this place, on his return, an immense rattlesnake sprang from the brush and buried its fangs in the calf of his left leg. He at once called for help, and fortunately Mr. J. P. Loyd, section master, who was having some work done near by, heard and responded to his call. By the time Mr. Loyd reached him, Mr. Houston's leg below the knee was swollen to twice its usual size, and he was suffering great pain. Mr. L. bound a ligature around the leg above the knee, and then boarded his hand-car to come to Alapaha for a physician. Dr. Fogle was soon found and hastened to the scene of suffering. When they reached Mr. Houston's side, wonderful to relate, he was found sweetly sleeping and the swelling was almost gone from his leg. Around him were lying dead nearly a half bushel of mosquitoes, who had drawn the poison from him. The gentlemen, in great surprise, aroused Mr. Houston, who, barring a little weakness from the loss of blood, was as well as he ever was. This is a wonderful story, and some may be inclined, just as we were, to doubt it at first, but we are personally acquainted with all the parties mentioned, except Mr. Houston, and we do not believe they would vouch for a story not true in every particular. The snake was killed by the section hands, and measured five feet and four inches in length, and had nineteen rattles and a button.

### The Country Editor.

Oakland Acorn.

Somebody has written up the country editor in about two columns of nonpareil for a New York paper. The subject is not so unpromising as it may first appear. The country editor has a hard road to travel. He is the reporter, the book-keeper, mechanical superintendent, business manager, collector, mailing machine and soliciting agent of the establishment. His work is hard, his receipts small and his creditors numerous. In a small town an editor has to steer his course so as to avoid giving offense to different circles of society, the religious denominations, the business community and the rural population. If an influential old farmer wants a three column notice of his new barn, it must appear, or the editor must lose a hundred subscribers. Patchwork quilts, big beets and phenomenal eggs also clamor for space in the columns of the country paper. In the course of time the rural scribe becomes either jocose or morose, but in either frame he continues to make friends who demand free advertising, and enemies who work against him. The country editor is always getting ready to abandon journalism for something else, but he rarely carries out his threat. He generally dies in harness. In some wild communities editors occasionally meet with rough treatment. Sometimes they are driven out of the country, and when other methods of getting rid of them fail, they are sent to the legislature. The city editor gets a good deal of fun out of the country editor's work, but the man who bears the burden regards it as serious business. The little local weeklies scattered all over the country are all in their way potential factors of civilization. They develop their localities, bring their resources before the world, and in a manner educate their readers. They are always on the side of the churches, the school, progress and reform. Men who live and die working for such objects are permanent benefactors and deserve a substantial reward.

### Nebraska's Crops.

Hastings Gazette-Journal.

A boiling down of the crop reports of all our state exchanges may be expressed about as follows: Spring wheat, oats and rye are looking fine and promising an extraordinary good yield. Rye is heading out in good style, with long, well filled heads and a good strong growth of straw. Corn has come up as well as the average of years; the stand is much better than had been hoped for from the great cry that was raised about poor seed. Grass is making a heavy growth and pasturage and hay will be plenty this season. Small fruit prospects are exceedingly good. There has been no serious delay of farm work from excessive rains. Tree and hedge plants are taking an extra growth. The entire farm prospect is as good as it ever was at this time of year. Every farmer is looking ahead to a bountiful harvest and a consequent relief from debt.

### The Country Press.

American Journalist.

There is one thing that strikes us as being most remarkable in the conduct of United States journalism, and that is the pith and strength of expression that runs throughout the so-called country press. It really is the country press that thought finds the strongest expression. Occasionally a country editor betrays ignorance or carelessness of the rule of grammar; sometimes he gets a "little off" on the matter of propriety; but the country editor, like the country voter, has a large force of shaping the destinies of the people for whom we journalists all write, than the so-called metropolitan press combined. Indeed,

the facts lead to the following kind of a formulation of the use of newspapers: The papers of the great cities supply current news in the mass, as is their province to do; the country newspaper digests the news into the shape of practical and effective thought. The man of the country has time to think; he of the city has barely time to record, and if he attempts to make deductions, his time is so short and his opportunities so liable to be tainted with bias, that he frequently comes to grief and has to eat his own words. It is in the city that the doctrine has grown that a newspaper has neither conscience nor memory; such a doctrine would ruin the most successful country newspaper in the union. The great dailies of the great cities are magnificent organizations for the collection and dissemination of news, but their functions, except as to the manipulations of local political and social affairs, cease. The country newspaper should be a vehicle of thought, and generally is so. The facts are spread before them by the great city dailies, and they control or guide public sentiment.

