

LOGAN VALLEY HERALD.

VOLUME IX.—NO. 30.

WAYNE, WAYNE CO., NEBRASKA, FEB. 15, 1884.

WHOLE NUMBER 133

Business Directory.

Frank Fuller,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
WAYNE, NEB.
Will practice in the U. S. and State Courts.

Britton & Northrop,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW,
WAYNE, NEB.
Also NOTARY PUBLIC. Collections a specialty.

W. P. Adler,
BLACKSMITH,
LA PORTE, NEB.
From morning down an alert, active
and thrifty task.

R. B. Crawford, M. D.
ECLECTIC PHYSICIAN.
Consulting and Operating
SURGEON.

One Door North of Brown's Block,
WAYNE, NEBRASKA.

J. P. Gaertner,

FURNITURE,



Well Drilling

The proprietors desire to inform the public that they are now prepared to put up
BORED WELLS,

in one or two months time. They will also drill for oil in the same way.

WOOD and IRON PUMPS,

which he will sell as low as the lowest price agent for the

Challenge Wind Mill.

Give me a call, or address me by letter.

L. L. ALLEN.

Come One! Come All!

We desire to say to our Friends and neighbors that we are now prepared to meet your wants and standards; a stock seems to come to the country.

Bonnets and Hats of all Kinds.

RIBBONS, SATINS,

VELVETS, VEILINGS,

PLUMES, GLOVES,

MITTENS, MITTENS,

HOSIERY, COLLARS & CUFFS,

CORNETS, HANDKERCHIEFS,

BUSTLES, BUTTONS,

9 P. M. SKIRTS,

etc.

NEBRASKA ITEMS

Theodore, son of Adam Crises, formerly of Grafton, accidentally shot himself in the same old way—pulling a gun from the scabbard, with the muzzle turned toward him.

The Odd Fellows of Grafton and vicinity are about to organize a lodge.

The state is now full of agents for nurseries in different sections of the country. Farmers will do well to give the most of them a wide birth and patronize home dealers.

It is understood the incorporators of the Warwick, Superior & Hastings railroad company have organized and elected officers. They propose to grade the road to Superior.

A new bank is about to be established at Platteville. The institution will be called the "Citizens' Bank of Platteville."

The residence of C. Meneany, Blair, was destroyed by fire a few days ago. It was one of the old landmarks of the town.

Fairfield Herald.—The land-interest

continues good, and with the approach of spring increases. There were several new arrivals yesterday and Tuesday of men generally representing a large amount of capital, and though land is held higher, it is located to suit the party in search generally enough as soon as the location is found.

The disposition of land will be as soon as they can sell at a small profit, which proves the best policy, especially in a country where the lands are far below their real value.

George Cooper, of Madison county, while digging a well met with a severe oil field accident. The bucket became detached from the rope and fell a distance of fifty feet, striking him a glancing blow on the head, tearing the scalp about four by six inches, throwing it over on his forehead. A space of about two inches to the center of the wound, the periosteum, was stripped from the bone, leaving it entirely bare.

Madison is the last of a string of 2000 miles of land seekers that they should not wait for spring to open before looking up locations for their future homes. It says the rush will be considerable in a few weeks, and the land will go like hot cakes.

A rare duck for that section of country was killed near Sidney by J. Jenkins a short time ago. It had a black head with sharp hooked point on the upper bill, and the body of the bird was white. It looks like the bird found in that section.

Kearney is experiencing quite a languid revival. On Sunday last nineteen persons united with the M. E. church.

Hastings Democrat.—On Wednesday of last week, on the farm of Carlos Clark, a couple of miles north of the city, L. M. Davis, W. C. Mueller, N. W. Wilson and Dan Clark buried and entombed three hundred and twenty bushels of corn or an average of eighty bushels each. Accordingly there are four men in any one neighborhood in the state that can beat this.

Oxford, for a long time without any physician, now has two, both coming simultaneously unknown to each other and determined to remain.

The Hastings Journal says there are a great many thousand bushels of corn lying upon the ground because the farmers refuse to sell it at present price and they have no carts in which to store it. Many of them are buying lumber and will build more cribs room and carry their surplus over, it is

equally sure that others will do the same.

Kid Wade was captured at the dwelling of Wm. Morrison, in Monongalia county, West Virginia, three weeks ago. He seemed to realize the fate that awaited him, but manifested no more concern than if going about his ordinary business.

Louisville, February 7.—Kid Wade was found this morning hanging to a whitewashed post near Long Pine, a northern suburb of Lytle Pine, held in suspense by hands by parties unknown. The victim left this place yesterday morning with Kid Wade. The sheriff of Holt county took him from them. He is on the way to Dodd county ten or fifteen masked men took Wade from the sheriff.

Burned to Death While Drunk.

BLOOMINGTON, Neb., February 7.—Henry B. Holmes, living just beside the sheriff's office, was captured and returned to the city last evening to await the action of the grand jury in his case. He has all along shown himself to be a man, and has given every evidence of his willingness to have a thorough investigation of the unfortunate affair. His return shows that the confidence of his friends was not misplaced, and he is ready to abide the consequence of a trial.

Red Cloud Argus.—Fred Fournier and John Raney, two overgrown youths, thought it would be tremendously funny to break brick-lots through the windows of the new Catholic church last week. They were jerked up by the officers of the law last Monday and fined \$25 each, besides costs, making nearly \$50 each. The boys say it wasn't so god-darned funny as they thought it would be.

