THE WRITER OF "HOME, SWEET HOME."

a stranger in London, all friendless, alone; He walked through the city, unheeded, un known; The lights of the houses shone forth on his There were thousands of homes, but for him was no place. Awary and hungry, disheartened and sad, The time had been long since his spirit was giad, And he sat on the steps at a nobleman's door, and for solace he sang the refrain o'er and "Home, Home, sweet, sweet Home, Be it ever so humble, there's no place like

He had not a shilling to pay for a bed, When he wrote what in luxury many have "'Mid pleasures and palaces though we may Be it ever so humble, there's no place like He sighed, what in thankfulness others have Which, seek thro' the world, is not met with

elsewhere:
Home, Home, sweet, sweet Home,
Be it ever so humble, there's no place like
Home." Old London looked fair to his eyes growing But the lights of the city no welcome gave "An exile from home, splendor dazzles in me my lowly thatched cottage Give these, and the peace of mind, dearer than Home, Home, sweet, sweet Home, le it ever so humble there's no place like

Did it need that one heart thro' deep anguish should learn That others the truth might more swiftly disoern?
A triumph of love by the singer was won,
Our homes are the dearer for him who had We weep for the exile that longed for a home, And yet was compelled as a wanderer to But he had some rapture to banish his pain, As he heard in all lands the familiar refrain:
"Home, Home, sweet, sweet Home,
Be it ever so humble, there's no place like

But the toil and the sorrow are over at last, And the journeys and loneliness things of the past; America finds him with honor a grave, And England above him the laurel would wave; In all climes and countries the man has his And old men and children are speaking his name. But the best of all is, he no longer shall roam, The homeless, tired stranger at length is at

Home, Home, sweet, sweet Home, Be it ever so humble, there's no place like -Marianne Farningham.

GODFREY DENYER'S PENANCE.

When young Godfrey Denyer repudiated his signature to a check for a large amount, drawn in favor of his friend Captain Wrake, he did not for a moment anticipate the serious consequences which ensued. His object was simply to gain time to arrange matters he had not the money to meet his draft. He was so extremely inexperienced and unbusiness-like that he did not imagine for an instant that his bankers had any cause of complaint in the matter. He thought they would simply return with an intimation that there was an informality in it. And he was so staggered and horrified by the amount of the check that he eagerly adopted the the suggestion of the clerk who waited upon him from the bank, that the signature was a forgery, by way of temporarily extricating himself from embarrassment. To an ordinary observer there certainly seemed something wrong about the signature, but Godfrey Denyer, bearing in mind the state he was in when he wrote the check, was not surprised that his handwriting should have been eccentric. The transaction took place at a supper party at Captain Wrake's rooms a few nights previously, on which occasion young Denyer dimly recollected having played recklessly at cards for high stakes, but as to what he had lost, and even how he had found his way home afterward, his memory was a

Godfrey Denyer was a very foolish young man. He was, in fact, one of those vain, silly, weak-minded youths whose chief ambition is to lead the life of a fast man about town. Unfortunately he had no near relatives to interfere with his tastes and pursuits, while a small fortune which he had inherited on attaining his majority enabled him for a brief period to indulge in every folly and extravagance. But he was not naturally either vicious or profiigate, though he aspired to be taken to blessed her unknown benefactor, but be so, and consequently the idea of having incurred a debt of honor which has man he have a make to be taken to Godfrey Denyer never dared to disclose his identity, lest the wife of the man he he was unable to pay filled him with dismay. When the bank clerk had left, taking the fatal check away. Godfrey Denyer at once set forth to seek Captain Wrake, feeling deeply distressed and humiliated, but by no means conscious of the heniousness of the lie

Captain Wrake was not to be found either at his chambers or at his club. and after rushing about with feverish anxiety to various places in search of him, young Denver returned to his own rooms tired and disheartened. A hansom cab was at the door, and as he entered he ran against a rather pompous, elderly gentleman, who at once accosted him: "Mr. Denyer, I believe?"

"Yes," replied Godfrey. "I must ask you to be good enough to come with me at once," replied the gentleman, whose tone and manner were unpleasantly peremptory. "I am Mr. Grantly, the solicitor for Messrs. X. & Co., your bankers."

"What for? What do you want with me?" demanded Godfrey, uneasily, as Mr. Grantly led the way to the cab.

