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Correspondence Solicited.

MEMORIES

When twilight's hush is drawing nigh
And through the blue the shadows lie,
Pond moss 'neath water thick and fast,
Around the dear old buried past;
'Tis then I dream of rosy hours,
Faded, hope and love in wooded bowers,
And merry voices low and sweet,
And converse fraught with joy complete.
Bill brights—visions round me cling,
When song birds throats are cringing,
How that we pledged our hearts pure vows
Beneath the apple's crimson boughs,
And strolled the woodlands through and through
For clovers red and violets blue,
And smiling, laughing lily bells,
The pride of moss entangled dells.
Those vanished years they come and go
Like specters gliding to and fro,
Across my weary, soulless path
That has long life's aftermath;
But soon, beyond the sea kissed hills,
When freed from earthly cares and ills,
I'll meet the loved and loved of yore,
And pour the perf' I paid no more.
—Philadelphia Telephone.

ALL IS FAIR IN LOVE.

Click, click, the sharp needles of the December show storm were rattling against the casements of old Mrs. Maple's farmhouse; pitter, patter, the last dead leaves of the old sycamore tree drifted down upon the door stone.

It was an old, old house, and Mrs. Maple was an old, old woman. But you will sometimes find tufts of snow blossoms bursting from aged lichen apple trees, and sprays of greenery on the boughs of century old oak trees; and so it happened that Minny Maple, the ancient crone's great-granddaughter, was the but and blossom of her worn out life.

Old Mrs. Maple owned house and land and had money out at interest; but she was a shrewd old lady and liked to keep her affairs in her own hands. And pretty Minny, albeit an heiress in prospective, taught the district school and took care of the farm-dairy out of hours.

"It won't hurt her to work for her living if she is to be rich one of these days," said Mrs. Maple. "I worked when I was a girl."

And about this dreary December night Mrs. Maple's swift knitting needles gleamed like steel lightning in the fire-light, and Minny sat on a low chair beside her, mending table cloths, while ever and anon a big drop would plash down upon the darning spots like a glistening globe of dew.

"But grandmother, why? burst out Minny at last, with blue eyes lifted up like forget-me-nots drenched in rain, to the old lady's parchment like face.

"Because I say so," said old Mrs. Maple. And the fire-crackled, and the snow clicked softly against the window panes, and the knitting needles made zigzags of light as they flew back and forth.

"But you say, yourself, grandmother, that he's a good young man," pleaded Minny.

Old Mrs. Maple nodded.

"Without a bad habit in the world!" And again old Mrs. Maple nodded like a Chinese mandarin in a collection of curiosities.

"And forehanded with his farm?"

For the third time Mrs. Maple nodded.

"Then, grandmother, why won't you consent to our marriage?" urged the girl.

"Child," said Mrs. Maple, turning her spectacle glasses full upon Minny's sweet, flower like face, "I've told you why, half a hundred times! It's because your great-grandfather Maple and his great-grandfather were mortal enemies. Because your grandfather's last words upon his death bed were: 'I leave my soul to heaven, my money to my dear wife, and my everlasting enmity to Job Crofton!'"

"But, grandmother," said Minny, with a shudder, "that was very wicked! And surely, surely, the shadow of a tombstone should be a reconciliation?"

Old Mrs. Maple shook her white head.

"Your grandfather was a very vindictive man, Minny," said she; "I never disobeyed him living, and I never will disobey him dead!"

"But, grandmother," coaxed Minny, with her fresh cheek against the old lady's hand, "he wouldn't know it. How could he?"

"Child, child, your Grandfather Maple know everything," said the old lady, with a sudden superstitious glance over her left shoulder, as something seemed to rustle at the casement. "And I do believe his ghost would haunt me if I didn't give good heed to his last words. No, no; Gilbert Crofton can never be your husband, and you may as well give up the idea first as last."

And Minny Maple cried herself to sleep that night.

"For I never, never can marry him without Grandmother Maple's consent," she sobbed. "I'll stay single for his sake until the day of my death; but I never can disobey the kind old soul who has taken a mother's place to me and brought me up from a baby."

But the next night there was an apple tree at Deacon Danglerfeld's, and Minny Maple was there. Gilbert Crofton did not make his appearance until late.

