WHENOTHE SUNSET GATES ARE AJAR.

Only a little while longer, And I shall be eafe at rest-Safe in the heavenly mansions, Close to the Savior's breast.

Dark is the shadowy valley, Swollen the waters and deep, But the Father who walts my coming, Gives ever the weary ones sleep.

When the sunset gates are open, I catch a glimpse of His Throne-Whose splendor no man can picture-With its sides of shining stone.

Oh, my friends! Il love you fondly; But I yearn for the Heavenly Home, Where the loved of our broken household Call ever for me to "Come."

Sometimes 'tis a mother calling, And sometimes a sister most dear, And often the father, whose going, Made earth so desolate, drear.

Do not detain me by weeping-I go where my loved ones are; I will watch for your coming each evening. When the Sunset Gates are ajar!

-[Lilla N. Cushman, in Chicago Sun.

### A BIT OF GRASS.

It was a very small lawn, indeed-so of three months has as yet brought no | ing. relaxation to the first fine arder of matronhood, which courted housekeeping as a joy and perfection—the shining

For the sad thing about the "lawn" was that no grass grew upon it. It had been Meta's chronic despair. St. Louis is a hot place, as all the world knows, and that spring the heat had white curtain down when I sit on this come earlier than usual. Meta and her side of the room, and then I shall be imagination to sober reasons. Dreams early in March, when the frost was barely out of the ground. They had sown it again the last of March, and once more the last of April, and now, on the 10th of May, there was still no sign of promise, and the little inclosure lay as bare and naked as ever. The early in March, when the frost was lay as bare and naked as ever. The vines on the piazza were dense with table. The house seemed particularly that can be found to convey the meanunfolding leaves. The hedge was beginning to flower. The deutzias and weigelias and the single bed of pansies were full of blossoms, and only the that any care had been bestowed on the with which to make up their lack of all. grass plot, which lay hopeless and un-

theirs did when they tried the experiment the first year they were here.'

"Still people do have grass in St. at the park. The grass is splendid.
And look at the private places. Many of them have excellent turf."

Look at the park. The grass is splendid. Opposite side of the city. She had meant to get home some hours in adhis throat. When he awoke he was of them have excellent turf."

"Yes; Marian says we must sod our lawn-that's the only way." "Isn't sodding rather expensive?"

asked John, doubtfully. "Yes, very expensive. I went to the gardener's this atternoon to ask about it, and he said it would cost \$30! Just think-for one little yard! But it looks dreadfully as it is, and will be worse

still in August, John." "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,

"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. "However, all you say is true. I'll invent a way of saving money; you needn't worry about it,

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. She was one of those fair, little, womanly little women,

"Not too bright or good For human nature's daily food," who captivate the imaginations of men and hold their affections captive even more than regular beauties do. Her face and voice were full of sweetness, and they were the index of a sweet nature. Full of sun and cheer and bright fun, capable to her fingers' ends, only those who knew her best detected the deep power of affection of which she was capable, and the high and loyal right, which was the main spring of her character. John Sayres had drawn a reserved to him as to many another of a long and happy life.

So at the dinner table that night it was voted and carried nem con., that the little yard should be at once turfed her husband's theory, though she decharacteristic way, had decided in her own mind how the money could be spared at the expense of a little sacrihad been passed, her eyes hungered for a green ontlook, and had missed it every

day of the spring. 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 A French chemist distils brandy from crown on her head and of pain being am sure we can make it grow. I'll watermelon, and a Swede manufactures thereby produced. Since then several

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. He was chaplain of a great Mississippi penitentiary, and had broken away from his work to beg help, not for his prisoners only, though their need was urgent, but for the freed negroes among whom he lived, and for whom he had established a school and a hospital. He told some moving stories, and he told them well, with a pathos of truth, and the force which a deep personal interest, so deep that it has swallowed up all self-interest, carries with it. The congregation experienced an answering throb of sympathy. With some it was a contagious, superficial emotion; to others the appeal stirred into life that deeper pity whose best relief is action. Among those were John and Meta.

