

THE SILVER-LEAFED POPLAR.

O, always the wind brings a whispering call
From out of the top of the poplar tall;
There steals through the air just a breath of
song
To one drawing near to the silver-leaved
throng.
"Come back! Come back!
From the world's sober ways.
Come back! for a glimpse of thy childhood
days."

And back with the years I am under its shade,
The wondering eyes of a little maid
Look up at the strange, at the dazzling sight,
A tree that is shining in shimmering white,
A snow tree white!
These are robes for a queen
That rules o'er a marvelous realm of green!

Once more, all the leaves that are turning
aside
Are gathered like knights for a frantic ride,
Who start with a tremble and quiver to go
Away with the music the singing winds blow.
Away! Away!
'Till their mantles fly out,
Their fluttering ermines all swing about.

Though childhood's bright fancies have faded
in years,
Still wonderful light in the poplar appears.
The flickering leaves turn their green and
snow
'Till shadows and sunlight are woven below.
Above, and blent
With their varying hue,
Is always the gleam of the sky's fair blue.

—MARY FRENCH MORTON.

MUSIC.

THE CONSERVATIVE is fittingly re-

buked. A correspondent takes exception to a recent article under the above heading, in which it was alleged that Nebraska City and the West in general were without music; representing that free concerts, and that of the finest, are offered to any who will listen, every morning throughout the spring and summer. This is perfectly correct, especially in a town like ours, where every street is a forest and every lawn a grove; one need only step out of his door on any of these mornings, while the grass is wet with dew as if from a shower and covered with tiny fresh cobwebs, the eastern sky an emerald-green and the air tremulous with the new day, to find himself enlaced and inclosed by a tracery of bird-song crossing in the air over his head.

A city man, visiting in Nebraska City, came to breakfast the first morning with something on his mind, as his face showed; presently it came out. "I don't know," he said, "whether you people appreciate this bird business, but I don't believe I'll ever forget it as long as I live. Why, I've heard more birds singing this morning than I supposed there were in the world. I know I used to think the birds sang kind o' nice when I was a boy, but since I've grown up I supposed that was only one of the things you think because you *are* a boy; but here this morning I've heard 'em all, and they were the real thing; I knew every one of 'em, the robins, the wrens, the old woodpecker and all the rest; and hanged if they don't sing

better than I remembered 'em. I just lay there and listened to 'em, and it set me to thinking of lots of things; they're not a day older than when they used to wake me up in my old bedroom at home, but I'm a lot older; I tell you, I shall always remember this morning."

He that hath ears to hear certainly need not lack for music wherever there are birds.

HIS TREES.

Many citizens of Nebraska remember the stately figure of Colonel Albert Tuxbury, once mayor of Nebraska City and once the democratic candidate for governor of this commonwealth. He was a man of pronounced and decided views upon all questions, and particularly proud of having been—even in his native state of Vermont—always a hard-money-Benton-mint-drop democrat.

He improved and built upon the land adjoining on the south the east eighty acres of Arbor Lodge which is now known as the Ware place.

Among other interests which pleased him and elicited his commendation and support none aroused more enthusiasm than arboriculture. The splendid row of black walnuts along the east line, and the avenue of walnuts running west, between the south and north forty acres of that estate, were planted by Colonel Tuxbury. In the early sixties he came over to Arbor Lodge and gathered the nuts out of which these beautiful trees have grown.

The planter has been dead many years. But the trees are still and ever will be his trees. They tell in sheltering shade and waving verdure of a wise and good deed. Good deeds need no eulogist. Good deeds are egotists. They speak for themselves. They reiterate from year to year, as leaves renew themselves, their benignant power.

THE BLOCK HOUSE AT OLD FORT KEARNEY.

To Horace Metcalf, Jr.

A Mexican dollar and a Spanish quarter, being the coins deposited in the corner stone of the government block house, built at Fort Kearney (Nebraska City) in 1842. This was the first building, public or private, erected in what is now the state of Nebraska. My information is derived from the United States Quartermaster who was stationed here at the time.

D. J. McCANN.

December 25, 1867.

SAN DIEGO, Calif., July 29, 1899.

I hereby turn over and transfer to W. E. Hill, all my right, title and interest in and to a certain document signed D. J. McCann, dated Dec. 25, 1867, and the two silver coins mentioned therein; they being the coins taken from the corner stone of the block house erected by the government at old Fort Kearney

(Nebraska City) at an early date; one of the coins, a Mexican dollar, was minted in 1835, the other a Spanish quarter, having the figures 178 on one side.

HORACE METCALF.

SAN DIEGO, Calif., Aug. 7, 1899.

Friend Morton:

In our conversation in Los Angeles, in relation to the relics from the old block house in Nebraska City, in possession of Horace Metcalf, I got the impression they were wanted as souvenirs for the Nebraska City Public Library. If I am correct in this, it would be a pleasure to me to present these relics of the early days of Nebraska, to the Public Library.

But if I am mistaken in my conclusion, and you desired them for yourself personally, in lieu of giving them to the Public Library, I cheerfully present them to you in consideration of old friendship and acquaintance.

Yours respectfully,

W. E. HILL.

SAN DIEGO, Calif., Aug. 7, 1899.

J. Sterling Morton,

Nebraska City, Neb.

Dear Sir: I have obtained from Horace Metcalf the two silver coins taken from the corner stone of the old block house in Nebraska City, and also the document dated Dec. 25, 1867, signed D. J. McCann;* and desire through you, to present them to the Nebraska City Public Library, with my compliments.

W. E. HILL.

APPLES IN NEBRASKA.

The apple crop of the counties of Cass, Otoe, Ne-

maha, Richardson and Johnson is perhaps the biggest and best in Nebraska for the year 1899. But in the orchards of the counties named there is the visible effect of the continued cold rains which fell upon the trees, while in full bloom, and washed away the pollen preventing fertilization entirely, or making it imperfect. The crop will not be half of a full crop. The supply of apples will not equal the demand for apples. At Arbor Lodge are more than two thousand bearing trees. Some of them, especially on millet-sown ground, are heavily loaded with fair, good-sized winter fruit. But all together there is not half the yield which comes under favorable conditions with breezes and sunshine at flowering time cooperating with busy bees in fertilizing the bloom.

*The editor of THE CONSERVATIVE corrects the mistake of the late D. J. McCann. The block house was not built until 1846. It was not therefore erected until after the American Fur Company's Post at Bellevue and after the Presbyterian Mission House and United States Indian Agency building at the same place. Elisha Bennet, brother of Hon. J. B. Bennet, formerly of Nebraska City, was blacksmithing for the Indians at Bellevue in 1843, at the agency shop of the United States government.

The coin relics will be deposited, properly framed, in the Public Library of Nebraska City.