

**LIFE.**

Life is not what we try to make,  
No, not by any means;  
It is the reverse quite frequent,  
Despite our higher aims and schemes.

We labor, execute and plan  
For the good of those around us,  
Until the brain is in a whirl,  
Battling with life's stern realities.

All this we could do, and deem it a pleasure,  
Provided our efforts were crowned with success;

That our loved ones could only appreciate  
our endeavors;  
But, alas we are doomed to failure and neglect.

Then is it a wonder that we fall in well-  
doing,  
Or is it a wonder we cry out in our grief  
That life is a burden to all who embark?

We are weary of living, and long to de-  
part.

God grant we shall strive to do every duty,  
Regardless of trials that lie in our path,  
And live as we should in every particular,  
Though discouraged and deserted by those  
we loved best.

**THE CAPTAIN'S UMBRELLA.**

Captain Fortescue danced for the best part of one happy evening with the prettiest girl of the season. And the gallant captain fell desperately in love with her. He went home in the bright mistiness of an early summer morning in a high fever of excitement, for he believed that Miss Bracegirdle viewed him with considerable favor.

The next afternoon he went to call on her. She seemed to him even more beautiful in the daylight, and in a simple dress; he became momentarily more and more in love. And now he fancied that not only Miss Bracegirdle, but her mother, regarded him with kindly eyes. In that case he had but to go in and win. He resolved so to do, and left the house so full of his passion and his thoughts that he forgot—his umbrella! This was no unusual circumstance. Captain Fortescue was given to forgetting his umbrella, and leaving it in a handsome cab or any other convenient place.

Thus it happened that this which he had now left was the only one he possessed. The next day he knew Miss Bracegirdle was going to an afternoon fete at the Botanical Gardens. He intended to meet her there. But it was showery, thunderous weather, and he felt that to visit the Botanical Gardens without an umbrella would be dangerous and difficult. Besides, an umbrella is often admirably useful during the progress of a love affair.

He had learned by accident that the Bracegirdles were going out shopping in the morning. He determined, therefore, to call and ask the housemaid to give him his umbrella. This seemed exceedingly simple; but luck was against Captain Fortescue. The maid who had admitted him on the day before had this very morning departed in a four-wheeled cab, with two boxes on the top of it, her "month" being "up." A new maid had taken her place—one of a less smiling disposition than the last.

"I called here yesterday afternoon," said the captain, "and left my umbrella; will you let me have it?"

Something in the sternness of the eyes which were upon him made him falter before he had said the last word of his request; it suddenly occurred to him that he might find it a little difficult to prove the umbrella in question was indeed his own.

"No, thank you," said the maid; "I've had enough of that at my last place. I'm not going to get into trouble here. Better take an honest trade, young man." With which piece of advice she shut the door in Captain Fortescue's face, leaving that officer astonished, quenched and crestfallen. He went straightway and bought a new umbrella. Armed with this and admirably attired in other respects, he went to the Botanical Gardens, where he met Miss Bracegirdle, who seemed more beautiful, more charming and more gracious than ever.

As soon as he seemed at all decent he called again, feeling very contented with himself and his fate. But when he asked whether Mrs. Bracegirdle was at home, and the stern maid eyed him for a silent, awful instant, his spirits fell strangely.

"She is not," said the maid, and shut the door with abruptness that gave him a singularly disconcerted feeling.

When, about an hour later, the ladies came in, and the maid brought them some tea, she said to Mrs. Bracegirdle:

"If you please, ma'am, that young man has been here again who came one day with the umbrella dodge. He asked if you were at home—of course he knew you were not—and I suppose he had some plan for getting into the house, but I shut the door in his face and would not listen."

"That's right, Eliza," said Mrs. Bracegirdle. "Never give them a chance to get into the hall. There's been too much of that stealing of coats and umbrellas in this neighborhood; it never would happen with a sensible housemaid. Master Harry leaves his things hanging in the hall, so that it would be easy to carry off a coat or umbrella if you left the man there alone for a minute. If he is so impudent as to come again, the moment you see who it is shut the door."

