

HOPE.

While o'er life's sea my bark I'm rowing,
Storms often lower;
And for a time at their fierce blowing
My soul doth cower;
Yet soon above the billows heaving
I see Hope's banner brightly waving,
And then the gales that I've been braving
Withhold their power.

Though clouds of sorrow o'er me darken,
Even might I smile;
If to the voice of Hope I'darken;
"This so short a while
That their shadowy wings will tarry,
For their dim folds of light and airy,
And slightest touch of finger fairy
Might their reign beguile."

Sometimes as pensively I ponder
O'er my saddened lot,
I question fate, and weeping wonder
If I am forgot.
By the merciful and great All-wise,
Whose home is so far beyond the skies,
That from the portals of Paradise
He may heed me not.

Then cheerfully I hear Hope calling,
"Cast aside thy fear!"
Blessings around these soft airs falling,
And thine every tear
Will add a brighter luster, even,
To the crown that waits thee in Heaven
By the Messiah to be given
On thine exit here.

What though grievous now to thy crosses?
Rest is very near;
Christ will repay for earthly losses,
"O, faint heart, have cheer!"
"Tis thus the siren kept on singing,
"Till all the air seems gladly ringing
With the best message it is bringing—
A message sweet and dear.

And then I half forget my sorrow,
While the tears I've shed
Serve to enliven for the morrow
Flowers reckoned dead.
And for a time my burden seems light,
And the clouded sky again grows bright,
For the drear coils of sorrow's night
Is a phantom fled.

AGRICULTURAL.

Making the Granaries Ready.

American Agriculturist.

The weevil infested our wheat granaries several years ago, and since then we have been careful to scrub them out once each year with boiling-hot-salt-water. If the bins are not all empty when threshing time approaches, prepare those that are empty for the reception of grain, and transfer the old grain to these, and seal the bins just emptied. First, scrub the floor and sides with the boiling brine, being careful that it fills all the crevices. When this has well dried, prepare a thick white-wash, and with it coat the entire interior of the bins, filling the cracks with it. The day before threshing, take an old broom and sweep off the thickest of the white-wash. Since adopting this plan, we have had no pests in the granaries.

If the mice have gnawed holes through the sides, tack pieces of sheet-iron or tin over these, and place well-trained cats in the granary. It is much better to have the boards jointed than to place lath over the cracks, as the inclosed cracks will be inhabited by pests, very difficult to reach and destroy.

The loss occasioned by pests is not measured by what they consume. Mice may not eat much, but they leave crumbs plentifully behind them, which detract from the appearance of the wheat and lower its price, when it is sent to market. Weevils will not destroy much grain, but many millers will not buy grain infested with them at any price.

Killing Weeds.

Boston Globe.

If farmers could only be made to realize the economy of a thorough pulverization of the soil before planting or sowing their seeds we should soon find a very marked improvement in the appearance of the cultivated fields in the country, for wherever we go we find a great deal of very poor and very coarse farm work. Many farmers seem to make as hard work of taking care of a field of corn, potatoes or other annual crop and do their work as "back-handed" as a carpenter would who should undertake to build a house or make a nice piece of furniture out of undressed lumber, and then attempt to smooth it up and polish it off after the parts are all put together. The best market gardeners have learned too that the highest success in cultivation of their crops can only be attained upon land that has been most thoroughly prepared, not only by high manuring, but by repeated plowing and harrowing, and with implements suited to the work. Coarse turfs, stones or hard lumps of loam or clay are not allowable in any good market garden, and they should not be in ordinary farm fields. Nor is there half the necessity for rough, coarse farm work that one might infer from the too common practices of the average American farmer. It is not necessary to grow a half crop instead of a full crop. Neither is there any need of having one-half the product of our lands returned to us in the shape of worthless weeds. It cost no more to grow a pound of wheat or corn than to grow a pound of weed seeds, and it costs no more to keep a clear of weeds than to keep it half clear, provided one takes hold of the work at the right end and at the right time. Indeed, good work on the farm saves labor rather wastes it, just as good work in any other industry proves economical in the long run. No one need travel far in the country at this time of the year to find planted fields that were so rough and coarsely worked during the early of the season as to require a great deal of patience, as well as hard work, in their cultivation during the growing period of the crop. All the work of the present seems to have been done poorly, and far too much left for the future. The ploughing having been but half done the harrow failed to do its part of the work of pulverization. The surface being left rough and uneven, the rows could not be planted straight, nor could the seeds be covered at an even depth, nor upon the uniformly level surface. The rows being crooked, and the hills coming at various heights, the work of the harrow or cultivator must be far from complete.