Falls City Journal.—David Young was hauling wood from the timber about a mile distant from his farm, and was found by a passing neighbor in the woods, lying dead beside his loaded wagon, with his neck broken. There were no marks of violence upon his body, and the conclusion was reached that he had fallen from the loaded wagon and broke his neck.

Nebraska City News.—The news regrets to learn of the sad news of the death of two daughters of Hon. Levi Kimball who occurred yesterday at his home near Unailla. Their deaths were caused by measles, and their ages were respectively thirteen and seventeen years. Mrs. Kimball and her three remaining daughters are dangerously ill, but we trust that the crisis has passed and they will recover. Mr. Kimball has the sympathy of the people at large in this hour of affliction. The girls, who were both exceedingly bright, died in less than an hour.

The store of Stephen Hulfish, at Baskerville, was broken into last Saturday night and goods taken out to the amount of three or four hundred dollars. The thieves were traced to Lincoln.

The opening of the Morton house was the greatest event in the history of Nebraska City. The house was built at a cost of \$20,000, and is the finest in the state outside of Omaha. The hall at the opera house was a very brilliant affair; the intelligence, wealth and fashion of the city being in attendance.

People is without a house to rent, and a woman is said to await the man who will pay down his wealth and provide some.

Chester item discloses \$817.75 per month to pensioners in Adams county.

The commandant of the army and navy department in the state will receive \$1000 per month, or which amount

will be paid to any pensioner now in use.

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merely of blunder, accidentally shot himself in the same old way—pulling a gun from the scabbard, with the muzzle turned toward him.

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The body of Frank Huff, of Iowa,

was found under Coon river bridge, near

Des Moines, on the ice. It is supposed he

died through the bridge while drunk, striking

his head, producing instant death.

A German farm laborer, employed

near Millersburg, Iowa, shot Mary Shuster,

the widow of a widower by whom he was

employed, owing to the girl's disinclination

to accept his attentions. He then killed

himself. The girl cannot recover.

A construction train on the Vicksburg

road, carrying a large force of laborers, had

sight freight cars overturned. Fourteen

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

GENERAL.

It is now determined by the French

government that the attack on Baochim will

open at the beginning of March.

A warehouse attached to an elevator

at Ferguson Falls, Minn., burst, letting out

400,000 bushels of wheat.

The directors of the Mexican Central

railway announce that the road will be

completed to the United States by the mid-

dle of March and opened for through traffic

between the 1st and 15th of April.

The people of Long Island are ex-

pecting a case of poisoning, the victims be-

ing Thomas Collier and wife.

The interest in the Kentucky sena-

torial contest is at white heat, and will remain

so until a nomination is made. With Swee-

ter withdrawn the dead-lock would seem

to be broken, but the indications are that

Carlyle will take his place with a probable

dead-lock to the result.

The Harper high license law will go

into effect in Chicago on the 1st of April.

E. E. Johnson, agent for the Union

Pacific railroad at Walla Walla, Oregon

and also for the Union Pacific express company

misappropriated a package containing \$1,

000,000 in gold and silver.

John Bratton, a railroad contractor by trade, and a citizen of Portland.

The package was addressed to

"Agent Union Pacific express."

Johnson disappeared with the money but was sub-

sequently arrested and jailed.

Under Clifford, young "Rockeman" on

the Ohio central railway, living at Friend-

ville, was awakened by two men who aske

d him to come to the door. He went out

and soon as the door was opened one of the

men put a pistol to his head and fired, clif-

fords fell into the arms of his wife and died.

The alleged murderer was taken from

the jail and released.

The house committee on public lands

has decided to report a bill defining for

terms of land grants to the Oregon and

California and the California and Oregon rail-

roads, except such rights as have been

granted to the railroads by the state.

A special from Quincy, Philadelphia, states

that George H. Cooper, formerly of the

United States, senator from Texas, was killed at the hands of the negroes who

were hunting him.

He was captured by negroes in New

Orleans, and was held in confinement for

several days.

Special Agents of the post-office de-

partment arrested Robert R. Miller, a

former U. S. senator from Illinois, and

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Beyond These Chilling Winds.

Beyond these chilling winds and gloomy skies,
Beyond death's solemn portal,
There is a land where beauty never dies
And love becomes immortal.

A land where light is never dimmed by shade,

whose fields are ever green;

Where nothing beautiful can ever fade;

But blooms for aye, eternal.

We may not know how sweet the balmy air,

How bright and fair its flowers;

We do not hear the song that echo there,

Through those enchanted bower.

That city's silvery towers we may not see,

With our dim earthly visage;

For death, the silent warder, keeps the key

That opens those Gates of Elysium.

But sometimes when abounding the western sky,

The very sunset dapples,

Its golden gates swing inward noiselessly,

Unlocked by silent fingers,

And while they stand a moment half-gate,

Gleams from the interior,

Stream brightly through the azure vault after,

And half reveal the story.

One undivided land of law divine!

Law of which all men,

Guide these wandering feet of mine

Into those pastures green!

New York Star.

. FARM AND HOME.

The Street and the Caves.

THE CAVES.