The next afternoon was Mrs. Bracegirdle's day "at home." Captain Fortescue had not intended to go then; he wanted the lovely Miss Bracegirdle to himself, not surrounded by a crowd of admirers. But as he had not been able to see her the day before he determined to brave the crowd, and be content if he got but one smile all his own. And so he presented himself once more at Mrs. Bracegirdle's door, this time knowing her to be within. But when it was opened and he conditionally framed the phrase not as a query, but as an assertion, "Mrs. Bracegirdle at home?" and proposed immediately to enter, the maid said shortly, "No, she is not," and quickly shut the door upon him.

No words can describe his feelings. He stared blankly at the handsome

door, well shut and firm, that suddenly had closed upon him and separated him from his love. What could this awful thing mean? Had Mrs. Bracegirdle heard something—false, of course, and uttered by some other base admirer of her daughter—which had made her take this cruel step? It was impossible to knock again and ask; it was ridiculous to stand staring at the door. He turned, descended the steps and walked down the street.

Before he had gone half way he met a hated rival, a very nice fellow, whom he had only begun to hate in the last three or four days, since he had noticed that Miss Bracegirdle sometimes gave him very charming and encouraging glances. Captain Fortescue walked on slowly, and listened for the confident rat-a-tat-tat of his rival. He heard it, lingered and looked back. The door was opened and the visitor instantly admitted.

The unhappy man who had been turned away from that same entrance sighed heavily, and went away down the sunny street, hanging his head. He told himself that it would be only a fool, or a madman, who could pretend to misunderstand so plain a refusal as this. Perhaps it was meant kindly, he thought; and groaned at the thought.

Miss Bracegirdle was no coquette, and did not care to have men offer her their love when she had no intention of accepting it. He was so desperately enamored of her that he busied himself in trying to see this cruel out as a kind deed. His hopes were gone; but he could not bear so suddenly to lose his idol. He determined he would not worry her by his unwelcome presence where she could not easily avoid him, nor permit himself to be laughed at by his successful rival. So he excused himself from certain engagements at houses where he knew he should meet her. He gave up dancing, and took to cards instead.

"Mamma," said Miss Bracegirdle one day, "doesn't it seem odd that for three weeks Captain Fortescue has not called."

"It does," said Mrs. Bracegirdle, "and yet, when I come to think of it, we have not met him out anywhere, either. He must be ill, or more likely he has gone out of town. He will call when he comes back."

This she said, noting that her daughter looked a little pale and out of sorts. But secretly, she was uneasy herself. Captain Fortescue had shown signs of being so hot a wooer that it seemed very improbable he would leave town without a word to them. At the next opportunity she quietly made some inquiries about him and learned that Captain Fortescue was neither ill nor out of town. This was bad news indeed, for Mrs. Bracegirdle knew perfectly well that her daughter's heart was seriously touched; and, as Captain Fortescue was perfectly "eligible," all had promised fairly. Now that fair promise was destroyed. There was nothing to be done except to try, by other distraction, to erase the impressions which Captain Fortescue had made. Mrs. Bracegirdle devoted herself to her daughter more tenderly than ever; and the girl understood her.

Amid all the gaiety and the many engagements which came with every day, there was a melancholy about the house which had never been there before. It was impossible for them to banish it altogether. Even Master Harry, a cheerful youth of about fourteen, became aware of it at last, and declared his sister was not "half as jolly as she used to be." One day, when his mother and sister were taking a quiet half-hour before dressing for dinner, he came into the room, carrying an umbrella.

"I say, mother, this umbrella's been in the stand for a month. The fellow it belonged to has forgotten all about it, I expect; don't you think I might have it?"

"Isn't it yours?" said Mrs. Bracegirdle. "I gave you a silver-handled one last year."

"O, I lost that long ago," replied the youth, coolly; "and I may as well have this instead. It's like mine, but ever so much sweller. There's a name engraved on it, but I could have that scratched out."

