#### A SERIOUS JOKE.

- A large and sprightly cat, she walked
  With lightsome steps the strand;
  A youthful crab he slyly peeped
  Out of his house of sand.
  And, "Oh," he said, "I'll do it sure!
  How jolly it will be!"
  And clicked his clawe like castonets,
- And as Dame Puss wandered that way, He quickly upward sprung, And nipped the end of her long tail,
- And closely to it clung. While "I'm a clever crab," he cried, "This is the greatest fun Was ever known on April First, Since April First begun!"
- Not one word said that cat, but ran Most swiftly o'er the ground
  Until, near by a gray old tree,
  A gray, old stone she found;
  And on this stone the crab she whacked,
  With whacks but very few,
  When suddenly his overcoat
  Of shell split right in two.
- Then with one paw she scooped him out And down her throat he went, And o'er her face there spread a look Of deep, feline content.

  And "He will laugh no more," she pure

## "His joking days are past; le little thought this April First Would be his April last." —Margaret Eytinge, in Good Cheer.

BETTY FLIPPINS'S AWFUL NEWS. It was to be a famous day in Lichendell. Thisbe Hopkins was to be May Queen and I was to be her prime minister and chief officer of the householdall which had been the subject of no end of correspondence between her and me.

evening to spend with Thisbe; and she and I, being sweethearts of long standing, would find the time short enough

pretty promptly to the conductor's of it that "if one swings about him a rupted my festivities.

vited such a mark of confidence. as I handed the lady up the steps and led her to my own seat, of which I gave ladies in connection with whistling, it is

She was evidently too absorbed in her which, according to one legend, origown thoughts to be inclined to conver-inated in the circumstance that while sation; and having done all that good the nails for our Lord's cross were being breeding required or permitted to break forged a woman stood by and whistled. the social ice, I fell back on my own re-sources and set to drawing fancy pic-seldom hears any of the fair sex indulgtures of Thisbe resplendent in her regal ing in this recreation, although there is robes and floral crown.

"Blankbury!" at last sang out brakeman, flinging open the door. I gave the lady my arm and assisted ber to alight. I had hardly done so when a rough hand seized my collar.

"So you're the precious rascal that's running away with my niece, are you?" shouted a plethoric old gentleman, pur- imprecation the pipe which afterward ple with rage and reckless of consequences to his blood-vessels.

back aboard the train, already begin- formance. There are numerous inning to move, but his grip was like a

"No you don't!" growled my captor through his teeth. "I've just had a ful ease with which they performed telegram from my brother to keep a such airs as "The Blue Bells of Scot-lookout for his runaway daughter and land," or "The Mocking Bird." Inbetter asquainted.

I made another vain attempt to get loose, but the old sinner was as strong How a Locomotive was Raised from a to see the train move rapidly away; and, oh, horror!-peering from one of the open windows was the face of Betty Flippins, the most unmitigated gossip the Philadelphia, Wilmington & Baltiand mischief-maker in all Lichendell! If her lanky, flaxen curls had been was successfully accomplished yesterday. Medusa's snakes, and her countenance the gorgon's own, my sense of petrifac- bridge some time ago. The difficulties

tion could hardly have been greater. of the feat may be imagined when it is been caught cloping with a beautiful pletely imbedded in the mud. The wreck-

hairs shall not protect you!" "Grav hairs be hanged!" he bellowed:

enappers as yourself!

off with another man's daughter?"

"You don't say that's law?"

"I'm afraid it is." "I can't hold him, then?"

Not lawfully And with a shove and a kick, which on a level with the temporary structure latter I dodged and which cost the old the engine will be then run on the wharf reprobate his equilibrium, and I was and to the main track. It will be taken to

what was my chagrin to learn that to fish the engine out.—Philadelphia no other train would stop there till six Record. o'clock next morning! I couldn't possibly reach Lichendell to take part in Thisbe's coronation; besides, she would hear Betty Flippin's awful story, and two and three years old picked up as he set me down as the most perfidious of men. Stay-I might send her a telegram explaining all. Happy thought!- on the railing in front of the Central Stabut, unhappily, too soon to end in distion, stuck out his chubby legs and stared

There was nothing for it but to wait. for a shabby little inn and secured a parents. The little fellow appeared room in which I kept close till train time next morning.

