

paper is deposited where it belongs.

The club divides its work under three general committees—those of the Municipal Government, the Educational Department, and the Department on Forestry and Town Improvement. Sub-committees under each apportion the activity of the club and efficiently cover the indicated field. The club is just now working for the appointment of a police matron, who will be the first in city. Its summer work for the city-bound children is most valuable. It has established in the play-grounds of the public schools out-of-door kindergartens, fitting up the yards with sand heaps, little tables, and benches, and providing teachers to interest and benefit the children of the tenements. The Committee on Forestry works for the preservation of the trees of the city and to increase their number by planting additional ones. A Traveling Library Committee, too, provides good literature compactly arranged in small libraries, which are set going on a circuit of the fire stations, in the telegraph offices where messenger-boys are employed, and in the municipal buildings devoted to charity and correction, including the jail and poorhouse.

Mrs. Lyman B. Gilbert has been the president of the club from its start and has just been re-elected—an endorsement of her faithful and intelligent activity she wholly deserved. Mrs. I. P. Boyer is vice-president, Mrs. R. B. Ziegler secretary, and Miss M. Byers, treasurer.—The Bazar.

ONE THING LACKING.

There are moments in some men's lives that may never be duplicated—moments of wild exhilaration, of that serene and glowing triumph over obstacles that hitherto have seemed insurmountable. To Hilber a moment like this had come, as, rising from the breakfast table, he approached his wife, and putting his hand in his waistcoat pocket, pulled out ten new crisp one-hundred-dollar bills which he placed before her.

"Eleanor," he said, the tones of his voice indicating a depth of emotion that, since he had come home the night before, he had succeeded in suppressing, "by one of those chance lucky turns in the market I have just made one thousand dollars, and I want you to go out and satisfy your craving for shopping. I want you to revel in department stores, dry-goods emporiums, dressmakers and milliners. Go out and have a good time. All your married life you have complained that you have never really enjoyed a single day's shopping, as you have always been cramped and fettered. Let this day be yours alone. If you see anything you want, but don't need, buy it. If there is anything you know you can get along without, buy it. Go out and revel for one day. Here, take the money. It is yours to blow in."

Mrs. Hilber took the bills from his hands, and counting them carefully, put them in a purse, while a slight look of anxiety crept into her eyes.

"You dear thing," she said, smiling, "it is ever so good of you, but do you know you haven't given me a cent for car fare!"—The Bazar.

ALL THE WORLD IN BROOKLYN.

"Humph!" cried the Brooklyn man, as he narrowly escaped being knocked down by an electric car. "I wish William Shakspeare had lived in Brooklyn. He'd have changed his mind some in regard to all the world being a stage. All the world's a trolley these days."—The Bazar.

"Smithers plays a good game of golf," said Dawson. "His mother was a laundress and he handles irons naturally."

"Yes," returned Watkins; "but he has also inherited a tendency to press."—The Bazar

ON OUR NEIGHBOR'S DOOR STEP.

[FLORA BULLOCK.]

After you have heard and sounded the quantity of veracity in the first stories told a tenderfoot you may consider yourself initiated and ready to enjoy living. In this canyon the favorite tale used for terrorizing purposes is of the bear who killed, and, according to the version generally dealt out to a tenderfoot, ate a man, not very far from wherever you happen to be at the time, and not very long ago. Shorn of its undue ornament, however, the story is quite true and tragic enough. The man who was killed was an old and experienced hunter, but his rifle went back on him at the critical time. The people who examined the scene of his struggle thought that after finding his gun untrustworthy he had succeeded in climbing a tree, though his leg was much torn. It was believed that the bear attacked him when he came down again. After you have been sufficiently impressed with the idea that the bear enjoyed a square meal, and questioned what he did with the clothes and tobacco, your informant tells you that bears are never known to eat people; they kill just for sport, probably having learned the trick from men. This particular bear, you may be interested to know, is not now roaming the canyon. He was cracked and killed soon after the exploit of which I have told and he afterwards adorned the shop of a taxidermist in Newcastle for some time. Another bear story, of much less melancholy nature, usually follows in the train of this. A party of hunters from Illinois, anxious to make a showing, secured the privilege of using a bear who had just been trapped as a target for some fine shooting. They then expressed him home to their friends, I suppose with appropriate compliments and expecting return congratulations. It was of course, a very little matter that the mark of the trap and the leg broken by it were still in evidence.

Wolf stories and snake stories are your every day supply. Every ranch has its wolf-skin rugs; if you lie awake nights you may hear the howl of a prowling beast—"away off up the canyon" of course, though the ranchman will get out his horse and gun and start off. By a rare chance you might hear the bellowing of the cattle as they get in close formation to fight a wolf. Failing in enjoying a bona fide affair of this sort you may get the effect artificially produced by going down into the pasture when the cattle come meandering in at night; just let a teasing rancher call them toward you. The effect is fine, provided you can run and the gate is open.

Coyotes are more numerous here, I judge, than in the land where English club folks exploit them in such grating unWebsterian fashion. I have an ambition to see one and hear the yelp that is as a dozen, but my host says he has never seen one here, so I may be disappointed. Also all my Lincoln friends told me to look out for cow boys, and I have not seen one of them either, except through a field glass.

Well, you can travel away up a narrow canyon, plow your way through long grass and brush, explore old caves, climb for a long hour up a steep hill paved with pine needles, and slide down again—and see nothing of bears nor wolves nor the deers whose fresh tracks you followed up the canyon; see nothing either of the "anaix" your friends have repeatedly warned you against—as if it were ever necessary to caution a nineteenth century daughter of Eve to keep an eye out for the long-skinned things. Education and the long centuries of association with the superior knowledge and virtues of the sons of Adam have evolved in womankind quite a proper,

and, I suppose, holy horror for serpents and all their ilk. It is a soothing comfort to know that the rattlers do not fancy the higher altitudes, and that they are sluggish and will not chase you very far should you happen to run.