The idea that everything depends upon the ground as well as the trough is sound one, but for the determination of the composition of all the separate parts of a hog we are indebted to the experiments of Professor Wm. McMurtry, of the Illinois Industrial University, who has given us the result of previous labors in that direction. His object is not so much to make known the weight of the several parts of the carcass as to show the relative difference between two breeds of hogs well-known for their excellent qualities. The professor selected a Poland-China and a Berkshire. The first weighed, when slaughtered, 330 pounds and the other 245 pounds. Their ages were respectively eleven and nine months. The Poland-China gave 36.6 per cent fat, and the Berkshire 25.5 per cent; the former verifying the claim of its favor that it could be made to give the greatest weight of any known breed in a short space of time. In the weight of flesh, however, (free from fat and bones) the percentage given by the Berkshire was 52.4, while that of the Poland-China was 29. This is a very important matter, as no breed has as yet possessed an excess of flesh exclusive of fat; and the Berkshire, by exceeding the other in that respect, is shown to be more suitable for use as a producer of choice hams and shoulders, though at the same time taking on fat readily and on a proportionately small allowance of feed. The tendency of the one was partial to the production of fat rather than lean, while the other showed the traits of the breed in its development of a larger proportion of flesh.

The experiments are valuable as showing the degree of production of bone and offal. The percentage of bone in the Poland-China was 3.88 and in the Berkshire 2.14, the percentage of fat was 0.06 for the Poland-China and 0.11 for the Berkshire. Here we notice that the percentage of bone was a little greater in the Poland-China than with the other, but the difference in the percentage of fat was very little. The percentage of bone possessed by the Poland-China was 2.14, while that of the Berkshire was 2.11, a difference largely in favor of the latter as an animal for breeding purposes, as fitness of the bone is not only strong evidence of purity of blood in thoroughbreds but indicates less offal in other parts. The actual loss of weight due to bone, hair, blood, entrails, skin, etc., is quite a considerable item in a large carcass, and as it is no advantage to raise a hog in excessive weight with a corresponding loss of fat as compared with another not quite as heavy but better adapted for practical purposes, the yield of the meat is an important matter in the way of profit or loss for the breeder, though the agent by which growth is effected does not compensate for the qualities inherent in the breed for the uses desired.

Examining the inner portions of the carcasses, the Poland-China, in percentage, possessed a larger proportion of spleen, heart, lungs, kidneys, and rat-en-trails and kidneys. The greatest difference between them was in the percentage of fat, not accounted for, which was 0.27 in the Poland-China and 0.87 in the Berkshire. Professor McMurtry credits the difference to be in favor of the Poland-China, and he no doubt gives such preference on account of the larger quantities of fat, produced from around the internal organs; but he doubtless arrives at such conclusion in view of the smaller percentage of bone and less in other respects which he found in favor of the Berkshire, by a more complete chemical analysis of all the parts. Apparently the advantage is entirely in favor of the Berkshire except for excess of fat.

It would be well for farmers to consider these matters in selecting breeds best adapted to their purposes. There are other breeds besides the two chosen by Professor McMurtry for dissection, some of them perhaps better, but the lesson taught by the above experiment is that we must start from the fittest consumed those animals must be used that are best adapted for converting it into that which is chiefly desired.

Marketing Orchards.

MICHIGAN FARMER.

If there is any doubt of the fact that judicious manuring of apple trees will repay the labor, or that the success of raising of the apple crop depends upon proper manuring, then we may just as well doubt the virtue of manure upon any other crop of the farm. Yet

how seldom do we see this estimate given to the cultivation of the apple orchard? And if it is the main object to obtain a crop of hay, this managing of orchards performs a double service. But how seldom do we see this important part of the farm crops treated thus generously? And then when the crop fails it is attributed to other causes that have no existence, especially the idea that apples won't bear any longer in our soil. Now, the fact is, apples are just as well suited to the soil of Pennsylvania, and we may add, to the soil of the Middle States generally, as they are to the soil of any other state or section of the country. We manage the land for wheat, corn, potatoes, etc., every year, or we should not expect a crop, nor should we expect apples in the absence of occasional fertilizing. Many farmers entertain the idea that the manure applied to orchards is so much thrown away, which ought to be used on the regular farm crop, and that habitually neglect the orchard, and then complain that it is useless to attempt to raise apples, as if the soil for such fruit had run out. Experienced growers of fruit, and especially apples, know how fallacious such an idea is; they know that the crop responds to the effects of a dressing of manure as readily and as surely as does any other crop, and they would no more dream of neglecting their orchards in this respect than any other portion of their farm. A top-dressing of almost anything applied in the fall or spring will surprise one in its effects. For spring a fine dressing should be bestowed, either of wood ashes, if it can be obtained, wood-pulp, or road scrapings, washings from ditch-gond pulverized muck or commercial fertilizers. In autumn compost or well-rotted barnyard manure, with the lumps crushed, is to be preferred. Farmers who institute to enrich their orchards should inform themselves upon the subject from successful fruit-growers, not only as to the mode of manuring their orchards, but as to the best varieties of apples for the locality, as some sorts, as pears, will do much better in one locality than in another, though the distance may be only a mile or two.

Forcing Rhubarb, Asparagus, Etc.,

ANGLO-AMERICAN.