It was past noon when I reached Lichendell: and from the station I went directly to the grove selected for the

day's observances. There, on a throne gorgeously be-decked, sat Thisbe arrayed as never was Solomon in all his glory, a crown of brightest flowers on her head and a pleasure at being able to furnish the garlanded scepter in her hand. Her desired information, as he answered: face was beautiful, but not happy. Was "She tells him, you old divole, you." it the cares of state that robbed it of its The examination was postponed.—St miles, or was my own defection in part Louis Republican.

to blame? I hurried forward to make my obeinance; but instead of graciously extend- vice is Lieutenant Southerland, of the ing the tip of her scepter, she gave me a withering flash of scorn as she turned four inches high, and weight about three hundred and sixty-four pounds.

THE JOURNAL. perial order to her chief courtier, Nic. ladgers, an insufferable jackanapes whom I had more than once been tempted to cuff for his impertinent attentions to Thisbe.

I attempted to speak, but she would not hear, and I was about to retire in confusion when a lady and gentleman In an instant Thisbe's face brightened Descending the steps of her throne with a haste anything but queenly, she and the other lady caught each other in

a close embrace, and exchanged kisses with a profusion that to many of us seemed not a little wasteful. "You don't know how glad I am to see you, dear Euphrasia!" cried Thisbe, her crown all awry and her scepter at

"It seems an age since we've met, Thisbe dear!" returned the other. Then the kissing had to be done all

"But I've forgotten to introduce my husband," Euphrasia added. His name's Augustus Waggett.—My old friend and schoolmate, Thisbe Hopkins, Gus, and-ho!-who's this?"-turning to myself-"as I live, Gus, here's the kind gentleman who took such nice care of me on the train vesterday, and got into such a scrape with that dear old bear, uncle Festus Pilgrew, and gave me the chance to play him the slip! Thisbe gave me a look both gracious and sweet, and it wasn't many minutes till I was basking in the sunshine of her court, vice Nic. Cadgers deposed .- N.

#### Whistling.

Captain Burton tells us how the Arabs dislike to hear a person whistle, called If no accident happened, I should by them el sifr. Some maintain that reach Lichendell on the last day of the whistler's mouth is not to be purified April before sundown, and have the for forty days, while, according to the explanation of others, Satan touching a man's body causes him to produce what they consider an offensive sound. The for the many things we had to tell each natives of the Tonga Islands, Polynesia, other.

But, however etherealizing may be a lover's fancy, it never quite obliterates, God. In Iceland the villagers have the in a healthy man, his appetite for din- same objection to whistling, and so far ner-at least I'm sure mine responded do they carry their superstitious dread "half-an-hour for refreshments!" as the stick, whip, wand, or aught that makes train slowed up about noon in front of a a whistling sound, he scares from him iaunty little station. I had gotten the the Holy Ghost," while other Icelanders best of two tongue sandwiches, a cup of who consider themselves free from supercoffee and a dried-apple turnover, be-fore the cry of "al' aboard!" inter-it not; for who knoweth what is in the air?" However eccentric these phases I was hurrying to regain my place of superstitious belief may appear to us, when a lady closely veiled-I could see it must not be forgotten that very simishe was young and handsome notwith- lar notions prevail at the present day standing—came hurrying through the in this country. A correspondent of crowd clinging to the arm of a half- Notes and Queries, for instance, relates grown lad. Both had a frightened how one day, after attempting in vain look, and kept glancing about timidly to get his dog to obey orders to come as if apprehensive of some threatened into the house, his wife tried to coax it by whistling when she was suddenly "Might I ask you to see my sister safe interrupted by a servant, a Roman as far as Blankbury, sir?" said the boy, Catholic, who exclaimed, in most pitein a tone wherein shyness struggled ous accents, "If you please, ma'am, don't whistle-everytime a woman "Certainly," I answered, not a little whistles the heart of the blessed Virgin flattered that my appearance had in bleeds." In some districts of North Germany the villagers say that if one The engineer tooted his last warning whistles in the evening it makes the angels weep. Speaking, however, of

her half, there being no other vacant a wide-spread superstition that it is at all times unlucky for them to whistle. no reason, as it has been often pointed out, why they should not whistle with as much facility as the opposite sex. One cause, perhaps, of the absence of this custom among women may be, in a measure, due to the distortion to the features which it occasions. Thus we know how Minerva cast away with an proved so fatal to Marsyas, when she beheld in the water the disfigurement of I tried to shake off his grasp and get her face caused by her musical perstances on record, nevertheless, of ladies whistling at public entertainments, and charming their audience with the grace-

her puppy of a sweetheart, whose flight deed, not many years ago, at a grand he fortunately discovered without loss provincial concert, two sisters excited of time. I've never seen you before, much admiration by the clever and but I don't intend to let you go till we're artistic way in which they whistled a duet. - Gentleman's Magazine.

