

PLANT A HOME.
Young beginners in life's morning,
Don't forget the rainy day,
Sunshine cannot last forever,
Or the heart be always gay.
Save the dime and then the dollar,
Lay up something as your roam—
Choose some blooming spot of beauty,
Some fair lot, and "plant a home."

You, too, who have babes around you,
Coming up to take your place;
Give them something to remember,
Homestead memories let them trace.
Would you feel the pride of manhood,
Let the sun your dwelling greet.
Breathe the blessed air of freedom,
Own the soil beneath your feet.
You, too, who perhaps have squandered
Life's fair morn—'tis not too late!
Start at once to woo bright Fortune,
Rill no more at so-called fate.
Sow the golden seeds of saving
In the rich and quickening loam;
Spend your last days not with strangers,
Enter Heaven's gate from home.

ANDRA BENAIR.

"Auntie, I am going around the world!" was Ward Arlington's sudden and evidently startling announcement. "Why, Ward, what has put that into your head, just as you have your new home finished? I thought we were to settle down and have a time of quiet after all this bustle of building and furnishing."
"Yes, I know; but I have been thinking that our home lacked so many things that I could send home from foreign lands—bric-a-brac, sea-shells—you know how I love the sea—besides, then I could say I collected them myself."
"But, Ward, why this sudden resolution? It seems so very strange. I thought you intended going into business."
"Well, auntie, I'm o'er young yet for life's trials. I would like to see a little more of the world before I settle down. I'm only 28." And the young man looked at his aunt with a sunny smile in his blue eyes. "At any rate I have concluded to start by the next steamer. Don't be alarmed, Aunt Maggie," he went on in reply to his aunt's anxious look. "I shall return safe and sound in a year or so; and oh! the boxes that will come in for you on every steamer. And I want you to arrange them as only your good taste can do."

Ward Arlington was the orphan son of a banker, who had left him only the undisputed heir of half a million of money. His Aunt Margaret had been to him a second mother, and they had always had their home in Cumberland. Ward had just completed an elegant mansion, which stood about a mile from the outskirts of a pleasant village.
He was a merry, good natured fellow whose fair hair and bright blue eyes many a dark belle envied; and had he known how many anxious mammas and lovely daughters had their thoughts upon him, he might not perhaps have been so ready to leave his native land.
It was but a few days before Ward Arlington was on his way across the ocean, outward bound for the city of Yeddo, in Japan.
Ward had ever been interested in conchology, and now that he had the opportunity, he visited every unheard of place in search of curiosities in shells. From the Yellow Sea, from Ceylon and the Sooloo Island Aunt Margaret received specimens carefully labelled, until the home was a vast museum of shells and marine curiosities. Every variety of strombus and polythalamus shell, corals of all kinds, he had in his collection; but there was one variety which he had not yet secured; and two years later he was searching for it upon the Island of Cuba.

"Within a couple of months more I must be in England," mused Ward, half aloud, a habit which he had contracted in his solitary ramblings, as he took up his oars for a paddle along the shores of the island in search of specimens of spirulide which had hitherto evaded his eye. "Then I suppose I must begin life in earnest."
And he sighed as he thought of the lonely hours he must spend in that large mansion with Aunt Margaret.
Rounding a point of rock, he came to a long stretch of white beach, while high above towered jagged rocks, upon whose summits innumerable sea birds had their home.
Without much difficulty he effected a landing, and with a long staff in his hands he poked among the debris and seaweed along the shore in search of his specimen.
"Aha! what is this?" he ejaculated as he picked up a dainty hand-basket from the shore. "A woman's work-basket as I live!" he went on. "Ah! here is her picture. How interesting! A Spanish beauty of the first water, and I declare here is her name—'Andra Benaire,'" he read; then he replaced parcel of fancy work and her picture.
"It stands for reason she will be back soon for her property. I rather think I'll wait for her."

But he waited in vain; and as the twilight came he took the little basket with him to his hotel, where he sat down and wrote the following advertisement:
FOUND—On the shore near Largo Point, a basket. The owner can have the property by inquiring for Ward Arlington and describing contents. Room 46 English Hotel. W. A.