Mr. Grantly got in after him, having first given a brief direction to the driver. As they rattled over the stones the so-

check, as the bank had determined to "Prosecute! What for?" exclaimed

of mine," faltered young Denyer. "Ey- have been cursing him bitterly for years,

erything can be explained."

"He will have an opportunity of explaining," said the solicitor, in rather plaining," said the solicitor, in rather an ironical tone. "I am sorry to hear peared his purpose never wavered. he is a friend of yours. I am afraid you have been keeping bad company, young his head and accepted his outstretched

confused to continue the conversation. ly believe his senses, and doubted at He was not by any means clear as to first whether i, was really his former the purpose of this visit to the police friend who stood before him. It was, cute" and "forgery" were ringing in his ears, but he was too bewildered to realize their significance, and he felt less apprehensive on Captain Wrake's secount than on his own. He had a vague suspicion that he had somehow made himself amenable to the law in connection with this wretched check, and suspected that the errand on which they were bound had an unpleasant personal bearing.

friend who stood before him. It was, indeed, he, however, though he, too, had aged and much changed in appearance. For a moment neither spoke, and then suddenly the Captain burst into tears and said in a choked voice:

"Denyer, don't say a word. I can't bear it. I—I guess now who has been the savior of my poor wife and children. What am I to say to your noble conduct? You first stand my friend by not appearing against me at the trial, so as to give a poor devil a chance, and M. Brown. City Clerk at the recent sonal bearing.

Company John, and C.

they reached their destination, and in a those I have so cruelly wronged. And dazed state of mind he obeyed Mr. you, of all others, are the person from Grantly's request that he would follow him. What passed at the police court happened so quickly that he hardly knew what he was doing. To add to with a wild throbbing at his heart.

his agitation and nervousness Mr. Grantly's manner was very overbearing, and being a weak-minded lad he help-lessly did what he was told, without reflecting. He was sworn and again con-fronted with the signature to the check. For the life of him he could not summon up courage to retract or qualify his original statement, and as a monosyllable was all that was required by way of answer, he found it easier to say his head again, while Godfrey Denyer "No" to the question put to him than involuntarily gave a long-drawn sigh of to enter into an explanation. It was relief. - London Truth.

not until he found himself alone again, disconsolately wending his way back to his chambers, that it began to dawn upon him how fatally he had committed himself, and how grave a wrong he

had done Captain Wrake. While his mind was wavering between right and wrong an incident happened which afforded him an excuse for adopting the less compromising alternative. the afternoon he received a visit from a lady who announced she was Captain Wrake's wife. She was young and pretty, but shabbily dressed, with a careworn look upon her pale face. Godfrey Denyer was the more startled at beholding her, because, like more of the Captain's friends, he was unaware that he was married. He knew Captain Wrake as a man of pleasure, a gambler and profligate, and in the poor wife's pinched features and threadbeare attire it was easy to read a tale of suffering and neglect. But she had come, nevertheless, to plead for her husband, who, it appeared, had already been arrested; and the sight of her distress and her pitiful allusion to her young family touched Godfrey Denyer's heart and aroused his

"What can I do for you?" he said. summoning up all his fortitude. "Shall tains and gulches in the vicinity was I go at once to the police and acknowl-

edge the signature?"
"My lawyer says that would be useless, as you have already denied it upon oath," sobbed the poor lady. "But if you would be merciful and not give evidence against my poor husband." "I will not, I will leave London at

once," he interrupted, eagerly, with a strange feeling of relief. "Heaven bless you!" cried his friend' wife, impulsively seizing his hand and

But Godfrey Denyer hastily drew his hand away, for the spot she had kissed seemed like fire. A tingling sensation of shame and unworthiness took posses-sion of him so that he fairly fled from the room. When Mrs. Wrake had left he lost no time in making preparations for his departure. Having packed up a portmanteau-leaving the bulk of his went trembling to the bank and drew on, the whole body of snow had slid effects to the mercy of the landlady-he out the balance which stood o his credit. The same night he reached canyon side into the bed of Deep Gulch. Liverpool an I the next morning sailed

Godfrey Denyer remained in America more than five years, and owing to one of those singular chances which read like romance and which usually happen to unworthy persons, he was able to lay the foundation of a large fortune. An with the Captain, for the truth was that American fellow-passenger on the voyage out took a great fancy to him and offered him employment in his business. Godfrey Denver at once entered upon a prosperous career and developed an unexpected capacity for his new duties. He not only gained the confidence of the check to Captain Wrake's agents, his employer but also his affectionate in a moment he was riding an avalanche with an intimation that there was an regard, so that he was afforded opportunities for advancement which rarely fall to the lot of a young man.