The feat of raising a huge freight engine from the mud in Bush River, on more Railroad, below, Havre-de-Grace, The engine fell through the draw-Before the sun went down it would be understood that the engine was several as current news in Lichendell that I had feet below the water surface and comyoung lady, as if the town-crier had ers have been at work a week, the first proclaimed the fact in every street. thing accomplished being the placing of Betty's derisive smile left no doubt that heavy chains beneath the great mass of her keen eyes and ears had lost not a iron. Two divers sent down for this ingle circumstance.

purpose were compelled to dig several feet under the soft mud at the bottom of irate uncle. I caught over his shoulder the river. The chains were made taut a glimpse of the fair cause of my pre- to four heavy scows, which were filled dicament as she leaped nimbly into a with water at low tide. Everything bewaiting carriage, of which the blinds ing satisfactory, the water was pumped were quickly pulled down as it rapidly out of the scows, thus tightening the chains about the engine. When the "Let go, you old grizzly!" I shouted | tide began to rise the engine was pulled in a fury-"let go, I say, or your gray a few feet from the mud. Then other scows were brought, and when the tide was again low water was pumped in and "I can easily serve out two such whipper- the chains fastened to them. The tide went up again, and so did the engine, "See here, 'Squire,' he called to a which came to the surface. After this portly, jolly-faced man, whose attention | had been repeated a number of times the the disturbance had attracted-"which engine was swinging clear of the water. is it, burglary of grand-larceny, to run and was then placed on a large float, with another man's daughter?" only slightly damaged, and wanting but "Neither. I am afraid," returned the a few repairs to make it as good as before Squire, "especially if the lady is will- its tumble in the river. . The railroad will now take charge of its fished-up property and tow it to the river bank. near the railroad track. To that point, when the tide is high, a temporary track will be built connecting with the rail-"Then the law's a dunderhead, I road, and when the tide has fallen sufficiently to place the wheels of the engine

His Papa's Name. There was a bright little boy between appointment. The wire communicating with Lichendell was out of working order! such cases, an endeavor was made to elicit information from him that might Amid a rattling fire of titters I struck | lead to his restoration to his distracted willing to tell all he knew.

"What's your name, young man?" they asked him "Jimmie Rearden," he lisped. "What's your papa's name?"

"Papa. "But what does your mamma call The cherub's face lightened up with

-The largest man in the British ser-

#### Stage-Struck Youths.

"The recruiting season has opened," said Manager Gilmore, of the Grand Central Theater, yesterday, tossing over to the reporter a pile of letters from amateurs who wanted positions as clogdancers and banjo pickers. After telling an attendant to send away a man who had been importuning him for months for a heavy salary in the role of the executioner of Irish breakdowns, and who had come to demand payment for a rehearsal which had satisfied even the scene-shifters of his incompetency, Mr. Gilmore remarked that during the past week he had received thirty-four epistles from alleged artists of both sexes. Nine of the writers were ladies, and one of them said she looked like Mary Anderson. Another was, in her own words, "immured in a dark and pitiful boarding-school, and her request was that the courteous and obliging manager should come with a ladder, release her from her tyrannical oppressors and place her on the stage. When a school girl of a romantic imagination quarrels with her guardians about her illowance of pocket money she invariably threatens to take the stage and become independent. The drug clerk who is censured by a coroner's jury for selling prussie acid for cod-liver oil, and who, as a consequence, is thrown out of work, rushes to a desk and writes a play or indites a letter to Manager Gilmore. "I used to be a night-watchman," remarks one of the letters which have come to the theater during the past few days, "and it made me thoughtful. I spent a great deal of my time repeating verses from Shakspeare in the lonely night, and I always chose the solemn ones. I think I could act tragedy." An answer was forthwith sent offering the fellow a position of fifteen dollars a month as bill-sticker.

