

THE TALE OF A CALF.

A Poem With
...A Moral.

One day through the primeval wood,
A calf walked home as good calves
should.
But beat a trail all bent askew,
A crooked trail, as all calves do.
Since then two hundred years have
passed,
And I infer the calf is dead.
But still he left behind his trail,
And thereby hangs my mortal tale.
The trail was taken up next day
By a lone dog that passed that way.
And then a wise bell wether sheep
Pursued the trail o'er vale and steep,
And drew the flock behind him, too,
As good bell wethers always do.
And from that day o'er hill and glade,
Through those old woods a path was
made,
And many men wound in and out,
And dodged and turned and bent
about,
An uttered words of righteous wrath,
Because 'twas such a crooked path.
But still they followed—do not laugh—
The first migrations of that calf;
And through this winding wood-way
stalked
Because he wobbled when he walked.
This forest path became a lane,
That bent and turned and turned
again;
This crooked lane became a road,
Where many a poor horse with his
load,
Tolled on beneath the burning sun,
And traveled some three miles in one.

And thus a century and a half
That trod the footsteps of that calf.
The years passed on in swift feet,
The road became a village street.
And this, before the men were 'ware
The city's crowded thoroughfare;
And soon the central street was this
Of a renowned metropolis.
And men two centuries and a half
Trod the footsteps of that calf.
Each day a hundred thousand rout
Followed the zigzag calf about,
And o'er his crooked journey went
The traffic of a continent.
A hundred thousand men were led
By one calf near three centuries dead.
They followed still his crooked way,
And lost one hundred years a day;
For thus such references is lent
To well established precedent.
A moral lesson this must teach,
Were I ordained, and called to preach.
For men are prone to go it blind
Along the calf-paths of the mind,
And work away from sun to sun
To do what other men have done.
They follow in the beaten track,
And out and in, and forth and back.
And still their devious course pursue,
To keep the path that others do.
But how the wise old wood-gods laugh
Who saw that first primeval calf!
And many things this tale might
teach—
But I am not ordained to preach.

A Vain Rescue.

A Story of the
Early West.

On a pleasant summer evening, some
years since, the little village of Rose-
vale, in the western part of Nebraska,
was in its regular weekly condition of
eager anticipation, and most of its
population, old and young, male and
female, had collected at the postoffice
to await the arrival of the mail from
the east, which was the more anx-
iously looked for because it came but
once in seven years. The postal offi-
cials had not yet learned the trick of
expediting mail routes.
The mail was carried on horseback,
the usual mode in those days, when
there were neither railroads nor
trucks to connect the remote set-
tlements with those nearer to civilization.
When mails were light one horse suf-
ficed for the carrier and his charge,
but in this case, Joe Stanton, who
was contractor as well as carrier for
the route, used two horses—one to car-
ry himself and the other the mailbags
—and he took pride in owning a pair
of steeds as fleet, staunch and well
bred for as any in that country, not
only because he was a great horse-
man, with a fine appreciation of good
stock, but because the route he trav-
eled was constantly beset with more
or less danger, and it might at any
time be necessary for him to rely upon
the swiftness of his gallant beasts for
his own safety, as well as that of the
precious missives entrusted to his care.
The various Indian tribes, which, in
their wanderings, occasionally crossed
his trail, had for some time professed
to be peaceable, but they were at al-
most any moment sufficiently treach-
erous to murder and rob a man, or a
small party of whites, whenever they
could do so with safety, and, for a
short time past there had been grow-
ing rumors that they would probably
engage in open hostilities as soon as
an alliance of all the principal tribes
could be effected. This danger, though
still regarded by the settlers as rather
remote, caused them to exercise un-
usual vigilance, and rendered Joe Stan-
ton more wary and watchful while on
the road.
Joe was at this time a young man of
twenty-five, more or less, of fine ap-
pearance and great strength and agi-
lity. He was born and raised in a
New England state, had received a lib-
eral education, and, having little be-
yond his own resources to depend upon
for success in life, had gone West to
push his fortune in whatever path
might open most promisingly before
him. His first stopping place was in
the southern part of Indiana, where he
engaged in school teaching, and fell
hopelessly in love with one of his
scholars, Millie Stacey by name, a ro-
bust beauty, with much natural
shrewdness, but little or no refinement.
As his passion was returned with the
proper degree of ardor, Joe, like all
young lovers, was more or less obliv-
ious of the faults and shortcomings of
his innamorata, and, when they were
sometimes a little rudely thrust upon
his attention, consoled himself with
the reflection that he would in time
be able to eradicate them.
The course of true love ran smoothly
enough; the fair one's parents favored
Joe's suit, and smiled approvingly on
the young people's engagement; and,
when the old folks decided to remove
to the far West, it was agreed that
Joe should accompany them, and that
the marriage should take place as
soon as he could establish a home of
his own.
They set out to perform the journey
in wagons, Joe doing a share of camp
duties, and, besides having provided
himself with a saddle horse and a good
rifle, he spent some time in hunting by
the way, and thus added considerably
to the quantity and variety of the
party's provisions. He soon became
an expert and enthusiastic hunter and
would often spend an entire day in
pursuit of antelope, deer, and, occa-
sionally, buffalo, which, however, was
not a favorite viand when anything

