THE CROCODILE GIVES A DIN-NER PARTY. A wily crocodile Vho dwelt upon the Nile

Bethought himself one day to give a dinner.

"Economy," said he,

"Is chief of all with me,

And shall considered be—as I'm a sinner?"

With paper, pen and ink,
He sat him down to think;
And first of all, Sir Lion he invited;
The Northern Wolf who dwells
In rocky Arctic dells;
The Leopard and the Lynx, by blood united. Then Mr. Fox, the shrewd-No lover, he of good— And Madame Duck with sober step and stately

In garb of bottle green, Who warbled bass, and bore himself sedately Sir Crocodile, content, The invitations sent. The day was come-his guests were all asse

and Mr. Frog serene

They fancied that some guile Lurked in his ample smile; Each on the other looked, and somewhat trem-bled. A lengthy time they walt,

Their hunger waxes great; And still the host in conversation dallies.
At last the table's laid, With covered dishes spread, And out in haste the hungry party sallies. But when-the covers raised-On empty plates they gazed, Each on the other looked with dire int

Ma'am Duck sat last of all, And Mr. Frog was small— She softly swallowed him and made This Mr. Fox perceives,

And saying: "By your leaves, Some punishment is due for this transgres-He gobbled her in haste, hen, much to his distaste. By Mr. Lynx was taken in possession!

The Wolf, without a pause, In spite of teeth and claws, Left nothing of the Lynx to tell the story; The Leopard, all irate
At his relation's fate,
minee meat of that wolfish monster

The Lion raised his head; Since I am king," he said. Then on the Leopard sprang. With might of claw and fang, And made a meal upon that spotted sin Then saw in sudden fear

Sir Crocodile draw near, And heard him speak with feelings of distrac "Since all of you have dined Well suited to your mind, You surely can not grudge me satisfaction!

And sooth, a deal of guile Lurked in his ample smile, As down his throat the roaring lion hasted; "Economy, with me.
Is chief of all," said he,
"And I am glad to see there's nothing wasted."

### "TILL DEATH US DO PART."

"Till death us do part," rang out the low, clear voice of the officiating minister throughout the quiet church. And "Till death us do part" spoke the man who knelt before him; and "Till death us do pari" in her turn repeated the

that man and woman, Humphrey Carbonel and Emma Crane. They had promised to love and cherish and honor each other, and he to comfort her and she to obey him in sickness and in health, for better for worse, for richer for poorer, until death did them part!

May breezes stole softly in through the open porch; May violets filled the ments when she feared she should if air with perfume; May birds were sing- this state of things continued. A week ing; May dews vet sparkled on the jeweled grass. It was a true bridal morning; and, amid the almost Sabbath stillness and the spring-tide loveliness, would come home again. the vows were exchanged that made

glanced down upon the timid girl ently she lost herself in fond anticipawhose hand lay in his, feeling suddenly tions, realizing it all as in a picture. forms. Then Chinese gongs would not best. how terrible was that word-death! Somehow she felt a strange nearness to make a greater noise than is made all Why should the thought have come to him, as if he were coming then, were day long in the corner of the shed him? He clasped the trembling hand almost there. She heard the rain beat- where the copper is hammered, and this closer, as if he felt already the chilling | ing against the windows, and she glanced | continuous and deafening noise contribmidst of the solemn service, his imagin- bright when he came in. She gazed be- sion that one gets from the visit.

A young couple they, supremely happy on that May morning. Sunshine, and glistening dew, and opening flowers, and the lovous song of birdsthey do not put forth notions of winterchill and gloom. No, nor portend it. not man put asunder!"

The tremulous voice of the clergyman, for he was agitated, pronounced those words very solemnly. The smile upon the bridegroom's lip echoed but that of his heart. Who should have power to put asunder two who loved so well? And Emma? She thought only of the strong, manly form by her side. It was the old, old story of the oak and the vine. The present happiness was brought a good many letters." perfect, and the future would be like unto it; nay, much more abundant.

us, and all looks radiant. Later, standsummer, must give place to faded flowers, to dying leaves. "You cannot have Emma unless von

put upon half-pay," had said Emma Crane's stern old guardian to Captain Carbonel; for she had neither father nor mother, brother nor sister. And Humphrey Carbonel, tired perhaps of

had a pretty-homestead of their ownit was Emma's, not his—amid a small husband, feebly beseeching God, in His colony of other pretty home-teads, and they had between them a handsome they had between the had competency, and there was pleasant so- a list of the fallen. Fifteen soldiers question and answer, and asked the ciety around; and life was as delightful as a morning dream.