The next item in the heap of letters was one from a man named Hancock. who had spoiled sixty-eight sheets of paper with a fearful drama. He wanted to play leading murderer. On the first page occurred the sentence, "Stage direction-Here die;" on the second was the inspiring remark, "Pinguet slays Mako;" and in another act a repeating rifle plays havor with a lot of border ruffians. "The other night I felt wakeful." Mr. Gilmore remarked, throwing the drama into the drawer, "and I read about thirty pages of it. I don't hesitate to say that I wouldn't place it on the boards for \$1,000 a performance. The writer wrote to me a day or two ago to send the play back, and I neglected to do so. Yesterday I received a lawyer's letter, threatening a suit for hundreds of dollars' damages for willfully preventing other managers from

snapping it up."
"We sometimes have a splendid time itself, deprives those afflicted with it of will let us daub them all over with muown sweet will. A week ago two brothers, who thought they could sing, hop and perform a great guitar act, got on the boards by sheer 'gall' to rehearse before the stage carpenters, call boys and a few mer who were cleaning trombones and things. They screwed their faces up and commenced together, 'I go, my love, I go,' when suddenly they both went. Where do you think they went, though? It was through two traps that had been purposely unfastened and down into two crocks of thick

bill paste.' "A man came to me with a sealed letter of introduction from a Baltimore manager," he continued. "It was worded to the effect that the bearer was of no use to any one, and that I might kill him if I liked. I gave him the part of a good-goody dude, who was to go into a saloon and discourse virtue and morality to the assembled 'toughs.' His speech was about four feet long. As soon as the saloonists saw him they made' in his direction. Well, sir, I don't think I ever saw such a used-up man as he was after they got through with him. They wasted a bag of flour over his clothes, rubbed his face in a blacking-pot and rolled him around on the stage. To all intents and purposes they played base ball with him. He came to me afterwards panting with rage, but I explained that it was all in the play. He said he had not been warned, but had been made to learn a speech which it was never intended he should deliver, and he went away."

"Yes, this is the time of year that they all long for the stage," the facetious manager went on. "I believe spring has some peculiar effect on the brains not only of poets but of stagestruck heroes. Do dudes ever apply for places at the theater. Certainly, I should say so; but they want to play dude roles, which makes them objectionable. Once a man named Johnson came to me and said that he liked to visit the theater every night and not pay anything. I told him that I was sorry I could not oblige him, but I was not doing business of that kind. He hastened, however, to explain that he wanted to be a clacquer! Now, that is a position that is almost unknown in this country, but I thought I would guy him. I therefore told him to get brass heels put on his shoes and come along. After I had prompted him in waiting as to when he should applaud, I gave him a good front seat. Presently one of the actors remarked: 'I have an appointment to keep, I must go.' At this our friend with the metallic heels began stamping his feet, clapping his hands and shouting. As he was the only man in the house that moved, the effect was laughable, and every one looked at him. He repeated this two or three times during the performance, made himself the laughing stock of the audience, and then resigned."-Philadelphia Times.

## A Delighted Apple-Woman.

Of ex-Mayor Green, of Boston, the Gazette of that city relates the following story: "A poor old apple woman formemple Place and Tremont Street. Some time ago she was ordered away, and she moved her stand to one locality after another, but neither her customers nor her profits followed her. The ex-Mayor learned of her misfortune, and comforted her with the assurance that he would see to it that she got a good location again if she would be patient. He accordingly addressed a personal letter to the Secretary of the Treasury in Washington, telling that official of the apple woman's misfortune, adding that she was the mother of fourteen rosy-faced children. The ex-Mayor forwarded the endorsement of Assistant United States Treasurer Kennard, District Attorney Sanger, and United States Marshal Banks, and an application was promptly forwarded to Washington requesting that the apple woman be allowed to resume her old stand. A prompt response was received, and directions were sent to the proper official here to allow the apple woman to oc-cupy herold place. The directions were promptly obeyed and the apple woman is happy." -A cure for rheumatism an English

doctor has found in total abstinence from food. He declares that many cases of acute articular rheumatism have been cured by fasting from four to eight days, while chronic rheumatism was also alleviated. No medicines were given, but patients could have cold water and lemonade in moderation. The doctor states that rheumatism is only a phase of indigestion, and, therefore, can be cured by giving com-plete and continued rest to all the digestive organs .- Chicago Herald

