PITH AND POINT.

THEY that govern most make the least Dip you ever hear a bed tick, or see a

needle point? TRUTH is simple, requiring neither study nor art.

HAVE not the cloak to make when it begins to rain. "Bless their dear little soles," says

the ladies' shoemaker. A WASHINGTON correspondent says it is eight years since a Senator was seen

in his seat intoxicated. No convents, either for men or women, are to be found in Norway or Sweden. They are absolutely forbidden by the

"Mamma, the teacher says all people are made of dust." "Yes, my dear, so they are." "Well, then, I s'pose negroes are made of coal dust."

"What is your wife's particular little game?" asked a friend of a henpecked husband, "When she gets thoroughly mad," he answered, "it's draw poker."

Docrors say that in large cities the night air is healthiest. The appearance of the fashionable young man of the period does not go to bolster up this the-THE man who thinks it foolish to re-

ward his wife's devotion with kind words and caresses is the same one who wonders why it is that women sometimes go An exchange says it's a very bad thing

to get rich too rapidly. We never thought of that before. Here's another danger to worry about and strive to guard against. THERE are now more than 1,300 women in the departments at Washington,

engraving and printing, and in the Government printing office. THE "Poets' Corner" of the Mitchell Public Library at Glasgow contains at present the works of 1,222 Scottish poets and verse writers, of whom 1,022

the majority employed in the bureau of

are named, and the rest anonymous. "LET Me Dream Those Dreams Again" is the title of a new song by Will Hayes. All right, Willie. Just state what kind of pie you tackled before dreaming them the last time, and we will fix it for you.

A PHOTOGRAPHER acted as master of ceremonies at a friend's funeral, and, as he lifted the coffin-lid for the mourners to look at the remains, whispered to the corpse, "Now, look natural." Force of habit.-Brooklyn Union-Argus.

"Twixt the Gloaming and the Dark" is the title of the latest novel issued in New York. A Chicago young man is thinking of getting out one en-titled "Twixt the Old Man and the Bark." He called when her father was at home and the dog untied.

A COUNTRYMAN from New Hampshire, who had never heard of a bicycle, came to Boston, and, when he beheld a youth whirling along upon one of those airy vehicles, he broke out into soliloquy thus: "Golly; ain't that queer. Who'd skirt."-American Queen.

A London scientific journal says the cucumber is known to have been cultivated for more than 3,000 years; that it was extensively grown in ancient Egypt. Perhaps it was the cucumber, and not the asp, that Cleopatra took to her bosom, with fatal results. We always did doubt that snake story.

THE 8-year-old daughter of a family who has the decorative craze the worst way was discovered with the big album. daubing the faces of the photographs of her parents, brothers and sisters with water colors. When the little innocent was scolded, she replied that she was "only decorating family mugs."

In the United States fish culture dates back barely a quarter of a century, while in Europe the industry has been systematic for more than 600 years, and in Asia for thousands of years; and yet the United States, at the International Fish Exhibition at Berlin, Germany, excelled all other countries in their exhibit of appliances and methods pertaining to fish

It is said that there is as much difference between a cultivated oyster and one taken from its natural bed as there is between our best Bartlett and the common pear. The cultivation of the mollusks also greatly increases the supply, as the oyster raiser watches his beds and keeps them free from the depredations of the starfish, the drill and the periwinkle-all enemies of the oyster.

A New HAMPSHIRE farmer agreed to sell his farm for \$2,000, but when the day came he told the expectant purchaser that his wife was in hysterics about the trade, and he "guessed he'd have to back out." The purchaser complained, and finally asked how much more would induce him to sell. "Well," replied the thrifty son of the Granite State, "give me \$250 more, and we'll let her cry."

"Advertised."

Putting her head into the postoffice window, she shouted at the astonished custodian of the mails, "Advertised!" " Marm," said he, after partially recovering his self-possession, "what did you wish?" "Advertised!" she repeated, louder than before. By force of cus-tom he managed to ask: "What name, marm?" Again came that same reply, "Advertised!" but this time supplemented with the demand, "An' how long wid yezkape a body shtanding here while yez be a garruping loike a moon calf in a shtable? Wnd yez iver give me me letther, I soy?" "But what is your name, my dear woman?" "Och, don't yez 'dear woman' me, yez ould sinner! Don't yez mane to aboide by yez own dirictions entoirely, yez ould bald-headed devil? Didn't yez put intil the papers 'Persons calling for letthers will plaze say "Advertised?" And haven't Oi made mesilf hoarse wid saying 'advertised! advertised! advertised!' Give me me letther, Oi soy! That iver Bridget McShaugnessy should ha' been trifled wid by the loikes of yez!" The letter was forthcoming ere she had done, and the Postmaster sank back into the chair with a sigh of relief. while Bridget left the office with a very red face and a perfect cataract of z's escaping from her mouth.-Boston Transcript.

more electric lights.