We have seen in one instance, a farmer going four times through each row in his corn field with his cultivator before he could get the soil in any kind of condition for the hand hoe. In other instances a less amount of team work has left the field so thoroughly tilled that little or no hand labor was required. Good farmers are learning that more than half the effort usually expended in tending hoed crop might

be saved by a proper previous preparation of the soil. To do this we should first plow thoroughly. If the field is sod land the sod should be turned completely over and in furrows of uniform width and depth, and the depth should be sufficient to allow of making a mellow seed bed upon the inverted furrows without turning back any of the sod. If the plow runs eight inches deep in some places and only two or three inches deep in other places, or if the furrows are partly turned and left upon their edges, this mellow seed bed without turf or sods will be impossible to obtain, and the subsequent work of tending a crop will be expensive and annoying. Good plowing is of the highest importance in the preparation of a cultivated field, and upon it depends very largely the cost and perfection of all the subsequent work of tillage.

Effective Insect Destroyer.

From the Farm, Field and Fireside.

Nearly all the liquid insecticides may be applied in the shape of powder, but the powder only keeps the bugs off as long as the odor remains. Take fine sawdust, plaster, dry muck, or fine dry dirt, and mix it well with kerosene, and by sprinkling the plants with the powder after it had absorbed the kerosene, many of them will be protected for awhile. The best liquid preparation is to dissolve half a pound of hard soap in three gallons of water. Then mix a half pint of kerosene with a pint of milk. Mix the two liquids together and sprinkle from a watering pot lightly over the plants. Anything that is obnoxious to insects may be mixed with dry dirt, such as carbolic acid, chloride of lime and tobacco decoction. Sheep dips are also excellent, either sprinkled or mixed with dry dirt, the principal material in such being coal tar. Coal tar itself, when mixed with water (which it only does slightly) gives off a powerful odor which keeps off insects. One thing to be remembered is that such things must be applied often, or but little benefit will result.

Milk in Hot Weather.

Mr. Roberts, the Hartford sealer, gives an explanation of the taint of milk, which is often noticed after being taken from the ice. "Most people put the milk on top of the ice. The cold current descends and comes up on the other side; after being more or less heated. On the second trip the air loaded with the scents of the different articles goes directly into the milk and stays there; because the impurities will be attracted by moisture. Now place the milk under the ice and you will see that the odors of the different foods will be left on the ice, and the milk will be as pure from bad smell or taste as when put there. I have placed a glass of water on ice in one side of a refrigerator and a box of strawberries in the other. In three hours the water was colored from the impurities of the berries. This is clearly a good illustration of my point on milk. Milk is one of the greatest absorbing liquids, and it should never be left in the sick room or where there are unhealthy scents. You will notice a greasy scum on water left in your sleeping room over night, that comes from the impurities of everything in that room being attracted by the moisture. I always place a glass of water in my room before retiring."

Early Laying Pullets.

Kinsley (Kan.) Graphic, June 13.

Mr. Abner Wilson, of the South Side, who is usually wide awake and progressive and doesn't like to be outdone by any one, seems to have imparted the same spirit to the poultry upon his farm. He placed upon our table last Saturday a half dozen eggs almost the double size of a quail's egg, which he says were laid by pullets which were hatched this spring. He says he has four of those pullets, or spring chickens, which have laid two dozen eggs. The fowls are brown Brahmas and sell for about the usual price. This is not a "fish story," but relates wholly to poultry of the egg-laying variety.

The New "Holstein" Cattle Furor.

American Agriculturist.