#### Death on the Ocean.

A terrible memorial of the recent

dreadful loss of the steamship Navarre

was fished up a few days ago by a smack, whose people found in their trawl the bodies of a man and woman tied together, with their eyes bandaged. Probably the mysterious deep never vielded up a secret more shockingly suggestive than these corpses. Whether the man and woman were a married couple, or sweethearts, or brother and sister, we know not; but their bodies, fastened together in death, tell a moving story of devotion, just as their bandaged eves convey a most pathetic picture of resolution and anguish. In the wreck of the Cimbria it will be remembered that the survivors spoke of seeing some of the emigrants at the last moment cutting their throats to shorten the final struggle. Most narratives of disaster at sea contain passages of this kind, telling how those who seemed of a shrinking and timid nature when all was well stood forth most noble and perfect types of heroes when danger was supreme; how the swaggerer, the bully, the tyrant proved an abject cur, casting himself down upon the deck in his terror, alternately praying and shricking in the agony of his fear; how some, unable to await the approach of the last moment, destroyed themselves, while others, with folded arms and contracted brows, stood motionless upon the sinking hull, going to their death like men lost at thought. One of the most parhetic stories in the language is the account of the loss of the Kent East Indiaman by fire in 1825, for the reason that a hundred particulars are introduced by the writer relating to the behavior of the people when all hope was abandoned, and death seemed inevitable. We read of the little children who, when the flames had mastered the ship, and all was uproar and horror on deck, "continued to play as usual with their toys in bed, or to put the most innocent and unreasonable questions to those around them;" of a young military officer removing from his writing-desk a lock of hair, and placing it in his bosom, that he might die with that sweet keepsake upon his beart; of another writing a few lines to his father and inclosing it in a bottle, "in the hope that it might eventually reach its destination, with the view, as he stated, of relieving him from the long years of fruitless anxiety and suspense which our melancholy fate would awaken:" of the older soldiers and sailors seating themselves over the fore-hatch under which was the magazine, so that they might be instantly destroyed when the powder caught fire; of cowards drinking themselves insensible or writhing in their terror upon the decks; of young girls praying calmly with these amateurs," Mr. Gilmore re- amid a kneeling crowd; of brave men how often has it been repeated since in rainbow, and bang them about at our last is not, indeed, the worst, but it is one of scores of ships which have gone | are not kept too cold, there will rarely to their doom offering, before they took the final plunge, the most dreadful of all pictures of human anguish; but the sufferings she embodied seem to survive yet, even in her dead, when we hear of those two corpses tied together coming to the surface, with their eyes blindfolded, and when we endeavor to realize by those devoted silent witnesses from the bed of the ocean something of

#### -London Telegraph.

the terror and the resolution, the fear

Told Him Where. The old squatter's spirit. A Deputy United States Marshal, hunting for illicit distillers, stopped at a mountain road blacksmith shop in Arkansas. The blacksmith appeared in the doorway, and the Deputy Marshal, as it was neither morning nor evening, but knowing the directness of expression required the natives, said:

"Good-day, sir." "Good-bye," replied the blacksmith. "I don't mean good-bye: I mean how are von?"

"How am I about what?" "Things in general." "I'm willing. "Willing for what?" asked the Deputy

Marshal. "To take a drink." "Say, I want to go to Jones' Point. "Why don't you go, then?"
"Because I want information."

"What information do you want?" "That's all right. I'd give five dollars to know exactly where I am," and he looked around anxiously. "Well, here," said the blacksmith, "if you won't tell anybody that I told

you I'll tell you.' "I won't tell anybody. "If them whisky makers come around with guns you won't let 'em know that

I told you, will you?" "No, I swear I won't." "I'm sorter feared. Ride up closer to the door. If Pete Smith and Nath Moore wanter know whar you got your information you won't tell 'em, you say?" and the blacksmith looked around anxiously, moved uneasily and looked

toward the woods. "No, I'll swear I won't." "An' you'll give me five dollars to tell you exactly whar you are?"

"Yes. "Gimme your money. The money was paid over, and the blacksmith cautiously putting it in his pocket, looked around again and said: "Now with a promise that you won't

"I want to know where I am." "You are right here," and dodging through the shop the blacksmith disappeared, leaving the officer no wiser but five dollars behind on futures.—Detroit

Free Press. -Caen, in France, has the advantage erly had a stand in front of the United of being ruled by a zealous Mayor, States Court-house, at the corner of whose loyalty to the existing regime his gainsay. It seems that the plant known to English people as lamb's lettuce or corn salad has been termed from time immemorial throughout Normandy herbe royale. The Mayor has forbidden the use by street hawkers and others of the seditious appellation. Mache is the word used in polite French circles to designate the plant in question, and mache it must be upon the Norman market place; despite provincial tradi-

tion and usage. -Daniel Haun, of Huntington, Pa., now eighty-three years old, became insane in 1823, and ever since has been chained in a room shut out from the world and cared for by his two brothers, about as old as himself. He escaped once and went a short distance, but otherwise has not been out of the house for sixty years, and for twenty has seen no face except his brother's. The Hauns are farmers, live alone as bachelors and are very well off .- Philadelphia Press.