Fancy Soaps. Fancy soaps, which are made in great variety for the toilet, are usually scented with some aromatic oil. For this branch of the trade the ordinary commercial soaps are used, after undergoing a process of refinement, or a soap is specially made for the purpose from almond oil, or the like. Much taste is shown by the best makers in the selection and combination of the perfumes, which, along with the coloring matters, such as vermillion, yellow ochre, aniline, etc., are usually boiled up with the soap. To facilitate this operation, as a well-dried soap does not readily melt, it is usually cut up in fine shavings, and after boil-ing is well worked under rollers until it presents a uniform appearance. If the soap is intended to be highly scented, or very expensive perfumes are to be employed, the cold process is adopted, as much of the strength of the scent is lost by boiling. In this case the soap is shredded as before, and the perfume and coloring matter well amalgamated with it by being worked in a mortar with a pestle. It is then divided into lumps, and roughly molded with the hand into something near to the shape it is finally to assume. After being left on the rack to dry for about a week it is pressed into a mold, which imparts to the cake the form and device which may be required, and when taken out the edges are trimmed, and the surface polished with the hand. Transparent soaps are prepared by taking an ordinary hard soap and dissolving it in hot alcohol, after having stored it for the purpose of driving off all the water. Soap being completely soluble in this medium, any extraneous matters which it may contain can be readily separated by filtration, care being taken to keep the solution hot during the process. The alcohol is then evaporated out of the filtrate, and on cooling it hardens into a transparent soap. These soaps are colored, according to fancy, with vegetable colors dissolved in alcohol.

In the Coils of a Serpent.

One of the most intrepid wild-beast tamers in Europe, Karolyi, a Magyar of colossal stature and extraordinary physical strength, feli a victim to his perilous profession. He was performing before a crowded audience in Madrid on a certain day one of his most sensational feats, which consisted in allowing a huge boa constrictor, over twenty feet in length, to infold his body in its tremendous coils, when suddenly a piercing cry escaped him which was greeted by the public with a round of applause, under the supposition that its utterance constituted part of the performance. It proved, however, to be the outcome of a strong man's deathagony. The gigantic snake had tightened its coils, and crushed poor Karolyi's life out of him with one terrific squeeze. As his head fell back and his eyes became fixed in a glassy stare, the plaudits died away, and were succeeded by the stillness of utter consternation. The snake and its lifeless victim swayed for a second or two of inexpressible horror, and then toppled on did not in the least relax his grip upon the corpse, which remained for more than an hour imprisoned in its hideous thralldom, nobody daring to approach the lithe monster, of whose powers such appalling proof had been given. At length it occurred to one of Karolyi's attendants to place a bowl of milk in a cage within sight of the mighty serpent, which slowly unwound itself from the dead body and glided into its den, irresistibly tempted thereto by its favorite dainty. A post-mortem examination of the unfortunate athlete's remains discovered no fewer than eightyseven fractures of his bones, effected by the constriction of the serpent's coils. His death must have been almost instantaneous, as the spine was dislocated in several places.-London Telegraph.

The Cat and the Bees.

Charles Kaiser, who has the only hive of bees in town, says that when he first got his colony, his old cat's curiosity was much excited in regard to the doings of the little insects, the like of which she had never before seen. At first she watched their comings and goings at a distance. She then flattened herself upon the ground and crept along toward the hive, with tail horizontal and quivering. It was clearly evident that she thought the bees some new kind of game. Finally she took up a position at the entrance of the hive, and when a bee came in or started out

made a dab at it with her paws. This went on for a time without attracting the attention of the inhabitants of the hive. Presently, however, old Tabby struck and crushed a bee on the edge of the opening to the hive. The smell of the crushed bee alarmed and enraged the whole colony. Bees by the score poured forth and darted into the fur of the astonished cat. Tabby rolled herself in the grass, spitting. spluttering, biting, clawing and squalling as a cat never squalled before. She appeared a mere ball of furs and bees as she rolled and tumbled about. She was at length hauled away from the hive with a garden rake, at the cost of

several stings to her rescuer. Even after she had been taken to a distant part of the grounds the bees stuck to Tabby's fur, and about once in two minutes she would utter an unearthly "yowl" and bounce a full yard into the air. On coming down she would try to scratch her ear, when a sting on the back would cause her to turn a succession of somersaults and give vent to a running fire of squalls. Like the parrot that was left alone with the monkey, old Tabby had a dreadful