The cattle of the Netherlands are attracting more attention from the dairy farmers of the country than any other breed. For many years they have been carefully bred, with an aim to produce large quantities of milk. Doubtless the quality of the milk has been less an object with the breeders of Holland; but when well-fed cows give enormous quantities of milk, and the milk can be disposed of as such, the profit is almost invariably greater to the producer than if the quality were better and the quantity less. Besides, milk of low quality is poor in fat, but not necessarily poor in cheese-substance. The districts whence they come, have always been famous for both cheese and butter, so that without further evidence our farmers might safely assume, that the milk was really rich in both butter and cheese. But we have other facts. The famous cow Mercedes, now dead, was the special rival of the Jersey cow Mary Anne of St. Lambert, for the honor of being the greatest butter cow in the world, and the no less worthy and scarcely less famous heifer Jamaica, is credited as giving one hundred and three and one-quarter pounds of milk a day, and in a week as yielding twenty-six pounds three ounces of butter, while Ethelga gave eighty-one and one-half pounds of milk a day. These cows were neither of them four years old and with their second calves.

A breed with such possibilities, even though the average fall far below, is one upon which too great care can not be spent, with a view to both preservation of these inbred qualities, and to render them the more uniform inheritance of the race.

An odd amusement for a Sunday school picnic was devised by some Scotch Sunday school teachers, who, on their way home from a day's pleasure, persuaded the parish clergyman to perform the marriage ceremony in the railway carriage three times for the benefit of three couples, mated at hazard. He consented, and now there is the usual complaint because the jokers find themselves really married.

HENRY CLAY.

Recollections of John H. Harmon.

Detroit Free Press.

"It was Henry Clay's purpose," said John H. Harmon, continuing the story of his recollections of the famous orator and statesman, "to leave Washington immediately after his speech. The early fall weather was really the Indian summer season, and most favorable to such a journey as he had in mind. His speech in the senate chamber on his farewell quite overcame him. Though he held up to the end, under strong mental influence, the orator never rallied again. Very much exhausted Clay was taken to his rooms in the old National hotel, at Washington, and I believe never afterwards left them. The winter came and went; the session continued with it. Every day right after prayers in the senate the chair announced the state of his health. The announcements directly became rather stereotyped. It was usually 'Mr. Clay is gradually failing'; after a time it became 'Mr. Clay is failing rapidly'; next we heard 'Mr. Clay is sinking but his mind is clear.' Finally it came to be understood that if he should die during the hours of the session the bells should toll in announcement of it.

"I was upon a morning in the early part of May, 1852, a session beyond all others most delightfully beautiful in Washington. The trees and shrub in the Capitol grounds and the flower beds were fresh and pleasant to look upon.

"Hannegan, of Indiana, an Irishman, bright as silver, witty, eloquent and always interesting, had the floor of the senate, making a set speech on our policy with regard to foreign affairs. His seat was well up toward the rear. Being of a quick nervous temperament, he took the main aisle, and while declaiming would walk himself forward almost to the clerk's desk, discovering which he would walk back, going through these motions continuously until he had finished. Senator Frye, of Maine, has very much the same method. A son of Senator Hannegan, a fine appearing, gray-headed man, is one of the messengers of the senate now. He frequently asks me about his father. Hannegan was speaking in his quick, impulsive manner, half way down the aisle and progressing with an enthusiastic sentence, when a single toll of a bell quivered through the air. Hannegan ceased speaking in a flash, bounded back to the rear, turned pale, and in a tremulous voice, said: 'Mr. president, the probabilities are that the greatest statesman in America is now no more; I move that the senate adjourn.'

"There was no chance to vote upon it. Instantly every man took his hat and coat and before the second toll of the bell came, all were away. The same sort of proceedings must have dispersed the house, for I remember as we passed through the rotunda that it was full of members issuing from their hall.

"The rapidity with which the city was thrown into mourning has always caused me wonder. Walking direct from the capitol, when we reached the edge of the grounds where the peace monument now is, Pennsylvania avenue was seen to be filled with streamers of black, hanging from windows, fastened to balconies, wound round columns and awning poles, and stretched across the street. It was a solemn sight.

