

where a law... who had been selling... license, but was charged with selling fish. In the argument the lawyer for the defense, addressing the court, said: "Webster says a clam is not a fish, it is a bivalve." The judge jumped from his seat, raised his glasses, and with blood-curdling eye exclaimed, "Who in h— is Webster? I'm running this court. The prisoner is fined ten dollars and costs."

The referee at the spelling-bee last Tuesday night was about as much enlightened as the judge in the above case, when he decided that Mrs. S. Chapman did not spell *Hallehujah* correct. The most amusing part was that when that estimable lady referred to Webster she also thought, with Mr. Chatburn, that the word was spelled wrong. We are nearly driven crazy by the many different methods of spelling in dictionaries. The above word is spelled, Hallehujah, Alleluiah, Alleluia, Halleluiah, and in Hebrew *Hallelu-yah*.

Hymn, No. 35, in the Episcopal service for the week before Epitaphesima, begins

"Alleluia, song of sweetness,
Voice of joy that cannot die;
Alleluia is the anthem
Ever dear to choirs on high."

Reference is also made to the manner in which the word, as correctly spelled by Mrs. Chapman is used, in Revelations xix., 1. "I heard a great voice of much people in heaven, saying, Alleluia."

Allusions to the word are also in Rev. xix., 3-4-6.

This article will easily convince any person of the difficulty attending the duties of a referee at a spelling-bee, and which causes him with troubled mind and agony of soul to exclaim in his slumber, "Who's Webster?"

WE POIN WITH PRIDE

To a Worthy Institution--A Credit to the Pastor.

St. John's Parochial School, situated on the northeast corner of Sixth and Oak, is a solid brick structure handsomely built and containing eight large rooms now filled up with new school furniture and desks. The numerous windows giving the rooms a very attractive appearance. The building stands on a large piece of land ornamented with trees which will be used as a play ground for the school children.

The building will be opened for instruction next August, and it is expected there will be about 400 children in attendance.

The teachers will be five sisters of the order of St. Dominic who have graduated from St. Clara's Academy, Sinsinawa Mound, Grant county, Wisconsin. They will occupy a large room on the second story facing south.

Father Carney, who is beloved by his parishioners for his abstruse learning, pious spirit and gentle nature, is deserving the credit for the erection of this fine building. The Catholics of this city are also worthy of special commendation for the generous manner in which they answered their pastor's appeal for funds to erect the schoolhouse. Their example should be emulated by the congregations of other churches in this city who assemble in rickety wooden frame buildings hardly deserving the name of a place of worship.

SYMPATHY FOR THE BROTHERS

A Tribute of Respect From the Farmers of Nebraska.

The following resolutions were passed by the Wabash, Neb., Farmers' Alliance, at its last meeting:

Resolved, That we extend to the Brotherhood of Engineers and Firemen our sympathy in their endeavors to obtain the same wages as engineers and firemen on other roads as receiving in the West for a like amount of services.

Second, That we condemn the C. B. & Q. railroad company in refusing to arbitrate with them.

Third, That we condemn the importation of persons not citizens of the State of Nebraska by any corporation to act as special police, or any citizen to defend said corporation except by due process of law.

—Little Eddy, four years old, lived with his parents in a western city. He had been very sick, and as soon as he was able the doctor ordered that he should be taken to the country for fresh air every day.

On a pleasant morning his mother took him in the comfortable family carriage and drove to the home of a friend in the country to spend the day. Almost as soon as they arrived the big farm dog chased a skunk under the house. The odor was so overpowering that little Eddy, who was still very weak, had a sinking spell, which necessitated their starting immediately for home again. On the way home he inquired: "Mamma, does God make skunks?" "Why, Eddy, I suppose He does," was the placating answer. Eddy, after a moment's thought: "Well if He got a good sniff of one once I'll bet He'd never make another."

Strasbourg, in the month of April, 1792, was in a condition typical of most of the great towns throughout France. Its streets, its squares, were filled with people of all ages, but chiefly with young men. The bells were tolling, and mothers and sisters were hurrying to the churches, for the dread boom of cannon was heard at intervals. But the new hope, the new faith, rendered the young full of joy, and fetes and banquets, singing, embracing and handshaking were the order of the day.