This he sent to the Havana papers in both the English and Spanish languages. Then he waited with commendable patience for further developments.
"I hardly think she will come herself," he thought. "It will be some pompous old don who will call."
And then, with a view of ensnaring the stately parent into a friendship, he ordered half a dozen bottles of the best wine and a box of choicest cigars sent to his room.
But all the next day he had to himself, and the next day the beautiful Spanish face of "Andra Benaire" was scarce away from his mental vision; and already in his fertile imagination, together they trod the hall of his English home. Then he laughed aloud at the hold this fancy had taken of him.
Just as the Southern Cross came out in the heavens, and the fireflies began

to glow on the foliage beyond the open window, a low knock sounded upon the door of the room. Ward opened it quietly, and before him stood a tall, slim man of about his own age.
"Are you the gentleman who wrote this advertisement?" inquired the stranger, pointing to the paper in his hand.
"I am, sir. Please be seated."
"You must really excuse me, as I am in a hurry. I am Andra Benaire."
"You?"
"Yes. Was there a portrait with the basket?"
"There was, with the name of 'Andra Benaire' beneath it."
"Just so. That is my dead mother's picture, and I am named after her." Mr. Benaire remarked, as he took the articles from Ward's hand.
After offering a remuneration for the trouble taken Mr. Benaire politely bowed himself from the room.
"Well, that's a nice end to my romance," said Ward to himself. "So that was my Andra that I was building castles about! Ha! ha!"

Gayly the gulf steamer Seguna steamed forth from the Havana harbor, bound for England, and on the after deck stood Ward Arlington, on his way home after a two years' ramble. He was thoroughly disgusted with the end of his adventure, and he made his arrangements immediately and started for home.
The sun set in a golden glory in the bosom of the waters, and the gulf was as calm as an infant's breast. The band began playing the invitation to the dance, and soon several couples were swaying back and forth as the enchanting strains of the "Manola Waltz" lured idlers into poetic motion.
Ward gazed differently among the dancers, and his eyes fell upon a couple who were floating around the room in the old slow legate step. Surely he had seen that tall, slim man before who bent his head so gently toward his partner. It surely was the hero of Ward's episode, Mr. Andra Benaire. And this same Andra Benaire, revelling with slow, languid grace, held upon his arm the graceful figure of a woman whose southern beauty outshone any type of beauty that Ward had ever seen.
Just at this moment the dark, velvety eyes glanced up into his face with that nameless, indefinable fascination which it is the lot of some women to exercise. Ward stood there entranced, all his old carelessness gone, and all unconscious that the woman whose lightest breath was to lead him, and

gulf, lighted only by the star light of the tropics.
"What an idiot I am!" he said to himself. "She is probably his wife."
The mate of the steamer paused by his side a moment, and Ward embracing the opportunity, questioned: "Do you know the name of the lady in the dark blue traveling dress?"
"That? O, that is Andra Benaire."
Ward, exasperated that he had not made himself understood, but ashamed to question further, tried another method.
"Is she married?"
"Oh, no," resumed the other, with a surprised look, as he resumed his duties.

Ward returned a bow of recognition from the unconscious Benaire with a feeling of defiance, and retired to his stateroom.
The next day was one on which to do nothing, read nothing, think nothing—only to exist. The sky was one exquisite azure, and as the day went by Ward felt that the slow heaving of the steamer and the "flip-flaps" of the water were almost insupportable. He saw nothing of the lovely Spaniard, and when he met the polite Benaire that evening in the gentlemen's cabin he only gave a little look of vexation and one quick contraction of the eyebrows as he returned his pleasant greeting.
"Mr. Phelps, the mate, tells me you are just completing a trip around the world," observed Mr. Benaire politely.

"Yes," replied Ward. "That is I mean."
The atmosphere was stuffy and heavy, and by 12 o'clock the sky was black and enrouded in the deepest night. A monstrous cloud had scudded across the smiling sky, and no light of star or planet was visible, and ever and anon the thunder pealed and forked lightning zig-zagged amid the darkness.
The steamer began to pitch heavily, and almost every moment a great fountain of spray enveloped her in a dense cloud of salt water. The passengers huddled together in the cabins, and the sheet lightning showed faces as white as death and lips that trembled with fear.
Ward Arlington had been in several storms at sea, but never before had he seen such a commotion. He put on a heavy sea jacket and stole up the companionway. Many of the passengers were there before him, and he brushed heavily against Andra Benaire, with a white form lying against his breast, and his arms wound around her, before he was aware of their presence.
"Passengers, you must go below," shouted the captain through his trumpet. "You shall be warned when there is danger."
The passengers fell back like frightened sheep, and it seemed when the hatches closed over their heads as if the sunlight would never more meet their subterranean cavern of earth for-

