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## Agricultural Implements AND Farm Machinery, Farm Wagons, Spring Wagons.



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#### KEEP SINGING AS YOU GO.

A little girl out with her maid  
Was walking on the street,  
And as I passed I heard her sing  
In silvery tones and sweet.  
Cold winter reigned, and yet her song  
rang out amid the snow.  
I turned and said, "That's right, my dear,  
Keep singing as you go."  
We parted then, each to our ways  
But lingers with me yet  
The thought her song suggested then,  
Not soon shall I forget.  
And the coldest of life's cheers,  
Yes, 'e'en amid its woe,  
One note will sweeten all—'tis this:  
Keep singing as you go.

'Twill sweeten not alone your heart,  
But from others' lips  
From depths which seem too great for them,  
Though they know not the gift.  
Ah! would you fill a blessed place  
And good on men bestow,  
Then cheer the coldest walks of life  
By singing as you go.  
—Brooklyn Eagle.

#### A PAIR OF CHESTNUTS.

I was the most reckless, hard riding, good-for-nothing young scamp of a subaltern who ever carried her majesty's commission. The one redeeming point about me was the fact that I loved Lena Vereker, and in spite of my faults she loved me in return. That was the best time in my life, and the downward grade commenced with the advent of a new fellow in the regiment, Saxby Bracewell by name. Under his auspices the card table flourished exceedingly. Like some few other men, he possessed an extraordinary faculty for games of skill. Until he came I had always been put forward by my brother officers as their show man for riding, athletics, billiards, fencing, shooting, or tennis, but before this new light I went down as a farthing dip before a gas jet. And yet I would never consider myself beaten, but challenge him again and again, and, needless to say, there was always "something on, just to give it an interest." So things went on. Play became heavier. The colonel looked glum, my seniors spoke warningly. Mr. Vereker did not seem so frankly glad to see me when we met and was more chary of his invitations, and Lena looked pale and anxious.

Then came the day when I woke to find myself a ruined man, obliged to send in my papers, and, hardest of all, compelled to say a long good-by to Lena, who, dear little soul, promised to keep true until I should come back from Australia a rich man (for that was the goal on which I placed my hopes). Yes, I thought then that fate could not have a blacker turn to serve me, but I knew otherwise when, on a lonely Australian station, I read in a scrap of an English newspaper I had somehow picked up of the grand marriage festivities between Lena, daughter of Edward Vereker, Esq., of Colne Abbey, and I could hardly believe my eyes—Capt. Saxby Bracewell, of the Black Dragons, and only son of Sir John Bracewell.

I did not know till then how the secret consciousness of Lena at home waiting for me had buoyed up my spirit, but with that last blow all energy or wish to retrieve my fallen fortunes seemed to leave me. But now, oddly enough, that I had no wish for money things took a turn. My flocks and herds thrived up, gold quartz was found on my station in sufficient quantity, and near a stream, to justify the formation of a gold mining company named "Golconda Junior," and in a marvelously short space of time I found myself in possession of an income which if any one had formerly told me would one day be mine I should have laughed him to scorn.

Then I found myself back again in London—the same old London—and yet there was a difference. I saw no faces that I knew, or who seemed to know me. The young ones seemed to me so young, and the elders—but there, unconsciously as it were, I turn my steps toward Tattersall's. As I near the well remembered entrance a man jumping out of a horse-knock up against me.

"I'm sure I beg your pardon—Why, bless my heart! can it be? Yes, it surely is yourself! Jim, old fellow, welcome back a thousand times! Who would have thought of meeting you? and you are just the very man I wanted!"

Phil Blake, late captain in the Black Dragons, and one of the cheeriest and kindest hearted men, grasped my hand and shook it with all the enthusiasm of his nature. "And how's yourself? and what are ye doing? and where are ye going?" were the questions rapidly poured forth, as taking my arm he led me on to the doorway. "Come in here and give me the benefit of your judgment. I know nobody whom I'd trust before you in the matter of horse buying. There's a pair of horses to be sold here to-day, and the price asked is so ridiculously low that, considering their make and shape, I fancy there must be something queer; but for the life of me I can't discover anything. They'll make a grand pair of leaders. By the way, do you know I've set up coaching as a business; up one day down the next? My line is between Barrackville and London. It pays expenses and leaves a little over. Rather a pretty bit of country, too, but of course you'll know it all well."