more tender and toothsome was to be
had.
He had gone out one day, when the
party had reached a point on their
journey near the site now occupied by
Rosevale, and, returning in the even-
ing to the spot where he supposed the
camp should be, failed to find it.
Turning backward on the road, he at
length came upon the shoudering ru-
ins of the teams and the mangled
bodies of the entire family, except
Millie, his darling, of whom he could
not find the slightest trace. She had
evidently been carried off by the sav-
age marauders, with the horses and
such goods as they chose from the
loading of the wagons.
If Joe had known in what direction
to pursue the cowardly and bloodthir-
sty Indians, he would certainly have
followed them single handed and alone,
but fortunately for himself, perhaps,
he had no skill or experience in fol-
lowing blind trails, and was compelled
to abandon the pursuit. Grief strick-
en, almost heartbroken, he made his
way back to the nearest settlement,
where he told the tragic story of his
loss, and vainly endeavored to raise a
party to accompany him in an at-
tempt to rescue his abducted love, and
take revenge on the murderers of her
relatives. The settlement could not
spare men enough to venture safely
upon such an errand.
As the last atrocity was, however,
but one of a long series of such fend-
ish deeds, the government, after some
the guilty tribe, and Joe found means
to join it as a volunteer scout. But
his opportunity for revenge was scan-
tily, and he was unable to get any tid-
ings of Millie, when the savages sud-
denly, and obtained it, on the usual
favorable terms.
For some time he continued to make
researches, but without avail. All the
Indians with whom he was enabled to
converse, denied that there were any
white women captives in the tribes so
far as they knew.
Determined to remain near the spot
where the massacre occurred, in the
hope of eventually succeeding in his
quest, he secured the contract to carry
the mails to and from Rosevale, then
newly founded, and in this occupation
he had made himself so useful to the
inhabitants of the village that they
felt almost as anxious for him as for
their letters and newspapers, and
would have regarded his loss from any
cause as an almost irreparable calam-
ity. He was wont also to act as ex-
pressman and general purchasing
agent for the village, and many a
much-needed article, unpurchasable at
the village store, was brought by his
trusty hands from afar. On nearly
every trip he had a number of com-
missions to execute, and many of the
village matrons were ready to aver
that they could not keep house with-
out his assistance thus rendered.
On the evening mentioned at the
commencement of our story, Joe did
not keep his patrons long in suspense.
The more tardy ones had barely
reached the postoffice when a cloud
of dust in the eastern horizon gave
the signal of his approach, and ere long
he was unstrapping his saddle bags,
and at the same time exchanging
greetings with his friends.
"What's the news, Joe?" asked an
inquisitive citizen.
"Indians," answered Joe briefly. "I
did not see them, but I seen plenty
of their signs."
"Are they on the warpath?"
"That's the report, and I think it
is true."
"Are we in danger here?"
"Not at the present, I think. They
haven't massed their forces yet, and
for a few weeks at least, will content
themselves with raiding outlying
ranches and waylaying small trains of
emigrants and travelers, and perhaps
mail carriers."
"No indeed; but I shall be much dis-
appointed if the red rascals permit