"The National hotel was thick with crape, and so was Morrison's bookstore adjoining it. It is the same store still, now kept by Morrison's son, and formerly the resort and lounging place of both Clay and Webster. There were two little back rooms, one always occupied by Clay, the other by Webster. Here, when they had leisure, both would always be found reading and studying, or discussing literature, new and old, but very seldom politics, with friends and admirers who came to seek them out. Clay passed more time at Morrison's than Webster. The little rooms did not communicate and neither statesman could be seen by the other.

"The event, though long expected, shocked people to the extent that all business was suspended. Many bar-rooms, even, were closed, and in others men lowered their voices and conversed in quiet tones as if in the presence of the dead. I was in Washington at the time of the assassination of Lincoln and again at that of Garfield, but neither event appeared to throw such gloom over the city as the death of Henry Clay. The feeling was one of pure sorrow, unmixed with indignation or anger, such as was felt at the deeds which led to the murder of the presidents. On those occasions men were boisterous with threats and grief, but silence and gloom overspread the city where lay the dead body of the much loved orator and statesman. It was in time of peace and the capital was unused to such shocks, and therefore men talked in whispers when all was over with Henry Clay.

"He was buried in the Congressional cemetery, and a monument was placed upon the spot, but there is nothing under it. Strangely enough, for all the many years Clay had passed in Washington his wife never visited that city. Once he had started to take his daughter to reside there during the session, but she died on the way. Mrs. Clay always remained at their Kentucky plantation of Ashland and managed the estate while her husband devoted himself to national affairs.

"His body was disinterred from the Congressional cemetery and taken back to his old Kentucky home. It was taken by the Baltimore & Ohio to Cumberland, as far as the railroad was then completed, and from thence in a hearse by the old National road to the Ohio river. Ceremonial obsequies were held for Henry Clay in all the cities of the country. A magnificent funeral arch was erected in Detroit at the corner of Woodward and Jefferson avenues. A. C. McGraw, who had his store at that point then, and John Owen and Alanson Shely, who were prominent among the local committee, will remember more particularly about the feeling of mourning that existed here at the time."

EGG SUCKING is a new sport in Georgia. At a recent match the winner swallowed fifteen at one sitting and then crowded over his victory.

FARM NOTES.

Alabama has demonstrated the value of a State Geologist. The recent discovery of rich phosphate beds in Perry and Autauga counties is one of the most valuable that could be made. It is thought that Dallas and other counties will also show rich beds of phosphate.

A cultivator who grafted grapevines after they had grown a foot or two said that a month afterward they had done as well as those set in December, and all the trouble of winter protection was saved.

In packing apples for shipment not one should be placed in the barrel that has the slightest trace of unripeness, as such apples decay sooner than the others, and also affect all in the barrel.

A Georgia dairyman figures the cost of good butter in that state at 12 cents a pound, where good pastures can be had on easy terms for ten months in the year, and the butter sells at 25 cents a pound.

Lambs can be safely weaned and separated from their mothers at four months, and should not be allowed to subsist upon the ewes longer than five months, as they cannot thrive best while raising lambs.

If a brood sow gets too much feed by accident or lack of care she may be speedily relieved by giving her a quart of charcoal. It will tone up the stomach of a hog quicker than anything else.

Salt is a necessary article of food to all classes of stock, and especially to those turned out to grass. It should be fed regularly and not at intervals. A lump of rock salt at a convenient location is an excellent method of providing them with it.

John Gould, in the *Breeders' Gazette*, says: "I have been quite strongly of the opinion that the foot and mouth disease, so reputed, was not anything but the foot-rot, or hoof-ail, that was thirty or more years ago prevalent by spells upon the Western Reserve. It was then supposed to be the result of eating rank-growing grass, that had an abundance of smut or ergot upon it, and corn-fodder that was very smutty—either of them more abundant in wet seasons like the one of 1883."

The latest statistics of the agricultural industry of New Jersey give the number of farms in that state as 34,34,307, embracing 2,096,297 acres of improved land, having an estimated value of \$190,895,833. The sum of \$14,861,512 is invested in live stock. There are 152,000 milch cows, yielding 15,472,783 gallons of milk, 9,513,835 pounds of butter and 66,518 pounds of cheese. The total number of persons engaged in agricultural pursuits is placed at 59,214, of whom 36,578 were farmers and 22,672 farm laborers.