A child was born to them, but it died. That brought sorrow. No other them. They had taken their marriage three and four hundred persons in that He beleived the crop was fairly up. child came, and time went on. And vows to love and to cherish one another here some lines that I met with in a periodical in youthful days occur to me. now it had stepped in to de its work. I don't know whose they are. If I

knew then I have forgotien: "Alas, that early love should fly.
That friendship's self should fade and die;
And glad hearts pine with cankering fears, And starry eyes grow dim with tears! For years are sad and withered things,

And sorrow lingers, and loy has wings; And falsehood steals into sunny bowers, And Time's dull footstep treads on flowers. And the waters of life flow deep and fast, And they bear to the sorrowful grave at last." Why should the lines be put in here?

again time went on. opened their blue eyes in the mossy dells since that lovely day when he and | obeyed the words of holy writ! she had vowed to love and cherish each other until death did them part; seven Death had claimed him, and all was hear.' 'No,' said he, in the same tone, times the May dew-drops had made the over. To her, a life-long time of perhaps I'd better hear it; may be you green meadows all aglow with sparkles; anguished remorse, a vain longing to can't write." "-Okicago Herold

THE JOURNAL. and seven times the sweet spring flow- undo what could never be undone in ers had faded beneath the scorching this world. Could not some of us, hot heat of summer. Ah, if violets had and hasty in our dealings, learn a been the only things that had died out lesson from it? in those seven years!

> no cherished bridal flowers to Humphrey Carbonel and his wife, no clasping of hands, no fulfillment of love's glorious duced a death-like swoon, mistaken at at home—the unbending coldness, the geons, a resentful tones, the cruel bickerings in certain. which both indulged—Captain Carbonel had got placed on full service again. He was going out to be shot at, if fate so willed; for we were at war now.

> The day of departure dawned, and they parted with bitter words. Heaven had pictured it in her fond dream, he and their own hearts knew how much came. When the fly drove up to the or how little they suffered; there was door with him, she was surprised, for no outward sign of it. People, who he was not expected until the next day. had ceased to wonder at the suspected He came in slowly, limping. The bustle estrangement between Captain and over, the servants shaken hands with, Mrs. Carbonel, said to one another that he lay back, fatigued, in the easy chair, it was brave of him to go out volun- Emma kneeling before him, clinging to tarily to the wars. "Marlbrouck him in passionate emotion, tears s'en-va-t-en-guerre!" So he went off streaming from her eyes, whispering with an indifferent coun enance and a to him in depreca ing terms to forgive jaunty air; and she stayed behind her. equally jaunty, equally indifferent. bonel began to feel lonely, to sicken of hersel. "It has been a sharp experiher unsatisfactory life. Bit by bit she ence for us both. My darling wife, I had grown to see that she and do not think we shall ever quarrel with Humphrey had been but foolish, both one another again. of them, the one as much as the other.

> Did he feel the same? It might be, word again, Humphrey, so long as life Yet their letters continued to be of the shall last."-Argosy scantiest and coldest. Another year dragged itse'f on, and then she made no pretense of keeping up the farce of resentment to her own heart. Time, generally speaking, shows up our past mistakes in their true colors. Emma Carbonel longed for her husband to come home, she grew feverishly im-

patient to be reconciled. Mariana in the Moated Grange was a favorite reading of hers just now-"She said: 'I am a weary, weary, He cometh not, she said:

'He cometh not, and all is dreary—
I would that I were dead!"

