There's never a dream that's happy
But the waking makes us sad;
There's nevera dream of sorrow
But the waking makes us glad;
We shall be said to be said. We shall look some day with wonder At the troubles we have had.

There's never a way so narrow But the entrance is made straight;
There is always a guide to point us
To the "little wicket gate;"
And the angels will be the nearer
To a soul that is desolate.

There's never a heart so haughty
But will some day bow and kneel;
There's never a heart so wounded
That the Saviour cannot heal;
There is many a lowly forehead
That is bearing the hidden seal.

There's never a day so sunny But a little cloud appears; There's never a life so happy But has had its time of tears; Yet the sun shines out the brighter When the stormy tempest clears.

AGRICULTURAL.

National Stockman When the volume of our export trade in cereal and live stock products is compared with the totals produced at home, it seems almost wonderful that the small percentage which goes abroad should have an appreciable effect in regulating home prices. But it not only has a clearly recognizable effect, but it is pronounced to be a powerful influence in establishing current market values. Observation will quickly convince any one that this is the case. If 10 per cent. of our choice beeves are exported, the 90 per cent. which are sold at home go to the consumer at prices exactly regulated by what the exports can be made to bring in foreign markets. In order to secure the stock, the exporter will pay in Chicago or New York just what he is satisfied the Liverpool market will warrant, and the modicum which goes abroad is made the guide in fixing the value of the vast herds of similar or approximate quality which weekly vanish in the domes-tic shambles. The same is true of wheat, or of any crop of which we grow a surplus for export. The home market is just as high as the foreign one will allow it to be -and no higher. Taking all our exportable products together, less than 5 per cent. goes to a foreign market-and vet that trifling percentage is the arbiter almost absolutely of cost to the American consumer. This is also true to some extent, though not as largely, of products which are not grown among us in sufficient quantities to supply the needs of home consumption, and which we are compelled to import. If brought into our own markets to sell, such an article will bring just what competition among our own purchasers will determine, and we are largely the regulators of its value. If we go abroad to buy it competition with consumers from all over the world is the measure of price, and we must buy at current figures or do without. Whether we export or whether we import, therefore, we can not be wholly independent of other countries even in the ruling values of our home markets. | ver, the two cuttings yielding much The small comparative aggregate which goes out, and the smaller one which comes in, are among our most potent commercial influences. These are facts which furnish plenty of food for profitaable reflection to those who care to thread the mazes of political economy -a science which, more than almost

Autumn Care of Meadow Land.

any other, our people carefully study.

American Agriculturist. Meadows should not be closely grazed at any time, and especially not in the in the United States to every thirtyfa'l. They need to have fertilizing materials added to instead of taken from the soil. Young animals are much more injurious than mature ones, while full-grown stock that are being fattened, and are fed rich grain rations, may by their droppings add materially to the fertility of the soil. Young-growing stock withhold a large share of the potash, phosphoric acid, and nitrogen of the food to build up their bodies, leaving the manure comparatively poor. On the other hand mature fattening animals need very little of these three chief elements of soil fertility. Aside from the loss of plant food, the close feeding of stock on meadow land does mechanical damage. If the soil is soft, the feet of the animals injure it, and the close grazing pulls much of the grass up by the roots. Meadows, like winter grains, are injured by freezing and thawing, and the plants need to be a good growth of after-math for protection from the frosts, winds, etc. Well-rotted manure applied to the meadows as a top-dressing, will strengthen the plants and insure a fine crop the next season. This application is best when made soon after the hay is removed. Later in the season much of the soluble material is washed out of the soil by the fall rains. Quickacting manures should be used in the growing season, otherwise loss is sustained. Take good care of the meadows, for they suffer greatly if abused. They are easily and often injured by

Exemption From Milk Fever.

animals in late autumn.