"Let me see the name," said Mrs. Bracegirdle. She took it, and read, "Fortescue."

An odd look came over her face. She said nothing for a moment, but seemed plunged in thought; then she rose, and went down stairs to the dining room. She rang the bell, and the stern-eyed maid appeared.

"Eliza," she said, "can you remember the appearance of the young man who came one day and asked for an umbrella? He came twice, I think you said, and asked for me the second time. Will you describe him, if you can?"

"He was quite a gentleman to look at, ma'am," said Eliza, "but this sort most are. Tall, broad-shouldered and military looking, with blue eyes, very short, fair hair, and a long, heavy, fair moustache."

"That will do, Eliza," said Mrs. Bracegirdle, "you can go."

As soon as Eliza had left the room, Mrs. Bracegirdle sat down and wrote a note. Then she tore it up and wrote another, which is merely an informal invitation to lunch the next day.

Then she called Harry down to her. "Harry," she said, "I want you to go to Captain Fortescue's rooms and take this note and the umbrella. See him if you possibly can, and try to explain about this unhappy umbrella and that wretched, stupid Eliza."

Then she told Master Harry the story, at which he laughed immensely. "Now, you must not laugh, but think how you can do the thing nicely, Harry. You can manage it admirably, if you choose. It is too absurd to put on paper. And make Captain Fortescue promise to come to lunch, just to show he bears no malice."

Harry put on his manners and accomplished his task well, though he felt much aggrieved at having to give up the umbrella. Captain Fortescue came to lunch; and this time Eliza admitted him, and blushed as she did so.—[London World.]

In China young women are married at auction. In this country they are disposed of at private sale.—[Texas Siftings.]

**THE SIOUX INDIANS.**

Condition of Affairs at Rosebud Agency—A Thoroughly Civilized Specimen.

Lincoln Journal.

Last Thursday, through the kindness of Col. O. M. Druse, a Journal reporter was made acquainted with Mr. Tall Chiff, a Sioux, and for years an interpreter in the service of the government. Mr. Tall Chiff is about sixty years old, rather gray, but erect and active. His color has not been tamed by civilization, and aside from his garb he looked a genuine aborigine. He was educated at Washington and Philadelphia, spending two years at the former and three at the latter place, under the guardianship of the Quakers, who were the first sect after the Catholics to take a very definite interest in the Indians.

Tall Chiff's Indian name is Con-oc-to-wan-ha, and he is of the lineage of chiefs, his father being a brother of Sitting Bull. The father died a few years ago at the advanced age of 112 years. He belongs to the Red Cloud band, but seemed to hold in scorn the pretensions of those Indian warriors or statesmen who claim the dignity of chieftainship by heredity. His wife is a white woman, and he holds very rigid views about the sacredness of the family relation, his own being based upon the Christian model.

Tall Chiff is an extensive farmer, having had 420 acres of choice land allotted to him by the government at his own persistent request. He has been engaged for five years in agricultural pursuits, and quite successfully. He has 75 acres in corn this year and will cut 2,000 tons of hay. Last year he made a good crop of corn and 800 tons of hay. He has a large lot of hogs and a good herd of cattle. Last year he bought some blooded pigs at Staplehurst, in Seward county, and the result pleased him so well that he is now at that point getting more. His presence in the city was due to his desire to procure some thoroughbred bulls for improving his stock, and for that purpose he will attend the Daily sale this week. Thousands of common cattle range the hills and plains about Rosebud, belonging to the Indians and to settlers, and more are being brought in all the time. Tall Chiff fully understands the importance of grading them up to the improved standard, and thinks pure blood bulls will be a good investment.

In answer to queries upon the subject, Tall Chiff expressed himself hopefully as to the future of the Sioux, and more especially those at Rosebud agency, of whom there are about 1,500. Of these some fifty heads of families are farmers, and are succeeding finely. They have in from forty to 120 acres of corn each and other crops in proportion. Most of them are anxious for their children to go to school and become educated like the whites. They take an especial interest in the learning of trades and show a great aptitude for it. In farming matters they prefer stock generally. Tall Chiff himself sold \$900 worth of ponies last year of his own raising. They are improved from the common Sioux stock by a judicious mixture of good blood, giving them increased size but retaining the toughness and sagacity for which they have become famous. With this improvement in blood is also introduced better keep in winter, with shelter. The desire to have lands allotted in severalty is growing among the Indians. They believe they ought to have a white man's chance and feel confident they could improve it.