The forcing of the production of vegetables for the advance of the usual season, by aid of artificial heat, follows a large share of the time of the professional English gardeners. It was formerly much more prevalent in this country than since the rapid carriage by railway and steam-hoops large supplies came in the south to northern markets, and furnishes many vegetables much cheaper than they can be procured here by forcing. Lettuce, which does not bear long transportation, is about the only vegetable that is now forced on a large scale. Boston is the head-quarters for this industry, and there many acres of glass devoted to it in the neighborhood of that city, the growers supplying the markets of New England and the large eastern cities. Asparagus was never forced to a large extent for market with us, as the plants must be four or five years old before they are large enough for this. The heat in the southern states, however, is now productive, and the supply is annually increasing. It comes in great quantities in January and is abundant in February. Rhubarb, the composition forced as an incubus crop by florists, who thus utilized the space under the benches of their greenhouses, roots from old soil, or plants raised for the purpose are staked closely together and tied up to the stakes, situated close to fill up the space between the rows. With the temperature of 60° in January 65° in February, 70° in March, 75° in April, 80° in May, 85° in June, 90° in July, 95° in August, 100° in September, 105° in October, 110° in November, 115° in December, 120° in January, 125° in February, 130° in March, 135° in April, 140° in May, 145° in June, 150° in July, 155° in August, 160° in September, 165° in October, 170° in November, 175° in December, 180° in January, 185° in February, 190° in March, 195° in April, 200° in May, 205° in June, 210° in July, 215° in August, 220° in September, 225° in October, 230° in November, 235° in December, 240° in January, 245° in February, 250° in March, 255° in April, 260° in May, 265° in June, 270° in July, 275° in August, 280° in September, 285° in October, 290° in November, 295° in December, 300° in January, 305° in February, 310° in March, 315° in April, 320° in May, 325° in June, 330° in July, 335° in August, 340° in September, 345° in October, 350° in November, 355° in December, 360° in January, 365° in February, 370° in March, 375° in April, 380° in May, 385° in June, 390° in July, 395° in August, 400° in September, 405° in October, 410° in November, 415° in December, 420° in January, 425° in February, 430° in March, 435° in April, 440° in May, 445° in June, 450° in July, 455° in August, 460° in September, 465° in October, 470° in November, 475° in December, 480° in January, 485° in February, 490° in March, 495° in April, 500° in May, 505° in June, 510° in July, 515° in August, 520° in September, 525° in October, 530° in November, 535° in December, 540° in January, 545° in February, 550° in March, 555° in April, 560° in May, 565° in June, 570° in July, 575° in August, 580° in September, 585° in October, 590° in November, 595° in December, 600° in January, 605° in February, 610° in March, 615° in April, 620° in May, 625° in June, 630° in July, 635° in August, 640° in September, 645° in October, 650° in November, 655° in December, 660° in January, 665° in February, 670° in March, 675° in April, 680° in May, 685° in June, 690° in July, 695° in August, 700° in September, 705° in October, 710° in November, 715° in December, 720° in January, 725° in February, 730° in March, 735° in April, 740° in May, 745° in June, 750° in July, 755° in August, 760° in September, 765° in October, 770° in November, 775° in December, 780° in January, 785° in February, 790° in March, 795° in April, 800° in May, 805° in June, 810° in July, 815° in August, 820° in September, 825° in October, 830° in November, 835° in December, 840° in January, 845° in February, 850° in March, 855° in April, 860° in May, 865° in June, 870° in July, 875° in August, 880° in September, 885° in October, 890° in November, 895° in December, 900° in January, 905° in February, 910° in March, 915° in April, 920° in May, 925° in June, 930° in July, 935° in August, 940° in September, 945° in October, 950° in November, 955° in December, 960° in January, 965° in February, 970° in March, 975° in April, 980° in May, 985° in June, 990° in July, 995° in August, 1000° in September, 1005° in October, 1010° in November, 1015° in December, 1020° in January, 1025° in February, 1030° in March, 1035° in April, 1040° in May, 1045° in June, 1050° in July, 1055° in August, 1060° in September, 1065° in October, 1070° in November, 1075° in December, 1080° in January, 1085° in February, 1090° in March, 1095° in April, 1100° in May, 1105° in June, 1110° in July, 1115° in August, 1120° in September, 1125° in October, 1130° in November, 1135° in December, 1140° in January, 1145° in February, 1150° in March, 1155° in April, 1160° in May, 1165° in June, 1170° in July, 1175° in August, 1180° in September, 1185° in October, 1190° in November, 1195° in December, 1200° in January, 1205° in February, 1210° in March, 1215° in April, 1220° in May, 1225° in June, 1230° in July, 1235° in August, 1240° in September, 1245° in October, 1250° in November, 1255° in December, 1260° in January, 1265° in February, 1270° in March, 1275° in April, 1280° in May, 1285° in June, 1290° in July, 1295° in August, 1300° in September, 1305° in October, 1310° in November, 1315° in December, 1320° in January, 1325° in February, 1330° in March, 1335° in April, 1340° in May, 1345° in June, 1350° in July, 1355° in August, 1360° in September, 1365° in October, 1370° in November, 1375° in December, 1380° in January, 1385° in February, 1390° in March, 1395° in April, 1400° in May, 1405° in June, 1410° in July, 1415° in August, 1420° in September, 1425° in October, 1430° in November, 1435° in December, 1440° in January, 1445° in February, 1450° in March, 1455° in April, 1460° in May, 1465° in June, 1470° in July, 1475° in August, 1480° in September, 1485° in October, 1490° in November, 1495° in December, 1500° in January, 1505° in February, 1510° in March, 1515° in April, 1520° in May, 1525° in June, 1530° in July, 1535° in August, 1540° in September, 1545° in October, 1550° in November, 1555° in December, 1560° in 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November, 1855° in December, 1860° in January, 1865° in February, 1870° in March, 1875° in April, 1880° in May, 1885° in June, 1890° in July, 1895° in August, 1900° in September, 1905° in October, 1910° in November, 1915° in December, 1920° in January, 1925° in February, 1930° in March, 1935° in April, 1940° in May, 1945° in June, 1950° in July, 1955° in August, 1960° in September, 1965° in October, 1970° in November, 1975° in December, 1980° in January, 1985° in February, 1990° in March, 1995° in April, 2000° in May, 2005° in June, 2010° in July, 2015° in August, 2020° in September, 2025° in October, 2030° in November, 2035° in December, 2040° in January, 2045° in February, 2050° in March, 2055° in April, 2060° in May, 2065° in June, 2070° in July, 2075° in August, 2080° in September, 2085° in October, 2090° in November, 2095° in December, 2100° in January, 2105° in February, 2110° in March, 2115° in April, 2120° in May, 2125° in June, 2130° in July, 2135° in August, 2140° in September, 2145° in October, 2150° in November, 2155° in December, 2160° in January, 2165° in February, 2170° in March, 2175° in April, 2180° in May, 2185° in June, 2190° in July, 2195° in August, 2200° in September, 2205° in October, 2210° in November, 2215° in December, 2220° in January, 2225° in February, 2230° in March, 2235° in April, 2240° in May, 2245° in June, 2250° in July, 2255° in August, 2260° in September, 2265° in October, 2270° in November, 2275° in December, 2280° in January, 2285° in February, 2290° in March, 2295° in April, 2300° in May, 2305° in June, 2310° in July, 2315° in August, 2320° in September, 2325° in October, 2330° in November, 2335° in December, 2340° in January, 2345° in February, 2350° in March, 2355° in April, 2360° in May, 2365° in June, 2370° in July, 2375° in August, 2380° in September, 2385° in October, 2390° in November, 2395° in December, 2400° in January, 2405° in February, 2410° in March, 2415° in April, 2420° in May, 2425° in June, 2430° in July, 2435° in August, 2440° in September, 2445° in October, 2450° in November, 2455° in December, 2460° in January, 2465° in February, 2470° in March, 2475° in April, 2480° in May, 2485° in June, 2490° in July, 2495° in August, 2500° in September, 2505° in October, 2510° in November, 2515° in December, 2520° in January, 2525° in February, 2530° in March, 2535° in April, 2540° in May, 2545° in June, 2550° in July, 2555° in August, 2560° in September, 2565° in October, 2570° in November, 2575° in December, 2580° in January, 2585° in February, 2590° in March, 2595° in April, 2600° in May, 2605° in June, 2610° in July, 2615° in August, 2620° in September, 2625° in October, 2630° in November, 2635° in December, 2640° in January, 2645° in February, 2650° in March, 2655° in April, 2660° in May, 2665° in June, 2670° in July, 2675° in August, 2680° in September, 2685° in October, 2690° in November, 2695° in December, 2700° in January, 2705° in February, 2710° in March, 2715° in April, 2720° in May, 2725° in June,