### Blissful Babyhood.

"Oh, mamma," said little Paul, when the new baby was shown him for the first time, "can I wear baby's dresses when I grow tall enough?"—[Philadelphia Call.]

Scene, a Sunday school: Young lady catechizing the children on the plagues of Egypt. "Y. L.—'And what became of the plagues of locusts?'" A pause. Then small boy at the bottom suddenly: "Please miss, I know! John the Baptist ate them."—[Boston Transcript.]

"Bobby," said his aunt at the dinner table, "will you have a piece of the rhubarb pie or a piece of the peach pie?"

Bobbie thought for a moment and then replied:

"I guess I will try a piece of the rhubarb pie first."—[Philadelphia Call.]

"No, I must not play too hokey," responded a nice little boy to his rough-looking school companion. If I do, my father will chastise me."

"Whoa! Is that all your pap does when ye play hokey? My daddy licks me," he said roughly.—[Kentucky State Journal.]

There was company at tea the other evening, and Miss Eight-Year-Old was discovered with a battered nose.

"Why, Jessie, how did you bruise your nose so?" said one of the sympathetic ladies.

"Trying to kiss the curb-stone," was the brief, but perfectly lucid, response.—[Washington Hatchet.]

### Our Leisure Classes.

Boston Journal.

"Aw, well, don't you know," said the distinguished titled Englishman who was being entertained at a prominent club the other afternoon, "what I miss here in this country is the existence of people who are not in business and money-making—you have no leisure class here, don't you know." And his friend told him he was altogether mistaken; and when they went out for a stroll on the street, pointed out to him an organ-grinder who was playing dolefully upon his lugubrious instrument, and piloting a monkey up the side of a house after pennies, while a crowd of several hundred lined both sidewalks and filled the roadway, and when the performer and his companion moved on accompanied in a body. And later the pair observed ninety-seven persons watching five men who hoisted a safe into a four-story window, and eighty-six others who killed time by inspecting a dozen Irishmen engaged in digging a cellar. And the Englishman expressed himself as having gained a new notion of American society, and learned that the leisure class flourished in this country to a most extraordinary degree.

### How He Came Out.

Merchant Traveler.

"I understand," said Charlie to Fred, "that you went up last night to see your girl's father and ask him to adopt you as a son-in-law. How is it?"

"Yes, I meandered up that way about the time that twilight and daylight get mixed up so you can't tell a n. from p. m."

"Did you see the old gentleman?"

"Of course I did. That's what I went for."

"And did you make the proposition previously cited?"

"I did, for a fact."

"Well, how did you come out?"

"Darned if I know. The old man caught me under the eaves of my pantaloon with his foot, and as the windows and doors were both open, I don't really know just how I did come out, but as I saw the carpenter putting in a section of new sash this morning, I am led to believe that I came out of the window. You see, I was in some-what of a hurry and didn't stop to make a careful investigation as to the exact locality of my exit. Good morning, I'll see you later. There comes the old fellow now."

### A Little Account of Thirteen Years Standing.

Rutland (Vt.) Herald.

An occupant of one of the offices in the city building in Rutland told Friday evening a little anecdote that we reproduce. "The first part of the story took place about thirteen years before the main event that I am going to tell you about. I was a young fellow and was taking a girl to ride. We drove into Greene to a party in winter. We got out at the house where the party was to be, played games for half an hour, kissed the girls, perhaps, and then drove home. Well, sir, thirteen years afterwards, a number of years ago, a man dropped into my store. He said, 'How d'ye do, and so did I.' He said, 'Your name's R—, ain't it?' Said I, 'Yes.' 'Let's see,' said he, 'you was out to my house to a party, wasn't you, once?' 'Yes, sir, and had a good time,' said I. Then the old fellow drew a piece of paper out of his pocket and passed it to me. 'You owe me a little bill, don't you? It's all writ down on the paper.' The paper was a bill of forty cents for baiting the horse thirteen years before. I made him sit down and reckon interest before I paid him, and then I told him to get right out of the store."

### UNCLE SAM'S PAY ROLL.

What it Costs to Run the Government and Where the Money Goes.