Among other things learned from Tall Chiff was the existence of Free Masonry among the Indians—not the crude and superstitious sort that is popularly believed, but a high order of Blue Lodge work, differing but slightly in its ceremonies and teachings from the best Anglo-Saxon lodges. He states that its existence is traced back 1,200 years before Columbus discovered the continent, but beyond that point it is lost in the dim mists of tradition. Tall Chiff himself is a member of the mystic order, and has several times visited white lodges, gaining admission on the symbols everywhere recognized. He will be in the city Monday evening, and will doubtless be in attendance upon the dedication of the Masonic temple. He is a fluent talker and a very intelligent man, and could no doubt add to the interest of the occasion if he can be induced to do so. He related to the reporter an interesting incident concerning Big Tree, the chief who was some years ago taken to Washington on a charge of tearing up the track of the Union Pacific railroad. Big Tree was a Mason, and his connection with the order was of service to him at the time.

Tall Chiff denies that the women are slaves among the Indians, or that they are compelled by the men to do the drudgery as is generally believed. He says they do this severe work voluntarily and with pleasure. They are strong and able to do it with no great fatigue. What may be defined as a family esprit du corps is very strong among the Indians, and a woman who could not do her share of the work would regard herself as unfortunate.

The Sioux are desirous of emulating the whites in advancement of wealth, and are becoming enthusiasts in the matter of educating their children. They appreciate, with far more keenness than one not well acquainted with them would imagine, the love and filial respect of their children, and the fear that their offspring may become too proud and "stuck up" to love them is the only obstacle to a complete embracing of every facility in this direction. This feeling is, however, confined to a comparatively small number. An instance of this is shown in the late escape of five children from the Genoa school. An old man named Leggings—or, in Sioux, Eck-sa-ta-wat-ha—whose children they were, became lonely and fearful that his little ones would never again be reconciled to their home and parentage. His wife shared in these emotions. They hungered every day for a sight of the loved faces that had gone from their little cabin, and when they could bear it no longer they took their ponies and went to Genoa to see them. Once in their arms they could not give them up, and the reunited family fled toward the agency. But the implements of civil-

ization, the telegraph and railroad, were too much for them. They were captured, the children returned to the school and the disconsolate parents to their lonely home.

**Princess Bismarck.**

Harper's Magazine.

The giant spirit who raised the German people from their long abasement, and gave them their place among the nations, in due time, by his choice of a wife, established for himself a happy home, in which his domestic nature has received a manifold and fruitful development, and that he is, after all, not by any means the man of blood and iron which many people suppose him to be. His wife is nine years younger than her husband, and was married to him in 1847. Her maiden name was Johanna von Puttkamer, and she was the daughter of a quiet, godly Pomeranian home, the atmosphere of which was pervaded by the spirit of the Moravian fraternity. That "the mad squire [Junker] of Kneiphof," as Bismarck was then called in the gossip of the neighborhood, the future "Iron Chancellor," should have been attracted by, and at the same time should have awakened a warm and lively interest in, a lady whose first impression of men and things were received amid such surroundings, need not, after all, create any surprise. Even in those days the period of unrest, storm, and stress had been succeeded by one of calm, and his wildness and love of mischief had given place to self-examination and a longing after higher things. The princess was strictly and piously brought up; but is of a cheerful and lively disposition, endowed with a considerable amount of mother-wit, keenly sensitive, and possessed of excellent taste. Very musical, and an excellent performer on the piano, she is at the same time a careful and thrifty housewife, and, like the noble ladies of former times, possesses some knowledge of the healing art. During all these years she has shared intelligently her husband's hopes and cares, sometimes even the political ones, as witness the letters published by Hesekeel, written to her when official duties or holiday travels demanded to separate them for a while. In these she addresses her as "My darling" (mein Herz), "My best beloved," she sends her jasmine from Peterhof; he promises her Edelweiss from Gastein. From the royal castle at Offen he bids her "good-night from far away," and adds, "Where can I have heard the song which has been running through my head all day?"