But he was no longer the vain, foolish lad he used to be before he left England. A great change had come over him, which dated from the day when, shortly after his arrival in America, he learned that Captain Wrake had been found guilty of forgery and sentenced to a long term of penal servitude. Godfrey Denyer's absence had availed no more than the prisoner's eager protestations of innocence to avert an adwriting of the supposed drawer. The news gave Godfrey a severe and painful attack and had a sobering effect upon his character. He conceived it to be his duty at least to provide for the necessities of the poor woman and innocent children whom he had rendered miserable. He had not the courage to roturn to England and clear Captain Wrake's reputation, but short of that he resolved to make every atonement in his power. With this object he devoted himself assiduously to business, and regularly remitted the larger portion of his earnings to a trustworthy agent who applied the money for Mrs. Wrake's benefit. The poor lady frequently so cruelly wronged should spurn his gifts and thus deprive him of the small consolation he derived from helping

At length he was informed that Captain Wrake would shortly be set at liberty, and he then resolved to carry into execution a plan which had been slowly forming in his mind for years past. . In spite of the pecuniary sacrifices he had made he felt that he had by no means atoned for his sin. It was not a question of money, for he was prepared to continue his benefactions and to provide Captain Wrake with funds to make a I think I will go over by Henry Grant's fresh start in life if he would accept any favor of him. But his chief purpose was to return to England and to place himself unreservedly in Captain Wrake's hands. If the Captain would Captain Capt accept no apology or compensation, and insisted on his publicly acknowledging his baseness, Godfrey Denyer was determined to do so, regardless of the con-

This resolution had cost him a severe struggle with his moral cowardice, but at length he succeeded in summoning up the necessary fortitude for his self-"Jump in. I will explain as we go along. I shan't detain you many min- that Captain Wrake would be satisfied utes," said the solicitor, taking him by with some smaller sacrifice, he was nevertheless perfectly sincere in his Young Denyer entered the cab, and purpose. He returned to England, r. Grantly got in after him, having looking prematurely aged, with streaks of gray in his hair, though he was barely thirty. But his bearing was calm licitor briefly explained that he was go- and resolute, and a shrewd observer ing to apply for a warrant against Cap. would have guessed at once that he had tain. Wrake in connection with the suffered some great trouble which had darkened his young life.

On the day when Captain Wrake was released from prison Godfrey Denyer Godfrey Denyer, startled out of his sent to him a request that he would grant him an interview at an inn near "Forgery. It was a most impudent the gates of the jail. He felt deeply attempt," said Mr. Grantly, curtly.
"But—but Captain Wrake is a friend self face to face with the man who must

hand without hesitation, but in a very Godfrey Denyer was too agitated and humble manner. Godfrey could scarce-

'Why? How can you ask? You know my offense," said the Captain,

"Do you mean—do you mean that you were really guilty?" cried Denyer, with a blessed sense of a load being suddenly lifted from his mind. "God forgive me, yes! I was desper-ate, your helplessness tempted me, and -and-" the Captain paused and hung

Everybody knows, or is the worse of for not knowing, Uncle Alex Hyland. He came over here from Bolse in 1866 and got a good claim on Elk Creek, where he has lived ever since, save when he came up to Deer Lodge occasionally to spend a week or two with his friends. We don't want to say anything even cordial of Uncle Alex. He don't like it, but when he says the last "good-by" to the boys there will be more sad hearts than there has been for many a day in Western Montana. He is seventy-six years old, hale, hearty and vigorous for his years, and every day through the season does his day' work in the placers alongside such stalwarts as James Hartford and James Fleming, and never misses a lick or a meal. And he don't let the long winters debilitate him either. A few days ago John Gerber wrote to him of his intended departure for California about this time, and in due course of uncertain mails the letter was placed in Uncle Alex's hands. It had been raining two days on the Elk; the four or five feet of snow that covers the mounsoft and honeycombed, and streams were running a freshet. But Uncle Alex concluded to come to Deer Lodge to see Gerber. The first eight miles to Bear, crossing the heavy range, had to be made on snow-shoes. and the next nine to the stage station on foot; but Wednesday morning, of last week, he strapped on his eleven-foot Norwegian snow-shoes and started over, by way of Deep Gulch. The ascent from Elk was tedious and laborious. It is a long trudge up the mountain to the top of the ridge, a thousand feet above Beartown and six thousand above the sea-especially to a man seventy-six years old. The summit was reached at last, and he was congratulating himself on an easy run down to Beartown, when the snow sank in the trail and down be went. Another trial and the same result. The rains had honeycombed and undermined the snow. A little distance