ever. Nervous women shrieked, strong men prayed aloud in the agony of fear, while some stood like frozen marble, stern, silent, expecting death at any moment.
At length there came a shock that threw them to their feet.
"She has struck!" shouted Benaire, almost in Ward Arlington's ear.
A horrible, grinding, indistinguishable noise audible above even the roar and rattle of the raging storm.
"We are aground!" shouted the mate from the open hatchway. The probability is that we can reach shore in the open boats. The less excitement the better; come on deck one at a time."
Ward followed Benaire, with his half-fainting burden in his arms, to the deck.
"Heavens have mercy on us!" said the mate as he passed him trembling. "We have mistaken the lights."
It was now 3 o'clock in the morning, and the storm was abating. The steamer lay half out of water near the English shore, and was creaking and straining in every timber. It was still dark, but a couple of boats were launched, and those who preferred it were allowed

to inquire at the speaker.
"Andra, darling, allow me to present to you Mr. Arlington, the gentleman who found your basket with our mother's picture. My sister, Mr. Arlington."
Ward Arlington bowed low to the object of his adoration, albeit he was somewhat mystified at the familiarity of the names of brother and sister. His heart beat high with happiness, although they were still in danger, at the thought that Benaire was only the brother of his beautiful companion. He made his way down the almost perpendicular companion-way to his stateroom, from which he emerged with a heavy waterproof cloak, which he offered to Miss Benaire. It was received with a smile and glance which set his heart throbbing with joy in his bosom.
Andra Benaire was right; one of the boats had drifted in the way of the tug Tiger, who learning of the disaster, came to their relief, and before 9 o'clock they were safe in the cabin, leaving the unlucky Seguna to be rescued from her perilous position, or to be beaten to pieces by the waves.

"What an idiot I am!" he said to himself. "She is probably his wife."
The mate of the steamer paused by his side a moment, and Ward embracing the opportunity, questioned: "Do you know the name of the lady in the dark blue traveling dress?"
"That? O, that is Andra Benaire."
Ward, exasperated that he had not made himself understood, but ashamed to question further, tried another method.
"Is she married?"
"Oh, no," resumed the other, with a surprised look, as he resumed his duties.

Ward returned a bow of recognition from the unconscious Benaire with a feeling of defiance, and retired to his stateroom.
The next day was one on which to do nothing, read nothing, think nothing—only to exist. The sky was one exquisite azure, and as the day went by Ward felt that the slow heaving of the steamer and the "flip-flaps" of the water were almost insupportable. He saw nothing of the lovely Spaniard, and when he met the polite Benaire that evening in the gentlemen's cabin he only gave a little look of vexation and one quick contraction of the eyebrows as he returned his pleasant greeting.
"Mr. Phelps, the mate, tells me you are just completing a trip around the world," observed Mr. Benaire politely.

"Yes," replied Ward. "That is I mean."
The atmosphere was stuffy and heavy, and by 12 o'clock the sky was black and enrouded in the deepest night. A monstrous cloud had scudded across the smiling sky, and no light of star or planet was visible, and ever and anon the thunder pealed and forked lightning zig-zagged amid the darkness.
The steamer began to pitch heavily, and almost every moment a great fountain of spray enveloped her in a dense cloud of salt water. The passengers huddled together in the cabins, and the sheet lightning showed faces as white as death and lips that trembled with fear.
Ward Arlington had been in several storms at sea, but never before had he seen such a commotion. He put on a heavy sea jacket and stole up the companionway. Many of the passengers were there before him, and he brushed heavily against Andra Benaire, with a white form lying against his breast, and his arms wound around her, before he was aware of their presence.
"Passengers, you must go below," shouted the captain through his trumpet. "You shall be warned when there is danger."
The passengers fell back like frightened sheep, and it seemed when the hatches closed over their heads as if the sunlight would never more meet their subterranean cavern of earth for-

