

COMPOSITOR FOLLOWED COPY

The Newspaper Poet's Poem as It Was Put Into Type.

"Horror! what an obscure hand you write!" said the literary editor to the new space writer as he turned in a new bit of poetry.

"Oh, it's plain enough," interjected the poet hastily. "The rhymes and the metre will help the compositor out, and there will not be the least bit of trouble if they just follow the copy."

And the manuscript went hustling up the tube to the composing room.

"Sa-ay, what dod-gasted chump has been sendin' in his Chinese laundry bill for copy?" wildly sung out slug 10, wiping a sudden burst of perspiration from his forehead and glaring at his last take. "I can't make head nor tail out of this thing."

"Well, Chinese or no Chinese," cried the hurrying foreman, "make whatever you can out of it, and snag it up in mighty short order, for we are late now."

And the type fairly jumped from the case into the stick.

"Good Caesar!" gasped the proof-reader, clutching at his brow, "are my eyes failing, or is this a premonition of nervous prostration?" Then he rubbed his eyes and stared. "By the gods! Either I've got the blind staggers, or slug 10 is on a royal toot!"

At that moment a scream came down the spout: "Rush that proof along, for heaven's sake! We're late!"

The proof reader groaned, galloped down the column, hesitated, and then desperately thrust the slip into the tube, huskily murmuring: "I compared it with the copy, and that is as near as I can get to Hebrew these days."

That night the new space writer hurriedly wrapped up and addressed a copy of the issue without a glance and dropped it into the mail with this brief note:

"My Onliest Sweet and Dearest Maria: I send you a number of the Sunday supplement containing my little poem. Your face was an ever present inspiration to me when I wrote, and happy thoughts of you inspired every sentence. Here you will find expressed what I have always felt towards you, but have hardly dared to voice before. Till death, etc."

Miss Marie Courtlandt Van Clifton glanced through the tender note, blushed with pleasure, and hurriedly opened the paper, and read:

TO MARIE.

When the breeze from the blue bottle's blustering blim.

Twirls the toads in a tooroomaloo, And the whiskey whine of the wheedlesome whim

Drowns the roll of the rattatoo, Then I dream in the shade of the shally-goshee,

And the voice of the ballymerry Brings the smell of the stale poppy-cods blummed in blee

From the willy-wad over the way, Ah, the shuddering shoe and the blinkerty blanks

When the punging falls from the bough In the blast of a hurricane's hicketty-hanks

Over the hills of the hocketty-how Give the ringmarole to the changery-wang If they care for such fiddlededee, But the thingumbob kiss of the whangery-bang

Keeps the higgledy-piggie for me.

L'ENVOI.

It is pilly-po-doddle and aligobung When the lolly-pop covers the ground. Yet the poiddiddle perishes blunketty-pung When the heart jimmy-coggles around, If the soul cannot spooop at the gigglesome cart,

Seeking surcease in gluggety-glug, It is useless to say to the pulsating heart, Yankee-doodle kor-chuggety-chug!

The Guards of Ararat.

Both the Kurds and the Cossacks believe that Ararat is guarded by an unearthly being and that no man can ascend the peak and live. They have a somewhat contrary opinion, however, as to what kind of spirits are on guard, the former claiming that the devil is guard supreme, the latter that angels are on watch.

STORIES OF LINCOLN.

Reminiscences of His Father's Residence at Goose Nest.

Near the graveyard where Lincoln's father and stepmother rest seven miles south of Charleston, Illinois, in a place then known as Goose Nest, the Lincolns made their final settlement on removing from Indiana. Here Abraham Lincoln assisted his father in "getting settled," as they called it. He helped him build a log cabin, and cleared for him a patch of ground, and when he saw him "under headway" in a new country, he bade him good-by and started north afoot. He found employment not far from Springfield, Illinois, where the active part of his early life was spent. Though he did not linger long in the Goose Nest cabin, he was there long enough to stamp his individuality on every heart for miles around, and many are the stories told of his sojourn among these people. It was my lot to be born and reared a few miles from the early home of the Lincolns and the incidents I relate were picked up in conversation with the old settlers about our neighborhood, all of whom knew Lincoln well. I was shown a bridge he helped to build, and many other relics of his boyhood days.

One very old man told me he once rode up to Thomas Lincoln's cabin and inquired if he could spend the night there. He was informed that the house afforded only two beds, and one of these belonged to a son who was then at home; but if he would get the consent of this boy to take him as a bed fellow, he could stay. The stranger dismounted, and soon found the six-foot boy in the back yard lying on a board reading. The boy consented, and the man slept with him that night. The boy was Abraham Lincoln, and the other never tires of telling how he spent the night with the future president.—Century.

Polished While You Wait.