his shoes with rope brought for the purpose, and the climb was made, good footing secured and all looked clear Uncle Alex then thought it was about time for a smoke. He halted, tilled his pipe, lit it, took a North American whiff or two, and was just striking out when-wh-e-w-w zip, away went the entire body of snow with a wild whirl, and 200 feet wide with lightning speed, headlong down the precipice toward the waters of the creek, nearly 400 feet below. Fortunately he was hurled "head on," and was within a few feet of the top of the slide when it started He struck with his alpenstock, braced himself in the shoes he could not disengage from his feet, and flew through space with the acceleration of speed produced by both the declivity and snowslide. Before he could say "Erin go Bragh" the slide had carried him into and across the gulch, crushed his snow-shoes and swamped the snow verse verdict, for independent persons had sworn to their belief that the signature to the check was not in the handfettered to have whipped Gerber had he been in sight. But he wasn't, nor any

The only recourse was to ascend the

canyon side to the dividing ridge be-

tween Elk and Deep and follow along on

the edge of the summit. He muffled

other living thing, and the winds singing a plaintive monody in the neighboring pines alone broke the stillness that succeeded the roar of the avalanche. He looked back to see if any more snow was coming The canyon side lay bare and scarred to the summit, with the bowlders and stumps holding white fragments of their recent shroud. He had ridden on the crest of the slide and was safe. He was about to rest a spell before exerting himself to extricate him-self, when suddenly his feet grew cold. The chill crept up his ankles and was feeling for his knees before he realized his situation. The snow-slide had dammed the waters of Deep Gulch. They were coming up after him. Something was necessary to be done without unnecessary delay. Some willows and brush projected near. He reached over

and caught them and was speedily free. He concluded to leave the vicinity forthwith, and was soon after picking his way down the gulch, arriving at Beartown at five p. m. without a bruise or a broken bone. And that's the way Uncle Alex came up from Elk Creek. Many and many a sturdy man has been lost in snow-slides that were small com-

pared to this, but they were under and he was on top. When asked if he would return that way, he said: "No, cabin. The supervisor seems to have

Babies Wedded.

One of the most youthful couples that were ever married in Kenton County. Ky., were joined in wedlock recently. The groom is George F. Kyle, aged fourteen years, son of George F. Kyle, and Lizzie May Hollingshead, aged thir-teen years. They were married at the residence of the groom's parents, near head. At a gesture from Aunt Lou, South Covington, in the presence of a the old gentleman turned, when Mabel, few of their most intimate friends. The not at all abashed, said, coolly: tain a license to wed, the groom's father qualified as her guardian and he then consented to the issuing of the license and gave his assent to the marriage. The combined ages of the twain is only a few years more than the lawful matrimonial age in the grand old common-

wealth. The bride is not a voluptuous looking girl, and, in fact, resembled a child that had not passed the spanking age, and the groom is not much her superior in this respect. The bride was modestly and neatly attired, and resembled a little girl that was dressing for her first attendance at a children's party. The twain were evidently quite fond of each other. There was none of that style of love there is generally displayed at a wedding, and when the minister pronounced them man and wife they faced each other for a moment, and suddenly the childish groom bashfully embraced his diminutive bride. It was a rather strange sight, and looked more like a children's mock marriage than a solemn reality. The couple are not wealthy, and their parents are only

-A Connecticut paper declares that "the Vanderbilt wealth does not repre-Somebody had to sweat for it if Vanderbilt didn't .- Detroit Post and Tribune.

