

A Little Sarcasm.

"Was Harry who the silence broke? "Miss Kate, why are you like a tree?" "Because, because—I'm board," she spoke.

Boone County.

Ed. JOURNAL: We have had no high waters to cause destruction of property. Our stream winds so crookedly through our valley that an impetus is not given to its waters to form in gorges, which destroy so much property.

AN AUDIENCE OF ONE.

Joe Emmet, the popular "Fritz" of the stage, happened to be in a Wall street broker's office, relating some amusing incidents of his life as a player, when a New York Sun man dropped in and caught the following on the fly:

"The smallest audience I ever had was in Columbus, O. The managers had been trying to introduce matinees, but without much success. Joe Jefferson, Denman Thompson and other big stars had gone through the mill, and the audience had been so small that they had shied, and refused to take the gate. The money had been returned at the box-office, and the disappointed ticket-buyers had departed, determined never again to patronize a matinee performance in Columbus. The afternoon business was at its lowest ebb when I struck the town. After two or three performances the posters announced a matinee. I went to the theatre at 2 o'clock that afternoon, and found my company sky-larking behind the curtain in their everyday suits. I looked out in the auditorium. There was just one man in the theatre. He sat clear back in the parquet. It was as much as I could do to outline him in the darkness. I went out to the box-office. "Did that man pay for his ticket?" I asked. "Yes, 50 cents," the treasurer replied. "The manager told me to return his money and close the theatre. "No, you want, I said. "I have never disappointed an audience when I'm sober, and I don't propose to do so now. We'll play for him." I went into the parquet, introduced myself to the man, and thanked him for his attendance. I told him that as he had the "not enough of me to come and see me, and pay 50 cents for the privilege, he should have as good a performance as the house was packed. I then went behind the curtain and requested the company to dress. "Great Caesar, Joe," one of them said, "you ain't a going to play to that one man are you?" "Yes I am, I replied. "He's paid his money, and he shall have his money's worth. "Oh, the devil," broke in another member of the company, "I'll pay his 50 cents and you let him go." I told them that the performance must go on as usual, and I warned each one that any attempt to gyp the audience, or any failure to play a part in full would be the signal for a discharge.

"Well, the orchestra played an overture and the curtain rose," Fritz continued. "I walked down to the footlights. I invited the audience to come forward and take a front seat where he could see and be seen. He thanked me and settled himself in the front row. I suggested that a little general applause thrown in where he thought the actors deserved it would serve to inspire them and warm them to their work. He seemed to appreciate the situation, and agreed to give us all the encouragement that he thought we deserved. The performance began. I don't think I ever played better. I threw myself heart and soul into the character, and sang the "Lullaby" so tenderly that the entire audience was in tears. He called for an encore. I told him that we rarely gave an encore, but as this was an extraordinary occasion he should have one. He applauded liberally at times where no applause was deserved. At such times I called his attention to the omission, and asked whether on reflection he did not really think that he had made a mistake. A hint was sufficient. He would clap his hands as though perfectly enchanted and shout "Bravo!" like an Italian over Salvini. The company paid no attention to him, but went on with the performance as regular as clockwork. Between the acts, however, one or two of them evinced a disposition to go out into the auditorium and mingle with the audience. I set my face against it, and they refrained. At the close of the second act the manager entered the theatre. He had been out for a walk. He seemed dumbfounded at seeing the house brilliantly lighted, and the orchestra playing soberly to one man. But he was more astonished when the curtain rose and the performance was resumed as much unconcern as though there were a thousand dollars in the house. But he had an eye to business. He sent word to the newspaper reporters, and half a dozen of them arrived in time for the last act. No actor ever received better newspaper criticisms. Some of them were over a column long. It turned out that the audience was the owner of a copper mine in Michigan, and very wealthy. On the following night he gave the whole company a banquet at the leading hotel. He entertained us as handsomely as we had entertained him, and we parted with mutual regrets.

A Thrilling Incident.