Humphrey Carbonel came not. Nothing came but the details of the fighting; wars, and rumors of wars. May was in again; another May. Mrs. Carbonel sat at her window in the twilight of a chilly, drizzling day. The gloom without harmonized with the gloom within. And yet, hardly so. The ble to take in all the details of the conrain might be cold, dreary, dispiriting, but it was nothing as compared with the desolation of her heart. Childless, and worse than widowed! She had hoped, ah! for a year or two now, that Humphrey's old love for her might overrule his pride and bitterness, and prompt him to write to her a word of tion had passed since they parted in pride and anger; not a word of repentance on either side had crossed the dreary gulf that flowed between them. Thus they plighted their troth in the Words of another poet, dead and gone, face of the world and before Heaven, floated through her mind as she sat. Night and day lately they had seemed

> to haunt it. " Alas! they had been friends in youth-But whispering tongues can poison truth. And constancy lives in realms above.
>
> And life is thorny, and youth is vain:
>
> And to be wrath with one we love,
>
> Doth work like madness in the brain."

> Should she go mad? There came moago there had been some talk in the papers that the war would, in all probability, soon be over. Then Humphrey

Her thoughts turned to this phase: she began to dwell upon it, and what it Until death! The lover-husband would involve to him and to her. Presonce had this feeling through all these separated years. It did not seem marphalanges. surprised, or at all wondered at it. The forty people, has already been exhibit-"What God hath joined together, let bewilderment wrought by long-contin- ed, in 1876, and the right hand has

vant who answered the knock say the three hundred pieces .- Paris Temps. same to the man.

"Yes, it's late," he answered. "A mail from the war is in, you see; and it

The woman came in with a thick letretire altogether from the army, or get | day; and a little folded note with a few

trembling lines in it. battle. God forgive us our folly, my the room at the time, and thus heighten precious wife! I believe we loved one the probability of defendant's guilt. another all the while. There is another ... How many persons were in the a soldier's idle life, for all the world Life, my dear one. I shall be waiting room when you and defendant were

faint. She lay back in a low, large said he. Sure never did a couple begin life un- chair, her meek hands clasped in sup- "I knew I could prove by every other der more promising auspices! They plication, praying to be pardoned for witness that there were only ten or

Captain Humphrey Carbonel.

until death did them part-and lo! Ah! but something else had stepped in previously: angry passions indulged in, malice not suppressed. But for that, Humphrey Carbonel had never gone out to the fatal plain where death | swearing thus falsely? was indiscriminately putting in his sickle. Emma Carbonel would have truth," said he, as cool as a vellow dog

Why should the lines be put in here? Experience must be bought; somethin all the questions I could think of Because they just express the altered times all too dearly. She saw how that would tie him tight. As soon as condition of things that fell upon Humphrey and Emma Carbonel. They grew estranged from one another, hard beat, to render our short existence here one of marring anger. Evil temper by knowing how, or why. He said she bears us up at the moment, but time that would the him tight. As soon as possible after that I had him indicted for perjury, and on trial he beat me sky-high."

'How on earth did he do that?" knowing how, or why. He said she bears us up at the moment, but time no longer cared to please him, her hus- must bring the reaction, and the reband: she said he liked other wives bet- pentance. A little forbearance on both there were between three persons and ter than her—that he gave them all his sides, especially on hers, a few sooth- four hundred in the room. And that attention and gave her none. And ing words, instead of spiteful retorts, let him out. He was a quick one at and this bitter retribution had not been repartee, too. I asked him a question Seven times had the May violets hers; or his, in dying. "A soft answer and, as he wanted to gain time to think pened their blue eyes in the mossy turneth away wrath." If they had but it over, he pretended he didn' hear me.

But something better was in store for It was May again now. But it brought | Emma Carbonel. Humphrey did not prophecy. Estrangement had but deep- the time for death, had not yet been ened, and they were parting in pride and fatal. He was removed to the hospital, anger. Tired with the state of affairs was being treated there by skilful surgeons, and the issue was as yet un-

> The issue was not for death, but life. Some months later he came home, a maimed soldier, bearing about him marks which time would never efface. Just at the dusk of evening, as she

"Upon condition that you forgive One year passed on. Emma Car- me, Emma," he answered, agitated as

"Never again; never a single mis-

Bartholdi's Great Statue.