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. A pen was produced, a check hastily filled out, and a moment later the scrap of paper took its place in the plate beside bank notes and silver. Few people in the church had given quite so much, yet small as to make that title seem rather | there were many who could better have absurd, but cottages in the suburbs of afforded to give more. None beside cities must, or should have "lawns." had given at the cost of a distinct per-And, small as it was, the name and sonal sacrifice; so true it is that will and is to think, it seems probable that in the thing were dear to little Meta wish can make possible what seems im-Sayres, its mistress. Her brief wifehood possible where will and wish are lack-

full of what they had heard.

mark for duty to aim at. Everything inside the simple establishment was daintily appointed and most beautifully tended; everything outside would been the same could Meta's busy fingers here the same could Meta's busy fingers here the same could Meta's busy fingers here spot where now no grass of the utter power-clear consciousness of the utter power-clear consciousne and energetic spirit have accomplished it, but fate and climate were against her.

Her eyes strayed through the window to the bare spot where now no grass would be. She suppressed a sigh. Clear consciousness of the utter power-lessness of the will to control our imagnetic spirit have accomplished to the bare spot where now no grass clear consciousness of the utter power-lessness of the will to control our imagnetic spirit have accomplished to the bare spot where now no grass clear consciousness of the utter power-lessness of the will to control our imagnetic spirit have accomplished to the bare spot where now no grass clear consciousness of the utter power-lessness of the will to control our imagnetic spirit have accomplished to the bare spot where now no grass clear consciousness of the utter power-lessness of the will to control our imagnetic spirit have accomplished to the bare spot where now no grass clear consciousness of the utter power-lessness of the utter power-lessness of the will to control our imagnetic spirit have accomplished to the bare spot where now no grass clear consciousness of the utter power-lessness of the utter power-lessness of the will to control our imagnetic spirit have accomplished to the bare spot where now no grass clear consciousness of the utter power-lessness of the utter power-lessness of the will be accomplished to the bare spot where now no grass clear consciousness of the utter power-lessness of t herself; "we have so much and those poor people have nothing. John's prominent features in distressing away so much of the day that he won't dreams. notice it very much, and I'll keep the husband had begun sowing grass seed about as well off as if the yard were are but the creations of our uncontrolsuckle sprays for the middle of the words, but they are as simple as any attractive that day, dinner unusually ing intended. good. Nothing enhances our own small blessings like coming into contact with the wants and needs of others, and out | without making the subject any clearer. rake marks on the smooth earth showed of our abundance, sparing something The interpretation of dreams has oc-

John was called to Cincinnati by business early in the following week, and Meta spent the days of his absence one of his legs had been turned into them, and haveing to do with clarks vance of John to have all things in order to greet him, but missing the earlier train brought her into town late, earlier train brought her into town late, so that their meeting after all was in the horse cars, and they alighted together at the corner above their home.

amazement, with a sudden mutual exclamation. Behold, the yard was green! The long since planted and despaired "She had gone to bed feeling some-of seed had germinat d. A thick fuzz what fatigued with the labors of the The long since planted and despaired of fine, slender points, each of which was an infantine blade of grass, covered the ground like a transparent mantle. Already the bareness was closed upon. No one could call the 'lawn' naked any longer. Scarcely able to be-lieve her eyes, Meta looked and looked. Then, turning to her husband, she cried: "It's a miracle, John. Such a thing was never known in this city before, I suppose. How did it happen?" with a mysterious twinkle in his eyes.

"But how can you account for it?" "Angels"-in a low, solemn whisper. "They are so pleased with you for giving up your wish so cheerfully and never repenting it, and, in short, appeared gradually from her sight. At the Senior United Service club there for being such a darling generally, that Immediately she felt a great weight can be scarcely any valiant old gentleis they who have made the grass

Meta blushed, and laughed and protested, and reminded John that he had given up the grass as well as she; but | She awoke with agitation, excited, but | loo banquet, Hill and Hardinge, Anglehe adhered to his conclusion. People felt nothing. Looking at the clock on sea and Fitzroy Somerset, and all but wondered exceedingly at the self-sown lawn, and it certainly flourished in a been to bed exactly thirty-five by year, used to gather on the 18th wonderful manner-perhaps because of minutes. She returned to bed the frequent "cuttings by moonlight" bestowed upon it by its owners, or the night douches with the hose. "It is a duty to co-operate with Heaven," John dovotion to what she believed to be answered, but all the same he held to his opinion, and when people said it was unaccountable, that grass never prize in his wife, how great a prize he did so in St. Louis before, he always she was awakened by a like dream. only half comprehended as yet. It was assumed an air of distant importance, She now got up, took a bath and proas if in the confidence of some superhusband, gradually to realize and bless | nal power and entirely cognizant of the his good fortune during the long years methods by which miracles are wrought. This diverted Meta exceed-