"Gilbert," said the little fiancée, who sat reproachfully amid a crimson avalanche of apples, "what makes you so late?"

"I've been busy," said Gilbert. "But never mind, so long as I am in time for the Virginia reel."

And they walked home together through the snow drifts, talking happily of what might be if only Grandmother Maple's adamant heart could be softened.

But, late though it was, with the old clock on the stroke of 1, there was a light shining redly from the keeping room windows, and through the uncurtained casement they could see Grandmother Maple marching up and down the room like a sentinel on duty, her high heeled boots tapping on the floor, her fingers instinctively wandering around and around the inside of her empty snuff box.

Minny hurried into the room.

"Why grandmother," cried she, "what's ever is the matter? Here are the logs all burned down to white ashes and the candle wick guttering, and you in such a flutter as never was! What has happened, grandmother?"

Mrs. Maple turned her keen blue eyes upon her great-granddaughter with an expression like that of a sleep walker.

"Minny, come in," said she; "and shut that door. Is that you, Gilbert Crofton, the great grandson of Job? Come you in also. Children," with her old hands skaking as if palsy stricken, "I've seen a ghost!"

"Impossible!" cried Gilbert Crofton.

"Dear grandmother, you must have been dreaming," soothed Minny, creeping up to her side and drawing her down into the old armchair beside the hearth.

"Dreaming!" shrieked the old woman.

"I was as wide awake as I am at this moment. I had been over to see Mrs. Muir's sick child, and it was close on 10 o'clock when I got back. And the minute I crossed the threshold I had that queer feeling of some one being in the room creep all over me. And there sure enough, in the chair opposite, where he used to sit thirty good years ago, was your great-grandfather Maple, with his old cue wig and his suit of butternut brown, and the very green spectacles he used to wear for his weak eyes. And he took his pipe out of his mouth and looked at me just as your Grandfather Maple has looked at me a thousand, thousand times. And says I: 'Reuben, is that you?' And says he: 'Yes, Lois, it is.' And says I: 'Oh Reuben, what brings you back to this world?' And says he: 'To wipe out the stains of a wicked world.' And says I: 'Are you happy, Reuben?' And says he: 'Yes, and that's the reason I want others to be.' And then I began to tremble all over, and says I: 'Is it anything I can do, Reuben?' And says he: 'There's no more offending nor giving offense in the other world, Lois, and Job Crofton's soul and mine are at variance no longer.' Says he: 'Let there be peace, Lois, and let the young man Gilbert be your grandchild's husband.' And then he knocked the bowl of his pipe on the edge of the andiron, as I've seen him do it so often; and he got up and he walked out of the room, just for all the world like a living creature. I've often heard as ghosts can go through a key hole, but your Grandfather Maple's ghost opened the door and forgot to shut it after him into the bargain. So when I roused up enough to know what was going on around me the floor was covered with snow that had drifted in and the candle was blown out."

"Oh, grandmother! do you think this was real?" cried Minny, with startled eyes.

"Didn't I see it with my own eyes, and hear it with my own ears?" demanded old Mrs. Maple. "It's your grandfather's ghost! And I might have known that if he wanted to appear he could, for he had obeyed me enough for anything, rest his soul! You may marry Gilbert Crofton if you want to, to-morrow, Minny! And perhaps your grandfather's ghost will be easy then!"

So the young people were happily married, and Gilbert came to live at the farm, and managed all the old lady's affairs for her. And she lived to be a hundred years old before she closed those keen, blue eyes of hers upon the matters of this mortal world.

But one day, in turning over the relics of the roomy old garret, Minny came across a red chest, clamped with brass, and faintly odorous of dried lavender and rose leaves. She opened it.

"Oh, Gilbert, look here!" cried she; "my great-grandfather's best suit laid up in camphor gum and sweet herbs! Why do you suppose that Grandmother Maple has kept it?"

"I don't know, I am sure," said Gilbert, with a mischievous twinkle in his eyes. "Perhaps for the younger generations to masquerade in!"

Minny sprang to her feet, a sudden light seeming to illumine her whole face.