PETER MACKEY'S SWEETHEARTS.

From the Argosy.

"Though I am, I suppose, an old maid, I take much interest in other people's love affairs. My friends know and humor this little weakness, and consequently in the course of twenty years or so I have collected a large number of love stories. They are of all kinds—sad, joyfully touching, absurd, sentimental or eccentric. But perhaps the oddest of them all is the one I am about to relate.

The reasons which decided me to spend a twelvemonth in a certain little Aberdaenshire village, unknown to human ken, need not be entered into here. I had a cottage to myself, and one maid servant, by name Mary Duthie. And what a pretty creature she was, with her golden hair and big gray eyes, and tall spindly figure! It was a real pleasure to see her at work, in her spotless lilac gown and tucked up sleeves, and to watch the fascinating, unconscious grace with which she did the simplest thing.

I am afraid I spoiled that girl. She was engaged to Jem Leslie, a farmer's son, who nearly worried the life out of her by his jealousy—for which I suspect he had sometimes cause. The two quarreled nearly every Sabbath, but always made up again in the course of a week; so that I was by no means surprised when Mary informed me one day that she had broken off with Jem Leslie forever; but very much astonished indeed to hear a few weeks later that she had promised herself to Peter Mackey.

"Well," I said to her, "I do not wish to intermeddle with love affairs, but I must say that I think Jem the better man of the two."

But Mary tossed her pretty head, and remarked with reference to her rejected lover, that "she was weary o' the creature's havens, an' had jist tauld him that he needna' fash himself' about her any mair, for she cud e'en tak' care o' her nain self." Peter Mackey, she told me, was about to start for Aberdeen, a well-to-do uncle having found a good situation for him there.

I knew something of Mr. Peter, as he was my landlord's son. He was a tall, handsome young fellow, with a "gweed aneuch heid," as his father used to say, but an all too-susceptible heart. A pretty face captivated him indirectly, though his attachments were generally more violent than lasting. I had made up my mind that he would marry Jeanie Sanderson, a handsome enough lassie, a good housekeeper, and an heiress in a small way; but Jeanie had left five or six months ago for London, to visit an infirm aunt, and now Peter was engaged to Mary Duthie! I was vexed to about the whole affair, especially as I sympathized with poor Jem Leslie. Yet certainly it was no concern of mine.

I do not think that Mary ever received any love letter from Aberdeen. It was not the fashion in her village in those days for lovers to correspond. But she always wore round her neck half of the sixpence which Peter had broken with her, so I began to be quite in despair for my favorite Jem.

But after three months or so from Peter Mackey's departure for Aberdeen, some little incidents occurred which showed up that young man in his true light. The first of these events was the return of Jeanie Sanderson from London, and a visit paid by her to her old

acquaintance, Mary Duthie. The two girls had not been together more than a quarter of an hour, when sounds of violent weeping proceeded from the kitchen. Hastening in to see what was the matter, I found Jeanie and Mary mingling their tears over some letters which lay out on the table. Jeanie greeted me respectfully, and on my inquiring the cause of her grief, handed me a letter saying:

"Will ye be pleased to read that mem?"

It was an effusion of Peter Mackey's dated nine months back. It began, "My dearest Jeanie," spoke of the writer's unalterable affection, reminded Jeanie of her promise to become his wife as soon as he should be able to provide a suitable home for her, and was signed, "Your Patie."

Must confess that my first feeling on reading this was one of satisfaction at my own discernment. "So you were engaged after all," I remarked; "but why was nothing said about it, and why was it broken off?"

"Oh," said Jeanie, looking at me indignantly, "Patie just asked me to be his wife the vera day before I sailed, so there wasna muckle time to lat it be known. And as for 's' being 'broken off,' it's Patie we must speir at about that, for I never heard tell o't till this day. Eh! but men are deceivers! But that's no the worst o't, mem! Mary, give the lady Mrs. Birket's letter."

Mrs. Birket, it appeared, was Peter's landlady in Aberdeen, and had written that morning to Mary Duthie's mother, whom she had known when they were girls together, to ask some particulars of Peter's family and antecedents, as her niece and adopted daughter, Mary Hine, was soon to be married to him.