One of the oldest and best known residents of Green Island is Uncle Henry Moreton, an old man of considerable wealth. When his house was swept from its foundations he and his daughter were the sole occupants, his wife and son being on the high ground from which they could see the old gentleman as he stood in a window and waved his hat at them. The mother and son went nearly crazy at the sight, and so frantic did young Moreton become that men had to hold him to prevent his plunging into the water in an endeavor to rescue his father and sister. He cried out that he would give a thousand dollars to anyone who would rescue his father and sister. Finally Van Allen and his brother "Vene," said they would make the attempt, though not for the money. They have been the ferrymen between Green Island and Yankton for a number of years, and so are experienced boatmen. They found considerable trouble in getting started, as the wife of the elder Van Allen clung to him and said he should not go, for she feared he would only be going to his death. At last, however, the two brave fellows stole away and getting into a boat pulled for the house which was floating away, tossed hither and thither by the great cakes of ice which would strike it with blows that could be heard half a mile away. Before they got to the house it had lodged on some obstruction and nothing could be seen of the inmates. The house seemed to be held down, and the water rose until it was half way up the sloping roof. They rowed around the peak of the roof, but could hear no sound save the grinding and crushing of the ice, and started to return, thinking the inmates must surely have perished. Just as they had given up all hope of being of any service, and started to pull back, when one of them thought he heard a knocking on the under side of the roof, and they went back. By listening intently they now distinctly heard a tap, on the under side of the shingles, and going to the spot, cut a hole in the roof, and through it took out the old man and his daughter more dead than alive, and carried them safely to the high ground. It seems that when the house floated off, Mr. Moreton and his daughter were on the second floor. When the house lodged the waters raised rapidly, and they soon realized that they would be drowned if they stayed there. Above them was a garret, and with a stick Mr. Moreton broke the plastering overhead, and through the hole made, helped his daughter up into the garret, and then, with her assistance, the old gentleman got up there also. It was a low place, under the peak of the roof, hardly high enough to permit of standing upright, and in total darkness, there being no window. They had not been there but a short time before they could feel the water gradually creeping up their limbs. They could not break through the roof, and there they stood in inky blackness, clasped in each other's arms, unable to see the water which slowly but surely mounted higher and higher until at last they stood waist deep and nearly chilled to death, for it was icy cold. To add to the horror of the situation the house would rock and pitch, and the grinding and crashing of the ice against the building was something awful to listen to. At a moment when there was a lull in the roar of the flood, the imprisoned ones could hear the men outside in the boat, and then it was that Mr. Moreton pounded on the roof with all the strength and energy he could muster. Provisionally, almost, the quick ears of one of the Van Allen's heard the noise, and an awful fate was averted.—West Point Republican.

Boone County.

Farmers have been busily engaged this spring in getting their corn out of the fields, where it has lain all winter, as the snows have prevented them getting into the fields to husk it. This has been indeed a severe winter to the poorer class of farmers who came here last year to establish homes.

Albion has improved greatly in the past year. From January 1st, '81, to January 1st, '82, over \$40,000. This year we expect to see these figures double. This being the terminus of the O., N. & B. H. R. R., gives us many more advantages than if it were extended. If the U. P. R. R. Co. should construct the above road from Lost Creek to your town, the benefits would be increased ten fold for us and would be a great advantage to your citizens.

Albion sustained a heavy fire on the morning of the 4th of last March, which was a severe blow to those suffering by the fire, as some of the insurance companies refuse to settle their losses, and are trying to escape payment on trivial technical grounds. The burnt portion will be rebuilt this spring with better and larger buildings than before.

Business men look forward to a nice spring trade. They deserve it, for the long winter just past has crippled them badly in many instances, for their trade has been very light since winter came upon us. Geo. Rieder, a former townsman of your place, is doing a heavy business this spring. George is well liked, and his strict business principles have won him "hosts of friends." Galbraith Bros. are doing a heavy trade. Also Loran Clark & Co. The last named firm have a lumber yard, and command a large trade from adjoining counties.

Some wheat is being shipped from here this spring, that has but recently been threshed out. Many stacks of wheat at this writing can be seen in the valley in every direction. Thousands of acres will be sown to small grain, this spring, many more to come. People are beginning to waken up, and will devote more attention to corn culture than heretofore. It costs less to raise it than wheat, and does not exhaust the soil so fast. Many are turning their attention to diversified farming, putting in a variety of the different kinds of crops that are more paying to the farmer. Thousands of the "prairie sod" will be turned over the coming summer by the old settler, as well as those who are laying out a home.

Every day sees immigrants on our streets, having just arrived from the east, anxious to locate before the great flood of people later in the season begins to pour into our State for homes. I would say to those who perchance may see this article and are seeking information as to the good localities for the selection of government and railroad lands, that this county and the adjoining one northwest furnishes desirable lands, well watered and plenty of grasses for grazing and stock purposes. John Peters, county clerk, will give you with pleasure all information you wish, also W. J. Nelson. I would say to the business man who is looking up a location, come here and look our town over, and I think you'd be satisfied with locating among us. We have good schools, good society, fine church organizations, and our town is pleasantly situated. More anon.

"SETTLER."

Some kind friend sends us an occasional number of *The School News*, edited by Samuel Townsend, a Pawnee Indian boy, printed by Indian children, and published at Carlisle, Penn. We have taken considerable interest in the little paper, and have found sentiments worthy of commendation. Take this, for instance, and what more touching than the last sentence, when we come to think of the condition of utter ignorance and degradation of the great body of the Indian youth:

"My son," said a father, as he gripped his boy's ear and led him towards the garret, "every blow I strike hurts me as much as it does you." "Well, father," replied the blubbering urchin, "just you—boo! hoo!—hit light, and—boo! hoo!—you won't git hurt bad."