-A London paper says that nobody except an intimate friend knows where Mr. Parnell lives in London. When he takes a cab from the House of Commons he invariable drives to Charing Cross, and on leaving the conveyance walks toward the Strand. Mr. O'Kelly shares with Mr. Parnell the secret of his abode. They live together in the same rooms, it is believed, in one of the side streets of the Strand. -General Fitzhugh Lee added over

tour throughout the South.

#### PARM AND HOUSEHOLD.

-No crop should be grown which eaves the soil permanently poorer, or n other words, which does not pay enough over and above cost of growing o maintain fertility. - Chicago Journal. -Idlewild: Two cups of flour, one cup of Indian meal, one teaspoon of ream tartar, half of soda, one cup of ngar, piece of butter the size of an egg, one coffee cup of milk or water, one or two eggs; make stiff as cake.-Toledo

—Shams intended to be used upon tham-lifters will work better and last onger if very little starch is used. They should be made square and of such a size that when the inner edges touch in the center the outer edges will be even with the bed posts. -Harper's Bazar. Considerable difficulty is sometimes

xperienced in turning under corn stubby spring plowing. It is greatly essened by passing a heavy drag over the field, when as the roots are loosened by frost the butts are tipped over. The gain to the oat and barley crop following will more than pay the expense. -N. Y. Post.

-That oft discussed question of feedng stock may be summarized in a few words. Let the food be good, and the amount depend upon the age, condition, objects in view and amount of exercise. Feed with great regularity and let there be a variety, remembering that in the roung animal flesh, strength and fat are to be formed.—Chicago Herald.

-Horses kept in a close stable, especially if underground, are apt to suffer from sore eyes, caused by the ammonia from their urine. A little land plaster or gypsum scattered in the stables will absorb this ammonia and save its valuable fertilizing properties. Diluted sulphuric acid will do the same, but is not so convenient as the gypsum. - N. Y.

-The Drovers' Journal says that with all the dangers from disease, hog-raising, though it requires more labor, is really the most profitable business which farmers can engage in where corn is a sure crop. It is surprising, also, how many farmers there are who seem to wholly ignore the fact that any other food than dry corn is suitable for swine when it is within their power to keep such stock half or two-thirds of the year on food not nearly so expensive.

-Difficulty of churning may be caused by the feed, no doubt, and the cow may also be at fault. There will very often be a difference in time of the churning of the cream of any two cows: and if a cow is given the so-called condition powders, which contain antimony, saltpetre, sulphur and other drugs, this will affect the cream. The most common cause of difficulty of getsumed, getting tired of the letters. standing collectedly with their eyes ting butter is the too low temperature of "Stage madness, which is a thing of on the setting sun, whose light they the cream, which should not be lower never hoped to see again. It is a than sixty-five degrees when it goes int all sense of being ridiculous. They wonderful and thrilling picture, and the churn. A cow that is in good health needs no powders of any kind except a cilage, paint them all the colors of the other ways and amid other seas. The handful of salt twice a week in her feed. and if the feeding is always the same among the worst. The Navarre is but and regular, and the milk and cream

#### nental Magazine. The "Why" in Vegetable Cookery.

be any trouble in the churning. - Conti-

Why should beans never be put into cold water to soak, as is often recommended? Because all the nutritious portion of the bean is extracted by the process. They should be washed in warm water, then in cold, be tied loosely and the courage, the wild despair and in a cloth, be put into boiling water, the passionate supplication to Heaven with a spoonful of dripping and a little which made up the picture of that as salt in it, and be kept boiling for four of all other wrecks of a similar nature. hours. They are then excellent if served with gravy, and not with melted butter. They serve as garnish around roast mutton or beef, and are excellent eating served whole or as a puree. To make the latter, when the beans are done throw them instantly into cold water, when the skins will slip off. Rub the beans through a colander, and mix a

lump of butter with them. A little stock, or milk, or cream is excellent mixed in. Why should plenty of fast boiling water be used in boiling vegetables, potatoes excepted? Because the greater the body of boiling water the greater the heat. If only a little water is used the whole affair soon cools, and the vegetables become tough, so much so that no length of time will render them otherwise. Broccoli sprouts in April, if faith.—Boston Post.
properly cooked by boiling them for —"Is this woman eight minutes in boiling water, will be tender as marrow; but, if not properly done, hours will not cook them.