The mayor of Strasbourg entered with all his heart into the popular feeling, and on the day after the vote for war he entertained some officers at his house. Among them came a young man from Franche Comte, named Rouget de l'Isle. Born at Lons-le-Saulnier, in the Jura, the son of a barrister connected with the provincial parliament, well educated, and already known as a poet and musician, this young man of 23 represented the ardent and generous impulses that distinguished the youth around him. Mayor Dietrich's niece and some other Alsatian ladies who were present added to the enthusiasm of the gathering. The wish was uttered that some poet might be inspired to express in a national song the intense feeling which at the moment made France a people. The host turned to Rouget de l'Isle and urged him to try to do this, and the company present joined in the appeal.

There is more than one account of the circumstances which attended this request, but a note is preserved in the *Bibliothèque Nationale* at Paris, written by M. Delabarre, a friend of Rouget de l'Isle's, which is said to give the facts as narrated on the poet's own authority.

"M. Dietrich appealed to him to compose both words and music of the song required. All occurred in the request, and about an hour before midnight he returned home, and finding his violin on his bed he took it up, and full of the idea of that which he was requested to do, he began playing upon the upper strings for a fugue for the air. Believing himself to have found it, he immediately composed the words. Trusting entirely to memory, and not committing anything to paper, he went to bed. The next morning, rising at 6, he fortunately recollected both music and words. He took them himself to M. Dietrich, to whom he submitted it, and who was not a little astonished at its very prompt inspiration. He was in his garden, and after a cursory perusal of the song he said: 'Let us go into the drawing room, that I may try your air on the piano.' He was struck with its beauty, aroused his wife, who was still in bed, and directed that each of the guests of the night before should be bidden to breakfast, as he had something of importance to communicate to them. All came, believing that he had already received news of blows struck in the war from Gens. Luckner and Lafayette. He would not satisfy their curiosity on the point until they had breakfasted. Then he sang the hymn heartily, and it produced immediate admiration."

According to M. Dietrich's version, some one had said "Allons" should be the key note of the hymn; and now, as the poet entered the room, he came singing the strophe:

Allons, enfants de la patrie!
The friends listened with ever increasing emotion; it seemed, both words and music, as a flash of light from heaven; it expressed, in a way characteristic of a true inspiration, the feeling of every heart. France had not only realized her unity, but found the gift of speech.

The song, once sung, passed like wildfire from mouth to mouth, and in two months was all over France. The poet called it "Hymn of the Army of the Rhine," and he sent it the same day to Gen. Luckner, who was at the head of this portion of the French troops. It was immediately printed on a half sheet in oblong quarto, and those who could not obtain a copy made one for themselves. The orchestra at the theatres gave it, and the band of the national guard played it on the following Sunday.

Who composed the music? Undoubtedly, as we have said, music and verse were of one and the same inspiration. Germany has claimed the music as taken from a mass by Holtzmann, but research has been unable to find the mass in question, or that such a composer ever lived. The point is settled by the fact that in the original impression, dedicated to Luckner, and published at Strasbourg in 1792, the music is there, and that contemporaries who knew Rouget de l'Isle say that it was he himself who composed it. It would be difficult to find a national ode filled with a patriotic fervor more intense, but the music is undoubtedly superior to the words, and I venture to say the most inspiring of the modern world's possessions.

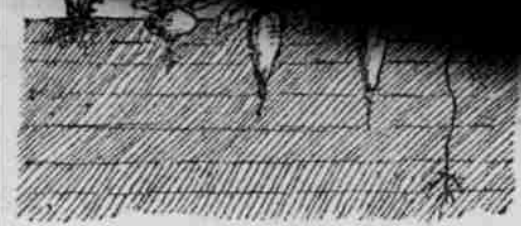
The Austrian emperor had made three demands. Submission to the first two would have reduced France to a fief of the empire. The third was still more odious, for it meant a return to the old order of things.

The answer came in this "Hymn of the Army of the Rhine."

In June, 1792, it was sung to the volunteers departing from Marseilles, and to each was given a copy. Three days after the manifesto was issued, the famous "Six hundred, who knew how to die," entered Paris, singing what had now become the hymn of the revolution. Henceforth it was called the "Hymn of the Marseillaise," and then simply the "Marseillaise." It did at once terrible and effective work; for it strains the Tulleries were taken and the French monarchy overthrown. Valmy and Jemappes followed, and the invasion collapsed. What the ode did in battle may be seen by a demand of one of the Republican generals: "Send me 1,000 men and a copy of the 'Marseillaise.'"—*Leisure Hour*.

A New Word Wanted.
A clever coiner of words may find a chance for his skill in manufacturing a suitable name for the product of the type writer. The difficulty lies in deciding whether the result should be termed manuscript or type matter. The present adjective, "type written," is of advantage, inasmuch as it meets both conditions. Still, Americans are nothing if not inventive.—*New York Tribune*.

