

er box.)

INDIAN SUMMER IN NEBRASKA.

A perfect Indian summer day, a fast, handsome, willing, pacing, mare, and a fine road—A squirrel scurrying to refuge in the timber; No need to fear me you little scamp, but you do well to fear and flee your two legged murdering brothers with the shoot—bang. He will kill you in mere wantonness and leave your carcass to rot.

Then a little spin and next a red bird in the hedge—farther along a small boy—a dog—and a woman chasing a squirrel from tree to tree trying to bring him down with sticks and clods, I hoped to see her stub her toe and take a header. She didn't, but Mr. Squirrel got away. Then a quarter of a mile of smooth road, and I let the mare out; a 4 minute gait, 3 1-2, 3 minutes and then a warning toot from behind, and I must take the mare back in spite of shaking head and blowing of her lips. She is sure she can beat it if I let her go.

Then, a long slow drive enjoying the loveliness of the day and the country. The green of the wheat and alfalfa, the brown of pasture and mow land. The homes among shade trees. The woods along the streams and creeping up every draw the gorgeous insolent gypsy beauty of the vagrant sumac. The soft gold of the cottonwoods. That friend of the early settler—shade and shield from the fierce heat of summer and the cold of winter. The red and brown of the red oaks, the lingering green of the elms, and far off on the bluffs of the Nemaha seen thru the hazy air a frost painted forest, mostly scrub oaks, with a beauty of foliage indescribable and unexcelled.

If only humanity could live as beneficently and be like these beautiful dying leaves polluting neither earth, air or water.

For more than half a century mine eyes have seen The Glory of Indian Summer in Nebraska. What a country! Always producing more than enough to supply our wants, and firewood in plenty to warm us and defy the coal man who ever he is. Can we save it and ourselves from the spoilers?

C. W. CHAMBERS.
Table Rock, Nov. 7.