

Fishin'.

Talk about your kinds o' sport,
Fishin' alwi: was my forte!

July moroin', still an' fair,
Harness up the ol' gray mare—
Start at four o'clock, we'll say,
So's to reach the crick by day.

Ketch your minnies at the dam,
More'n fifty at a slam;
Then wade down below the shoals;
There you'll find the fishin' holes.

Let your cork go driften' down
Where the current eddies roun'—
Down to where the willer tips
Thet above the river lean,
Long an' slim like buggy whips,
Tap the water with their green.

Hol' your breath an' wait an' then
Ketch yourself half listenin'
To a bird that shouts an' sings
'Cause the sun has teched its wings.

Zip! your cork goes out of sight!
Whiz! your line's a-pullin' tight!
Give him time to get his gait—
Now you've got him, shore es fate!
Easy—easy—let him run—
Let him fight and have his fun!
Now! pull in! he's comin' back—
Don't ye 'low 'im any slack!

Work him over to the shore—
Get him safe upon your string—
Hurry back an' try for more—
Fishin' jes beats anything!

Bars quit bitin' by an' by,
When the sun gets good an' high;
Then's the time to take a rest,
Eat a bite, an' smoke, an' jest—
Lyn' there beneath the trees—
Drowse, an' dream, an' take your ease.

Pecker-wood upon a limb,
Jay-birds laughin' down at him,
Redbird on the other shere
Hollerin' fer "Tee-a-dore!"
Bumblebees a-whizzin' by—
Evr'ything seems pr'tty nigh
Keepin' up a kind o' tune
Fitten' to the summer noon.
An' I jes lay back an' sing,
"Fishin' does beat anything!"

Don't git home till kinder late;
Sary, waitin' at the gate,
Looks at all my fish an' says
She won't scold this time, she guess,
An' she 'lows she never see
Sech a fisherman es me.
Then she gets me up a snack;
Says she's glad that I got back
'Thout a-gitten' killed er drown'
An' my body never foun'.

Then when Sary's say is said
I jes mosy off to bed,
Tired es a hunted deer;
Droppin' off to sleep, I hear
Katydid's thet rasp an' sing—
Fishin'—jes—beats—anything.
—Albert Bigelow Paine in the *Century*.

President Kruger's Illiteracy.

Nor can this modern South African Colossus write any better than he can read. To be sure, he can sign his name to public documents, but in somewhat the same way that Osman the Great, the founder and first sultan of the Osmanli Turks, used to sign his name to public documents—by dipping his hand into a saucer of ink and spreading it out on the paper, thus literally making his *sign manual*. Not that President Kruger has not got beyond Osman the First, for he can guide the quill sufficiently to sign his name to papers of state; but to write his name on those papers, or even an ordinary letter, with his own hand, would be quite beyond his powers, is the story often told in Pretoria. And yet, should I leave the impression with my readers that he was simply an ignorant old Boer, it would be a false impression. From the scholar's standpoint, possibly he is that, but from the standpoint of the politician and man of affairs he is one of the shrewdest great men of the time. If he cannot write a

state document he can dictate one. He knows what is in every one that he signs, and his native shrewdness enables him to get the better of far more scholarly rulers of mightier realms than his when the interests of his "poor burghers," as he pathetically calls them, are concerned.—From "The Two Republics of the Southern Cross," by Francis E. Clark, D. D., in *American Monthly Review of Reviews* for August.

No one who is interested in the history of the United States, and especially of these newer states in the West which are to be the field of so much history yet un-lived, should overlook a book which the Macmillans announce under the title *The Old Santa Fe Trail*. It is by Col. Henry Inman, late of the U. S. Army, and is as fascinating as a novel. So far removed from matters of our everyday experience are the scenes which he describes that one could not feel suprised on finding them in a book of Mediaeval history, yet the Colonel's narrative deals with a past so recent that men who figure in this volume are still alive and in their prime, such men as Col. Cody, "Buffalo Bill," to whom the book is dedicated. Col. Inman knew the heroes of these stories well, and was himself a part of that rude life now as completely vanished as the herds of buffalo which once covered those plains. The stories wander like the old trail itself through many accidents and incidents, some of them romantic, many highly exciting. They contain sketches of the old trappers and voyageurs, and of famous scouts like Kit Carson, who is the hero of a certain story, of heroic surgery, highly successful, but crude enough to have happened in the middle ages.