Farmers' Review. Dr. Pratt, the well-known Holstein importer and breeder, of Elgin, Ill., said that since he commenced to feed ensilage, four years age, he had not lost a single cow by milk fever, while before that time he thought himself for- mixed with their mash of scalded meal tunate if he got a herd of forty cows through the winter without the loss of one or more from this cause. His theory is that the feeding of ensilage keeps the bowels open and loose and prevents the tendency to constipation which attends the feeding of dry food, especially if in large quantity and of self up and makes quite a handsome stimulating quality for milk produc- appearance, at a distance, at balls and tion, and which causes a feverish con- parties. On the other hand, Sam Chuzdition of the system, which develops into milk fever at the period of parturi- naturally. Both were in attendance at tion. During the coming season he will increase his silo capacity from 80 Nickelby was painted like a doll. Next to 160 tons. His silos are simply pits morning Nickelby met Chuzzlewit, and dug in the ground, without masonry or | said: planking. The weighting is a portion of the earth excavated, But the ensilage comes out as fresh as from the most expensively constructed silo. There can be no question that all animals kept on highly stimulating food,

daily ration of succulent food to keep the bowels open and system in good condition. This can be supplied by either roots or preserved green fodder. But for the successful growing of roots a cool, moist climate is required, entirely different from the hot, dry summers which we usually experience in the prairie states of the west. To supply this want ensilaged corn fodder is the cheapast food of the kind that can be grown and prepared, and, since the keeping of it is so simple a matter, as shown by the experience of Dr. Pratt and others who have used the simple earth pits, we look to see a large increase in its use among the dairymen of the west, especially in the older settled portions where land hand has become high priced.

Gentle Words to Horses. Those who have heard some of the city hackmen and teamsters shout and and yell to their horses will appreciate the following from the Journal of the Farm: "The ridiculously loud tone of voice in which orders are generally given to horses when the driver desires them to start or stop, has often been a subject of surprise to me. If horses were the next thing to deaf, there would be an excuse for the shoutings and yellings so generally indulged in, but they are not, and therefore need not be spoken to loudly and harshly. The ear of a horse is very sensitive, and save in exceptional cases it is possible to control his motions by a command given in a moderate tone of voice just as readily, and indeed I think more readily, than where this rough, rude manner is used. A horse is a teachable animal and is always affected by kind treatment. The fact of the matter is that if kind words and gentle treatment throughout were given these noble animals instead of curses and blows, we should find their docility greatly increased. Just imagine, if you will, a

gee, or whoa! uttered in a tone sufficiently loud to be heard at a half yet-and yet did it make it easier for mile's distance, and this command me to bear? given to an animal within five or ten feet of the party giving it. Wherein ether picture, and lifted myself up from resort to more rational, and certainly I lay, until I could catch a glimpse of the more pleasing means? Why not speak in a moderate tone? This is What a contrast! My eyes, the on all that is required. The horse, if not beauty I possessed, looked many times deaf, can hear it, and will as readily too large for the thin, dark face, and obey it as if given in thundering tones. One of the best managed teams I have ever seen, the driver rarely ever spoke above his ordinary voice and yet his horses laid into their work with as much willingness and apparently greater hurt me. earnestness than if they had been driven to it by fearful shoutings. Let me appeal to the common sense of readers. The horse is an intelligent animal. None of the brute creation more readily appreciates kind words and kind treatment. Such facts should be considered by those who have the care of these animals."

FARM NOTES.

This is an excellent year for red cloheavier than usual.

Maine farmers who attend the state fair have got in a way of "camping" on the grounds.

The Worden grape is said to be as good as the Concord and to ripen even earlier than the Hartford.

Ten acres of red clover is sufficient pasture for at least fifty hogs, and is superior for that purpose to any other kind of grass except alfalfa. It is estimated that there is one sheep

four acres of territory. In England the rate is one to one and a half acres.

Sliced carrots and oats figure largely in the food given to sheep in Vermont. The sheep of that state are said to eat more of oats than of any other grain.

feeding new wheat to their swine instead of corn, the old corn having been all used up and wheat being plenty frey. and cheap.

troduced it in this country from Eng-

claims gives ten gallons of milk a day. a good "claim.