-Ratland, Vt., elected Miss Isabella so as to give a poor devil a chance, and M. Brown, City Clerk at the recent then—then you act as guardian angel to election.

Youths' Department.

IRONING SONG. This practical little song and chorus can be sung by little girls in the "Kitchen-Garden," with appropriate movements: h appropriate movements:
First your fron smooth must be,
(Chorus:) Rub away! rub away!
Rust and irons disagree,
Rub away! Rub away!

Though your iron must be hot,
Glide away! Slide away!
It must never scorch or spot,
Glide away! Slide away!

Then the cloth, so soft and white,
Press away! Press away!
On the table must be tight,
Press away! Press away! Crease or wrinkle must not be, Smooth away! Smooth away! Or the work is spoiled, you see, Smooth away! Smooth away!

Every piece, when pressed with care, Work away! Work away! Must be hung awhile to air, Work away! Work away! Then you fold them one by one, Put away! Put away!

Now the ironing is done, Happy day! Happy day! —St. Nicholas.

OUR BABY AND OUR MINISTERS No wonder every one loved her. She was such a tiny, laughing, dimpled lassic with great surprised blue eyes and soft fair hair, with stray ringlets clustering about her snowy temples. and long eye-lashes sweeping cheeks of mingled rose and pearl. Grandma could not bear to have the wee witch for a moment out of her sight, and grandpa, old and rheumatic as he was, seemed happiest when racing with our baby up and down the garden paths. Papa, stately, dignified papa, threw cisses back to the winsome maid as long as he could catch a glimpse from the village street of the pretty face pressed against the cottage window; but who can express the mother's love,

trated in that dainty bit of baby beauty. All the villagers petted and spoiled her, and, indeed, our Mabel made friends with everybody but our ministers. Some way circumstances were always unfavorable for her being a favorite with clerical gentlemen, and she seemed most mischievous when in the presence of these exponents of deco-

or the many brilliant hopes concen-

Well, it happened one day, when Mabel was a little more than two years old, that our good pastor called, and, noticing the bright child-face, asked why we never brought our baby to

Mamma smiled- "I am afraid you would wish we had left her at home, But he, not knowing the mischief i that little pate, spoke of his love for

quietly, no doubt intent upon some ing. wickedness at that very instant. good man said, but Mabel did. When Sunday morning came, nothing would than nothing." do but Mabel must put on her delicate

Some looked pleased when they saw savings bank.
the sweet baby face beside the wrinkled One day Unc each line repeated by the congregation, every kind. "We beseech Thee to hear us, good Lord," Mabel's wonder increased wish I could buy one." every minute, and pretty soon she ex-"Why don't they keep still, and let

Dod answer them, gradma? Is Dod deaf like you?" Papa looked daggers at Mabel Grandma told her that was part of the service, and she musn't talk aloud in church. Everybody else but the minister smiled, and the young folks were convulsed. Mabel was quiet after that until she grew tired of the sermon, then she became uneasy; she pinched grandma and punched papa, and said she wanted to go home, but, getting discouraged, began to cry softly. At length a bright thought struck her.

"Grandma," said she, loud enough for the minister to hear, "don't you suppose Mr. H--. wishes I was to It is needless to say that in spite of the good man's protestations to the contrary, Mabel carried the day, and

going to church. other friends in the parlor, our baby, young minister and holding up her

"I made this picture for you, Mr. B .-- , but it don't look much like you,

rassed and hardly pleased at first, but concluded it was a good joke, and joined in the laugh with the rest. But to cap the climax, a few weeks later, an old-time school friend of grandma's, a venerable, bald-headed clergyman, was visiting at our house with the young rector, enjoying their recollections of days long past. That morning Mabel, having burned her hand, had for the first time learned the use of stickingplaster, and was quite delighted with the little black patch over her knuckles. in which, it seems, our household divinity was snugly ensconced, with a large piece of black plaster which she had abstracted from her mother's drawer, and was top of the old gentleman's head. When Aunt Lou discovered the little mischief, she was standing on tiptoe, just ready to clap the plaster on the unsuspecting

'Twont hurt; make it all nice, like the rest," and would have proceeded both worn on the same finger, third of The Chemical is the great note buyer with her operations had not the rever-end vacated his seat, not appreciating guard to the former, when both are in \$5,000,000 and an average of deposits

ment of the company.