ever. Nervous women shrieked, strong men prayed aloud in the agony of fear, while some stood like frozen marble, stern, silent, expecting death at any moment.
At length there came a shock that threw them to their feet.
"She has struck!" shouted Benaire, almost in Ward Arlington's ear.
A horrible, grinding, indistinguishable noise audible above even the roar and rattle of the raging storm.
"We are aground!" shouted the mate from the open hatchway. The probability is that we can reach shore in the open boats. The less excitement the better; come on deck one at a time."
Ward followed Benaire, with his half-fainting burden in his arms, to the deck.
"Heavens have mercy on us!" said the mate as he passed him trembling. "We have mistaken the lights."
It was now 3 o'clock in the morning, and the storm was abating. The steamer lay half out of water near the English shore, and was creaking and straining in every timber. It was still dark, but a couple of boats were launched, and those who preferred it were allowed

to inquire at the speaker.
"Andra, darling, allow me to present to you Mr. Arlington, the gentleman who found your basket with our mother's picture. My sister, Mr. Arlington."
Ward Arlington bowed low to the object of his adoration, albeit he was somewhat mystified at the familiarity of the names of brother and sister. His heart beat high with happiness, although they were still in danger, at the thought that Benaire was only the brother of his beautiful companion. He made his way down the almost perpendicular companion-way to his stateroom, from which he emerged with a heavy waterproof cloak, which he offered to Miss Benaire. It was received with a smile and glance which set his heart throbbing with joy in his bosom.
Andra Benaire was right; one of the boats had drifted in the way of the tug Tiger, who learning of the disaster, came to their relief, and before 9 o'clock they were safe in the cabin, leaving the unlucky Seguna to be rescued from her perilous position, or to be beaten to pieces by the waves.

"What an idiot I am!" he said to himself. "She is probably his wife."
The mate of the steamer paused by his side a moment, and Ward embracing the opportunity, questioned: "Do you know the name of the lady in the dark blue traveling dress?"
"That? O, that is Andra Benaire."
Ward, exasperated that he had not made himself understood, but ashamed to question further, tried another method.
"Is she married?"
"Oh, no," resumed the other, with a surprised look, as he resumed his duties.

BLAINE AT HOME.
How He Received His Friends and News of the Nomination.
An Augusta (Me.) telegram of June 7th says: All the afternoon people were congregated in the vicinity of the Western Union telegraph office awaiting the doings of the convention. The crowds grew denser and denser as the news following the ballots was received. When the final joyful tidings came, one grand hurrah burst forth from the immense throng, and the acclamation which arose found one prolonged echo from one limit of Water street to the other; hats were thrown wildly in the air, and, with joyous countenances, people exchanged heartfelt congratulations. Men became wild and almost frenzied. They wrestled with each other, they laughed and shouted for joy. It seems as if they could not be satisfied. It was not long before Water street was well-nigh impassable. Carriages blocked the way, and where here were not vehicles the space was occupied by people. At twenty minutes of five—and less than five minutes after the news came—a mammoth flag was swung to the breeze. As the banner was run up it was greeted with stentorian cheers. Men fairly shouted themselves hoarse. Next they went up street to where a large portrait of Blaine was hanging out. Here they broke into a storm of cheers. At night the city was not less excited than in the afternoon. When the 8 o'clock train arrived it was the signal for renewed cheering. A procession was formed and moved down the street to Mr. Blaine's residence. The houses and streets along the route were illuminated. In front of his residence they halted. In response Mr. Blaine appeared at the door and surveyed the assembled multitude for a moment. All demonstrations were quickly hushed and Mr. Blaine spoke as follows:
"MY FRIENDS AND NEIGHBORS: I thank you most sincerely for the honor of this call. There is no spot in the world where good news comes to me so gratefully as here, at my own home, among people with whom I have been on terms of friendship and intimacy for more than thirty years; people whom I know and who know me. Thanking you again for the heartiness of the compliment I bid you good night."