"Gilbert!" cried she, "did you—"

"No matter," said Gilbert, laughing, "shut up the box, Minny, your great-grandfather's ghost will never haunt the house again."

And it never did.—Amy Randolph in New York Ledger

INTERESTING TO FARMERS.

Voiced Receipts.

Cream Biscuit—One pint of sour cream, one teaspoonful of soda dissolved in a little warm water, stir into the cream the white of one egg, well beaten, a little salt; when the cream foams nicely, stir into it as quickly as possible enough sifted flour to make a soft dough; roll out, cut and bake in a quick oven.

About Boiled Eggs—There is an objection to the common way of boiling eggs which people do not understand. It is this—the white, under three minute rapid cooking, becomes tough and indigestible, while the yolk is left half raw. When properly cooked eggs are done evenly through, like any other food. This result may be obtained by putting the eggs into a dish with a cover, or a tin pail, and then pouring upon them boiling water, two quarts or more to a dozen eggs, and cover and set them away from the stove for fifteen minutes. The heat of the water cooks the eggs slowly, evenly and sufficiently, leaving the center or yolk harder than the white, and the egg tastes as much richer and nicer as a fresh egg is nicer than a stale egg. No person will want to eat them boiled after trying this method once.

A Picnic Pudding—Butter several thin slices of bread, stew together a pint each of raspberries and currants, sweeten to taste. Cover the bottom of a pudding dish with some of the buttered bread; pour on some of the fruit, as soon as cooked, then more bread and fruit, finishing with bread. Cover the top closely, place a weight over it, and let it stand until the next day, when it should be stiff like jelly. Eaten with cold or whipped cream it is very delicious.

Cherry Pudding—Make a crust of a pint of hot, mashed potatoes, a little salt, a piece of butter the size of a walnut and a pint of flour. Make just soft enough with milk or water so you can roll it out, then spread with cherries, roll it up like jelly cake, fasten in a cloth and steam an hour and a quarter. Use a sauce made of half a cup of butter and a cup of sugar creamed together. Grate nutmeg over and eat cold, or add an egg, and a cup of boiling water poured in slowly, and eat hot. We prefer the latter.

Low Price of Butter.

With the extremely low prices ruling for butter in this state it is indeed strange that so little good cheese is manufactured, or if it is manufactured fails to find its way to market. The writer has not in a year, been able to find a full cream cheese in a grocery store on sale. Yet farmers and dairymen go on making butter and selling it for next to nothing. The Chicago Tribune proposes in regard to the worthless half skims and adulterated cheese on market that the public boycott the stuff until manufacturers put a respectable article on the market, and we think the suggestion good. Permit us to inquire if no full cream is manufactured in Nebraska? If so, where does it go?—Nebraska Farmer.

American poultry yard.

Whatever the poultry keeper may attempt in the way of establishing comfortable quarters for his stock, all his efforts toward success in breeding will be thwarted or retarded unless he provides at the outset against vermin. Not a few beginners and some old poultrymen, too, notwithstanding all that has been said and written about it, still persist in shutting up every avenue through which the vermin should reach the fowls and replace impurities arising from the droppings and exhalations.

The question has been asked if incubators are any help to farmers, and if farmers should invest money in them. As a rule farmers should adhere to the old way so far as the hatching is concerned. Incubators require close and systematic attention, and this attention should for no cause whatever be relaxed.

Farm work is so varied in its demands on the farmers' time and his habits of systematizing his labor are seriously interfered with. Not every person who devotes undivided attention to raising poultry on a scale so large as to render artificial hatching necessary. The hen is reasonably efficient, and may be trusted to do this work for all those whose chicks are numbered by hundreds.

Of all known poultry stock geese are in the main the most profitable fowl that can be reared where the situation is such as is appropriate and convenient on which to breed them, and the land they occupy for range is not needed or suited to other farming purposes. The poorest of poor pasture ground will suffice for their grazing. Swamp, marsh stream or river suits them equally well for bathing, feeding and sporting in the water. And between land and water they contrive to forage largely for their sustenance, if they have room enough, thus reducing the cost of keeping for most of the year to a merely nominal sum.

Clover Ensilage.