However, since this last escapade, However, since this last escapade, gold ring with gems sunken in it. No when the minister comes into the front bride should wear at a wedding anydoor, Mabel, our mischievous baby, is thing that has been worn before, unless game, in N. Y. Tribune.

Only a Little While Age.

Our youthful readers can scarcely form an idea of the world as their grandfathers saw it, in the days when John Quincy Adams was President.

Half-way House.

Envelopes were not then used, because they would have made the letters which doubled the postage.

Each and every inclosure was charged one rate. Thus, a letter in an envelope inclosing a dollar bill would have cost seventy-five cents postage.

Hence, very large sheets of letterpaper were used, especially by affectionate mothers when writing to their sons at school. Often, when the tender soul had filled four immense pages with family news and good advice to "my dearest boy," she would still have something more to say, and then she would cross her writing to save an extra postage. This crossing was a sore trial to impatient youth, who did not in those days read any writing with perfect

It was a high art then to fold a letter nicely. Years elapsed before a boy could tuck in the outside lap without any bulge at the ends, and make a neat, compact, well-shaped packet. Some clumsy-fingered fellows never could get the knack of it. To all such the envelope was, indeed, a precious boon.

It was considered a frightful vulgarity sixty years ago to seal a letter with anything but sealing-wax. This was a very awkward article in a Southern or East Indian mail-bag, as at a high temperature it melted and stuck the letters together. The operation of sealing, too, was one that baffled the school-boy and often burned his fingers. It had to be done, however, even after the post-office chiefs had given public notice of the inconvenience to which it subjected them. It was only the envelope that ended the wax nuisance.

Everything was more difficult then than now. In 1824, the daily stage for the city of Washington left New York at three in the morning, and a man went round the town at two to call up the passengers; so that when the stage came for them, it might not be kept waiting very long. If all went well, the passengers reached Washington the next norning soon after sunrise.

Those were the times when college students were fined ten dollars for going to the theater, and it was reckoned unbecoming in a clergyman to have a copy of Shakespeare in his house. At that remote period, before the Erie Canal was finished, what was the largest inland town of the United States? It was Lancaster in Pennsylvania, with a population of something less than four

thousand! - Youth's Companion. "Only a Cent."

Uncle Harris was a carpenter, and had a shop in the country. One day he went into the barn where Dick and Joe were playing with two tame pigeons. "Boys," he said, "my work-shop that little pate, spoke of his love for children, while wee May, with wide- Which of you will undertake to do it? I open eyes and all-hearing ears, listened am willing to pay a cent for each sweep-

"Only a cent!" said Dick. "Who "I will," said Joe. "A cent is better

So every day, when Uncle Harris was white frock, blue satin bonnet, and tiny done working in the shop, Joe would blue boots, to accompany grandma to take an old broom and sweep it. And .he dropped all his pennies into his tin

One day Uncle Harris took Dick and aged one, like the promise of a new Joe to town with him. While he went youth, but when they reached that part to buy some lumber, they stayed in a in the service where the choir, after toy-shop, where there were toys of "What fine kites!" said Dick. "I

> "Only ten cents," said the man behind the counter. "I haven't even a cent," said Dick. "I have fifty cents," said Joe, "and I think I will buy that bird-kite."

> "How did you get fifty cents?" asked By sweeping the shop," answered "I saved my pennies, and did not open my bank until this morning." Joe bought the bird-kite and a fine large knife, while Dick went home with-

glad to sweep the shop whenever Joe would let him, even though he received for his work only a cent .- Our Little

An Undisputed Fact.

It is no use disguising the fact. Farmwork is not popular with either the nothing more was said about our baby's | young men or the young women in farmers' families. Many a farmer who About six months later a new rector is getting old sees with a sort of vague came, a young and rather handsome dread of an approaching calamity the man, who used to come often to the silver threads streaking his loved and house to see Mabel's Auntie Lou. One faithful companion's hair, as the aged day while these two were chatting with pair sit alone in the long evenings, thinking sadly of their son who is in the who had been busily engaged with her pencil, demurely walked up to the far away. They-realize, too, that new tastes and new desires and hopes have estranged their children from the farm and the homestead, the memories of which cling and twine around their own demand, he would endeavor to execute so I'll just put a tail on it and call it a hearts and bind their affections to the place, on every foot of which there is lessons in singing, and one Sunday some work or improvement done by their own hands—some tree planted, some spot beautified, some waste re-claimed, some building arranged—and now all must go, by and by, into the hands of strangers who will tear down what has been built up with so much pains and has been tended with so much loving care. In thousands of farmhouses such cases as this may be met with, and they are very sad to one who