Two or three days after the adventure Tabby was caught by the owner, who took her by the neck and threw her downnearthe beehive. No sooner did she strike the ground than she gave a dreadful squall, and at a single bound reached the top of the fence full six feet in height. There she clung for a moment, with a tail as big as a rolling-pin, when, with another bound and squall, she was out of sight, and did not again put in an appearance for over a week .- Virginia City (Nev.) Enterprise,

Young Man, Don't Be Helped.

Dr. Prime has very little sympathy to waste upon young men who get their education by forced loans from relatives. He says to an earnest young fellow who wants an education, but cannot afford to pay for it :

"The way of the world now is for you to look about and see who will help you to get it. That is not the right way. Look about and see what you can do to help yourself. Grind your own ax. Support yourself by honorable industry and earn your bread while you improve the odds and ends of time in study. When you get something ahead, use it to support yourself while you learn. Ten thousand men are now serving their generation with usefulness and honor who never asked anybody to grind an ax for them."

This is very sensible advice. The young men of this country, as a rule, are helped altogether too much. If they have the right stuff in them they can get the education they need without begging or borrowing.

The Younger and the Elder Booth. From an early age Edwin Booth was associated with his father in all the wanderings and strange and often sad adventures of that wayward man of genius, and no doubt the many sorrowful experiences of his youth deepened the gloom of his inherited temperament. Those who know him well are aware that he has great tenderness of heart and abundant playful humor; that his mind is one of extraordinary liveliness, and that he sympathizes keenly and cordially with the joys and sorrews of others, yet that the whole man seems saturated with sadness, isolated from companionship, lonely and alone. It is this temperament, combined with a somber and melancholy aspect of countenance, that has helped to make him so admirable in the character of Hamlet. Of his fitness for that part his father was the first to speak, when on a night many years ago, in Sacramento, they had dressed for St. Pierre and Jaffier, in "Venice Preserved." Edwin, as Jaffier, had put on a close-fitting robe of black velvet. "You look like Hamlet," the father said; "why don't you play it?" The time was destined to come when Edwin Booth would be accepted all over America as the greatest Hamlet of the century. In the season of 1864-65, at the Winter Garden Theater, New York, he acted that part for a hundred nights in succession, accomplishing thus a feat unprecedented in theatrical annals. Since that time Henry Irving, in London, has acted Hamlet 200 consecutive times in one season; but this latter achievement, in the present day and in the capital city of the world, seems less remarkable than Edwin Booth's exploit was, performed in turbulent New York in the closing months of our terrible civil war. The elder Booth was a short, spare, muscular man, with a splendid chest, a

symmetrical Greek head, a pale countenance, a voice of wonderful compass and thrilling power, dark hair, and blue eyes. Edwin's resemblance to him is chiefly obvious in the shape of the head and eyebrows, the radiant and constantly shifting light of expression which animates the countenance, the natural grace of carriage, and the celerity of movement. Edwin's eyes are dark brown, and seem to turn black in moments of excitement, and they are capable of conveying, with electrical effect, the most diverse meaning—the solemnity of lofty thought, the tenderness of affection, the piteousness of forlorn sorrow, the awful sense of spiritual surroundings, the woful weariness of despair, the mocking glee of wicked sarcasm, the vindictive menace of sinister purpose, and the lightning glare of baleful wrath. In range of facial expressiveness his countenance is thus fully equal to what his father's was, and to all that tradition tells us of Garrick. The present writer saw the elder Booth but once, and that in a comparatively inferior part-Pescara, in Shiel's ferocious tragedy of "The Apostate." He was a terrible presence. He was the incarnation of smooth, specious, malignant, hellish rapacity. His exultant malice seemed to buoy him above the ground. He floated rather than walked. His glance was deadly. His clear, high, cutting, measured tone was the exasperating note of hideous cruelty. He was acting a fiend then, and making the monster not only possible but actual. He certainly gave a greater impression of overwhelming power than is given by Edwin Booth, and seemed a more formidable and tremendous man. But his face was not more brilliant than that of his renowned son; and in fact it was, if anything, somewhat less splendid in power of the eye. — William Winter, in Harper's Magazine.