The Macmillan Company announces an attractive holiday book entitled *Singing Verses for Children*. It will contain a group of eighteen songs set to music and illustrated. They are designed to be sung by children as well as to children, and will be brought out in a way that will attract both musicians and children, who will find in it a beautiful picture book with simple music and verse of attractive rhythm. The verses are by Lydia Avery Coonley, and are simple and natural, full of the spirit of out-door life and so varied that something can be found in it appropriate to every season. The illustrations are by Alice Kellogg Tyler and show a strong attachment to the little folk and that keen sympathy with the spirit of each song which is essential to the best illustration.

A. L. Benedict in the August *Lippincott's* has a few sensible words to say about fraternities:

If you impress the members of higher classes as being a desirable acquaintance or as likely to reflect credit on them as a student, you will soon be "rushed" for one or more of the fraternities. But remember that you must not seek this honor. Whether or not you will join a fraternity, and, if so, which one, is an important question. A good fraternity with a chapter house offers you a home—a home, to be sure, in a family composed entirely of boys and young men and without the refining and restraining influence of father, mother and sisters—at an expense not much, if at all greater, than that of board elsewhere. In such a chapter you will find ready friends who will bring out the best there is in you and help you in many ways, while the chapter meetings will afford you literary, musical, elucationary, and parliamentary training. After graduation, too, you will still enjoy the privilege of having friends—though strangers—scattered over the country. On the other hand, some fraternity chapters are clubs of the most dissipated and vicious men at

college, and membership in such a society is a disgrace as well as a damage. Between these two extremes are all grades of fraternity life. Some chapters, though not positively bad, are expensive and frivolous; in others there is determined and selfish striving after mastery in college politics. At some of the larger universities college pride is so in excess of fraternity spirit that society membership amounts to little; at the smaller colleges, fraternity pride is in the ascendant, and membership becomes more and more important to the student's welfare, though never indispensable. The status of the local chapter is of more practical importance to you than that of the fraternity as a whole, yet it is unwise to affiliate with a society whose chapters at other colleges cannot receive your approbation, while the best societies have the same aim and about the same standing in all their chapters. It is well to be guided, to some extent, by the fraternity ties of relatives and friends; but you must remember that a chapter which was excellent in your father's time may have degenerated, and that your cousin, at a college hundreds of miles away, may enjoy a very different fraternity atmosphere from that which you would find at your own college. Finally, be broad minded enough to recognize that the fraternity which is best for you may not be absolutely better than some other, and that some difference in methods and aims is necessary to suit different temperaments.

Mrs. Benham—Before we were married you said that my slightest wish should be your law.

Benham—Yes, but I'd rather be a law-breaker than to have the law break me.

First Publication, July, 24th.
Northwestern Mutual Life Insurance Company, v. Burr, 16-118.

To the Northwestern Mutual Life Insurance Company, S. A. Maxwell and Company, David B. Welch, Jane E. Chamberlain, Abbie M. Chamberlain, Mary S. Jacobs, Jane D. Dowdall, the Sullivan Savings Institution of Claremont, New Hampshire, the Citizen's National Bank of Des Moines, Iowa, Louis Hax and James Porter:

You and each of you are hereby notified that in the case pending in the district court of Lancaster county, Nebraska, number 16-118, wherein the said Northwestern Mutual Life Insurance Company is plaintiff, and you and others are defendants, the National Life Insurance Company, of Montpelier, Vermont, on the 23rd day of July, 1897, filed its petition against you and the other defendants in said cause the object and prayer whereof are to adjudge that the petitioner, the National Life Insurance Company has a valid and first lien on a certain frame dwelling house now standing on a part of the land in controversy in this cause, to-wit: Lots number 10 and 11 in block number 92 in the city of Lincoln in said county, which house formerly stood on lots number 1 and 2 in block number 180 in said city, and on which said petitioner claims and prays a lien by virtue of a certain mortgage executed by the defendants, Carlos C. Burr and Mary E. Burr, on July 11, 1887, for the sum of \$11,000, recorded on July 12, 1887, in book 14 of mortgages, page 502 of the mortgage records of said county, and covering the last above described land; that the decree in said cause may be so modified and corrected as to exclude in express terms from the property to be sold for the payment of the liens thereby established the house aforesaid; that said house with all its appurtenances may be sold for the payment of your petitioner's lien; and that you and all the defendants herein may be excluded from all interest therein or lien thereon, and enjoined and restrained from in any manner interfering with the petitioner and all persons claiming through or under the same from the removal thereof.

You are required to answer said petition of the National Life Insurance Company on or before the 30th day of August, 1897.

The National Life Insurance Company, of Montpelier, Vermont.
By S. L. GEISTHARDT, Attorney.
Aug 14.

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