The immense scaffolding that can be seen in the direction of the Rue de Chaselles, reaching over the highest houses in the neighborhood, on close examination displays the lines of a human form, and the gigantic folds of the robe that drapes it. It is in truth a statue, the greatest that was ever constructed up to the present time-the statue of Liberty which the sculptor Barsholdi conceived, and which is destined to serve as a beacon at the entrance to the port of New York. From eighty to ninety artisans are kept constantly employed upon the work. The statue is already completed up to the chest. Perhaps in its present condition it can be seen to the best advantage. Its extraordinary proportions can be view d. and, as it is not completed, it is possiwill probably remain unequaled among makes on them. the works of bronze. The plaster molds of the enormous limbs thrown across the vard, and the busy workmen covering them with innumerable pieces of wood that reproduce all the contour-

come down like a castle of cards. The first model was enlarged tout these slices are taken one after the other and again enlarged to four times their original size, and thus the dimensions of the colossal statue are obtained. At present the workmen are engaged upon the portion that forms the ches The model of it can be seen in the shed. It looks like a little hill, over which the men are constantly crossing. When the draught or model of a portion is order to do this it is necessary to gather together hundreds of little planks, cut precisely upon the outlines of the model, and in this way a woman mold is obtained, and is divided into as many fragments as are necessary. Upon these fragments the copper is cut and hammered until it copies the precise

of those warm pulses. Even in the to see that the fire in the grate was utes not a little to the strange impresation traveled forward to a day when | youd the house gates down the road in | When the shaping of a piece of the those solemn promises would have been the gathering gloom, almost, almost ex- copper is completed it becomes a part fulfilled, and death had ended all-her pecting to see him approach, as she of the statue, and there is nothing furdeath. It did not occur to Captain used to see him in the days gone by. | ther to do with it except to put it in its Carbonel to think that it might be his She had been wretchedly lonely so long place. Just now they are engaged in now: and she wanted to hear his foot- the work of finishing the left hand. The young girl, happy and smiling in step in the hall, to feel his caressing The nail on the first finger would make her bridat robes, never once thought of hand on her sunny hair, and to hear his a good-sized shield. The top of the death at all How should she? And bright words, "Good evening, Emma, finger would make a helmet for the how still less, how could either of my dear!" It did not seem strange to largest head, and, in default of a better them call up a picture of something her that this should happen, or that she cuirass, William the Conquerer, who worse than death to break the marriage was expecting it, though she had never passed for the biggest man of his time,

> velous that he should come thus from In six months the whole work will beyond seas without notice. Had he be finished. There remain only the opened the door and stood there by her chest and left arm to complete. The side she would not have felt startled or head, which is large enough to contain ued sorrow has stolen over her senses. just come back from America, where it But Humphrey did not come. Only, was sent to give some little idea of the instead, the postman came in at the great size of the statue. After the gate, and knocked at the door. Me- Parisians have had ample time to adchanically she wondered why he was so mire the work it will be taken down late this evening. She heard the ser- and sent to New York in more than

### A Thief as a Witness.

"Yes," said the old prosecuting lawyer, "we have some pretty sharp witter and the lights. Her mistress took nesses to handle sometimes. These So reason we in our blindness, in the it with nervous haste. A thick letter, thieves get so they can dodge a question slightest. The writing-was it Hum- well-known thief on the stand as wit- with: ing before the calm-faced teacher, phrey's? Why, yes, it was his; but ness against another thief. I was pret-whose name is Life, we learn that no what could make it look so shaky? She ty sure he wouldn't testify to the truth, earthly existence is perfect; that the opened it carefully, and some inclosures but I determined that if he did not I sunniest life hath shadows, and that fell out. A fond letter or two of hers would convict him of perjury. I wanted the sweet spring-time, the brightest written to him after their marriage, dur- to prove that there were less than a ing a temporary separation; a curl of dozen persons in a certain room at the her sunny hair; a plain gold ring which | time the theft was committed, and that | grasped his hand and anxiously rehe had worn ever since his wedding- the defendant was one of them. It was | marked: my purpose to show to the jury that the defendant and this witness were the "I am dying, Emma. Fell to-day in only persons not of excellent repute in

and two officers, one of the latter being witness if that was his answer. He said it was. 'Now, sir,' said I, 'on So it was all over. Death had parted your oath you say there were between

> room?' .. rosa so " 'Yes, sir." perjury?" I asked.