The great loss of clover hay occasioned by rains last year ought to dispose farmers favorably to the silo. The reaper can be put in the clover as soon as the dew is off, and the clover put in the silo almost as soon as it is out. Hence the silo makes the clover

grow independent of rain. Expensive cutters and powers and the labor of cutting are not needed for clover. Clover ensilage, with grain and meal is an excellent winter feed. Clover for ensilage should not be cut until it is mature. In the earlier days of the silo clover was cut too young, and the result was a very poor quality of ensilage.

The amount of moisture in the ensilage is an important factor, as it always has a marked effect on its fermentation. Clover cut early has an excess of moisture. This may be responsible for the poor quality of the ensilage, and it is certain that mature clover makes the better ensilage, as well as the greater quantity. And as we can make clover while the sun shines, and also when it does not, there is no need of hurrying the mower into the field.—American Agriculturist.

A Valuable Collection of Coins.

Loring G. Parmelee, of Boston and a former resident of Wilmington, Vt., has sold his valuable and unique collection of American coins to New York persons, who are to sell them at public auction. The collection comprises about 3,000 pieces, many of which are uncirculated, and is thought the most valuable single collection of United States coinage in the world, and is valued at \$75,000. Mr. Parmelee has been about twenty years acquiring this collection, which includes the rare 1804 dollars, for which he paid \$750, though it has since nearly doubled in value, and a specimen of every gold coin from 1795 down to the present date, the best assortment known. Some of the rare species of colonial coinage in the cabinets are valued as high as \$1,000 each. An unsuccessful effort was made to get these coins for the government, it being a more nearly complete collection than the one in the Philadelphia Mint.—Cor. Springfield Republican.

The Leeches Settled It.

The following is the latest story on the late tenor Brignoll. The company were in Havana, and at a critical juncture in the manager's affairs Brig took it into his head that it would be the swell thing to fall sick, says the New York Morning Journal. The Martamonte, sent a doctor to visit the distinguished tenor and to report the result of his investigations.

Unable to discover any alarming symptoms except an insatiable appetite for macaroni, substantial dinner and in the evening a drive to the opera, and to sing his part in the usual manner, and predicted to him a full restoration of health by following the advice.

The silver-voiced tenor shared the doctor's opinion as to the prescription of a good dinner, but demurred from the order of singing in the evening. The judge, upon hearing the doctor's report, sent a gentle warning to Brignoll, who, however, answered that the doctor who had visited him seemed like Crispino, to be more a cobbler than a doctor, and did not understand his illness, whereupon the magistrate dispatched another doctor from the military hospital, with two attendants.

After having felt Brignoll's pulse, looked into his throat and examined his eyes, the new doctor solemnly declared, with a shake of his head: "Really some precursory symptoms of yellow fever" but added that by employing 200 leeches immediately on the shoulders of the patient the great evil might be averted.

"Mama mia!" screamed Brignoll, with his clear, beautiful tenor voice, reaching with ease on that occasion the high B; "200 leeches! You are fool, but not a doctor! I am perfectly well."

"No," replied the doctor, "you are sick and cannot sing to night," giving at the same time instructions to his attendants for the operation.

"Clear out!" vociferated Brignoll, "I will show you whether and how I can sing this evening."

And he did sing better than ever.

Scientific Notes.

The belief that chimney-sweep's cancer is disappearing from London with improvement in methods of sweeping does not seem to be well founded. Dr. Butlin shows from the registrar-general's statistics that the liability of the sweeps to malignant disease is about eight times as great as the average liability of all males.

A unique specimen has been received by the anatomical museum of Rome in the form of the body of Joseph Catinone was made porter to King Louis Philippe in 1845, when he was described as being seven and one-half feet tall and as wearing a waist-belt capable of serving as a belly band for a good sized horse.

A London merchant rejoices because he tried music as a medicine. His boy six years old, was dying with typhoid and was quite insensible with no appearance of being able to live though the music, the father procured a large music box a id caused it to play, with the result that the child's attention was aroused and his life saved by the reaction.

He attempts to kiss her and she jumps away.

"Oh, Matilda," he cries, reproachfully, "forgive me, Gregory. I hoped that I had got over that bad habit of seeming to shrink at such times—with you at least."—Philadelphia Times.