A Lynn dairy farmer, who has tried the prickly comfrey as a forage crop for three years, says it is a failure, and he in a vigorous condition in late fall, with | will at once eradiate the plant from his land.

> It is claimed that there are \$10,000,-000 worth of Jersey cattle in this country, to-wit: 20,000 heifers and cows worth, on an average, \$406 a piece, and 5,500 bulls worth \$300 each.

In France, eggs are sorted and sized by passing them through a ring. The average sized ones must enter a ring four centimeters in diameter; the small ones must enter a ring three centime-

An Ohio lawyer insists that the theory that the age of a tree may be deterhas often verified a surveyor's date by counting the rings on "hacked" trees.

Salt in their food when cooked, for poultry, is a very proper seasoning, but salt given in its raw state is deleterious, if much of it is eaten by fowls. We do not recommend its use in any form save and boilded vegetables.

What His Wife Told Him to Say.

Bob Nickelby married a wealthy old maid for her money. She paints herzlewit's wife is young and good-looking all alone dreaming, as I dreamed all a ball on Austin avenue, and Mrs.

"Our wives looked beautiful at the ball last night.'

"Yes," responded Chuzzlewit, "and my wife looks that way yet."

Let use encourage the beautiful, for held in his strong clasp, while his great

MY SISTER'S LOVE.

The month was May, and through the half open window came stealing a soft wind filled with summer and summer fragrance. The trees in the garden were full of blossoms. The early roses were in full bloom, but of all this I saw nothing. My gaze was fixed up-on two figures slowly walking down the garden path-a man and a woman.

The man was tall and strong and masterful, vet tender as a little girl in all the little acts and courtesies of life. The woman was young and very beau-tiful, with figure slender and swaying like a reed as she walked, and dark, lustrous eyes, which brought to many a man his heart's undoing.

I fancied the light in them now, as she lifted them to Geoffrey Branscombe's face. He was her gaurdian and he loved her. She was but my half-sister, five years my senior, and so I was not entitled to her confidence. Indeed, only a little over a month ago I had returned from school, with my education completed in the fashionable very ill. Over study, the doctor had said, but I knew better. To my own truth, could pour out the cruel confession with a sort of savage pleasure at the self-inflicted torture.

It was my heart, not my body, that conscious keeping. I loved him-he was to be my sister's husband. If I had never suspected it before I should have known it by the new light in her eyes, the new radiance of her beauty as it burst upon me on the day of my re-

And what could be more natural than Did not guardians always love their wards, and wards their guardians?

I had never read a book which treat-

ed of such relationship in which such I turned my gaze away from that

my hair, which had been the rival

to my head. They had cut it off as I lay delirious with fever, and crying that its weight

beauty to my eyes, was close cropped

I sank back with a groan. At that instant my sister, returning, entered the room. "Mabel," she cried-"Mabel, dar-

ling, I am so happy!" And rapidly crossing the floor, she sank down on her knees beside my

The contrast was too great. Never had I seen her half so beautiful. exclaimed, and lifting up my hands as if to ward off a blow, "I know," I continued, "I congratulate you; but don't say any more.'

look of surprise sweeping over her did not know?" face. "How is that possible?" "Don't ask me. Only I know. I

But I could say no more. My weakness conquered my strength, and I

burst into bitter weeping. "Poor child! Dear little Mabel!" she whispered tenderly. "Do you love me so well that you hate to lose me? But you will not really lose me, dear. When I am married-

"Hush!" I interrupted; "I won't hear any more." and, sobbing bitterly, buried my face in my hands. Of course no heroine would have

done such a thing; but I was no heroine. I was only a foolish child who It is said that some Ohio farmers are had lived but eighteen years, and who kiss of love and pardon. All night I could only look forward to a long, long life of misery-for I loved Geof-

He had not meant to make me love "Timothy" grass took its name from him-I knew that, but when I had Timothy Hanson, of Maryland, who in- come home for my Christmas holiday, Alice had been away on a visit, and so I had seen him every day. We had A Denver dairyman has a cow he ridden and driven and walked together and as I have said, his manner held No one will dispute the fact that this is that unconscious and inherent tenderness towards things weaker than himself which charmed my heart into recklessness in pouring fourth its unheeded treasures at his feet.