me to make many more trips in peace
and quietness. I think I should rather
enjoy a brush with them if they gave
me a fair show; but there are a good
many places on the road where they
might ambush and kill me before I
had a chance to make any defence."
"Don't you think, Joe," said a
stout matron, "you had better lay off
for a trip or two, till we see what the
Indians are going to do? We had
better miss our mails for a while than
lose you."
"Time enough for me to lay off when
I am dead or disabled," replied Joe,
dryly. "The postoffice department ex-
pects me to do my duty, and I shan't
disappoint it."
And he stated with his weary horses
to secure the refreshment and rest
which he and they so much needed.
By his side walked Mabel Stevens, a
young lady whom everybody said
would make a good match for Joe, if
he would only give up his futile search
for Millie Stacey, and make the best
of what chance and mischance had
thrown in his way.
Joe boarded with her father when in
the village, and Mabel, an unusually
well-bred and intelligent girl, was his
dearest friend. She sympathized deep-
ly with his misfortune, and was, per-
haps, the only one who continued to
encourage him in his efforts to re-
cover the lost. She entertained great
admiration and esteem for Joe, not
unmingled with affection, which, how-
ever, was of an unselfish and rather
sisterly character. She devoted much
time and care to making him comfort-
able, and diverting his mind from the
grief that might otherwise have con-
sumed him, and he was not ungrate-
ful. He returned her sisterly tenderness
with a brother's thoughtful
kindness; and neither of them had any
expectation of a closer relationship.
"Do you believe that your future
trips will be attended by unusual dan-
ger?" asked Mabel, after they had
walked a few steps in silence.
"I do," he answered. "I feel a pre-
sentiment that something extraordi-
nary is about to happen to me, al-
though I do not anticipate any fatal-
ity to myself. I sometimes feel as if
the great purpose of my life is at
length to be accomplished; yet there
seems to be some gloomy shadow im-
pending over all. Do you believe in
presentiments, Mabel?"
"I scarcely know whether I do or
not. Sometimes they seem to be oc-
casioned by one's physical condition.
If I am in exuberant health and
spirits I have delirious day dreams,
but if I am dyspeptic, and conse-
quently despondent, I am afflicted
with dark presentiments, which are
never realized. Yet there are, doubt-
less, cases in which coming events
cast their shadow before."
"I think mine is one of those cases,"
said Joe, earnestly, and lapsed into
thoughtful silence.
Having rested his allotted time, Joe
set out upon his return trip. About
the middle of the afternoon, while
passing through a dangerous defile,
overhung with a thick growth of
bushes, he was suddenly surrounded
by a large party of Arapahoe braves,
and though he fought desperately and
managed to kill two of them, they
overpowered him, and, having bound
him upon one of his own horses, start-
ed for the village. They did not reach
it until next day, and meantime Joe
was closely watched, so that he had
no opportunity of escape. On arriving
in camp he was delivered to the chief,
who ordered him to be bound to a tree
and assembled a council of braves to
decide his fate.
While the warriors sat in grave de-
liberation, the squaws and children
amused themselves by insulting the
helpless prisoner, who bore their an-
noyances and persecutions with be-
coming fortitude. At length a squaw
approached, and she seemed to Joe
being quite different from the rest.
She was much better dressed, cleaner
looking, and lighter in complexion,
though her face was daubed with the
usual red and yellow paint.
She scowled angrily at the prisoner,
hurled some sticks and pebbles at him
and rebuked him with the choicest
Indian epithets; but what was his
astonishment to hear her, in the midst
of her violent tirade, address him by
name. Then she jerked out in bro-
ken sentences mixed with Indian, like
this:
"Be careful—don't look surprised—
curse me—spit at me—do anything to
deceive these creatures—your safety
and mind depend on it—scoot and look
angry when you speak to me—I am
Millie Stacey. Be careful, and we will
both get free."
It required all Joe's self-command to
follow the cunning woman's directions
and avoid betraying them both, but
he succeeded. As she left and re-
turned to him from time to time, she
gradually informed him of the decision
of the warriors concerning his case,
which was that he should be tortured
as soon as a scouting party, then ab-
sent, returned, and also of her plans of
escape. So skillfully did she act her
part, and so well did he support her
that not the slightest suspicion was
aroused.
When the camp was wrapped in
slumber and darkness, Millie cautious-
ly approached, cut the thongs where-
with Joe was bound, led him swiftly
and silently to where his own two
horses stood waiting for them, and in
a moment they were mounted and
away. Millie carried a suspicious look-
ing bundle, and Joe asked what it was.
"That's my baby, Joe; you wouldn't
have me leave him behind, would
you?"
There was no time to discuss the
question, for the camp was aroused,
and with whoops and yells the Indians
were preparing to pursue. Joe had no
weapons, and they must outride the
savages or be lost; but their horses
were much superior in fleetness to the