At a hat establishment in Philadelphia an electric motor has been brought into use in connection with a hat-polishing machine. A hat shaper is connected to the shaft of the motor. The hat to be polished is fastened on to the shaper, and revolves at a high rate of speed, by which means it is easily and quickly polished.

Headwork.

Tapper—So you don't altogether like the new pastor's sermons, eh? Dapper—No; they are too profound—they necessitate too much headwork. Tapper—Quite true; I noticed you were nodding through his entire discourse yesterday.—Boston Courier.

Better Than Some Claims.

"Billings got his pension yet?" "I didn't know Billings was entitled to a pension." "He thinks he is, any way. He claims to have contracted a chronic case of that tired feeling from reading war articles in the magazines."—Indianapolis Journal.

One of Its Effects.

"Is the doctor in?" "Yes, but he's resting to-day, and can't see any one. There was a children's party in the block night before last."

Feminine Sweetness.

"What a lovely complexion she has!" "Yes. What a pity that she has to spend so much of her time keeping it up."

Very Finished.

In some finishing schools in New York, in an upper room is arranged a set of boxes in simulation of carriage steps and seat, by means of which the pupils are taught the proper methods of mounting and descending. In neither case must the head precede the feet.

Percheron and French Coach

HORSES.

MAPLE GROVE FARM.

Champion First Premium and Sweepstakes Herd

For the States of Kansas and Nebraska.

The Nebraska State Fair Herd Premium, for best show, all Draft breeds competing, was again awarded to my horses, making the fifth year in succession that my herd has been the recipient of this much coveted prize.

A Nebraska bred horse, raised on Maple Grove Farm, was this year awarded the First Premium and Sweepstakes at the Kansas State Fair, in competition with twenty-five head of horses from five different states, 150 head of registered, imported and home bred Percheron horses and mares.

A large portion of my present stock on hand, has been raised on my Farm and will be sold at prices below the reach of any importer in America.

I am in a position to give my patrons the benefit of not having paid any fixed sum, or expensive buying and transportation charges in order to own my horses.

I cordially invite a careful inspection of my horses, and will guarantee the buyer that my stock cannot be equaled in America, either in the quality or the prices that I am asking.

Write for catalogue, and don't fail to inspect my stock before buying.

MARK M. COAD, FREMONT, NEB.

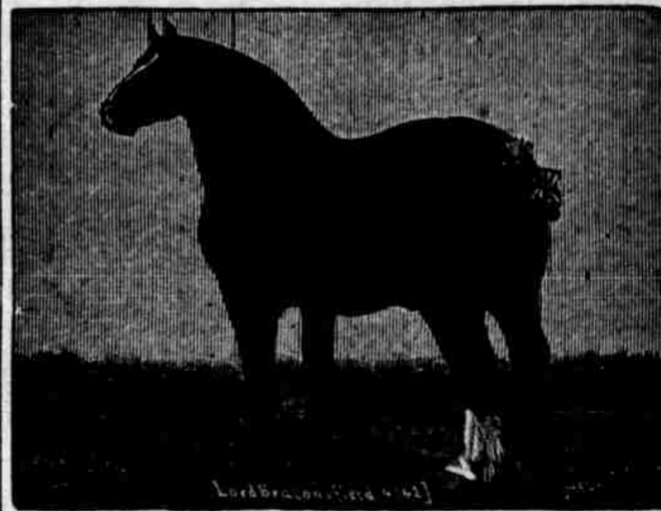
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200 Full-Blooded Percheron, English Shire, English Hackney,

Belgian French Coach, Cleveland Bays and Standard Bred Horses.



I have the largest assortment of European Breeds of any man in America; I handle none but recorded stock; I do not permit a mouthful of hot feed to be given; my horses are not pampered and are properly exercised, and fed cool food, which I think are the main reasons why my horses have always been successful breeders.

Come and visit my establishment.

I am always glad to show my stock.

A FEW GOOD DRAFT MARES FOR SALE

When arriving at Creston visitors will please telephone to the Crest City Farm and I will drive in after them.

I am prepared to give long time to responsible parties.

Every horse guaranteed a breeder and must be as represented.



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Another importation of 40 will arrive about October 1. We guarantee all our horses every respect. We make farmers companies a specialty, having a system whereby we can organize companies and insure absolute success.

We Will Send a Man to Any Part of the State,

On application to assist in organizing companies. We give long time thus enabling purchasers to pay for horses from services. Correspondence promptly answered. Mention this paper. Address,

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OF

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This sale consists of one, two and three year old sows bred to Van Dee and King Rival, 30 nice gilts, 28 choice spring boars, King Rival 7239 and Way Up 4141, which have proved themselves splendid breeders. A rare chance for those wishing breeding and individual merit combined. Free conveyance to and from trains. Everybody invited. Send for catalogue. O. L. F. M. WOODS, Auctioneer. Z. S. BRADSON, Waverly, Neb.