My excitement in repressing all this and seeing the seal set upon my misery brought its own punishment; for a week later my life was again despaired

Then because I did not wish the boon, strength came slowly back. Every day he came; every day he sent me flowers, or fruit, or some sweet message; but it was all added torture. At last, when I grew better, the phy-

sicians said I must have a change, and so they sent me to the sea side, to visit maid; but after the ceremony was an aunt who had a house at Worthing. I was glad to go. Had I staid at home I should have gone mad. Alice the altar, no longer bridesmaid but mined by counting the rings in a cross and Mr. Branscombe went with me to bride. Henceforth my sister's guarsection is correct. In his practice he the train. I had bade her good-bye, and the train was just about to start, when he put his head in through the

> window. "You will let me come to see you," he said, and I had only time to an

"No, no; you must not come!" swift look, so like pain, which swept over his face, ere he moved away, and

henceforth stand through life. Notwithstanding my injunction to the contrary, he came. I had been in my new home a fortnight, and some of the color was stealing back into my cheeks, when one afternoon as I sat my idle hours away, I saw the face which a moment before had floated in

my fancy. For a moment I was happy-supremely, ecstatically happy, and springing up, held out both hands with a rapturous cry of welcome, then I sank | clouds like insane roebucks.

back cold and stern again. But that cry had brought him close peside me, and my hands were tightly and especially milch cows, need a the useful encourages itself .- [Goethe. brown eyes looked into the very depth a very early day.

of mine, so that I trembled and was LEARNING UNDER DIFFICUL-

Merciful heaven! what was it I read and that he had wooed and won Alice for her gold?

I should have said before that Alice was an heiress. I had no dower-not even that of beauty; but Geoffrey Branscombe, I would have sworn was not a man to be bought or sold, to buy and sell; and yet, if not, his eyes had lied, for they had told me it was me he perseverence and difficulties and dishad loved.

I don't know just what came to me in that hour, that moment, but though realized his baseness, yet I could not snatch from my lips the cup whose sweetness slaked their thirst. I held it there and drank.

We spoke no word of love, but every day found him by my side. I was no longer listless; I was brilliant, even merry. I laughed and sang, as one might laugh and sing at the feast of residing about a mile from a station on

And so a fortnight passed, and still he lingered; but his return was fixed sense of the term, and since then I was for the morrow. On that last evening we wandered down upon the beach, silvered by the moonlight. Standing soul I could whisper the humiliating in its rays he turned and faced me, clasping his hand over mine as it lay upon his arm.

"Mable," he said, "I love you, child. You are but a child, and I am a man suffered—the heart that had forever who has outstripped you in the race of passed into Geoffrey Branscombe's unlife by twenty years. But will you give yourself to me, dear?

Has it been my own blind fancy which has given birth to the sweet hope that I alone might make your happiness?"

He paused then waiting for my answer. Only a minute passed, but I awakened from my dream. I had not that things should be as they were? thought his baseness ever could find words; had not thought my sister ever would know his perfidy.

Only a minute, but I had torn out my heart and trampled it beneath my feet. was not the sequel of the talc. And I turned upon the man with hot, fierce passion; I forgot that I had led him on; forgot my own baseness, my own love.

I know not, but when I had finished he instrument they went into practice. As consists the necessity for it? Why not the depths of the great chair in which offered me again his arm, from which soon as they had learned how to man-I had withdrawn my clasp, and walked back to the house. Yet, as he left me, What a contrast! My eyes, the only still without a word, I felt, strange to say, only my own guilt. He had not they would communicate with each borne himself like one convicted of a The next week I went home. Alice

was the first to meet me, and that night she crept into my room, and knelt down beside me as she had done once

"Darling!" she whispered, "next month I am to be married, and you are to be my bridesmaid."