Summers that Were Hot.

London Daily News: A German writer, dealing with certain prognostications, (usually heard at this time of the year) of great summer heat, goes back for precedents. In 627, he says, the springs were dried up and men fainted with the heat. In 879 it was impossible to work in the open fields. In the year 983 the nuts on the trees were "roasted" as if in a baker's oven. In 1000 the rivers in France dried up, and the stretch from the dead fish and other matter brought a pestilence into the land. The heat in the year 1014 dried up all the rivers and the brooks in Alsace-Lorraine. The Rhine was dried up in the year 1122. In the year 1152 the heat was so great that eggs could be cooked in the sand. In 1227 it is recorded that many men and animals came by their death through the intense heat. In the year 1303 the waters of the Rhine and Danube were partially dried up, and people passed over on foot. The crops were burned up in the year 1394, and in 1538 the Seine and the Loire were as dry land. In 1556 a great drought swept through Europe. In 1614, in France, and even in Switzerland, the brooks and the ditches were dried up. Not less hot were the years 1646, 1679 and 1701. In the year 1715, from the month of March till October, not a drop of rain fell; the temperature rose to 33° Reaumur, and in favored places the fruit trees blossomed a second time. Extraordinarily hot were the years of 1724, 1746, 1755 and 1811. The summer of 1815 was so hot (the thermometer standing at 40° Reaumur) that places of amusement had to be closed.

Answer the Door Bell

Here is an actual occurrence in city life, according to the Chicago Tribune: "A few mornings since," said a lawyer whose practice has been so lucrative that he can stay in his home until 10 o'clock every morning, "my door bell rang. It suited the situation for me to answer it. A young man was there whose manner indicated that he was not a beggar or a peddler. I have had my share of such nuisances. However, my first inclination was to say no to anything which this young man might suggest. He asked me if I would like to subscribe for a morning paper, naming the one for which he was soliciting. I told him that I was a subscriber. For a moment he looked at me in a dazed manner. Then he said he hoped he had not intruded upon my time. I became interested in him and told him to come to my study. I asked him if he received a salary for what he was doing. He said his pay was a commission only. I asked him if he had any other business. He said he hadn't. I observed that he could not make much. He said every bit helped, and he had to work outside of his hours of study. It came out by questioning him closely that he is a young law student. His home is in Iowa. He had little money, but he is ambitious. He has to pay his own tuition, board and clothing. He had tried to get extra work that would help him. On one occasion he acted as a sub for a night watchman whose wife was sick. The student had put on the watchman's uniform and carried the lantern the next day on time.

"I was satisfied that he told me the truth, but out of that curiosity which we all have at times I looked in to his case and found it to be worse, if anything than he had described. I sent him a little money. I told my wife after that to always have her servant answer the door bell and to listen to every complaint. That young man's case gave me an insight to a phase of life in a great city I had never thought of before.

A Local Product.

The other evening I was sitting with Joe Blackburn, the brilliant senator from Kentucky, and a few friends. The game of life was running delightfully. Good stories, reminiscences and badinage was going the rounds. Some one in the party said that some friend whom all knew was rapidly getting to be a dude. Then the discussion waxed warm as to what constituted a dude.

"Why," said Blackburn, "there is no such a thing as a dude. The dude is simply the creation of peculiar conditions of society and he may belong to any locality and be differently disguised. For instance, I know places in Kentucky where a man who would put on a ten dollar suit of store clothes and a white shirt would be regarded as a howling swell. Yet he would hardly be called one in New York. No, the dude is simply a product of local prejudices, and there is no possible rule by which you may know him."—New York Star.

Where Watches Are Made.

The Horological Review says that the great modern centers of watchmaking are Coventry and Prescot, England; Locle and Chaux de Fonds, near Geneva, Switzerland, and Elgin and Waltham, America. The superiority of the Swiss watches made by hand arises from the fact that in Switzerland whole families are taught and pursue the trade for generations, and thus acquire phenomenal skill and nicety in their work. Their apprentices are also required to serve ten years before they can be called master workmen.

New Orleans Picayune: The man who plays base ball on Sunday will commit other sins. The command: "Thou shalt not steal"—a base in nothing to him.