Discovery of a New Sensation.
I have a little girl and when it is her bed time, in indication that she is getting tired and sleepy, she will yawn or gape, as it is sometimes called. One evening I said: "Gracie, I see you are yawning; it is time for bed." She spoke up quickly and said: "Mamma, I was not yawning; that was only another kind of sneeze."—*Boston Globe*.

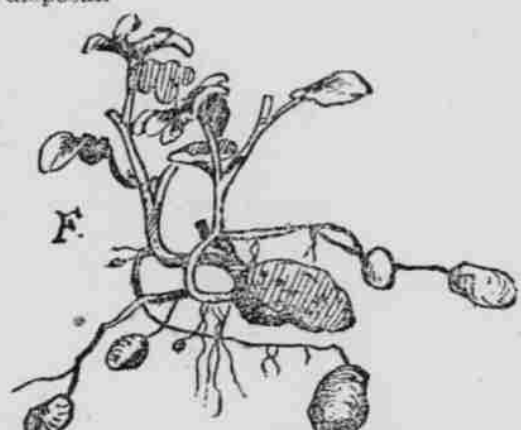


A, RYE; B, TURNIP; C, BEET; D, CARROT; E, LUCERNE.

One of the first requirements for a healthy condition and a subsequent successful propagation of any plant consists in adopting a well devised system of fertilization. An indifferent system of manuring is at the root of a great many failures. A system of manuring is rational when it is based upon the results of a careful examination into the composition of the plant under cultivation and on a due consideration of its natural qualifications for availing itself of the needed plant food, both from the atmosphere and the soil. Plants with well developed and extensive root system may prosper where those with a compact one will fail, and the same statement applies with equal force to the character of their leaf system. (See illustrations in which "a" represents rye, "b" turnip, "c" sugar beet, "d" carrot, "e" lucerne and "f" potato.)

To determine with certainty the composition of a plant, especially with reference to its soil constituents, requires repeated examinations in different stages of its growth and when raised upon different kinds of soil. The good effects of barnyard manure and wood ashes rest on their complex character and on their influence over various physical and chemical qualities of the soil. Experience proves that barnyard manure is most efficient when used for the reproduction of those crops which have contributed materially to its manufacture; and the same proposition may be maintained with reference to the manurial value of vegetable compost and ashes.

To feed plants rationally implies information of two kinds, a knowledge of the special wants of the plant as regards the absolute amounts and relative proportions of the various plant foods, and a familiarity with the composition of the different kinds of manurial matter at our disposal.



POTATO PLANT.

It ought to be borne in mind: 1. All cultivated plants contain the same elementary constituents, yet no two of them in the same absolute amounts and relative proportions. 2. These plant constituents are furnished in part by the surrounding atmosphere, in part by the soil and some in varying proportions by both. 3. The essential plant constituents are not needed in different plants in the same proportions at the various successive stages of growth, but are wanted at different stages of growth in different absolute amounts and relative proportions. Each plant has its special wants at different stages of its development. Grain crops require much nitrogen in an available form during their later period of growth, when blooming and forming seeds; grape vines need a large amount of potash during the growing and maturing of the grapes. 4. The absolute amount of essential mineral constituents may vary in the same plant without affecting, as a rule, the general character of that plant; yet not one of the essential elementary mineral constituents can serve in place of another one to any marked extent without altering, in many instances in a serious way, the relative proportion of the organic constituents of plants. 5. The particular form in which we apply various articles of plant food, as well as the special associations in which they may be applied, exerts quite frequently a decided influence, not only on the quantity of the crop, but also on its quality. 6. The natural resources of the soil in available plant food have proved, as a rule, ultimately insufficient for a remunerative management of the farm, the garden and the orchard.

Care ought to be exercised to secure within certain limits a liberal supply of every essential food constituent of the plant under cultivation, so as to meet promptly its periodical wants when called for. The heavier the crop the larger should be the return of the constituents carried off from the soil. Meanwhile we must bear in mind that success does not depend on an exceptionally large amount of one or the other prominent article of plant food, such as phosphoric acid, potash or nitrogen, but on a liberal supply of every essential plant constituent; for of the essential articles of plant food that one which is present in the soil in the most limited proportion controls the ultimate result.