Mr. Blaine received the news of the balloting in the afternoon while seated upon the lawn with the members of his family, laughing and commenting upon the reports as they came in in rapid succession. Mr. Blaine gave no sign that he was especially concerned in the proceedings at Chicago, he was calm and cheerful and apparently content to abide by the result, whatever it might be. A dispatch was received from William Walter Phelps after the third ballot, which foreshadowed what the end was to be. The group under the apple tree began increasing by the addition of friends and neighbors. Soon came a dispatch announcing his nomination, followed by a roar of whistles and clang of bells and shouting of the happy crowds, but still no change was perceptible in Mr. Blaine's appearance as he received the congratulations of those around him. Telegrams came rushing in upon Mr. Blaine almost literally by armfuls. Hundreds of dispatches followed from every state in the union.

A Snake in a Sleeping Car.
Chicago Herald.
"The liveliest time I ever had on the road," said the sleeping car conductor, "was one night when a snake got loose in my car. We were coming east from St. Louis, and out at Effingham, Ill., we took on a family of Pittsburgers bound for home. There was a boy of 10 in the party, who carried a little wicker cage in his hand, partly wrapped up. I thought, of course, he had a bird in it and allowed him to take it with him into the car. That night at Dayton, which we reached at 9:30 o'clock, a pretty young lady was put aboard and took a berth at the end of the car, near the ladies' dressing room. About 10 o'clock I was at the other end of the car, looking at the porter blacking the boots, when suddenly there came from the dressing room some of the shrillest screaming you ever heard—so keen that we heard it over the noise of the train. I rushed frantically through the car, followed by the porter, and found the little lady who got on at Dayton perched on tip-toes on the washstand, frightened out of her wits, and pointing at something on the floor. She was so excited that I couldn't make out what she was saying, but I looked down, and there was a nasty little green snake coiled up in the middle of the floor and moving his head about from side to side, evidently ready for a fight. I wasn't exactly afraid of the thing, but it did give me a creepy sort of feeling to see it in my car, and I was just about to kill it when I heard somebody behind me yelling: 'It's my snake! Don't kill it! Don't kill it!' and the boy who had brought the cage into the car rushed in and took the snake up in his hands. But when the boy had put the snake back in his cage I settled matters by dropping the cage, snake and all, out of the window. I felt like dropping the boy out, too. The boy had put the cage under the berth on the floor, and when the porter was fishing out the boots he must have upset it and let the snake out."

"Let me see," thoughtfully said a man who was looking at an old well, "the windlass needs repairs, the bucket leaks, the rope is rotten and the curbing is defective, but considered as a hole, I think it will do.—[Merchant Traveler.]
Self-distrust is the cause of most of our failures. In the assurance of strength there is strength, and they are the weakest, however strong, who have no faith in themselves or their powers.—[Bovee.]
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.]
Defect in manners is usually the defect of fine perception. Elegance comes of no breeding, but of birth.—Emerson.
Disparage and deprecate no one; an insect has feeling and an atom a shadow.—[Fuller.]

M. A. SPALDING,
AGENT FOR THE
ESTEY ORGANS

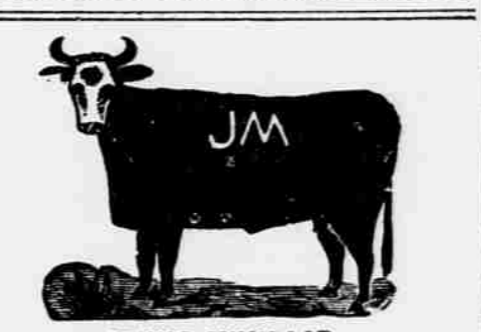
STORY & CAMP

Sold Low for cash, or on easy payments or rented until the rent pays for the organ.

Catalogue with Price-List and full Description Free.

M. A. SPALDING, Agent,
McCook, NEBRASKA.

STOCK DIRECTORY



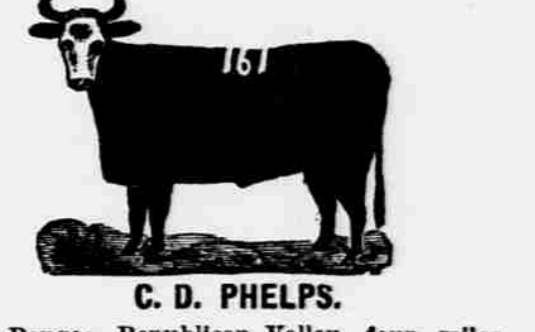
DENNIS M'KILLIP.
Ranch on Red Willow, Thornburg, Hayes County, Neb. Cattle branded "J. M." on left side. Young cattle branded same as above, also "J." on left jaw. Under-slope right ear. Horses branded "E" on left shoulder.