People who think it does not cost anything to run a great government like this, even on a basis of "economy and reform," should read an appropriation bill or two to be undeceived. The house appropriations committee is struggling to make a record in the way of economy, yet its appropriation bills, considered in detail or aggregate, are astonishing. Take the legislative, executive and judicial bill, as reported, for instance. It shows that the salaries of congressmen, taking both branches into account, are over two millions of dollars per year. At least the bill appropriates this sum for salaries of members, \$380,000 being for members of senators, and \$1,695,000 for members of the house. For mileage the appropriation is \$143,000 and for salaries of officers and employees of the house and senate almost three-quarters of a million. For the botanic garden, which furnishes the members with free bouquets, \$21,700 is appropriated. The sum allowed for the civil service commission and its traveling expenses is \$27,300. The department of state is quite moderate in its demands, the estimates being but \$131,000. The treasury department makes up for this lack of enterprise on the part of the state department by calling for \$9,242,000 to run its business, and gets \$9,130,064. The war department, which is largely run by army officers, whose pay is provided for by the army bill, only costs in this bill \$2,069,000, while Mr. Chandler's navy department, with characteristic modesty, only wants \$362,000, and is cut down to \$282,000. The interior department's estimate is \$1,128,785; the sum allowed in this bill is \$3,817,779.

There are some curious features in the bill. For instance, it allows the chaplain of the senate but \$900 per year, and pays the messengers to the committee rooms \$1,440 per year, or one-half more for legs than for praying ability. To the telegraph operator in the senate it pays but \$900 per year, thus giving to skilled labor but little to run with legs only. For reporting the debates in the senate it allows \$25,000, all of which is paid to one man. Of course he must pay something out of it for help, but he is said to make about one-half of it "clean net cash." For reporting the house debates it allows \$26,000, but it divides it among five men, the "chief" getting \$6,000, the others \$5,000 each. Out of this they pay their assistants who write the reports at "dictation" from these stenographers, taking it first in short hand, and then writing it out on foolscap paper in broad lines, so that the member, if he desires to revise it may have plenty of room between the lines for correction. For "page" boys, whose duty it is to be at the house and senate and run at the call of members, on the most trifling duties, too, as a rule, the bill allows \$15,000, paying them \$2.50 per day. Under the head of "executive" it gives to the president's assistants the following: Private secretary, \$3,250 per year, two executive clerks, \$2,000 each; stenographer, \$1,800; six clerks at salaries averaging about \$1,400 each; three ushers, who get in all \$3,800; five messengers at \$1,200 each, one steward at \$1,800 per year—think of this, ye who pay your cook \$100 per year and the reluctant; two door-keepers, at \$1,200 each; one watchman \$900; one fireman, \$864. There is also a "contingent fund" of \$8,000 for miscellaneous expenses, while the "sundry civil" bill makes allowances for the expense of furnishing and keeping up the white house from kitchen to office and bed room.

### GEMS OF THOUGHT.

Defect in manners is usually the defect of fine perception. Elegance comes of no breeding, but of birth.—Emerson.

The sufficiency of thy merit is to know that thy merit is not sufficient.—[St. Augustine.]

As the fire-fly only shines when on the wing, so it is with the human mind—when at rest it darkens.—[Addison.]

A miser grows rich by seeming poor; an extravagant man grows poor by seeming rich.—[Shenstone.]

By struggling with misfortunes we are sure to receive some wounds in the conflict; but a sure method to come off victorious is by running away.—[Goldsmith.]

There are few, very few, that will own themselves in a mistake, though all the world deem them to be in downright nonsense.—[Swift.]

Modesty is to merit as shades to figures in a picture, giving it strength and beauty.—[Bruyere.]

I think it must somewhere be written that the virtues of mothers shall, occasionally, be visited on their children.—[Dickens.]

Good nature is the very air of a good mind, the sign of a large and prosperous soul, and the peculiar soil in which virtue prospers.—[Goodman.]

Indolence is a delightful but distressing state; we must be doing something to be happy. Action is no less necessary than thought to the instinctive tendencies of the human frame.—[Hazlitt.]

It is one proof of a good education and of true refinement of feeling to respect antiquity.—[Sigourney.]

Politeness is like an air cushion. There may be nothing in it, but it eases our joints wonderfully.—[Bulwer.]

Pride is increased by ignorance. Those assume the most who know the least.—[Gay.]

Do not wait to strike till the iron is hot, but make it hot by striking.—[Edwards.]