"Heard ye ever the like o' that!" exclaimed Jeanie; "the man must be clean daft!"

I quite agreed with her, for I had never known a man before who was engaged to three women at once. Doubtless, Peter considered his first two affairs as mere flirtations; still his former sweethearts had in their possession a letter and a pledge which would be evidence against him in a court of law. But any proceeding of this kind was so foreign to the natures and prejudices of the injured girls that I did no more than hint it.

The following morning, Mary asked my permission to go for a day or two to Aberdeen with Jeanie Sanderson, as they had thought of a plan for bringing their reluctant lover to his senses.

"Gin we dinna' mak Peter think shame to himself, my no' Jeanie Sanderson," were the parting words of that damsel.

Meanwhile Peter was happy in the society of his (latest) betrothed, who was a very charming girl; and it may be a little to my hero's excuse to remark that few men could have seen her bonny face and listened to her sweet voice evening after evening without falling love with her. The susceptible Peter certainly could not, but throwing all old memories to the wind, proposed and was accepted.

Such being the state of affairs, Peter's feelings may be imagined when, on entering Mrs. Birket's parlor one evening, after his day's work was over, he saw seated by Mary Hine—Mary Duthie and Jeanie Sanderson.

Peter's first impulse was to withdraw hastily, but Mrs. Birket made flight impossible by closing the door, and standing between it and the conscious-stricken youth. "Just tak' a seat, Mr. Mackey," said she, and the culprit sank into an empty chair, placed at a little distance from the other three ladies. The ladies continued their knitting without glancing at him; minutes passed, and the silence became intolerable. Peter could hear the beating of his heart; twice he opened his lips to speak, but no sound issued from them; an icy tremor ran through his frame, and checked his utterance.

I give what follows, verbatim, as reported to me by Mary Duthie:

"Weel," said Jeanie Sanderson at last, "sanna we be sattlin' oor bizness enoo?"

"Aye, lassies," said Mary Hine, "but that'll be a hard matter, or I'm muckle mista'en."

"Ye see," said Jeanie, taking the initiative, "this Peter Mackey belongs in a manner till's a', isn't nae?"

"Aye, but we canna' hae him."

"Jist that. Noo, fat think ye lassies? Sanna we appeal till the law courts?"

"Mithna we jist set a' richt am' oorselfs!" said Mary Hine, "Foo gin we was till cast lots for him? We've the warrant of scripser for that, ye kin."

"Vera 'gweed," replied the others, and when Mrs. Birket had volunteered herself as one witness, the little servant girl, Baubie, was called then to be another. Peter's humiliation was certainly to be complete.

The lot fell on Mary Duthie.

"Peter Mackey," said she, "I hae another string till my bow, so I'll e'en leave ye till Mary Hine or Jeanie; they're may be wuntin' ye mair nor me. But many thanks t' ye for yer kind offer, which I hae na forgotten. Peter was too much subdued to offer a word in his own defense, and the proceedings were renewed.

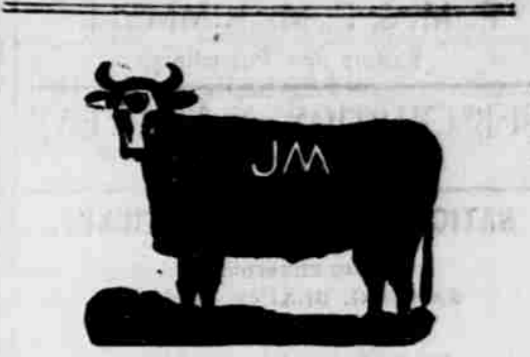
This time the lot fell to Mary Hine.

"Peter," she said, "I winna cast up till ye hoo ye hae wronged me an' ither. But this I maun say, a bad lover's no like to mak' a gweed husband; so I'll leave ye to Jeanie, if she's earin' to tak' ye."

"Weel, Patie," said Jeanie, "gin abody referees ye I maun e'en hae ye myself. But it's on twa conditions, min' ye. First, that we'll be marriet this day month, an' second, that there'll be no mair o' these ongaens after marriage."