Logan Valley Herald

Entered at the post office as Wayland, Neb., as second class mail matter.

Home Heraldings.

Another Problem.

Arrange the nine digits in such a manner that you add them and make the sum 100. The numbers may be added two or three times but no one of the digits must be used more than once.

Send Them On.

The bunglers ordered by the emigration society are now ready for distribution, and we hope all who are interested in building up the town and county, and all should be well cashed and get as many as they can advantageously distribute.

The Market.

The ruling prices of Wayne markets this morning are as follows:

Hogs	\$5.75 to \$6.00
Chaff	4.75 to 5.00
Wheat	63 to 65 cents
Corn	38 to 45
Pork	\$1.75
Oats	25 to 27
Cat	\$6.50 to \$8.50

A Tiger in Town.

It is remarkable that so much energy should be directed against certain business men in our town, when a travelling "tiger" should and fracturing his skull. He was run over immediately, and conveyed to the house of a farmer's son, Mr. Englehardt, to be operated upon. We should consider it a sufficient excuse to be present at the trial.

Mr. Prospects.

We are surprised to find a letter from J. H. Leiberman & Son, of Lincoln, Neb., desiring information as to the site of steam water power. These gentlemen state they contemplate relocating their mill which they are now running and will visit certain sections of the state as soon as the weather will permit. One of the first will be in Wyo. early next month, and any inducements our people feel inclined to extend should be submitted for consideration.

A Bridge Rumor.

It is rumored that certain parties have been quietly putting up a large number of \$5000 bridges in various parts of the country besides several tracts of land adjacent to the city. If this means anything, it means a Judge at Sioux City. There is only one man in America that has got a million dollars to put to that use, and that is Vanderbilt. And if Vanderbilt puts in a bridge at Sioux City it means that he is going to make Sioux City and Nebraska a continental city, with all the advantages of a great newspaper.

B and M Library.

The first literary of the B. and M. Society will be held in the primary school-house on Saturday evening next. Admission 25¢. The following is the program for the evening:

1. Song.
2. Opening Address.
3. Music.
4. Essay.
5. Tableaux.
6. Declamation.
7. Song.
8. Select Reading.
9. Comic.
10. Tableau.
11. Declamation.
12. Closing Song.

Almost A Fire.