Value of Safe Well Trained Horses.
The value of a gentle and safe horse is difficult to estimate. Dollars and cents, says National Stockman, do not always express it. Without any trouble in the way of upsets or runaways the true value of a sturdy and reliable horse is often lost sight of. This matter presents itself in its strongest light, perhaps, when driving and carriage horses of a high order are placed upon the market. Such horses find the best buyers, people who are willing to pay the most money for them, among the wealthier class of the citizens of our great cities. These buyers are generally obliged to trust the handling of their teams to servants and drivers, and to them safety means a great deal, some-

Among the first flowers brought to this country by our flower loving ancestors was the sort known at the present time under the various names of iris, fleur de lis and flag. The pioneer in this country was the old English iris in two colors, dark blue and pure white.

The irises are hardy perennials, showy, beautiful, easy to grow and general favorites. There is a large assortment of species and varieties, and of recent years many new and worthy sorts have been introduced.

Nothing among hardy herbaceous plants, says a writer in *The American Gardener*, from which journal the accompanying is reproduced, has created a sensation for a long time like that produced by the iris kaempferi, which is daily gain-



THREE VARIETIES OF IRIS KAEMPFER.

ing favor with the public. They are natives of Siberia and Japan. But we are indebted to hybridization by those clever gardeners, the Japs, for upward of a hundred varieties. They are often cultivated as sub-aquatics, and like plenty of water during the growing season. They do well grown in pans, with the bottom placed a couple of inches in a tank of water. Some of the flowers measure ten inches across, and, if less veined than others, are spotted, striated, splashed and dotted with vivid colors in a true Oriental style. The flowers are flat in form, distinct, beautiful and large, and in ease of cultivation seem to equal the old German iris.

Care of Milk Cows.

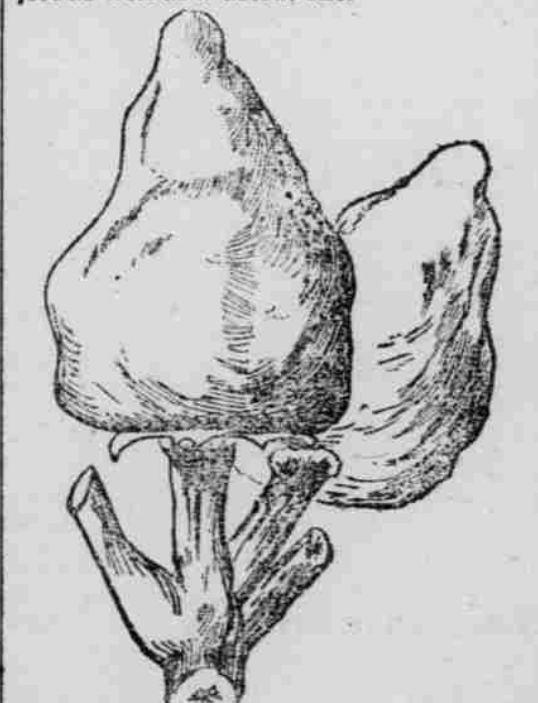
When cows are first turned to grass in the spring, if feed is abundant, they ought to be allowed in the pasture but a few hours each day for several days; in a word, the change of food should be gradual. Carelessness on this really important point has resulted often in serious consequences.

To the oft repeated question, "Shall grain be fed to cows in summer?" the general answer is, "No, not if the animals have an abundance of good grass." The most natural, and at the same time healthful, food for milk cows in summer is the green grass of a good pasture. When shorts and bran are obtainable at cheap rates, and grass begins to fail, these may be used to excellent effect in supplementing the grass. Mangled with the hay and fed to cows, the milk gives a larger percentage of cream, while the quantity of milk is also increased.

It often happens that when cows are giving an extra quantity of milk they incline to become thin and weak. This condition should be prevented by the judicious use of concentrated food. The strength and condition of the animal must be kept up at all times for best results.

A New Pepper from China.

The new pepper from China, which has been christened "Celestial pepper," is one of the most ornamental varieties grown. In our cuts are represented two peppers of natural size, but no idea of the color is, of course, given. Up to the time these are fully ripe they are of a delicate creamy yellow hue, and when fully grown change to a vivid scarlet. This striking contrast in colors renders the plant a beautiful object as well as a useful one.



THE CELESTIAL PEPPER.

Seedmen who have grown this pepper on their own grounds have catalogued it this year with their novelties and specialties. Burpee says of it: "The plant sets its peppers very early and continues until frost, branching freely and bearing profusely. It is wonderfully productive; the peppers are all carried upright, are of superior quality and of fine sharp flavor."

Things Farmers Tell One Another.

Mr. E. S. Carman names the "telephone" as one of the best of the intermediate peas.

Sweet corn, generally speaking, thrives better when planted in rows than in hills; thin to about eight inches apart in the rows.