Taking Care of Cæsar.

"Late one evening Col. Don Morrison, of St. Louis, and a party of boon companions were returning home from down-town, where they had been enjoying whist and wine. Pausing in front of his elegant residence, Col. Doninsisted upon the party's coming in and taking a parting glass. 'No, no, Don; we'll go home. It's very late, and we won't keep you up.' These and similar expostulations were made, but Col. Don kept on insisting. At last one of the gentlemen suggested that mebbe Mrs. Morrison might object. The Colonel seemed deeply offended at this. He drew himself up proudly and said, scornfully: 'Now you shall come in, for I intend to show you that I am Cæsar in this house! Scarcely had he uttered this proud declaration than a second-story window raised, and a feminine voice, cold and cutting, rang out on the pale air : 'You are right, gentlemen; go home to your wives. I'll take care of Cæsar!' Of course, the party went home, and Col. Don pensively retired."

Jones, who goes to the "lodge" quite often, says Mrs J. could give the Nihilists several points on blowing up.

OLD railroad conductors say the number of people traveling on Friday is less than that of any other day in the week, and they ascribe the cause to the superstition entertained by a great many persons against beginning an undertaking or setting out on a journey on Friday.

CHIMNEY SWEEP is the name of a trotting horse. It is said that at his last briny home.

485,677 during the year.

"Proposing" in Texas.

They manage these things differently in Texas. This is how a fond couple come to an understanding, according to one who pretends to know. He sits on one side of the room in a big white rocking chair; she on the other side, in a little white oak rocking chair. A long-eared deer by hers. Both the young people rock incessantly. He sighs heavily and looks out of the west window at a myrtle tree; she sighs lightly and gazes out of the east window at the turnip patch. At last he remarks:

"This is mighty good weather for cotton picking." "Tis that," the lady responds, "if we only had any to pick.

The rocking continues. "What's your dog's name?" asks she.
"Coony!" Another sigh-broken still-

"What's he good for?" "What's he good for?" says he abstractedly. "Your dog, Coony."

"For ketching 'possums." Silence for half an hour. "He looks like a deer hound." "Who?"

"Coony." "He is, but he's sort o' bellowsed, an' gettin' old an' slow, an' he ain't no' count on a cold trail." In the quiet ten minutes that ensues

called "Rose of Sharon." "Your ma raising many chickens?"

she takes two stitches in her quilt, a

"Forty-odd." Then more rocking, and somehow the big rocking chair and the little rocking chair are jammed side by side, and rocking is impossible.

"Makin' quilts?" he observes. "Yes," she replies, brightening up, for she is great on quilts. "I've just finished a gorgeous 'Eagle of Brazil,' a 'Setting Sun,' and a 'Nation's Pride.' Have you ever saw the 'Yellow Rose of the Prairie?" "No."

More silence. Then he says. "Do you love cabbage?" "I do that."

Presently his nand is accidentally placed on hers, of which she does not seem to be at all aware. Then he suddenly says:

"I'se a great mind to bite you." "What have you a great mind to bite

me for?" "Kase you won't have me." "Kase you ain't axed me." "Well' now, I ax you."

"Then now I has you." Coony dreams he hears a sound of kissing, and next day the young man goes after a marriage license .-- Chambers'Journal.

Dower and No Dower.

After the Franco-Prussian war, a law was passed in France forbidding any officer in the army to marry a woman unless she had a dot, or dower, which was to be settled upon her and her children, and which would yield an income the arch and twist of the heavy of at least \$250 per annum. The law less narrow and prejudiced. Generosialso rules that she must be comme il ty of soul is greatness of soul. With faut, that is, of respectable birth and virtuous conduct. This law was suggested by the large number of officers' wives, widowed in the war, and left without either money or education to provide for their children.