On Wednesday morning when going upstairs in the Wilkins House, Mr. Wilkins discovered a fire in one of the rooms. The fire had caught in the carpet, and the pipe passes through the floor, and burned a large hole through the floor, ran up the partition of the inside, necessitating the tearing down of the plaster and lath for a space about 6 feet square. A chair which were some bed clothes also caught fire, and the five bed-quilts were destroyed. By hard work, Mr. Wilkins and his son, Jesse succeeded in putting out the flames, but were severely scorched themselves. In putting up the ladder, one of the firemen, whose name we were unable to learn, had one of his arm badly broken.

As soon as the two men were removed, the entire attention of the firemen was turned to saving the burning building.

Mr. Patterson is a brother of our "Pal" and spent several days here during the winter of '82-'83.

The costumer, engaged to fix up the folks for the musical, arrived last night, and is stopping at The Boyd.

When sending off the Immigration Society's bangers, send a copy or two of THE HERALD at the same time.

WANTED:

Wayne wants a flouring mill, with from 75 to 100 barrel capacity. To the right parties a suitable site, with water power, will be donated.

Card of Thanks.

The undersigned would respectfully return thanks to their neighbors and friends for their kindness, upon the occasion of our little bereavement. K. H. and MARY SKINNER.

Prize.

The Hickard will give a copy of "In Marvel's" "My Charm" at Edgewood, a beautifully bound volume of 320 pages, for the best solution of the problem in our last issue, handed or sent us before March 1st.

Helioglyphic Notice.

Rev. Schurz, who suddenly called away on important business in connection with Veriburg College, etc., and will be away ten or twelve days. His appointment for next Sunday in Wayne and the other following days will have to be delayed. Any interested please note.

Serious Accident.

Mr. F. C. Englehardt, a man of Wakefield, had a serious, though dour near-tragedy yesterday. He was out shooting, and when his gun misfired, business in our town, leaving Mr. F. C. and a travelling "tiger" should and fracturing his skull. He was run over immediately, and conveyed to the house of a farmer's son, Mr. Englehardt, to be operated upon. We should consider it a sufficient excuse to be present at the trial.

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The costumer, engaged to fix up the folks for the musical, arrived last night, and is stopping at The Boyd.

Here Brothers.

Do you need?

Did you get a Valentine?

Did you "buck the tiger?"

The post car was up this week.

Twas a sickly "tiger" when it last

Attended the Literary Thursday evening.

A. M. Chaffey Boy Friday night.

Stander's night.

James A. Elliott of Northside

called this morning.

Who will be the big masked party at the ball tonight?

Northside contemplates organizing as a city of the second class.

Frank Northside attended the U.

S. District fair in Sioux City this

week.

The big bone of winter is cracked

to say.

We hope its broken

clean off.

Read the letter of G. A. C. to the

Emerson Daily Chronicle, reprob-

able in our last page.

At 10 o'clock this evening over

\$100 worth of costumes had been ren-

ted for the ball this evening.

Look out holes and follow to

Benson's plantation. He pays the

highest in the field price in bushels.

THE W. T. Post here now num-

bers 28 members — esti-

mated to 100.

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WHAT DYES IT.

To have the tumult and the mortal truth,
And wander vaguely to a pleasant region, Where green fields glow with a sheet of summer sun,
And narrow farther to a caravan,
Whence issue sounds to soothe the spirit's trouble,
To hear the laugh and gurgles of low waters,
And young birds sing with a drowsy music,
And young birds carol with a lovely music,
And evening winds that talk with a fainter sound,
Unto the purple clouds and the silver depths,
To rest a little some green willow under,
Whose branches whisper to that shadow garden,
And hold that hand which hath the tenderest pressure,
And touch sweet lips just as thine eyes are closing;
This is that falling ere the sunset's fading,
This is that dying ere the morn immortal,
To give blue-banded violet repose—

Among the grasses twining to cover them,
And kiss the cheeks if their wert a sister,
And warm thee with their breath of heavenly odor.

As if thou wert to them indeed a sister,
To find some quiet in the willow shade,
Some little slumber in that shadow garden,
This is that evening of the dreamless sleep-

ing.
This is that slumber ere the life immortal,

A gentle walking to a new beauty,
A gradual unfolding to the soul-life.

As through a rose's chrysanthemum transported
Into the blooming valley of that Eden,
A slow unfolding of an early blossom;

A little kneeling at the sapphire portals;
And consciousness of all creature of heart aches.

Fugitions tremor as the soul recycles,
The grandeur splendor of the spheres charms;

The joy which "passes human understanding."

This is that coming of another morning,
This is the morning of the life immortal.

—Frederick Peterson.

YIK KEE.

After father died, some ten years ago, I found that for three years we had been living on credit. I was strong and well, but did not know how to work. In the little back room of the New York tenement house (by the way, the hand-to-mouth) my wife and I considered my future. I had inherited a great faith in relatives from my father, so I wrote to seven. I received six polite notes, telling me to go to work, and the following letter:

JONESBORO, Oct. 1. — Jackson's Ranch-Dear Sir: I'm your cousin Jack. Your father once gave me money to come west. I've took up land, got a comfortable home, no wife or kids, but good folks to live with and healthy grub. I've got the best wife you ever see and seven youngsters. The city ain't no place for a friendless girl. Will want you to come. She'll be a mother to you. Come right off. I'll meet you at Denver.