"I cannot!" I answered. "Don't ask me, Alice! It would kill me!" "Do you really love me so well, dear? objection. One fall the father But you will not refuse me this? It proposed would mar all my happiness, Mabel, and I am so happy. When you have seen Harry-when you learn to know "Don't tell me-don't!" I hastily and to love him for himself-you will offer they accepted, and in due time had understand."
"Harry!" I gasped, "who is he?"

m to marry; Why, Mabel, you told was thought that most of it would be "You know, dear?" she answered, a me you knew it all. Is it possible you

And then she told me of the engagement which had been entered into during her Christmas visit-an engagement fully ratified and approved by er guardian whilst I was so ill.

It had been this she had been about o tell me-this I had refused to hear. prosecute their studies, but that the Oh, the burning shame with which I listened at last! And then a wild impulse seized me to tell her all the truth. She would know now how pitiable I had been, even though I bought her hate and contempt, as doubtless I had bought Geoffry's.

I did not spare myself as I told the story. In silence she heard me through, and then she sealed my lips with the battled with my misery and remorse. Alice expected her lover the next day. I felt I dare not meet him. In the afternoon she came into my

"Some one wishes to see you in the library, dear," she said. "Will you go

She spoke so quietly that I suspected nothing, and asking no questions went down stairs, and crossed the hall to the

room designated. I thought it empty for a moment as I closed the door behind me, but at the sound some one stepped from the window recess-some one who advanced one step and then stood with wide-open arms waiting to close about me.

No need for me to tell the story, as I hid my face upon his breast, and felt his kisses rain upon my hair. Alice, my noble, darling sister had told it all. Did I deserve my happiness? Perhaps not, it was mine-mine at last, as was the great noble heart of my sister's

guardian. Alice had her wish-I was her bridesended which made her Harry Stretton's beloved wife, I took her place beside dian was mine.

The Next Thing in Order.

An Albany paper says: We have had red hot weather for ten days. Only time for this, and to note the During that time a vast amount of electricity and vapor had gone up into the atmosphere from half the continent. my last glimpse was of them both This electricity and vapor will return standing side by side, as they should to the earth at an early day in the shape of

Thunderbolts, Thunder showers, Big Rains. Hail storms,

Hurricanes, Tornadoes, Cyclones, Cattle flying through the air like

feathers. Houses, barns, churches, factories and railroad depots jumping from their foundations and leaping toward the

Great trees twisted into corkscrews. Forest trees laid level with the ground, "like grass behind the mower." All these things are to come, and at

there? Could it be that he loved me How Two Farmer Boys Learned to be Telegraphers-A Minature Telegraph Line

Washington Star. In one of the towns on the Baltimore and Potomac railroad, from which the block system is worked, the traveler sees at night as he is whisked rapidly by, the figure of a young man, whose couragements in learning the business of telegraphy entitled him to the most abundant success in the profession he has chosen. A younger brother, who, with him, shared his toils and trials in learning, only waits for a few days for his majority to enter the service of the railroad company as an operator.

These two young men are of a family of three boys, who lived with their father, a plain, hard-working farmer, the railroad. When not otherwise engaged, the boys spent much of their time at the station, and watched with curious eye the manipulations of the telegraph keys. They discussed between themselves the advisability of learning the business, and came to the conclusion that it would be far better for them to follow this business than that of working corn and tobacco. There were, however, many difficul-