Why should onions be always cut in round and very thin rings? Because cutting them, whether for frying or for making sauce, they are rendered very tender when cooked. With turnips and carrots it is just the same; neither of the three should be split or

cut in any other way. Why should parsley never be boiled with soda-only boiling water and salt? Because parsley, having no oil in it, would be spoiled with soda and all flavor would be extracted. All parsley should be picked free from the stem, be put into plenty of boiling water with salt and in summer be boiled only one min-Why should vinegar for pickling with never be boiled? Because boiling takes all the strength from it. Whatever vegetables are to be pickled should first be made soft with boiling water strong

with salt and vinegar poured over. Why should two ounces of salt and a bit of washing soda always be put in the water to boil greens in? Because the salt crisps the greens and flavors them, and the soda extracts the oil. which is greatly injurious to the digestion .- Germantown (Pa.) Telegraph.

#### ---Lima Beans as a Farm Crop.

The Lima, the most popular bean

among amateurs and market-gardeners. is slow in finding its way into the gardens of farmers. The dry beans sell for several dollars a bushel, and the market has never been adequately supplied. Lima beans are easily raised. and yield as bountifully as most other nole-beans; and they continue to blossom and bear until killed by the frost. We know of no reason why they cannot be made a specialty, like hops or tobacco. and grown on a large scale, They would require better soil and treatment than the common field-bean, but as the price is three times greater, these could well be afforded. A rich gravelly or sandy loam suits them best, and the phosphatic manures are well adapted to them. On this kind of soil we have not found them to run too much to vines, even with heavy dressings of compost prepared from muck and stable manure. The vine is a strong grower, and requires abundant nourishment. The pods are formed quite thickly from the top to the bottom of the poles. They want the full benefit of the sun, and the rows. running north and south, should be four feet apart, and the hills four feet apart in the row. In planting we prefer to put the eye downwards, and no more than one inch deep. The first of June is early enough for this latitude. This bean needs frequent cultivation until the vines shade the ground. This crop is well suited for farmers remote from cities and markets. The market gardener will not grow the Lima beans o sell dry, because they are worth more in the green state, and he can sell all he can raise. But the farmer, however remote from the city, can market his whole crop in winter, and be well paid \$3,000 to the funds of the Southern Historical Society by his recent lecturing for his labor. - Country Gentleman.

#### PERSONAL AND IMPERSONAL.

-James Robinson, the old circus man and famous bareback rider, has sold his farm of 920 acres, eight miles from Mexico, Mo., for \$45,000. -Dr. Gatling, the inventor of the

famous gun, is a Southerner, but looks like an elderly German. He is still hard at work at other inventions, and promises to again surprise the world. -Mrs. Cracroft, the sister of Sir John Franklin, died recently at Dorking at the age of ninety-nine years. She spent nearly all of her ample fortune in fitting out expeditions to search for her brother.

-Mrs. John W. Iliff is the richest woman in Colorado. Her husband, who died a short time ago, was considered the cattle king of the State, and at the time of his death owned twice as many cattle as any other ranchman in Colorado. - Denver Tribune.

-George Cleeves, the first settler of Portland, Me., landed upon the southwestern shore of Casco Bay two hundred and fifty years ago, and the people of Portland and the region round about propose to celebrate the quarter-millennial anniversary on the Fourth of July next with ceremonies similar to those the recent Penn celebration at Philadelphia. - Boston Post.

-Mr. F. W. Christ, postmaster at Lititz, Pa., who died recently, had not for fifty years, until this spring, missed attending a single one of the peculiar services of the Moravian Church which are held in the burying-ground every Easter morning. He was a member o the National Electoral College and cast his vote for Lincoln in 1860.—Philadelphia Press.

-Tewtik Pasha, the new Turkish Minister to the United States, is a graduate of the military school of St. Cy Versailles, and is Major General in the Turkish army. He was President of the Turkish Military Commission for procuring arms in America from 1873 to 1879. He was Minister of Finance a short time in 1880. Tewfik Pasha is of medium height, and has a pleasant face fringed by a gray beard. He speaks English perfectly.