"Over the blue mountains, over the white sea foam, Come thou, beloved one, come to thy lovely home?"

I wonder who can have sung that to me some time or other in "auld lang syne?" Elsewhere he recalls on the sixteenth anniversary of his marriage how it "had brought sunshine into his bachelor life." Over and over again he gives expression to a feeling of homesickness, of longing for her and the children. And in a letter written from Smaland he wishes that he had a little castle peopled with those he loved on one of the wood-and-heather-bound lakes of that Swedish province. Many other parts of this correspondence show how dear his wife is to him, and how often he thinks of her. On the other hand, we can infer from several of the letters that the good lady has become deeply imbued with her husband's energetic modes of feeling and of thought.

**Mr. Conkling's Shirt Front.**

N. Y. Letter in Baltimore American.

Conkling is as unique as ever in personal appearance, partly by reason of good looks, which he isn't to be blamed for, but in a considerable degree because he dresses in a picturesque disregard of the current fashions. I went into court the other hot day to get a view of him. He came in like a planter of the old time from a cotton-field, wearing a broad Panama straw hat and a suit of something thin and yellowish, similar to nankeen. There was breezy non-conventionality in the toilet, and to most observers it might have passed for the careless attire of a man who cared nothing for style and everything for comfort. But there was complete refutation of that idea in his shirt-front, which reached from shoulder to shoulder and chin to paunch, covering the ex-senator's ample expanse of chest with a stiff, glistening shield and nearly all exposed, because he wore no waistcoat. No man intent solely on the palliation of torrid torture would put on a shirt starched like that. When the court was opened and Conkling arose to address the surrogate, I think I had never seen so much dignity embodied in a single human being. He was Hyperion and Adonis in one. That lasted about four seconds. Then all his impressiveness of port collapsed in a disaster so complete, so ir retrievable that the proud man was for once humbled.

How did it happen? Well, he had undue confidence in that shirt bosom and leaned forward on it. Briefly it supported him in his grandeur and then it broke in the middle, letting him half double up on himself and leaving him to regain unaided such composure and complacency as he might from his downfall. On what insecure props does greatness sometimes depend.

**Two-Dollar Kisses.**

New York Journal.

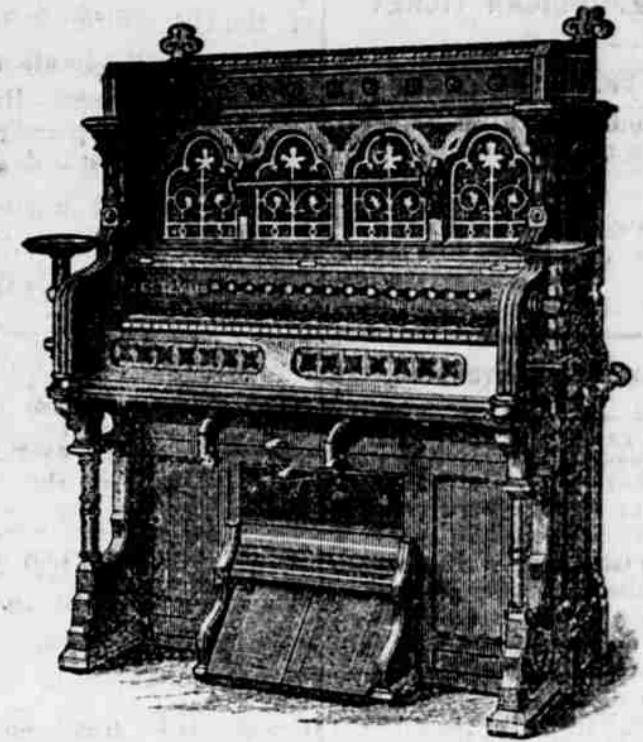
An unfortunate young man in Kentucky has been fined the ridiculous small sum of two dollars for kissing a girl. Any maiden who holds her kisses so cheaply deserves to be forever debarrd from labial bliss. The young man might have escaped on a plea of insanity, or settled the matter by proposing to the indignant maiden. But perhaps that was the trouble. Had he sued for her hand in the first place she might not have subsequently sued him for his money. The susceptible youth of Gotham should take warning from this case and first make sure of their girl before osculation. From this distance it looks like a desperate leap-year dodge on the part of the Blue Grass maiden.