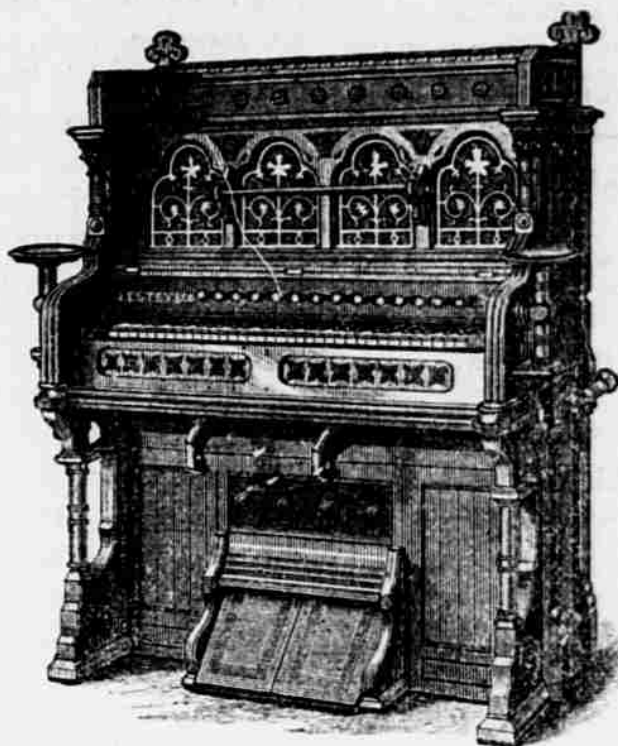
A Pennsylvania man left his wife because she always made him enter the house by the back door. We naturally infer that the cook was not particularly good-looking.—[Burlington Free Press.]

Henry Dore, of Rochester, was kicked by a horse Sunday and received a broken leg. Now let somebody sing "Never take the horseshoe from the Dore" to him.—[The Hatchet.]

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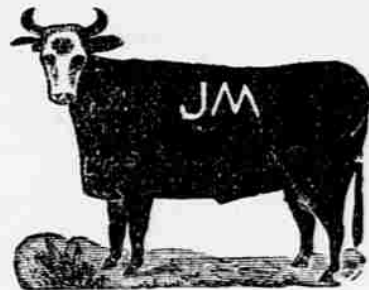
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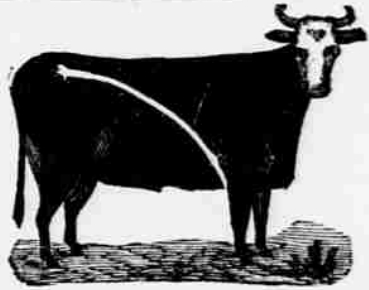
NEBRASKA.

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



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 Red Willow creek. Call on or address J. F. BLACK, Indianola, Neb.



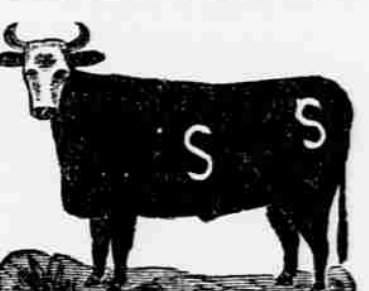
W. J. WILSON.

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, Dundy county, Nebraska.



HENRY T. CHURCH.

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 "8" on right shoulder.



SPRING CREEK CATTLE CO.

Indianola, Neb. Range: Republican Valley, east of Dry Creek, and near head of Spring Creek, in Cass county.



JOHN HATFIELD & SON.

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



J. B. MESERVE.

Ranch, Spring Canyon on the Frenchman River, in Chase county, Neb. Stock branded as above; also "77" on left side; "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 Republican. Stock branded "161" and "L." P. O. Address, Culbertson, Neb.



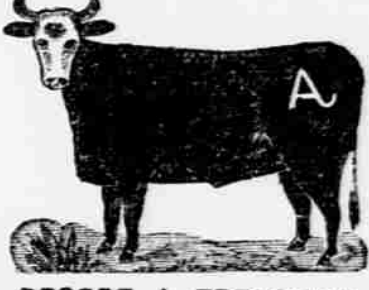
THE TURNIP BRAND.

Ranch 2 miles north of McCook, Nebraska, stock on left hip, and a few double crosses on left side. C. D. ERKANBRACK.



STOKES & TROTH.

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

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