ponies of the Indians, and once out of
bullet range they were safe. But be-
fore they could accomplish this a vol-
ley was fired, Millie uttered a cry of
pain, and her child, too, screamed as if
it had been hit; but she bore up
bravely and rejoiced that Joe had es-
caped unhurt. Like the wind they fled
across the open plain, until the sounds
of pursuing hoofs were no longer
heard behind them, when Joe drew rein
and inquired into Millie's condition.
"I fear I am badly hurt," she said
in a weak voice, "and baby is so quiet
I think he must be dead. Maybe that
would be better for your sake, Joe—
but I loved the little fellow, for I am
his mother. I had to marry White
Wolf or die, and I wanted to live. You
don't blame me, Joe?" she asked in a
piteous, pleading tone.
"I can't blame you, Millie," he said,
tenderly.
But there seemed to be a weight at
his heart as he uttered the words.
The hoof beats were again heard
in the distance, and Millie roused herself
for another effort. But it was her
last. When again they paused for a
breathing space she fell from her horse
and when Joe dismounted to assist her
he found her dead. Her child was also
cold and stark.
Tenderly he kissed her lips, quiet-
ly he laid the dead mother and child
in the shadow of a clump of bushes,
and then resumed his flight, for the
yelling savages still continued to pur-
sue. After a time, however, they gave
up the chase as fruitless. Then he
cautiously returned to where he had
left the dead bodies, bound them upon
his led horse and slowly and sadly
made his way back to Rosevale, where
the dead were buried, amid the sym-
pathizing tears of the citizens, none
of whom grieved more sincerely than
Mabel Stevens.
Years have passed and Joe and Mabel
have long been wedded, yet they often
visit a grave in the village cem-
etery, which they deck with the choic-
est flowers, and water with their ming-
led tears.—John Clarke.

AN IDEAL CITY.

What makes a city great and strong?
Not architecture's graceful strength,
Not factories' extended length,
But men who see the civic wrong,
And give their lives to make it right
And turn the darkness into light.
What makes a city full of power?
Not wealth's display nor titled fame,
Not fashion's loudly boasted claim,
But women rich in virtue's dower,
Whose homes, though humble, still
Are great.
Because of service to the state.
What makes a city men can love?
Not things that charm the outward
sense,
Not gross display of opulence,
But right, that wrong cannot remove,
And truth, that faces civic fraud,
And smites it in the name of God.
This is a city that shall stand,
A light upon a nation's hill:
A voice that evil cannot still
A source of blessing to the land;
Its strength, not brick, nor stone,
Nor wood,
But Justice, Love and Brotherhood.
—Charles M. Sheldon.

PEOPLE YOU READ ABOUT.

