

WHEN THE SUNSET GATES ARE Ajar.

Only a little while longer,
And I shall be safe at rest—
Safe in the heavenly mansions,
Close to the Saviour's breast.

A BIT OF GRASS.

It was a very small lawn, indeed—so small as to make that title seem rather absurd, but cottages in the suburbs of cities must, or should have "lawns."

For the sad thing about the "lawn" was that no grass grew upon it. It had been Meta's chronic despair.

"Marian Ashurst says its no use," Meta said, one day at dinner. "No body can make grass seed grow here. She says it's too hot. If it burns up directly it sprouts—if it ever does sprout."

"That's very true. Grass is almost a necessity in a climate like this for people who stay on here for the whole summer, as we must do. If sodding is the only way to secure it, why we will just sod; and, as for the money, we'll economize in something else, hey, Meta?"

"Yes, you always say that, but I have observed that when it comes to the 'something else' your notions are rather vague, John dear!" replied Meta with a saucy smile.

John looked very little likely to worry about that or anything else, as he sat comfortably in his arm chair, eating his strawberries and looking across the pretty dinner table at his bonny wife.

Meta blushed, and laughed and protested, and reminded John that he had given up the grass as well as she; but he adhered to his conclusion.

She would by no means give in to her husband's theory, though she delighted in her "lawn" and was very proud of its success; but he was firm in his opinion to the end, and there was more earnestness than jest in his fancy that heaven in some special way was intent on rewarding his wife's goodness.

So at the dinner table that night it was voted and carried nem con, that the little yard should be at once turfed at an outlay of \$30. Meta, in a rapid characteristic way, had decided in her own mind how the money could be spared at the expense of a little sacrifice to herself and none at all to her husband.

"How fortunate that those two big maples grow just outside our fence," she thought. "They will shade the grass all the afternoon, and John will water it with the hose every evening. I am sure we can make it grow. I'll order the sods early on Monday. There's no time to be lost now that we have decided to have them."

The next day was Sunday. As it chanced—if there be such a thing as a chance—a stranger officiated in the church to which our young couple had allied themselves.

The most generous givers are among those who have least to give. A look, a low toned word or two settled the matter. "We can do without the sods, John," whispered Meta, and he nodded assent with a deep, affectionate glance into her sweet, earnest eyes.

"It seems almost wrong to be so happy and well off," thought Meta, as she glanced about the tiny paradiis which represented so many things to her. Her eyes strayed through the window to the bare spot where now no grass would be.

"I'm not sorry," she said bravely to herself; "we have so much and those poor people have nothing. John's away so much of the day that he won't notice it very much, and I'll keep the white curtain down when I sit on this side of the room, and then I shall be about as well off as if the yard were green. Grass would have been very nice, but this is nicer."

Still it was not possible quite to forget or overlook the bareness of the yard, and Meta must be forgiven one little sigh when Wednesday brought one plentiful rain and Saturday another.

John was called to Cincinnati by business early in the following week, and Meta spent the days of his absence with her friend, Mrs. Ashurst, who lived a little way in the country on the opposite side of the city.

"The long since planted and despaired of seed had germinated. A thick fuzz of fine, slender points, each of which was an infantine blade of grass, covering the ground like a transparent mantle. Already the bareness was closed upon."

"It's a miracle, John. Such a thing was never known in this city before. How did it happen?"

"They are so pleased with you for giving up your wish so cheerfully and never repenting it, and, in short, for being such a darling generally, that to reward your virtue they just took the matter in hand themselves, and it is they who have made the grass grow."

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THE LARK.

O bird of light and fluttering wing,
Now circling slow above the beeches,
I would I were so free a thing,
Near space toward which my spirit reaches,
I would not build my nest so low,
Or fly forever o'er these lodges,
If I could rise like thee and know
The furthest mountain's purple edges.

THE MIND IN SLEEP.

State of the Brain During Slumber—Significance of Dreams.

As to the state of the mind during sound sleep, we know nothing. As one of the principal functions of the brain is to think, it seems probable that in profound slumber no thought arises.

As the will appears to be the outcome or result of the combined action of all the feelings, sensations and mental actions, it is not surprising that it does not operate in dreams. The dim or clear consciousness of the utter powerlessness of the will to control our imaginary actions forms one of the most prominent features in distressing dreams.

In our waking moments it is often difficult to subject the fancy and the imagination to sober reasons. Dreams are but the creations of our uncontrollable imaginations, hence, the mind acting only in part, the will cannot direct them.

Books sufficient to fill a house have been written on the subject of dreams without making the subject any clearer. The interpretation of dreams has occupied the attention of thousands of persons, but the subject does not seem so vastly important, to most people, to-day as it did in the times of Joseph and Daniel.

Sometimes dreams appear to have real significance. Prophetic dreams have occurred at times which foreshadowed coming events with considerable clearness. Thus, Galen relates the case of a patient who dreamed that one of his legs had been turned into stone. He was shortly afterwards paralyzed in the same member.

"She had gone to bed feeling somewhat fatigued with the labors of the day, which had consisted in attending three or four morning receptions, winding up with a dinner party. She had scarcely fallen asleep when she dreamed that an old man clothed in black approached, holding an iron crown of great weight in his hands.

"My daughter, during my lifetime I was forced to wear this crown; death relieved me of the burden, but it now descends to you." Saying which, he placed the crown on her head and disappeared gradually from her sight.

Immediately she felt a great weight and an intense feeling of constriction in her head. To add to her distress she imagined that the rim of the crown was studded on the inside with sharp points which wounded her forehead so that the blood streamed down her face.