There was a short counter, on one end of which stood a little desk, with a tall, round glass back that obscured the business done upon it from the persons in the store. Just in front of the other end was a little inclosure like a sentry box, that was for the use of customers who were ashamed of being there. A range of shelves behind the counter, that reached from the floor to the ceiling, was loaded with all manner of circular bundles that bore upon their exposed ends little squares of brown paper. But by far the most prominent thing in the place was a gigantic safe that stood with gaping doors near the desk.

ALL MANNER OF BUNDLES.

A tall, heavily built man, with eyeglasses and a Hebrew cast of features stood behind the counter wrangling with a good natured Irish woman. In the man's shirt bosom and on several of his fingers glittered big diamonds. On the counter between him and the woman was a pair of girl's shoes but slightly worn, a white skirt and a sheet.

"Come, now; be good natured," she was saying as the little girl entered, "and give me \$2. Shure, I'll be after taking them out again on Saturday. Me man has steady work now."

"I pay me dose now for two dollar. I lose money of I git you von dollar, but you was a goot customer, and so I tont gare."

Then he swept the articles out of sight, wrote a few words on a ticket, and passed it to the woman, together with a silver \$1.

"Vell!"

The remark was addressed to a weak old man with a mass of unkempt gray hair floating about his face. He tremblingly drew from his pocket a well worn silver watch and a thin silver chain and placed them in the clerk's hand. The latter flicked open the cases, stuck a jeweler's glass in his eye, and, after a minute's inspection, said:

"Two dollar."

The old man bowed.

The door opened, letting in a rush of cold air and a slim young man, who darted into the little box and rapped imperiously upon the counter. The clerk hurried to attend to him, for the proceedings smacked of a diamond transaction. This is what it proved to be. The diamond was a large one, set in a ring, and the young man was heard to say \$50, as though he expected to get it. But among the many rules that govern this business is one that says the first request must never be granted. This rule was strictly adhered to on this occasion.

"Timonds are vey town," said the clerk.

"And they are bound to go up again, as you vey well know," was the sharp reply; "but if they were down lower than they evy were before that stone would bring \$75 anywhere."

"I gif you \$40."

"Make it \$45 and let me get out of here."

The clerk made it \$45, and the young man hurried out.

OF DAILY OCCURRENCE.

Then a little dumpling of a woman produced from the voluminous folds of a quilt a big gut volume, and laid it, together with the quilt, upon the counter. The clerk glanced at them in a cursory way, and asked:

"Von tollar?"

"Two, ave it's plaim'n to ye," was the mild reply.

"Twelve shilling!"

"All right, sir."

Then the little girl forged slowly up, and, with an effort, raised the basket and set it on the counter. The clerk lifted the lid and pulled out a pair of flat irons and a well worn dress.

"Me mudder says will ye give seventy-five cents?"

"Forty cents," said the clerk.

"Me mudder says she'll take them out sure on Saturday, and will ye please do it?"

"Forty cents."

The little girl raised herself on her toes and began snuffling.

"Fifty cents."

The little girl burst out into a wild wail.

"Fifty-five cents, and no more."

"All right, sir," piped the little girl, growing suddenly calm.

Then, having "done it again," she took her empty basket on her arm, wound the shawl about her and walked out.

These are a few samples of the scenes that daily occur in the pawn shops. There are so many of these places in the city that it is a wonder to many how they are supported. It can be safely said that the liquor stores and the pawn shops live through one another to a great extent, and much of the money that passes over the counter of the pawn shops finds its way into the till of the liquor stores that, in their turn, impoverish so many and force them to the pawnshops for help. The pawnbrokers charge 25 per cent. a year on the money they lend, or 3 per cent. a month on a fraction thereof. This is a heavy interest to pay, especially where there is really no risk. It is true that a goodly portion of the articles pledged are never redeemed, but these, after a certain lapse of time, are sold at auction or by private sale and much profit is reaped from them.—*New York Sun*.

Waiting for the Blessing.

An eastern United States senator tells this about his little girl: He says that when his family had gathered for dinner little Elsie was too busy with her playthings to suspend, and her mother called to her to come.

"Yes, in a minute," was the response.

"But we are all waiting," said my wife, "and your papa is waiting to ask the blessing."

"She came in, climbed into her chair, folded her little hands demurely, bowed her head and said in a low voice, 'Let her go, Gallagher.'"

"I am afraid," said the senator, laughing, "that the blessing I invoked at my table that day was slightly incoherent."—*Cleveland Plain Dealer*.

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