She would by no means give in to at an outlay of \$30, Meta, in a rapid lighted 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 fice to herself and none at all to her hus- fancy that heaven in some special way band. The bare yard had been no small was intent on rewarding his wife's trial to her. Used to the verdure and goodness. And, for all Meta's laughshade of the large country place in ter, he was perhaps not so far amiss. ed to detail them to her. While thus which all the summers of her girlhood The Lord, who loveth the cheerful engaged she suddenly gave a loud giver, sometimes rewards such, and He scream, became unconscious, and fell friends of sexes to offer their respects who knows all our secret wishes and has sympathy for them may not disdain "How fortunate that those two big to send His blessing even upon so small vere one. It was followed in about a a thing as a bit of grass.

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 furtherest mountain's purple edges.

Within each human heart must beat One wish for freedom more than mortal's, For wings to aid our lagging feet, To touch that shore beyond the portals. Not wait until death's icy hand Smites from the soul each chain and fetter. But living, loving, reach that land Where all is brighter, freer-better.

And shall we find across the stream, Which now divides our joy and sorrow, All that delusion's lurid dream Tells us waits beyond the morrow? Thou art not troubled, happy lark, With sober thoughts or vague suggestions,

Thou only knowest that evening's dark Brings thee to meadow-home and resting. -[St. Louis Republican.

#### 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 profound slumber no thought arisesin other words, the mind, like the body, is at rest. In imperfect sleep we know The young husband and wife walked that the mind is not at rest, and that if homeward rather soberly, their minds slumber is disturbed by dreams rest is not so complete and refreshing as when

clear consciousness of the utter power-lessness of the will to control our imaginary actions forms one of the most

In our waking moments it is often difficult to subject the fancy and the

Books sufficient to fill a house have been written on the subject of dreams cupied the attention of thousands of persons, but the subject does not seem

shadowed coming events with considerable clearness. Thus, Galen relates the case of a patient who dreamed that with her friend, Mrs. Ashurst, who stone. He was shortly afterwards paraapoplexy, the patient thought in his draw this curse upon themselves, but dreams that he was being scalped by also entail it upon their posterrity, they Indians. Hammond relates the case of Reaching the gate they paused in a lady who had an attack of epilepsy, preceded by the following singular

day, which had consisted in attending three or four morning receptions, windlieved me of the burden, but it now descends to you.' Saying which, he placed the crown on her head and disthat the blood streamed down her face. 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 befor awaking. Again she fell asleep and again at broad daylight ceeded 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 tre-phining performed by a distinguished London surgeon. Though by no means supersticious, the dreams made a deep impression on her, and her sister entering the room at that time, she proceedupon the floor in a true epileptic conweek by another, and, strange to say, it was preceded, as the other, by the dream of her father placing an iron

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 sensatious 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. They are not truly prophetic, for they indicate that disease is already present. All other "warnings in dreams" of what is about to happen somewhere be-yond the chance of the warned one receiving any intimation of them except by dreams are to be placed to the account of coincidences. Dreams of absent friends, of their doing and of what is happening to them occur in countless numbers in our nightly fancies. So long as they do not coincide with what we learn to be actual events they do not arrest the attention and are replaced in our memories by more important things. But let one of them coincide with something that actually occurs at the time or at some long future period, and at once it becomes a marvel worthy to be recorded in the daily prints and to be worked up with similar ones into "Footfalls on the Boundaries of Another World" and the like. If coincidences should never occur it would be a far greater marvel than if a dozen should be recorded

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. Every visitor to the church of Stratford-Upon-Avon must, we presume, have wondered that a poet of such immortal power and inexhaustible magnificence of diction as Shakespeare could have written lines which are so much like doggerel as his well known epitaph: Good friend, for Jesus' sake forbear To dig the dust inclosed here;

Blessed be the man who spares these stones, Cursed be he who moves my bones.

If their authenticity depended on their internal evidence very few Shakespearian scholars would, we believe, have accepted them as his.

But the letter which has been discovered in the Bodleian, written by Wm. Hall, a Queen's college man in 1694, to Edward Thwaites, a well-known Anglo-Saxon scholar of that time, explains the reason of the epitaph and shows its homeliness and simplicity to have been intentional. After telling his friend of his visit to Stratford-upon-Avon, and quoting the epitaph, the Oxford scholar writes. "The little learning these verses contain would be a very strong Meta said, one day at dinner. "No-body can make grass seed grow here. She says it's too hot. If burns up directly it sprouts—if it ever does sprout. I told her ours had'nt sprouted at all, and she said that was just the way theirs did not her ours had'nt sprouted at all, and she said that was just the way willing to preserve his bones unmoved, lays a curse upon him that moves and sextons, for the most part a very ignorant class of people, he descends to the meanest of their capacitys, and disrobes himself of that art which none of his contemporaries wore in greater perfection. Nor has the design mist of its effect, for, lest they should not only

## Survivors of Waterloo.

London Telegraph.