Americans condemn, justly, the mercenary marriages common in France, and a universal rule that a girl is unmarriageable without a dot. The poorest peasant's daughter knows that she must have her little sum laid by, before her humble housekeeping.

be wholly a matter of feeling. He holds ing, why, then, quarrel with her and be a man unworthy of a good woman's love done with it; but do not bring your who is not willing to take her for herself quarrel at home to the store with you, alone, without a penny of dower. This is very generous and magnan-

way for the girl, or the girl's father to founded. The partner had been a proslook at the matter? The French father. knowing that his daughter's dower must be furnished, as well as money for his who turned out, in practical, wedded son's start in life, is forced to practice life, an untamed shrew. Then his fortand teach his children thrift. There is no nation as habitually econ-

omical as the French. The French firm was dissolved, and the young man girl's dot is largely the result of her own | went into bankruptcy, and found the saving, and the habits and prudence reproaches from his shrew-wife's tongue, thus taught her are a solid capital, bet- for his mismanagement and misfortunes, ter than money, with which to begin much sharper than those from any of

Very much the same custom was observed by our forefathers. Seventy years ago, no girl was considered ready, had sued his wife for a divorce on the for marriage who had not an "outfit"chests of table and bed linen, and underclothing, sewed and often spun and husband, in proceedings for divorce. woven by her own hand.

How is it with us now? Our girls, as stage, at this juncture, another man rule, grow up like flowers. No hint is who informed the complaining husband given to them that money, or anything that the woman had previously been more gross than love, is necessary for married to him and had never been dimarried life. Their doting parents ac- vorced, so that a prosecution for bigamy custom them to luxurious or idle habits, to elegant dress, to dainty fare; furnish them with an expensive trousseau, and, the second husband, turning to the as they live to the full extent of their court, said: "I have no doubt of the incomes, have not a penny of dower to truth of this man's story; for he has regive them, to insure them or their chil- lated to me particulars of the woman's dren against misfortune.

There is certainly much to be said on the French side of this question .-Youth's Companion.

To FIX SEAWEEDS IN BOOKS.-If not too fine the weeds must be soaked in salt and water, then dried in a towel, dence in women in general, notwithlaid on a table or suitable board and standing his own bitter individual expasted over on one side with a camer's- perience. hair brush or pencil dipped in a solution of gumdragon; the gummed side and well founded. The conclusion of must be applied to the paper; when this the most profound student of human is satisfactorily achieved, for which patience is exceedingly requisite, stretch they are better and worse than we are, a piece of clear muslin ever the specimen, and then put eight or ten pieces crooked-tempered, though considerable in of blotting paper, cut to size, upon it, number, in comparison with the amiable afterward placing a heavy weight on the and good are but few. It is true, as top. Leave it for twenty-four hours, then remove the top, gently take the blotting-paper and muslin and replace them by fresh pieces, taking great care not to disturb the specimens in the least degree. In three or four days, if the weather be dry, the specimens will be dry also. They will retain their color for years, if prepared as above, directly after they come from their

each a mile long and 150 high.

The American's England.

It is upon the pages of Washington Irving that we must look for the most fascinating picture of the traditional and ideal England. His imaginative fondness for old English customs and life led him to describe them with charming grace, and to decorate them hound is by his side, a basket of sewing with quaint allusions and quotations, so that he throws & delicate glamour over England, which makes it to the half-English American heart the most romantic of lands. The very warmth of jealousy with which we often speak of England is due to the family feeling. With the advent of universal suffrage, and the Irish immigration, it has been part of the politics of a great American party to appeal to a hostile sentiment which has a mixed origin. Indeed, politicians of all schools find it convenient and easy to stir the British lion. That kind of appeal is the stock "gag" of the political scene, but 'tis as innocent as "Thisne, dear." Irving, indeed, was reproached with

unpatriotic fondness for the old home. This was natural enough, for he lived long in England, and his favorite themes were often characteristically English. But a little reflection shows that they are thoroughly American sketches both in their spirit and their point of view. England is not romantic to Englishmen in Irving's way. Indeed, it can be so only to the descendants of Englishmen in other lands, who gorgeous affair made after the pattern | with perfect satisfaction with their lot, and pride in their own career, turn with sweet pensiveness of reminiscence to their father's country-reminiscence which is tenderly imaginative, and which invests its subject with facry hues. An American who finds his own country inspiring and ennobling in its opportunity and its prospect often confesses that it lacks a soft poetic perspective, and sighs for ivied castles and ancestral trees in whose shade Sidney's sister walked. But, were he born among them, they would have lost the spell that he now feels, and his life would have lost the richness of that regret. As you look up the Val Anzasca:

How faintly flushed, how phantom fair
Was Monte Rosa hanging there!
A thousand shadowy penciled valleys
And snowy dells in a golden air.

But it is only so from the Val Anzasca. It is not so when you try the terrible ascent.