"Yes," I said shortly. "St. Runwald's, my old uncle's place, is on the road," and I could not repress a sigh as I thought of the old place which had been mine for a couple of months and then had to go to the hammer with everything else.

"Ah, to be sure. Sorry I spoke, my dear fellow," stammered my companion, who had the kindest heart in the world, and would not have hurt a fly if he knew it.

stud a pair of exceptionally good and cheap horses. We celebrated our revived friendship by a little dinner at the club, and after an evening at the play we parted, I promising to make the journey down to Barrackville with Phil some day soon.

Imagine then my surprise when a few days later I received a note by a mounted messenger (it was Sunday, and consequently no postal service) from Phil Blake, and the contents still more surprised me.

THE SILVER FLAGON, VICTORIA PLACE.  
Saturdy Night.  
DEAR LAURISTON—As ill luck will have it, here I am overtaken by a bad attack of influenza, and mistook never coming singly, my head man, who usually takes the ribbons when I am otherwise engaged, has got an ugly kick on the knee which quite incapacitates him. It is all awfully annoying, especially as every seat on the coach is booked for Monday, and our friends, the new chestnuts, are to take their places in the team, and the last stage into Barrackville. Now, my dear fellow, I cordially appeal to you for help. Will you take the coach down to Barrackville on Monday? and if possible, I will go down on a late train and meet you there in order to do the return journey on Tuesday. I know of old your skill with the ribbons, and would rather put you in charge than any other man on such short notice. Kibble, the guard, will show you the line of "march."

Then followed directions as to time, stoppages, changes, etc.

Well, the end of it of course was that Monday morning about 10:30 found me turning under the archway of the Silver Flagon. On inquiry I learned that Phil Blake was decidedly better, and hoped to be able to get down to Barrackville by the evening express. As I smoked the very excellent cigar offered me by mine host of the Silver Flagon I was conscious of a really pleasurable feeling of excitement such as I had often told myself I should never feel again.

The yard presented quite a lively scene. The passengers of all sorts and conditions hurrying into their various coaches, for the Silver Flagon is a favorite coaching rendezvous. The Barrackville coach—"The lightning"—by name—was being rapidly got ready. It was one of Holland's best make, and the shining dark green panels and brass mountings were receiving the last polishing at the hands of the men. The travelers began to gather. Rings, coats and umbrellas were stowed away, spare traces and straps, etc., looked to. Then the horses are led out—as likely looking a team as any man could wish to drive.

"Take your places, ladies and gentlemen, please!" shouted the guard in stentorian tones.

I threw away the end of my cigar, buttoned my gloves, ruffled my hat firmly on, said a word to the head hostler as to the bitting of the leaders, glanced comprehensively over the quartet, then gathered up the reins and swung myself on to the box.

The guard performed a fine fantasia on the horn.

"Give 'em their heads, William. Let 'em go!" and with a fine dash and clatter we were off; up Waterloo place, Regent street, by Regent's park, and so out to the country beyond.

box seat. I could see that she was dressed very neatly and quietly; no feathers or flowers or ribbons to blow about and appear dishevelled and untidy. From the top of her jaunty little hat to her well fitting brown gloves all looked thoroughly fit and workmanlike.

I imagined she must be well-to-do, for a very neat Victoria had brought her to the Silver Flagon, her maid had an inside seat and I heard the man servant say he would be down in Barrackville in time to meet the coach on its arrival there. Since the day Lena Vereker threw me over I had quite eschewed ladies' society, and I felt glad enough that my horses gave me quite as much as I knew to hold them. Their exuberance of spirits, the outcome of the Sunday rest was delightful when one had got them properly together, and I felt that if we were horsed for the country stages in the same style I should not regret having taken up the role of stage coachman. I began to form plans for a partnership with Phil Blake and extending our operations further afield when my heart seemed to stand still, a voice whose well remembered words I could have sworn to anywhere.

"I am so glad, coachman, to have such a lovely day for our drive!"