Of late, I see, the outside world has been reading with credulous trepidation, probably, of the likelihood of an Indian uprising in Wyoming, of trouble with cattle thieves in Wyoming, of postoffice robberies in Wyoming, and I know not what other plain and unimpeachable proof of a wild and untamed spirit abroad in this new land. I do know for a certainty, however, that there are many people not more than five hundred and nineteen miles from here on the B & M railroad who have about as intelligent an idea as to what it means to be on a cattle ranch just across the line in Wyoming as our Boston friends have of Nebraska when they imagine the new Governor's mansion must be a log-cabin with cyclone cellar attachments. It is curious—the way we people of the States have of thinking that any and every spot in a state, especially a western one, is marked by what we believe to be the state characteristics. Wyoming covers considerable ground, and this little corner of it is not necessarily typical of the whole. Yet "back east" I suppose people who have friends here—and this place is full of Nebraskans—are worrying if they hear the rumor of Indian war dances two hundred miles from us. It is all in Wyoming, anyhow. Meanwhile we feel as safe as a Tagal pounding his beloved poi in the mountain home of his ancestors. Seated here on the shady side of a rancher's cosy log house that stands in the center of what one might call, if it were not for unpleasant associations, a dishpan valley, so hemmed in is it by the high ranges and red gypsum foot hills, I am not greatly disturbed by the talk of Indians yet it is impossible not to think of them as one climbs about among the hills. If it were not that we have been taught to believe in the Anglo-Saxon's right to conquer and possess whatever parts of the habitable earth he desires, we would admit that this land was made for those whom in moments of humanitarian inflation we call our red brothers. Such glorious hiding places for warrior bands, where the teepee smoke would never betray; such mountain lookout peaks, where even now I can imagine a feathered chief shading his eyes and reading the signs of the hillside and valley; such a home for the wild and fleet-footed game; a land so like mountains, yet not so inaccessible, and lastly, such a hard land to bring to the uses of the Anglo-Saxon. If the red man had only shown a real passion for agriculture, so that he would be willing to dig ditches, irrigate and harvest, or if his primitive mind had grasped the great Anglo-Saxon idea of wealth sufficiently to arouse in him a stock raising instinct, we might have left him the hills, I think, and have let the coal and gold remain. You cannot blame them, savages that they are, for being sulky when they were driven out of such a happy hunting ground, even if the spirit of progress has left you no sentiment to waste on a dirty and useless people. You cannot help thinking about them, however. Reminders of them are everywhere. Just a little way from this ranch, up a side canyon, is a pretty grassy basin kindly sheltered by the hills is an old Indian camping ground—strewn with teepee poles bleached white as the deers' antlers that you find on the hills. The great pines on a little hillside stand guard over stone heaps which, we are told, hide the bones of Indian braves, though we do not curiously investigate. Now our big wagon wheels crunch and creak as we jolt over stones and stumps, and no one forbids us. In winter the cattle, with instinct akin to the Indians, seek

out this sheltered nook and enjoy it in bovine peacefulness.

Perhaps even this spot may be the scene of a Homestake mine some day, for it was very near here that the end of a rainbow rested the other evening. It was a pretty picture—a whole quarter of the striped bow shining out bright against the dark green hillside, so near that a short run through the rain would have brought us to that much desired goal of our childhood. We intend to prospect on that hill.

It is not easily, however, that the Anglo-Saxon is making good his title to the land of the red man. We might be convicted of grand larceny, but I am sure the judge would be lenient if he knew how hard the thief would find it to utilize the stolen goods. Cattle raising is the natural business of the country—above ground. For the rest you are hardly sure of your lettuce patch unless you run an irrigation ditch to it. "Little drops of water" is the motto here if anywhere. The way every little mountain spring is corralled and chained and led where it never dreamed of going, and measured out, and fought over is most interesting. This little canyon or valley of the Beaver creek is not so well supplied with water as other places in the state, but every gallon is treasured. So as you ride through it you have, added to the vision of black and green and red hills, a pleasant scene of deep green alfalfa fields, wild wood thickets along the stream, and grassy meadows. If you get close enough to the ranch houses you will see some of the prettiest gardens you ever were privileged to look upon.

The most unpromising things seem, after all, to have some use. As I have said before, the range grass does not look inviting, but it is worth tons of grain for beef fattening purposes. Even the sage brush—well, did you ever eat any sage hen? If you have you will never waste any sarcasm on the sage-brush again. I have hopes of learning some good of the cactus yet. The wolves, I know, are good to shoot; I saw a very large one, said to be the largest ever killed in this country, which was brought in a week or so ago by Dr. Horton of this place, a crack shot. He picked it out in a bunch of cattle.

Mr. and Mrs. G. F. Niles and daughter Jessie of University Place are guests also at the M bar-K ranch, and declare it the prettiest place in Beaver canyon.

This afternoon, July 25th, I attended the wedding of Mr. C. E. Perrin, a former Roca boy, to Miss Grace Sanders of this place. He is the second representative of that little Lancaster town known most by its past glories to be married here during the past few weeks, the first being Mr. Leroy Keys, a son of W. E. Keys, well known in Lincoln and University Place. Mr. and Mrs. Perrin will visit Lincoln and Roca while on their wedding trip as did Mr. and Mrs. Keys.

M bar-K Ranch, Beaver Canon,
Newcastle, Wyo.

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"He played the fiddle."