Indeed, it is one of the advantages of America that with the modified English blood in our veins we have England to go to. The consciousness of being in London is second only to that of being in Rome or Jerusalem. Is it second? Is the soul of the American more stirred by St. Peter's, by the vellow Arno, by the Coliseum, by the tomb in Arqua, than by London, by the daisy in the field, the hawthorn hedge, the lark in the sky, Westminster Runnymede? And the fond regard. the surprise, eager delight, the pathos of pleasure, do not weaken, they do but strengthen, that loitering scion of kin beyond the sea. The stronger and deeper his romontic reverence for Enland, the better American is he, because gratitude and sympathy and joy the sincere American wandersthrough England; and yet, childof his country and

time, he still murmurs, wistfully: I like a monk, I like a cowl, I love a prophet of the soul; And on my heart monastic aisles Fall like sweet strains or pensive smiles; Yet not for all his faith () see Would I that cowled churchman be.

Untamed Shrews.

"Look here," said a man to his busishe can wed, and her plenishing of bed-ding, linen, etc., with which to begin your fault-finding, when there is no cause for it, about long enough. If you can-Marriage, says the American, should not live with your wife without quarreland vent the spleen you gather there on the unoffending clerks here!'

imous for the husband, but is it the best! This man's remonstrance was wellperous young business man until he married a fair-faced, well-educated girl, unes began to fall; the patience of his partner at length became exhausted; the his numerous creditors.

A curious scene occurred in the course of a trial in court in this city. A man ground of cruelty on her part-not a very common allegation in behalf of the Unexpectedly there appeared upon the would lie. The two men conversed together, aside, for a few moments, when persecutions such as I do not believe any other woman was ever guilty of.

It was a remark which, while it illustrated his keen appreciation of the evil spirit of this one woman, who had oc-cupied to him the relation of wife, at the same time testified his unshaken confi-

And this general confidence was right nature, on the subject of women, that is entirely sound. But, fortunately, the number, in comparison with the amiable we said at the beginning, the career of many a husband has been blighted by his having unwittingly married an untamed shrew; but in reference to a far greater number of men it may be truthfully said : "His life has been expanded and sweetened by the companionship and devotion of an angel-wife."-New York Ledger.

Twelve million dollars will be paid out in Philadelphia next month as Transcript.

Oaxaca, Mex., has ordered twenty

The production of raisins in CaliforOaxaca, Mex., has ordered twenty

The production of raisins in CaliforOaxaca, Mex., has ordered twenty

The production of raisins in CaliforOn the Mariposa road, near TuoSemi-annual dividends and interest, Red Willow creek. Call on J. F. Biack,
On premises, or address him at Indianola, on the city debt.

STOCK DIRECTORY



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.



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 right. Ranch on the Republican. Post-office, Max. Dundy county, Nebraska.



HENRY T. CHURCH.

O.born, 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.

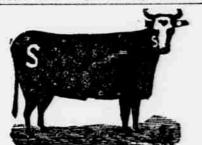


Indianola, Neb. Range: Republican Valley, east of Dry Creek, and near head of Spring Creek, in Chase county, J. D. Welborn,

Vice President and Superintendent.

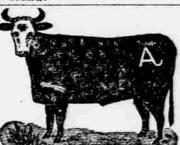


Ranch 2 miles north of McCook. Stock branded on left hip, and a few double cross-es on left side. C. D. ERCANBRACK.



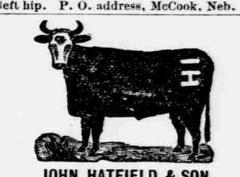
STOKES & TROTH.

P. O. Address, Carrico, Hayes county, Nebraska, Range, Red Willow, above Car-rico. Stock branded as above. Also run the lazy or brand.



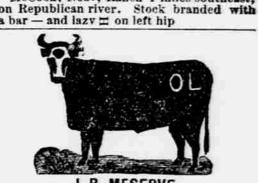
GEORGE J. FREDERICK.

Ranch 4 miles southwest of McCook, on the Driftwood. Stock branded "AJ" on the



JOHN HATFIELD & SON.

McCook, Neb., Ranch 4 miles southeast,



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 squarecrop right ear.



JOSEPH ALLEN.

Ranch on Red Willow Craek, half mile above O born postoffice. Cattle branded on right side and hip above. 3-4

FOR SALE-Improved Deeded Farm and Hay Land. Timber and water. Two farm houses, with other improvements. Convenient to No. 1 school privileges. Situsted on Republican river, near mouth of