Londoners not deeply versed in signboard lore may be at this time of day somewhat puzzled to discover the pecuing up with a dinner party. She had liar significance and appropriateness scarcely fallen asleep when she of such signs as the Marquis of Granby, dreamed that an old man clothed in the Admiral Keppel and the Cornwallis black approached, holding an iron rms; but the smallest boy is aware of crown of great weight in his hands. As | the meaning of the "Hero of Waterloo," he came nearer she perceived that it and what manner of Englishman was was her father, who had been dead he whose prowess is commemorated in several years, but whose features she the Waterloo road and the Waterloo distinctly recollected. Holding the omnibus. For the rest, among the up-"It didn't happen," replied John, crown at arm's length he said: 'My per classes of English society, the daughter, during my lifetime I was crowning triumph of Wellington over forced to wear this crown; death re- Bonaparte may have become very Bonaparte may have become very ancient history indeed. Lamentably few are in the army list, the names to which the black letter "W" is prefixed. to reward your virtue they just took and an intense feeling of constriction man left to prattle about their personal the matter in hand themselves, and it in her head. To add to her distress experiences of Hougoumont and Fa she imagined that the rim of the crown | Belle Alliance, the holiow road of Ohain was studded on the inside with sharp and the forest of Soignies, and there points which wounded her forehead so remains but a solitary survivor of the guests at the once famous Waterround the sumptuous table of the Duke, and drink, upstanding and in solemn silence, the toast to the memory of those who fell at Waterloo, are dead. The single survivor of these heroes is Gen. Right Hon. Thomas Keppel, Earl of Albemarie, who, as he has told the world in his delightful autobiography, "Fifty Years of My Life," was in his boyhood the playfellow of that sauciest, warmest-hearted of romps, the Princess Charlotte of Wales, who earned his title to sit annually at the Waterloo banquet by the fact that he, too, had his share in the famous victory. Born in 1799, the distinguished scion in the house of Keppel, who is now Earle of Albemarle, was gazetted when he was under sixteen years of age to an ensigncy in the 14th Regiment of Foot, and a few months later he passed unscathed through the eventful day of Waterloo, to enter Paris at the beginning of July, 1815, shoeless and in rags. It is pleasant to learn that the recurrence of "Waterloo Day" brought troops of and their congratulations to the patrivulsion. This paroxysm was not a se- archal nobleman who was a young subaltern when there was fought the "first and last of fields"—the "Kingmaking victory" which Byron has cele-

Young Dudey, hearing of a gala day

brated in deathless numbers.

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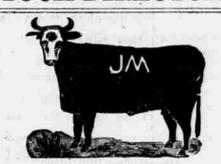
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Stock brand-circle on left shoulder; also dewlap and a crop and under half crop on left ear, and a crop and under bit in the right. Ranch on the Republican. Postoffice, Max, Dundy county, Nebraska.

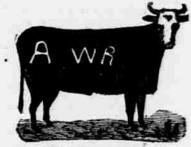


Osborn, Neb. Range: Red Willow creek,

in southwest corner of Frontier county, cat-tle 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.



W. N. PROCTOR.

McCook, Neb., range; Red Willow creek, in southwest corner of Frontier county. Also 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."

watermelon, and a Swede manufactures thereby produced. Since then several alcohol from reindeer moss. As Shaks-no time to be lost now that we have decided to have them."

Instances might be multiplied almost thereby produced. Since then several alcohol from reindeer moss. As Shaks-no time to be lost now that we have decided to have them."

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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-

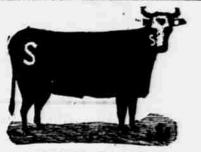


Range: Republican Valley, four miles west of Culbertson, south side of Republi-can. Stock branded "161" and "7-L." P. O. Address, Culbertson, Neb.



THE TURNIP BRAND.

Ranch 2 miles north of McCook. Stock branded on left hip, and a few double cross-es on left side. C. D. ERCANBRACK.



STOKES & TROTH.

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