The Duke of Norfolk has contributed
altogether \$20,000 to the fund for the
erection of a memorial church to the
late Cardinal Newman.
Captain Bernice of Quebec is plan-
ning an expedition to the north pole.
He will take with him large kites fit-
ted with cameras. These will enable
him, even if he fails to get to the
pole, to take photographs of many
points which he cannot reach.
The German empress has the finest
pearl necklace in existence. It con-
tains three world-famous necklaces.
One of them formerly belonged to the
empress of Naples, and another
adorned the image of the Virgin of
Atakha. The entire necklace is said
to be worth \$500,000.
Eliza Orzesko, the authoress of *The
Argonauts*, is said to be the greatest
female writer and thinker in the Slav
world at present, and the first literary
artist among the women of Euro-
pe. Her works, contained in forty
old volumes, touch on the most vital
subjects in the world about her. Mme.
Orzesko is about fifty years old.
The Hanbury gold medal for 1901
was presented on October 1 to Dr.
George Watt by the president of the
Pharmaceutical society of England.
This medal which was established as a
memorial to Daniel Hanbury, is award-
ed biennially for high excellence in
the prosecution or promotion of origi-
nal research in the chemistry and
natural history of drugs, and the coun-
cil of the Pharmaceutical society are
the trustees of the memorial fund.
In Denmark many odd little stories
are told of King Christian and his
kindly ways, above all the friendly in-
terest he takes in the doings of his
subjects. Whenever any Dane makes
his mark in the world, no matter what
his situation in life may be or what
his views, the king always sends for
him at the first opportunity, that he
may know what he is like and have a
talk with him. He often stops during
his walks about the streets of Copen-
hagen and chats with any workman
he chances to encounter.
The duke of Connaught, although
over fifty years of age, alone of all the
royal family of Great Britain, looks
really in vigorous health. It is prob-
ably due to the open air life he leads
and his love of sport and exercise. The
duke of Connaught is exceedingly popu-
lar with the army and is regarded as
the best looking of the sons of Queen
Victoria. His marked features are
distinguished by virility. He and the
duke of Cambridge are, it is believed,
the only living members of the Eng-
lish royal family who have been under
fire.
The recent Astor ball swelled the
ranks of New York's 400 to 500 some-
bodies.

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COUNTRY PUBLISHERS CO., OMAHA, Vol. 5—No. 4—1902

Sheridan County.

Like Cherry county, it is very large-
ly devoted to stock interests, it being
a favorite grazing section. The coun-
ty has long been known as "The Antelope
Flats." High level, a rich, dark
loam, only needing a reliable amount
of distributed rainfall to make it one
of the richest in the state, but for lack
of this it is devoted to stock and veg-
etables, especially potatoes, of which
it raises the best in the state, and this
special industry is being pursued with
profit by the few who have taken
hold of it. The soil yields from 100 to
25 bushels of potatoes per acre, and
this year they command 50c to 60c
per bushel at the shipping point.
A little corn was raised, but pota-
toes, stock and hay are the reliable
resources; 200,000 tons of hay are re-
ported to have been grown in the
county this year, worth \$6.00 per ton,
and all fed at home.
Land, unimproved, is worth \$1.25 to
\$3.00 per acre. There are over 400,000
acres of government land yet open to
homesteading in the county, but like
that in Cherry county, most of it is
nearby and probably appropriated by
some cattle rancher, so that it would
hardly be available without purchas-
ing the adjoining watering places.
Rushville is the county seat, a good
town of 800 people, and is the railroad
station at which the business leaves
the Fremont, Elkhorn & Mo. Valley
R. R. (the only railroad in the county)
for the Pine Ridge Agency, 24 miles
distant. Hay Springs, another good
town in the county, lies nine miles
west of Rushville.
The county, as a stock county, is
rich, but does not promise to become
an agricultural section.

Indianapolis Journal: The Catholic
church has displayed its wisdom in its
plan to displace the friars in the Phil-
ippines with young priests trained in
the United States. By such a policy
the church will remove one of the
greatest obstacles which has confront-
ed our government.

Chicago Post: A Free Methodist over
in Canada felt so good that he tried
to fly and knocked down a large lamp.
Five men and three women caught
fire from the blaze thus started, and
since then the enthusiast's brother has
felt the need of wings as he never did
before.

Baltimore American: "Your nose is
red," declared the Captious Husband,
"because you dress too tight." "And
your nose is red," responded the Fond
Wife, "because you get too tight."

Philadelphia Ledger: A St. Louis
clergyman thinks marriage would not
be so much of a failure if women did
the proposing. But they do the ac-
cepting, don't they?