She awoke with agitation, excited, but felt nothing. Looking at the clock on the mantel-piece she found she had been to bed exactly thirty-five minutes. She returned to bed and again fell asleep, but was again awakened by a similar dream.

This time the apparition reproached her for being willing to wear the crown. She had been in bed this last time over three hours before awaking. Again she fell asleep and again at broad daylight she was awakened by a like dream.

She now got up, took a bath and proceeded to dress herself with her maid's assistance. Recalling the particulars of her dream, she recollected that she had heard her father say one day that in his youth while being in England, his native country, he had been subject to epileptic convulsions consequent on a fall from a tree, and that he had been cured by having the operation of trephining performed by a distinguished London surgeon.

A French chemist distills brandy from watermelon, and a Swede manufactures alcohol from reindeer moss. As Shakespeare says, there's "good in everything."—[Boston Transcript.

without limit of persons being thus warned of impending illness by dreams of more or less significance. The explanation is not difficult. During sleep obscure sensations caused by the perverted action of some part of the body, then in the first stages of disease, are felt and appreciated to some extent, while at the same time they are not sufficiently well marked to arrest the attention of the mind engrossed with every day cares and occupations.

Shakespeare's Epitaph.
The Rev. Mr. Macray, librarian, of the famous Bodleian library in the University of Oxford, has discovered an old letter relating to Shakespeare which sheds explanatory light upon the lines which the great poet wrote and ordered to be cut upon his tombstone.

Good friend, for Jesus' sake forbear
To dig the dust enclosed here;
Blessed be the man who spares these stones,
Cursed be he who moves my bones.

Stock Directory
FOR SALE.—My range of 1,000 acres of deeded land in one body, including the Black and Byrd hay lands, timber and water with two good farm houses and other improvements.

Survivors of Waterloo.
Londoners not deeply versed in sign-board lore may be at this time of day somewhat puzzled to discover the peculiar significance and appropriateness of such signs as the Marquis of Granby, the Admiral Keppel and the Cornwalis rns; but the smallest boy is aware of the meaning of the "Hero of Waterloo," and what manner of Englishman was he whose prowess is commemorated in the Waterloo road and the Waterloo omnibus.

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, Dund county, Nebraska.

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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-sloped right ear. Horses branded "E" on left shoulder.



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, Dund county, Nebraska.



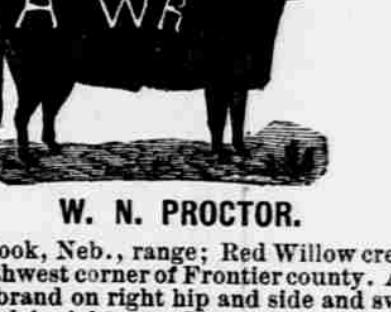
HENRY T. CHURCH. Osborn, Neb. Range: Red Willow creek, in southwest corner of Frontier county, cattle branded "O L O" on right side. Also, an over crop on right ear and under crop on left. Horses branded "S" on right shoulder.



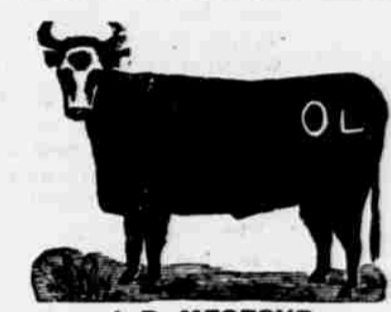
SPRING CREEK CATTLE CO. Indianola, Neb. Range: Republican Valley, east of Dry Creek, and near head of Spring Creek, in Chase county. J. D. WELBORN, Vice President and Superintendent.



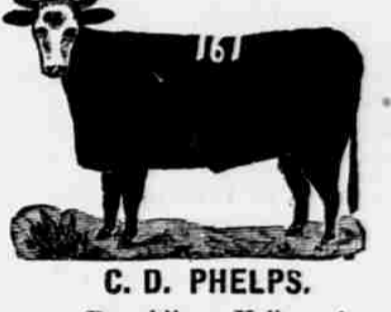
W. N. PROCTOR. McCook, Neb., range: Red Willow creek, in southwest corner of Frontier county. Also E. P. brand on right hip and side and swallow-fork in right ear. Horses branded E. P. on right hip. A few branded "A" on right hip.



JOSEPH ALLEN. Ranch on Red Willow Creek, half mile above O-born postoffice. Cattle branded on right side and hip above.



J. B. MESERVE. Ranch, Spring Canyon on the Frenchman River, in Chase county, Neb. Stock branded as above; also "717" on left side; "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.



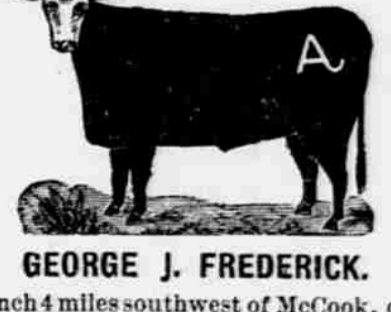
C. D. PHELPS. Range: Republican Valley, four miles west of Culbertson, south side of Republican. Stock branded "161" and "7-L." P. O. address, Culbertson, Neb.



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



STOKES & TROTH. P. O. address, Carrico, Hayes county, Nebraska. Range: Red Willow, above Carrico. 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.



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



JOSEPH ALLEN. Ranch on Red Willow Creek, half mile above O-born postoffice. Cattle branded on right side and hip above.