ties in the way, the gravest being lack of knowledge and want of time to devote to learning as well as the necessary instruments for practice. They were nonplussed, knowing that it would be tedious and almost impossible to earn by picking up a sound now and then at the station. After a few days, however, they had reason to rejoice, for chance threw into their way the very thing they wanted. This was a fragment of a book containing a few pages on telegraphy, including the Morse alphabet, found in the rubbish barrel bought by their father. They then commenced a regular course of study, and arranging some nails in two pieces of wood so as to strike the heads What burning, scathing words I used | together to imitate the ticking of the ipulate this rude sounding key another instrument was made, and during the long winter evenings in separate rooms other. Sometimes they used their school lessons and transmitted from one to the other in their course of their practice the whole of the Sixth Reader. The father did not, however, take much stock in their proceedings, hardly realizing that they would become expert operators without a practical teacher; but the tapping of the nail heads continued. As they seemed determined, and withal did not neglect the work on the farm, he interposed no to his three that if they would cut and load eight carloads of wood he would give each of them the proceeds of one carload. The the cars loaded and the wood sold; each netting \$25 or \$30. This was given "Harry-Harry Stretton; the man I them to do with as they pleased, and it spent in clothing, in which they stood in some need. When, however, they returned from Baltimore, each with a cheap suit of clothes, they brought home with them batteries, instruments and wires. It was apparent that not only had the two disciples of the art laid out most of their money to further third brother had helped them. With their plan a line was erected, with about a mile of wire running around the place, one instrument being placed in the corn house and the other in the kitchen, and the practice went on. During the great Guiteau trial in this city, on receiving a paper one would go to the corn house, and calling the brother up at the kitchen end of the line, would telegraph the whole report, thus the whole family would learn the news This practice was kept up until a few months ago, when the elder boy received an appointment on the Baltimore and Potomae railroad, and, as stated before, may be seen every night in his tower as he signals that his block is clear by raising the red (danger) signal out of sight and showing the white (safety) signal.

From Pain to Death. New York Sunday Mercury.

On the two fields of Waterloo and Linden, splendid crops of crimson poppies appear every year. The ground which nourishes these is packed with the remains of soldiers. The preparations of opium derived from the poppy have been used in the form of laudanum and paregoric. So, pain has been stilled by the remains of pain and death, and babies put to sleep by the dead bodies of men who fell in the deadly onslaught!

Mr. Rufus Zogbaum, an artist who has made a specialty of military subjects, visited while abroad the camps of the leading European armies, and embodied his personal experiences in some papers which he wrote as well as illustrated for Harper's Magizine. The first of these, "War Pictures in Time of Peace," appeared a few months since. and described a manævre-campaign with French troops. The second, "The Home of Tommy Atkins, as the English soldier is popularly called, describes the great English camp at Aldershot. Another, "A Night with the Germans," descriptive of a night reconnoissance during the German mock-campaign, is promised for some time next year.

Mr. W. D. Howells is writing a novel for the coming year of the Century, under the title of "The Rise of Silas Lapham." In the first chapter, which will be printed in the November number, Mr. Howells returns to the life of Bartley and Marcia Hubbard, the much discussed hero and heroine of "A Modern Instance," showing Bartley in the character of interviewer for his "Solid men of Boston" series.

"In feeding corn to cattle for fattening, I am;" says John Walker "decidedly in favor of having the corn shelled. My objections to feeding the cob under any circumstances are based on the injury it produces in the alimentary ca-

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 aboutder.



W. J. WILSON.

Stock brand-circle on left shoulder; also dewisp 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, Dundy county, Nebraska.



HENRY T. CHURCH.

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 Valsey, east of Dry Creek, and near head of Spring Creek, in Chase county,

J. D. Welborn,

Vice President and Superintendent.

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



STOKES & TROTH.

P. O. Address, Carrico, Hayes county, Nebraska, Range, Red Willow, above Carrico. Stock branded as above. Also run the lazy er 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.



J. B. MESERVE. ranch, Spring Canyon on the Frenchman River, in Chase county, Neb. Stock branded as above; alse "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.

PLUG TOBACCO with Red Tin Tag: Rose Leaf Fine Cut



Chewing; Navy Clippings, and Black, Brown and Yeliow SNUFFS are the best

JOSEPH ALLEN. Ranch on Red Willow Creek, half mile above Osborn postoffice. Cattle branded on right side and hip above. 8-4

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 mouth of Red Willow creek. Call on J. F. Black, on premises, or address him at Indianola.