In Colorado was a check sufficient to defray expenses, so I started. Denver was then only a large town, and the depot's barn-like structure. I got out of the cars and stood bewildered among all the emigrants and their bundles. Some one touched me on the shoulder—a rough-dressed, broad-shouldered man, with long blonde hair and blue eyes. "Are you Nell?" he said.

"Yes, and you're Cousin Jack."

"I know you," he said, as he led the way, "by your black clothes an' sorrowful look, an' them big, blue eyes, like yer father's as two peas. We'll git the shadader outer 'em when we git home. Ter father was a mighty good man. Bless yer dear heart, don't let them tears come. This here's a dry country; we don't waste water."

Comforting me in his kind, rough way, he reached his team, a big green wagon, drawn by two wild-looking steeds, which I afterward knew to be bronchos. A fat, blonde boy, about 12, held the reins.

"That's Ted," said Cousin Jack. "Ted, this is Miss Nell, your cousin; give her a hug." The fat boy solemnly obeyed.

After this he seemed to have a special claim on my affection, because he met me first. Jack's wife was a jolly, plump woman, with brown eyes and curly hair. She always had a baby in her arms and another at her heels. She adored Jack. I never knew them to have a quarrel. I soon grew to love the life at the ranch. I liked the big, half-finished house, its untidiness and comfort, its pleasant, healthy atmosphere. I loved the children, the horse-hair pails. Shop, the sagacious dog. Thad, the clever cat; the horses and sheep; the horses, Dolly, Dot, and Daisy, that did the plowing and the marketing at Denver, twelve miles away, and were so gentle and kind we used to ride them without saddle or bridle. I learned that cattle grew fat on the dry-looking grass, and gave the best of milk. I learned to love the broad plains and the glorious sunsets, and to watch the distant bands of Indians with half fear, half interest. I helped cows in Mary, sewed, cooked, kept the house and children neat, and lifted many burdens from her weary shoulders. We were so happy. The children and I took long walks over the plains, and Ted and I took many rides on Dolly and Dot, and in the long winter evenings I told the children stories. Occasionally Harry White came over to visit us from his ranch, five miles away. He lived with his old, mother; he and Jack were dear friends. Harry married a wife, Jack used to say, wrinkled at me.

One day Jack went to Denver for supplies. He went alone, and coming home later than usual, Ted and I and Harry went out to meet him.

Jack looked sober and gruff, and seemed ill at ease. If he ever drank, I never have thought him intemperate.

You was a queer shaped heap of meat.

I was sure it was the same when we got behind the house.

When we were clearing up the unusual quantity of dishes Yik Kee appeared at the end window and beckoned me. I followed him out. Ted was with him. Behind the barn were the three horses saddled. Shop was with them, released from confinement, where he had been secured from following his master.

"Fodder 'em," said Ted, in an excited whisper. "Yik's afraid they're up to something."

"What is it, Yik?" I said, sternly.
"No feeling, now."

For however twisted his long pigtail around his neck, tying it under his left ear in a significant manner.

"Enough, he hangs; sheeves cow."

Little Mary pulled the blanket off the heap; she had been peeping under it all the while she was in the back of the wagon. There lay a human being, such an object, short and squat, dressed in a queer blue blouse, flowing sleeves, wide trousers, and queer wooden shoes. He had small black eyes, a shareen poll, from which depended a long, thin quue. His countenance was painted and bruised, his clothes torn and bloodied.

"There was a row down to Denver," said Jack, "the Christian folks above in those here heathens' windows, took their houses down, and killed half of 'em. I saw his father's big Colt revolver sticking out of his pocket. He was a determined boy. Even in my despair, in my wild hope that I could save Jack, by bringing up my knees, that I could bring him, and that they would have to kill me first, I could not help a smile at the comical figure Yik Kee presented on horseback. His loose garments flapped in the wind, his long pigtail flew out behind, and he bobbed up and down like a kernel of corn in a corn-popper."

It was a soft, warm night, lighted only by the pale young moon and the twinkling stars. We rode as fast as our horses could gallop. Shop was close at our heels. Way ahead, when we reached the top of a little hill, we saw the crowd of horsemen. They were riding toward Denver. We galloped on with renewed zeal. They turned into a cross road leading to Mead's ranch. On this road was a bridge over Dry Gulch, which was in the spring's roiling torrent. Beyond the bridge, across the fields, was the hogback of Mead, where was shown sufficient to feed his domestic cattle through the winter. We last reached the turn of the road. They were three miles in advance, riding rapidly. Yik Kee stopped at the turn. "Humph! Can't catch 'em. Humpie in bridge. You gone!" He turned his horse and sped across the field, deserting us.

We rode on. Ted and I. He was pale and still, my cheeks were burning. We neared the bridge. The high mound of earth before us hid them from sight. We stopped our horses and listened. The men had lighted torches; some were preparing a rough gallows under the bridge; two were mounting a rope; some held the horses of the others beyond the bridge. The men were masked, now, and I could see by the lighted torches that their number was increased. Jack was very white and sad, but he showed no fear.

"I am innocent, gentlemen," he said slowly, "but I refuse to tell you of what I bought the horses." I understood him: "Would Harry White be a cattle thief? I felt as if I were growing mad."

"What shall we do?" whispered Ted, calling his revolver.

Suddenly a bright red light illumined the heavens, followed by clouds of black smoke, and a queer, crackling noise. A yell from the men, Gil Mead's voice above the rest. The haystack was on fire. It seemed to me in the glare around it that I could see a foreign-looking human vanishing across the plain.