The wedding took place in due course, and Peter proved to be a most devoted and obedient husband. "Ye see, Mary man," said Jeanie one day to Mrs. Jem Leslie, (formerly Mrs. Duthie,) "gin the gweed man sud turn whiles a bit camsteary an' oomrizzled, I hae't but till say till him. Weel, Patie, my man, it's a sair peety that Mary Duthie an' Mary Hine referees ye, sin the wife ye hae gotten disna' suit ye, an' weel a-wat or ever the words are weel ower my lips, he's jist as quiet's a lamb."

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.



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



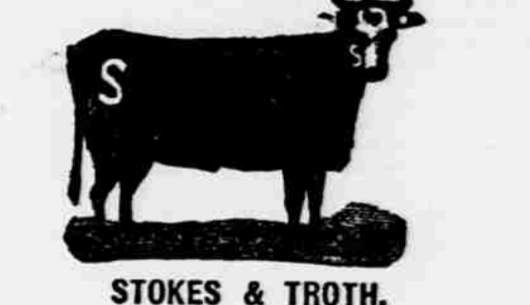
HENRY T. CHURCH.
Osborn, Neb. Range: Red Willow creek, in south-west corner of Frontier county, cattle branded "H. O. L." on right side. Also, an over crop on right ear and under crop on left. Horses branded "H" on right shoulder.



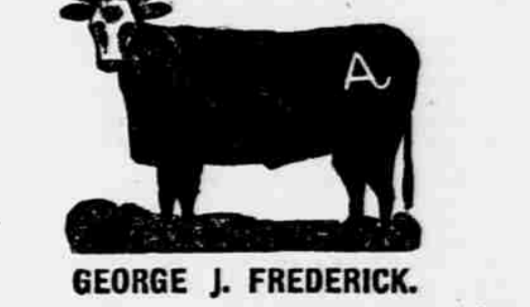
SPRING CREEK CATTLE CO.
Indianola, Neb. Range: Republican Valley, east of Dry Creek, and near head of Spring Creek, in Chase county.



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



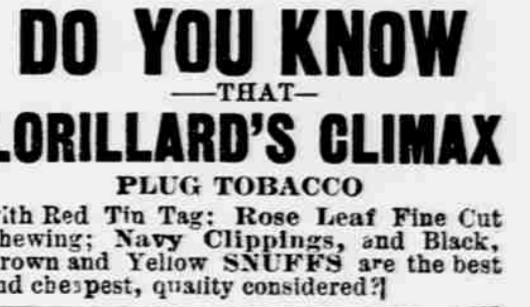
STOKES & TROTH.
P. O. Address, Carrico, Hayes county, Nebraska. Range: Red Willow, above Carrico. Stock branded as above. Also run the lazy 'a' brand.



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

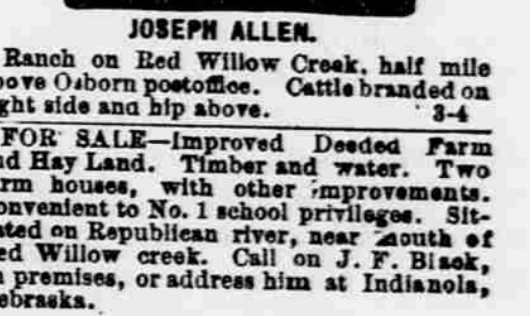


J. B. MESERVE.
Ranch, Spring Canyon on the Frenchman River, in Chase county, Neb. Stock branded as above; also "TIT" on left side; "T" on right hip and "L." on right shoulder; "L." on left shoulder and "X." on left jaw. Half under-crop left ear, and square-crop right ear.



DO YOU KNOW
—THAT—
LORILLARD'S CLIMAX
PLUG TOBACCO

with Red Tin Tag: Rose Leaf Fine Cut Chewing; Navy Chippers, and Black, Brown and Yellow SNUFFS are the best and cheapest, quality considered.



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

FOR SALE—Improved Deeded Farm and Hay Land. Timber and water. Two farm houses, with other improvements. Convenient to No. 1 school privileges. Situated on Republican river, near south of Red Willow creek. Call on J. F. Black, on premises, or address him at Indianola, Nebraska.