PEOPLE DYING LIKE SHEEP.

A Scourge Resembling Yellow Fever Visits British Honduras.

New York, June 21.—The Herald correspondent at Belize, British Honduras, under the date of June 13 writes as follows: For some months British Honduras, as well as neighboring republics, has been under the ban of a disease which, said by some experts not to be yellow fever, is yet so terrible in its character as to kill off without a single exception every one whom it attacks. Every one who can do so is leaving Honduras for either England or the states, and shortly after six o'clock yesterday morning several sailing boats loaded with passengers were making for the steamer, only, however, to be sent back, it being stated that a passenger from Yaabal had died while the steamer was at Livingston. New Orleans is closed tight as a drum against British and Spanish Honduras, and if an outbreak should occur on the Aguan there would be no possible means of getting out of the country except by way of Mexico, which will mean a long, tedious and expensive trip. At Cayo, twenty-five miles north west of Belize, it is reported that the people are dying like sheep, and that the worst part of it is that nobody really knows what the disease is. The European doctors call it yellow fever, but the American medics differ from them. The only thing there, positively known is that the course of five or six days kills everybody whom it attacks, and survivors are simply asking themselves "whose turn next?"

Destructive Hall Storm.

St. Charles, Minn., June 21.—A fearful hail storm commenced at this place last evening and extended over five miles southeast through the townships of St. Charles, Sartoga and Fremont. Great damage was done to all kinds of crops, wheat, oats etc., being almost destroyed. This storm was immediately followed by the heaviest rainfall in ten years. Many farms that had already been stripped by hail were washed of everything movable including fences and bridges.

Man and Wife Hanged.

Elko, Nev., June 11.—Elko is in a state of excitement and people are pouring in to witness the execution of Josiah Potts and his wife Elizabeth, for the murder of Miles Fawcett in January, 1888. Over sixteen women have already applied for permits to witness the execution, but the sheriff refused them. The conduct of Mrs. Potts the last five days has been extremely hysterical, crying, screaming and swearing at her husband.

Owing to the apprehensions of trouble on the part of Mrs. Potts the officials have kept the hour of execution a secret. Yesterday morning Mrs. Potts attempted suicide by gashing her wrists but she was prevented from further injuring herself by a death watch.

After the reading of the death warrant Mrs. Potts earnestly ejaculated: "I am innocent and God knows it," and her husband reiterated the remark. On the scaffold they bore themselves with a bravery unexpected by those in attendance. After they were bound, Potts made several desperate endeavors to clasp the hand of his wife without accomplishing it. Finally a touch on her wrist caused her to turn her eyes toward him and the mute appeal of love caused their lips to meet for one brief moment. They repeated their assertion of innocence and while the clergyman was saying, "Put your trust in God" the trap was sprung and all was soon over.

Race Troubles.

New York, June 21.—A Herald special from St. Louis says: "There are prospects for serious complications and a blood race war in southeast Missouri. The white people refuse to permit Negroes to work in the construction of the St. Louis, Arkansas & Texas railway, and have attacked the Negroes several times and scattered them. Receivers Fordice & Swanson were granted permission by the United States circuit court, yesterday, to employ a force of detectives and rangers to protect their men. This will precipitate hostilities. The railroad company will send 160 men to the scene of trouble, thoroughly armed and equipped.

A Bank Breaks.

Chicago, June 21.—The Park National bank, organized four years ago with a capital of \$50,000, was placed in the hands of a receiver this morning.

Myra Gaines at Last.

New Orleans, La., June 21.—In the United States circuit court Judge Billings has over-ruled the exceptions to the master's report in the famous Gaines case and has given judgment for over \$500,000 against the city of New Orleans. The case is the celebrated one of Myra Gaines against the city of New Orleans, which has been in the courts constantly for the last forty years.

Coming in Slowly.

New York, June 21.—The Tribune's Washington special says that about one per cent of the census returns have thus far been received at the census bureau.

Bloodhounds After Outlaws.

New York, June 21.—A special from San Antonio, Tex., says several packs of blood hounds are used in hunting six convicts who escaped from the state reformatory at Huntsville, on Tuesday. Up to last evening the fugitives had not been overtaken.