It was a simple sentence enough, but the blood rushed up to my head, and I don't know what I should have done if my attention had not been diverted by the near leader shyling violently at a gypsy van by the roadside, necessitating some slight punishment. What in the world should I do? for of all embarrassing positions—Here was I for the next few hours bound to sit beside the woman I had once hoped to marry, and who was the wife of the man by whom I was ruined. I could not sit speechless for six hours; I must say something occasionally. Evidently she did not recognize me, as, how, indeed, should she after nearly ten years' interval, and as we had come together under such different circumstances? Growing more accustomed to the position, when next she spoke I was so far master of the situation that I began to take an interest in talking to her, and I noticed with pleasure how little she changed she was.

For the last stage my friends the new chestnuts were put on as leaders. Our route now lay close past dear old St. Runwald's and sadness that I could not shake off made me silent and indisposed for talking. What memories did the sight of the well remembered scenes recall! There was the exact spot under the sycamore elm where I took my first fence on a little unmailed pony; and there was the bend in the avenue where I last saw my dear old uncle standing as he waved his hand to me in farewell. I wonder whether the man who owns it now has made the old rose garden give place to a more modern style?

I wonder—

But here I am recalled to what is going on around me by the conversation of some young fellows who have the seats behind me.

"Jolly old place, St. Runwald's. Who owns it now? D'ye know?"

left to his nephew, a young fool in the black dragons, who went the pace and lost everything at cards."

"I remember," said another; "the affair made rather a noise, did it not? for the winner took not his house and lands, but also succeeded to the affections of his intended wife."

A roar of laughter followed these words. I dared not glance at the figure beside me, but I heard an intense whisper of "Oh! it is not true, it is not true!"

"Who was the lucky man?" asked the first speaker.

"Sir Baxby Bracewell," said the elder speaker, "but he paid the debt of nature a couple or three years ago. It was said that young Lauriston's losses would not have been so heavy if Bracewell had played more on the square."

The shuddering sigh from my neighbor was more than I could stand.

"I beg your pardon, gentlemen," I said, turning round. "I happen to know all the circumstances of the case you are discussing. Young Lauriston was an utterly conceited, vain young fool, who pitted himself against a man of twice his science, hard-headedness and brains. He continued playing, notwithstanding the advice of those who knew, and the end was obvious. There was no sharp practice in the matter; and moreover, de mortuis nil."

As I turned from speaking to them I encountered such a look of gratitude and astonished recognition from the dearest gray eyes in the world as almost upset my equilibrium.

We were just rounding a rather sharp bend by the park wall; the air was filled with the sound of sheep; there was a great cloud of dust; the two new leaders, who had been hitherto perfectly irreproachable in their manners, stopped dead, demoralizing the wheelers, and despite all blandishments and coercion commenced a wild stampede among the unfortunate steers.

Lady Bracewell stood up, with the intention, I believe, of springing from her seat.

"Lena, my darling, for your life, sit still!" I shouted, above all the hubbub of yelling shepherds, terrified sheep, barking dogs and plunging horses. "Undo this buckle, and you'll probably save our lives," and I tossed the ends of the leaders' reins into her lap, for I saw that the traces were broken, and I knew that if the chestnuts got away while the reins were buckled the bridges of the wheels would be torn off and a 'rightful catastrophe would follow.

However, by the time they were brought back into the way they should go the flock had passed on, after many and terrible threats of future consequences from the shepherds, and fresh traces being forth-coming we proceeded on our way, but not before the thanks of the passengers had been showered upon me for the skillful way in which I averted what might have been an ugly accident.

"Indeed, gentlemen," I said, "most of your thanks are due to Lady Bracewell, who so deftly unfastened the buckle."

"Oh, Mr. Lauriston!" protested Lady Bracewell, with a smile and blush that forcibly recalled the Lena Vereker of old days.

The faces of the men behind were studies when they realized how they had committed themselves. But for that we care little, as the ice once broken, we began explanations and confidences that made that drive the most memorable of my life—save, indeed, when a few weeks later I, my newly wedded wife and I, drove from St. George's, Hanover square, in the brougham and a pair of horses given to us by Phil Blake, and the horses were our friends the chestnut who so wildly performed the ceremony of introduction.