knows how it is himself. To know that one has some companions in his misery is supposed to be a No one of the happy group in the library was thinking of Mabel, for mamma ca may look across the Atlantic and supposed her safely taking her after-noon nap, but no! The aged clergy-man sat near a heavy window drapery take comfort to see the same thing go-ing on in France, where the French farmers are mourning because their boys farmers are mourning because their boys are abandoning their homes and becoming cooks and valets and shop men, and most busily engaged in getting it ready to cover up that great white spot on the immigrants work on the farms and in the vineyards, and when the old farmers die these new-comers buy the land which the young men and women think to be below their notice. - N. Y. Times.

▲ Few Points in Etiquette.

Wedding and engagement rings are in the history of banking. is no necessity to return thanks

either before or after the dance; your partner will thank you. It is "bad form" for a lady to thank a gentleman Boys who went to boarding-school who invites her to dance, ride, drive, thirty miles from home had a stage- row or walk with him. It is always ride of five or six hours to endure or to presumed that he is the obliged party, enjoy-according to the weather-for and that she graciously confers a favor. boys were apt to perch on the outside There is no law of etiquette as to which seats. In muddy seasons, the five or side of a woman a man walks in the ferings made by the brokers. Hence six hours would stretch out to ten, with street. He allows circumstances to dea possible alleviation of a dinner at the termine on which side will be most though its purchases were estimated at agreeable and safe for her. Nor does If they were homesick, or wanted a he keep changing at the street corners. frequently invest their funds in the box of good things for solace, they A man raises his hat to the woman to same manner, the Farmers' & Mepaused before writing a letter to reflect whom his friend bows. This is the chanics' Bank, of Albany, being the that their "Honored Parents" would acknowledged etiquette of the polite oldest and most extensive of this class. have to pay twenty-five cents postage world everywhere. A woman's one There are a half a dozen first-class on the epistle. Now, honored parents bow, if gracious, will do for several ac. note brokers who clear from \$5,000 to who paid so much for a letter expected quaintances whom she may meet at \$8,000 per year, and a score of smaller it to contain a good deal of matter, correctly spelled, on a large and clean abset of paper.

| The contain a good deal of matter, correctly spelled, on a large and clean do so.—Clara Belle, in Cincinnate English Brown a Messer of paper.

PACTS AND FIGURES.

-Land on Wall street, New York, is worth \$15,000,000 an acre; on Broadway, \$2,000,000.

-Ten years ago one steamboat could hardly pay expenses running down the east shore of Puget Sound. Now ten boats are kept constantly busy over the

-The first piano was made at Padua, in Italy, in 1711, by Christofort. The first one seen in England was made by Father Wood, a monk, and very few were made there until after 1760. -Ordinary glue can be dissolved in acetic acid or strong vinegar without heating and makes an excellent glue,

almost as good as when heated. Keep tightly corked to prevent evapora -During the past three years ivory has risen at least one hundred per cent. in value, and pearl, which is also largely

same period. -During 1882 the murders committed in the United States averaged two a day, while the executions averaged only two a week. There were in the year 212 murders and fifty-three executions in the South. New York State had 231 murders and only four executions.-N. Y. Herald.

has advanced very materially in the

-The Vicksburg (Miss.) Planters' Journal describes five apiaries whose total product last year was 55,287 pounds of honey, 49,105 pounds of which was extracted and 6,182 pounds comb honey. The whole product was sold for \$5,628. The yields ranged from \$10.73 to \$49.84 per colony. Bee-culture is proving profitable in the Southern States.

-New York City was a better city morally, last year, than during 1881, according to the annual report of the Police Commissioners. The number of arrests by the police was 66,867, against 67,135 the previous year. Of the offenders, 49.625 were males, and 17,242 females. The Police Justices collected \$75,591 in fines, an increase of \$12,000 over 1881.