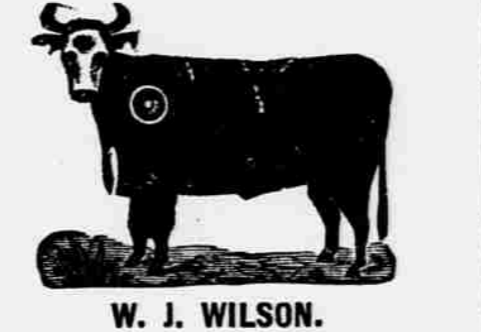
J. B. MESERVE.
Ranch, Spring Canyon on the Frenchman River, in Chase county, Neb. Stock branded as above; also "717" on left side; "71" on right hip and "L" on right shoulder; "L" on left shoulder and "X" on left jaw. Half under-crop left ear, and square-crop right ear.



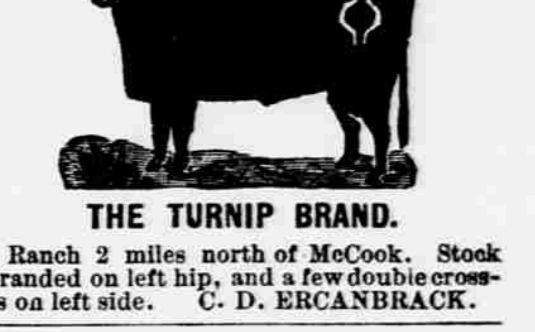
FOR SALE.—My range of 1,000 acres of deeded land in one body, including the Black and Byfield hay lands; timber and water with two good farm houses and other improvements. Convenient to No. 1 school privileges. Situated in the Republican valley west Red Willow creek. Call on or address **J. F. BLACK,** Indiana, Neb.



C. D. PHELPS.
Range: Republican Valley, four miles west of Culbertson, south side of Republican. Stock branded "101" and "7-L." P. O. Address, Culbertson, Neb.



W. J. WILSON.
Stock brand—circle on left shoulder; also dewlap and 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.



THE TURNIP BRAND.
Ranch 2 miles north of McCook. Stock branded on left hip, and a few double crosses on left side. **C. D. ERCANBRACK.**



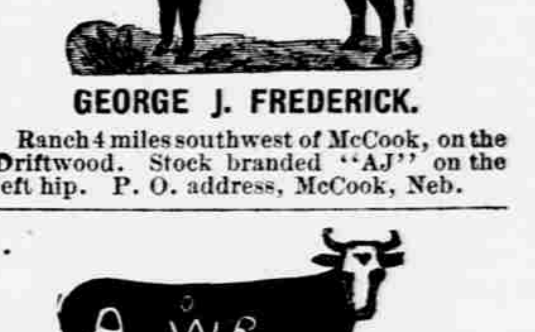
HENRY T. CHURCH.
Osborn, Neb. Range: Red Willow creek, in southwest corner of Frontier county, cattle branded "OLO" on right side. Also, an over crop on right ear and under crop on left. Horses branded "8" on right shoulder.



STOKES & TROTH.
P. O. Address, Carrion, Hayes county, Nebraska. Range: Red Willow above Carrizo. Stock branded as above. Also run the lazy brand.



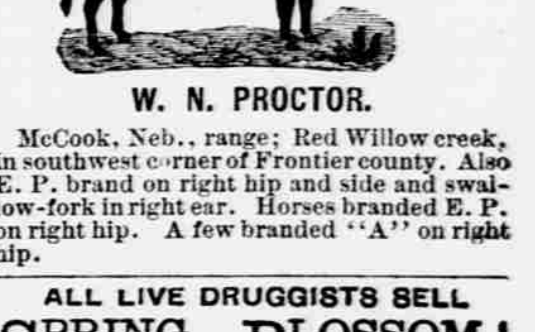
SPRING CREEK CATTLE CO.
Indiana, Neb. Range: Republican Valley, east of Dry Creek, and near head of Spring Creek, in Chase county. **J. D. WELBORN,** Vice President and Superintendent.



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



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



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.

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