ENGLISH OR AMERICAN MEAT.

Uncle "John Bull" Put to the Blush.

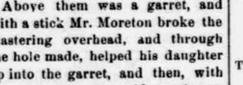
There is a great scare all over Europe on account of the supposed trichine in American hog meat. This great scare has been gotten up by interested parties in Europe. Now the "Mark Lane Express" of England reports a big pile of dirt before their own door, and we here had better send them some brooms to sweep it away. Here it is, look at it!

"Superintendent Birchley and Inspector Latham found in the buildings of Mr. Wiles, potted meat manufacturer, Winson Green, Birmingham, the following savory raw material for epicures, which was by steam machinery being prepared for market, viz: 1300 lbs. of diseased horse flesh, mutton, etc., two diseased sheep, dressed but not cut, besides quarters, breast, legs and shoulders of diseased mutton, 200 lbs. of diseased horse flesh cut into small pieces; cans of recently made potted meat, mostly horse flesh, fearfully diseased and colored with red ochre. There were sausages, saveloys, savory ducks, German polonies of equally unwholesome if not poisonous material. Of course no poisonous proceedings will follow."

Wishing cousin John Bull good appetite for Mr. Wiles' potted meats, sausages, etc., I prefer Uncle Sam's sugar-cured (not woodened) hams, and Brother Jonathan's shoulders and breakfast bacon. A. H.

A post mortem examination was held on Monday by Dr. Sharp over the body of a seven-year-old son of Daniel Norman, of Shortcreek township, who recently died of gravel stone in the bladder. The boy had been suffering from this deposit for the past three years, and although the family were advised repeatedly to have it removed, it was not thought necessary until too late. For a young boy to die of such a disease was very unusual and an examination was certainly justified. The stone removed is as large as an egg and weighs 13,000 grains, which is a very extraordinary case, there being few cases so bad on record.—Caldic (O.) Sentinel.

The Omaha Republican is responsible for the following pictures made by pieces from the printer's case. We reproduce it as a curiosity, showing an entire change of expression by the inversion of one piece of metal:



The man who does not advertise.

There are but few notes in music, but few letters in the alphabet, but few elementary substances in nature. So there are but a few solid principles in the moral and intelligent world, which lie back of everything, and which govern operation of thought and emotion.

All die' transforms itself suddenly into the acute consciousness, "I must die"—and soon, then death grapples us and his fingers are cruel; afterwards he may come to find us in his arms as our mother did, and our last moments of dim earthly discerning may be like the first.

The spirit of liberty is not merely, as multitudes imagine, a jealousy of our own particular rights, but a respect for the rights of others and an unwillingness that any man, whether high or low, should be wronged or trampled under foot.

A person meeting an old man with silver hair, and very black, bushy beard, asked him "how it happened that his beard was not so gray as the hair on his head?" "Because," said the old gentleman, "it's twenty years younger."

After all the talk of scholars there are but two sorts of government; one where men show their teeth at each other, and one where men show their tongues and lick the feet of the strongest.

"Mariah! let me in," said a man to his wife, who was watching him trying to open the door with a tooth-pick. "I'ah tread on my key, and it's all fastened out."

The more a man or woman knows the less they gossip about their neighbors. Culture kills gab.

No man can be wise on an empty stomach.

False friend are worse than open enemies.

CONGRESSIONAL DELEGATION.

C. H. VAN WYCK, U. S. Senator, Nebraska City.

ALVIN S. SANDERS, U. S. Senator, Omaha.

STATE DIRECTORY: ALVIN S. SANDERS, Governor, Lincoln.

JUDICIARY: S. Maxwell, Chief Justice.

FOURTH JUDICIAL DISTRICT: G. W. Post, Judge, York.

LAND OFFICERS: M. B. Hoxie, Register, Grand Island.

COUNTY DIRECTORY: J. G. Higgins, County Judge.

CITY DIRECTORY: J. P. Becker, Mayor.

COUNCILMEN: 1st Ward—John Rickly.

2d Ward—Wm. Lamb.

3d Ward—G. W. Clath.

4th Ward—S. S. McAllister.

5th Ward—W. C. Hoar.

6th Ward—J. G. Schaefer.

7th Ward—J. G. Schaefer.

8th Ward—J. G. Schaefer.

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JUDGE HUGHAN, Lawyer, Toledo, O., says:—"One of Prof. Guilmette's French Kidney Pads cured me of Lumbago in three weeks' time. My case had been given up by the best doctors as incurable. During all this time I suffered untold agony and paid out large sums of money."

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B. F. KRESLING, M. D., Druggist, Loganport, Ind., when sending in an order for Kidney Pads, writes:—"I wore one of the first ones when used and I received more benefit from it than anything I ever used. In fact the Pads give better general satisfaction than any Kidney remedy we ever used."

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