As we kept them for town work, and flocks of sheep are not frequenters of London streets, they are a valuable addition to our stud.—London World.

#### The Gentle Bloodhound.

From the Brooklyn Eagle.

"Writers for the press," said a gentleman who has extensive private kennels, "should do everything in their power to take away the stigma which at present rests upon the bloodhound. I have nice distinct breeds of dogs at my place, have won prizes, and made more or less of a study of all kinds of dogs. I admit that for a long while my personal likings ran to a collie for beauty and a bull-dog for fidelity and honesty. Some time in England I bought a brace of bloodhounds, and in the course of three years they have weaned me in a measure from every other dog I own. They are as gentle, faithful and intelligent as any dog to be found in the world, and it is outrageous that their keenness in following a blood scent should have brought upon them such a reputation for ferocity. To speak of bloodhounds is to make the average man shudder, and yet these delicately organized, highly sensitive and faithful animals deserve to rank as the best friend of man. Their eyes have the expressiveness of a woman and their tempers are as equable and even as a thoroughbred mastiff's. The question of beauty in a dog is rather hard to define. Bloodhound pups are unquestionably remarkably attractive looking creatures. Their long ears, velvety paws and wonderful eyes are all valuable. As they grow old they undoubtedly lose much of their beauty of outline, but they are the most winning and affectionate dogs in the world. I hope sometime they will recover from the handicap which 'Uncle Tom's Cabin' has saddled them with."

#### WIT AND HUMOR.

Machine poetry looks more composed when it comes from a true writer.—New Orleans Picayune.

"Let us consider the thing soberly." "All right. I'll wait until you are ready—to-morrow, say!"—N. Y. Sun.

Talking of a National air, the strongest this country is able to furnish seems to be the cyclone.—Philadelphia Times.

He—"You never call me 'Birdie' any more." She—"Still I think you are just as much of a jay as ever."—Terra Haute Express.

"Hammock dresses" are announced for summer wear. Something that a girl can slip out of easily, we presume.—Yonkers Statesman.

She—"O, dear, this is simply awful! I can't see a single thing." He—"I'm a little better off; I can see a hat."—Harvard Lampoon.

He—"I am sure you would like my brother." She—"I have no doubt I should. I am told you two are so different."—The Epoch.

He—"My income is small and perhaps it is cruel of me to take you from your father's roof." She—"I don't live on the roof."—Chatter.

"James, I am cleaning house, so be a good fellow and beat the carpet as usual." "No, I think I'll shake it this year."—Philadelphia Times.

A new company for the culture of cork has been formed in this country. It should have no trouble in floating its stock.—Binghamton Republican.

Chummy—"I say, Grumly, what's wrong?" Grumly—"Fired!" Chummy—"Fired?" Grumly—"Yes, came to the office loaded."—Philadelphia Press.

Mrs. B.—"Here's an account of a man who loses his fortune and then his wife." Mr. B.—"Yes, there's a silver lining to every cloud."—Yonkers News.

Bilious—"I sleep in feathers, but I believe it's unhealthy." Tuffnut—"What's that! Look at the spring chicken; see how tough he is."—Boston Herald.

At the Garden Concert—"Won't the gentleman take a seat inside? It rains so hard." "O, no, thank you; we have lids to our beer mugs."—Pittsburgh Blatter.

Tallor—"And you want this thick piece of leather sewed inside the trousers?" Customer—"Yes; I am canvassing for a religious publication."—Boston Herald.

Young Lady (tailor-made)—"Take my seat, please." Old lady (near sighted, but grateful)—"Thank you, sir. You are the only gentleman in the car."—Boston Budget.

Mrs. Fangle—"What is Mrs. Gabbott's reputation as a charitable woman based upon?" From Behind the Newspaper—"Upon her willingness to attend to other people's business without charge."—Bostonian.

Tommy—"Papa, what is a crank?" Papa—"O, we call a peculiar, eccentric person a crank." Tommy—"And a base-ball crank is—?" Papa—"A base-ball crank is a man who will not go to a game."—Boston Herald.

"Of course," said Jinks, "I am an anti-slavery man, but I would like to see a messenger boy put up at auction just once." "Why?" "It would be interesting to see him when he was going, going."—Washington Post.