The men mounted their horses; Gil Mead at their heads, and set off across the fields at a mad gallop. They must save the stock. They left Jack bound hand and foot and guarded by one man.

Shop, the wonderful dog, had kept by until now, lurking in the dark shadows. Now gliding sideways and still, he reached the man on guard, whose back was to us, and with no warning growl, caught him by the throat with strong white teeth that could choke a coyote in a second. The man, who was in a sitting posture, fell back with a groan. Ted struck him over the head with the butt of the revolver, and pulled off the dog. I cut Jack's bonds with a knife. He looked at us wonderingly, and staggered to his feet.

"Never mind how we come, Jack," I said. "Quick, mount the horse beyond the bridge, and ride to Denver for your life. They will not harm a woman or child."

"Harry White," he muttered, the loyal son that even could think of another's danger.

"I will tell him."

"No, no; not of this—only say if he stole the cattle to fly the country. They will find you sooner or later."

He galloped down the road. Ted and I mounted, calling off Shop, who sat on his haunches watching the unconscious man, and then we too, sped down the road. The hay-stack was giving out great volumes of black smoke, but the fire was dead.

About 5 that evening, when we were supper, a crowd of twenty-five or thirty men rode up on horseback. Jack came out and met them, inviting them to take supper, in his genorous, hospitable way. They wanted him to go to Denver with them; there was to be a meeting there of importance to ranchmen. The meeting would be at 8. They had brought with them an extra horse for Jack. Mary looked around for Yik Kee to help her, but he had mysteriously disappeared. I faintly remembered seeing his white, horrified face peering around the barn at the horses. I noted the visitors ate little—the food seemed to choke them. Some of them watched Mary and the baby in a queer sort of way. When Jack, as was his custom, kissed his wife and babies good-bye, one of the visitors, an oldish man, coughed huskily, and said: "Best I kis stan this." They all rode off. Jack the merciful of all, waving his hat till he was out of sight.

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For however twisted his long pigtail around his neck, tying it under his left ear in a significant manner.

"Enough, he hangs; sheeves cow."

It seemed the passing ranchman from Chicago was one of a band of rats in Denver. He said the hide to Yik Kee, who honest and open himself, was slow to suspect wrong dealing in others. The sheriff had caught the man skinning a cow that belonged to Mead, and had captured the gang and taken them to Denver.

The men concerned in the attempt to burn Jack were sincerely sorry. Their regrets would not have availed much, however, if they had succeeded in their purpose. They gave each of these children ten pieces of bread. They gave Gil Sixty-five, and me, whom they pleased to consider very plucky, 50 cents—i. e., enough, and time has made it very valuable land. The man on guard was our warmest admirer. He thought Ted, Shop and I wonders of courage. He said when I came down the bridge with the open knife, he thought his last hour had come.

Yik Kee committed suicide not long after this. He was always queer. No one ever knew that Yik Kee set the stock on fire. I tell you Jack rewarded the faithful fellow, gave him a good farm, taught him to work it, and built him a house. The funniest thing was Yik Kee had a wife and three queer little children in China, and Jack sent for them, and Yik Kee and his family are as happy as they can be. The children play with Jack's (he has twelve now), and get along finely together.

In 1873 I married Harry White,

which, I suppose, was foreseen from

the beginning. At least Jack says my

husband could have seen it. The most

romantic and satisfactory part of the

whole story is the man's name.

Yik Kee—Our Continent.

The Fremonts at Home,

—From a Letter to Boston Globe.

I had the pleasure the other day of

taking a midday luncheon with Gen.

John C. Fremont and Mrs. Fremont at

their pleasant home at New Brighton,

N. Y. Twenty-eight years ago I made

their acquaintance during that memori-

able campaign when the young "Path-

finder" was surrounded by the enthu-

sastic youth of America, and this I had

seen more recently since their reuni-

on in New York.

The residence was the Fremonts' iso-moderate white house

perched high on the inside of the head

bend that winds through trees along

the New Brighton beach, and its front

windows command the wide reach of the

New York bay and the estuary of the

Kill Van Kull. There are two sons and

a daughter in the house of Fremonts.

The eldest son, John Charles, or "Jack," as he familiarly called, at home, lives with his handsome wife and two sturdy boys up the Hudson. He is

in the navy and his duties are connected

with the arrival and departure of ships in this harbor. His younger

brother, Frank, is a lieutenant in the

army, stationed up in Montana terri-

tory, whither he has taken the young

witcher recently captured in New York.

A daughter of John D. Town-

send, the lawyer. Both

the boys closely resemble their father.

"When Frank went west,"

said Mrs. Fremont, "I suggested that

he stop and call on General Sibley in

Minnesota, who had never seen him.

He did, eaten in citizen's dress, and

said: "General Sibley, who am I?"

"You're a Fremont," said the general,

"there's no mistaking you. How is your father?" The sons, both tall

black-haired, black-eyed, and bearded

like a pard," and they both, like their

sisters, show strains of their Galic

blood, the influence of their grand-

father, the poor, scholarly French gen-

tleman who came to Virginia at the be-

ginning of the century, and found the

grandmother in her teens.

Mrs. Fremont, that Jessie Benson,

the mention of whose name in the nota-

tion of the prominent party which

recently reached by the pork

commission is necessary for the

execution of its responsible task. To it

should belong, in a great measure, the

shaping of a policy for this government

towards the pork question in its domes-

tic or foreign aspects, in view of the

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