-Rev. George F. Moore, of Putnam O., who has been chosen to fill the chair of Hebrew, Arabic and cognate languages at Andover (Mass.) Theological seminary, is a remarkable linguist, and his wife is one of two or three ladies in the United States who can speak Arabic. She passed many years in Syria and other countries, acquiring a practical knowledge of various tongues. Both Mr. and Mrs. Moore write and speak French, German, Italian and Arabic.-Boston Herald.

#### "A LITTLE NONSENSE." -A first-class affair-Graduation.

Baltimore Sun. -Osculation is the art of hitting the a Miss. - N. Y. News.

- "Man should always be graceful, says Dr. Armitage. The doctor evidently never wore a collar with a sawedge, nor tried to walk symmetrically with one suspender broken .- Lowell Citizen.

-"Johnnie," said mamma to her little son, "didn't I tell you not to est that candy until after dinner?" Johnnie. who lisps, "I ain't eating the candy, I'm only thucking the juithe."-Lawrence American.

-Artist (on summer tour): "Ah! Madam, might I have the pleasure of painting your picturesque little cot-tage?" Country Dame: "Wa'al, I don't know. Guess ye can. Ye might whitewash the fence, too, if ye like.

-A South end man says his wife's conversation is a perfect wonder Maybe he means by this that it is brilliant and witty, but somehow, in this connection, it is difficult to avoid recalling the saying that wonders will never cease.—Boston Post.
—"Is snybody waiting on you?" said

a polite dry-goods clerk to a young lady from the country who had just entered the store. . "Yes, sir," replied the blushing damsel. "That's my fellow out-side. He wouldn't come in the store."-N. Y. News. -Even some savages are polite. An

English officer dining with a cannibal king was asked what religious denomination he affiliated with, as it might be more agreeable to him to have the missionary about to be served of another -"Is this woman your wife?" asked

an Arkansas Justice of a colored man pointing to a woman. "Is what my wife?" "Is that woman your wife?" "I don't see no 'oman; I sees a lady, an' de lady is my wife." "Is this mas the fibre is thus cut across, and in so your husband?" asked the Justice of the woman. "Dat gen'leman is my hus-band." "Well, lady and gentleman, I have investigated this case, and have decided to send you both to jail for six months."-Arkansaw Traveler.

-Plantation Philosophy-De human family is so filled wid pride in life dat de desire for show does not stop at death. I's often knowed women ter perfess 'ligion on dar death bed an' den tell what colored dress dey wanted to be buried in. Ef it tuck as much ob a struggle ter git drunk as it does ter git sober, I neber would hab laid out in de strained and chopped on the back of a plate. If only a little water is used in plate. If only a little water is used in mighty easy, but de thing yer oughter mighty easy, but de thing yer oughter list is nowerful hard.—Arkansaw 'complish is powerful hard.—Arkansau Traveler.

## One of the Old Stock.

Colonel Thurmond, of Athens, an attorney, had an instrument of writing in court the validity of which needed to be proven, and which could only be done by the owner of the signature found thereon swearing to the same. The witness was called, and an old gray-haired man, who had lived over his three score and ten, took the stand and Colonel Thurmond handed him the paper and asked:

"Is that your signature, sir?" The old gentleman looked at the paper closely, and said: "Wa'al, I'll tell yer, Ize gitting old, and my eye-sight are not so good as it wunst was, but if somebody will loan me a pair of specks, praps I kin cipher it out. A pair of glasses were furnished him, and he scrutinizingly gazed at the docu-

ment again.
"Well!" said the lawyer. The witness continued to peer at the "Very well." Col. Thurmond said again, waiting for the witness to de-

"Wa'al," said the old man, "that ar s my fist. "You can come down, sir," said the But instead of "coming down," the old man turned his eyes on the court, and after gazing at him for some time, he said: "Jedge, is you old man Nath Hutch-

in's boy? "He was my father." answered the "Wa'al, give me yer hand, Jedge, kaze I loved yer daddy, and I is awful glad to see his boy followin' in his foot marks.

The court gave the old man his hand, and after shaking it heartily, the witness stepped from the stand and started out of the court-room. When he had gotten out of the bar, and was about midway the hall, he turned abruptly about, and said in rather a loud tone of voice: "Here-bere's them ar specks, if any of youns wants 'em."

The court-room was in an uproar of laughter, but the old man never smiled, house.—Elbert (Ga.) South.

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