-While our Judges are doomed to retirement at the age of 70, Judges in England and Ireland have presided in the several courts long after that age. At present there are five in England over 70 - Vice-Chancellor Bacon, 84; Mr. Justice Manisty, 74; Mr. Justice Phillimore, 73; Mr. Justice Grove 71 and Lord Chancellor Selborne, a little over 70. The late Lord Chancellors St. Leonards and Campbell presided over the Courts of Chancery in admirable mental vigor at the ages respectively of 80 and 69, and the Irish Lord Chancellor Plunkett at 74, and Lord Chief Justice Lefroy at 91. The two youngest Judges in England now are Judges Cave and Bowen, 48 and 47 respectively.

WIT AND WISDOM.

-The certain way to be cheated is to fancy one's self more cunning than oth--He who has fair words only is like

one who feeds the sick with an empty spoon and talks about gruel. -Judge not by appearance. A wom-an can carry a pocketbook in her hand just as proudly when it' only contains

two horse-car tickets and a latch key as when full of bills .- Lowell Citizen. -"One might have heard a pin fall," is a proverbial expression of silence: but it has been eclipsed by the French phrase: "You might have heard the unfolding of a lady's pocket-handker-

-A good old Quaker lady, after listening to the extravagant yarn of a person as long as her patience would allow, said to him: "Friend, what a pity it's a sin to lie, when it seems so necessary to thy happiness'

-" You wouldn't take me for a married man, would you?" asked a student of a Cortland girl, the other night. out anything. But he had learned not "I rather think I would if you should to despise little things, and he was very ask me," was the response. He bought a ring next day .- N. Y. Mail. -A "college graduate" writes to inquire if we understand "the generic importance of the term 'fragment'?'

We do. We look upon the word as the biography of the first man that ever attempted to trim the tail of a Georgia mule. N. Y. Tribune. -The Chinese pay their bills yearly. instead of weekly as is generally the

custom in this country, among those who pay them at all. When a bill is presented and one is a little short, it must be nice to say: "Ah, yes; I have been a little disappointed to-day; just step in next year when you are passing." We like the Chinese system .-Rochester Post-Express. -A young man at a social party was vehemently urged to sing a song. . He

replied that he would first tell a story, and then, if they still persisted in their a song. When a boy, he said, he took morning he went up into the garret to practice alone. While in full cry he was suddenly sent for by the old gentleman. "This is pretty conduct!" said the father, "pretty employment for the son of pious parents to be sawing boards in the garret on a Sunday morning, loud enough to be heard by all the neighbors. Sit down and take your book." young man was unanimously excused from singing the proposed song.

Value of New York Bank Stock. One of the best tests of the financial condition of the metropolis is the value of bank shares, some of which may be given as follows: The North River has advanced from par to 114, and the Park. which was also down to par, is now 158. The Phœnix has risen from 93 to 101. the girls become nurses or waitresses | The Bank of New York, which is the and stand behind the shop counters, as oldest in the city, stands 145. The Importers' and Traders' is quoted at 155, the City is 261, while the Chemical has reached the dizzy height of 1,952. The latter presents the most remarkable expansion in the records of finance. Its capital is only \$300,000, being divided into 3,000 share of \$100 each. At the present quotations this capital is worth \$5,856,000. This, I repeat, is unequaled

the situation, to her evident dismay and disappointment, and the intense amusement of the company.

place. The bride does not give the groom a wedding-ring. She gives him to discount or purchase all the good paa seal ring, a cat's-eye or a broad per that can be offered. At any time gold ring with gems sunken in it. No can see the note brokers rushing into the Cashier's rooms to display their array of ry, where she remains in watchful charge until his departure.—Lettie L. Burlin. sake, should wear something old and proval Rusings in the same trifle to conform with the superstition that a bride, for luck's and checks off all that meet his approval. sake, should wear something out and something new, something borrowed and something blue. When asked to dance, a lady need only bow to dance, a lady need only bow its former President (John Q. Jones) could call off the gilt-edged names as readily as he could repeat the alphabet. He knew all the first-class men in the city, and they were always under a close surveillance which insured the bank against loss. The question always before him was how much paper the gilt-edged house were issuing, and this could easily be learned by the ofthe Chemical made but few losses. \$50,000,000 a year. Out-of town banks



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