The Lay of the Tramp is in the hay-mow.—[Waterloo Observer. So is the Lay of the Hen.—[St. Louis South and West.]

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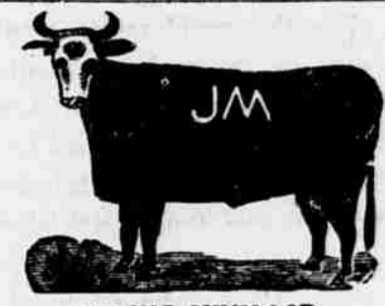
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DENNIS M'KILLIP.

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



W. J. WILSON.

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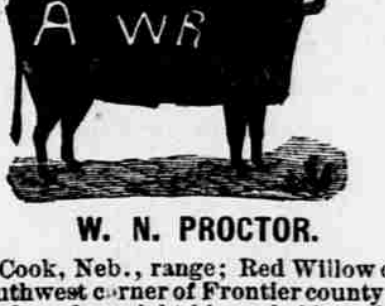
HENRY T. CHURCH.

Osborn, Neb. Range: Red Willow creek, in southwest corner of Frontier county, cattle branded "OLO" on right side. Also, an over crop on right ear and under crop on left. Horses branded "8" on right shoulder.



SPRING CREEK CATTLE CO.

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



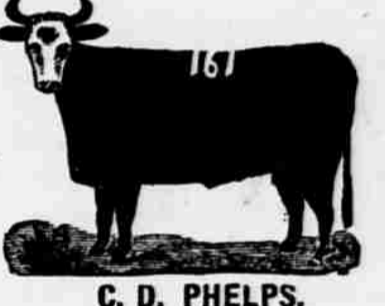
W. N. PROCTOR.

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



J. B. RESERVE.

Ranch, Spring Canyon on the Frenchman River, in Chase county, Neb. Stock branded as above; also "777" on left side; "77" on right hip and "L" on right shoulder; "L" on left shoulder and "X" on left jaw. Half under-crop left ear, and square-crop right ear.



C. D. PHELPS.

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



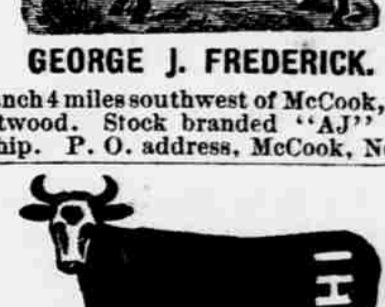
THE TURNIP BRAND.

Ranch 2 miles north of McCook. Stock branded on left hip, and a few double crosses on left side. O. D. BRANBRACK.



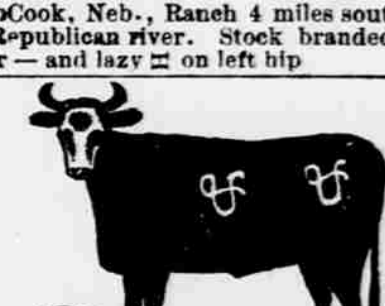
STOKES & TROTH.

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



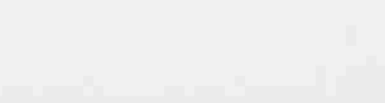
GEORGE J. FREDERICK.

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



JOHN HATFIELD & SON.

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



JOSEPH ALLEN.

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