" 'Yes, sir.' " 'Do you know that I intend to send you to the penitentiary if you persist in

"You can't do it; I am telling you given now her own life to recall the under an ice-wagon. "I piled the thing up on him mountain high; asked

"Why, he simply swore that he meant 'Perhaps,' said I, sarcastically, 'I'd bet Cattle Ranching in South America.

The native rancheros of South Amerca are, as a rule, an amiable and quiet race, whether creole or half-breed; their tramps in Wyoming Territory.—Chicawants are few, their tastes simple, and | qo Times. their vices insignificant. They breed vast families of children and are indulgent, though somewhat whimsical parents and masters. However rich they may be in their flocks, they are generally poor in purse, for they kill or sell their stock only to meet their needs. A man on the South American plains is said to be worth not so much money but so many head of cattle, and it is his pride to add to the count.

He keeps a regular census of his herds perforated boards into which pegs are stuck. Some ranches have their walls almost covered with these boards, and the master will keep pegging them up as if he was engaged in a game of cribbage with nature, and constantly winning. As a rule each peg represents single animal. We only found one ranch where the count was kept with pegs for the thousands, the hundreds and the single heads. This ranchero had spent some years in Trinidad in his youth, and was regarded by all who knew him as an exceptionally advanced and brilliant man; vet he could only write his name in printed letters, and could not read written letters at all. There are, of course, upon the plains

men who breed cattle with some intelligence and energy. These are educated natives or foreigners. With them the business is scientifically pursued; they have their regular slaughtering seasons and make all they can by the trade. Their houses, though constructed on the general plan of all tropical or sub-tropical dwellings, are paved and floored. kept cleanly and filled with comforts. Their owners live on the best they can raise and buy, and keep their motley armies of followers as profitably busy as they can be kept. In short, intelligence and the energy born of intelligence raise the standard of this class of cattle ranching to the best level of which it is capable. But men who form this class are exceptions to the great rule. For one man who keeps books there are hundreds who use the numbering boards; for one man who tries to breed his cattle at their best, to utilize their products in every form and to enjoy their uses after the fashion of civilization, there are thousands who have no aspirations above that of living with as little work as possible, and using their wealth only to struction of this gigantic work, which satisfy the rudest demands which nature

Besides, the house is always found an extensive corral, or pen, walled in with strong posts. Here the cattle to be slaughtered and those kept in the neighborhood of the ranch are confined. and lines remind one of the well-known | In front of the corral is the slaughtertender regret for their conduct to one scene of Gulliver at Liliput. The men ing place. This is simply a couple of another. But he did not. She was look like tiny dwarfs endeavoring to posts to which the doomed bovine is feeling it all to her heart's core this miser- bind a giant. And if by a miracle that hauled up by the hinder legs to have its able evening; unavailing remorse lay great hand could become alive and throat cut. You can scent a slaughter-heavily upon her; she wished she could simply open its closed fingers all that ing place before you see ranch. At simply open its closed fingers, all that | ing place before you see | ranch. At die and end it. No sign of reconcilia- solid wood-work would fly in splinters. killing time you can further distinguish and the immense scaffolding itself would | it at a distance by the buzzards hovering overhead. The buzzards dispute with the dogs for the offal of the butchery, times. Then it was cut into slices, and | and they always make rousing fights over it between them ..

At slaughtering seasons, a sort of mushroom growth of flimsy frames, constructed out of poles, tied together with thongs of rawhide rises around the ranch. It his here that the beef is dried or "jerked." After the animal has been slaughtered, the hide is pegged out on the grass to dry, a wooden peg being driven through each corner of the hide made, impressions are taken of it. In to keep it from shrinking. The meat is then cut into strips; salt is well rubbed into it and it is thrown upon the frames to dry in the sun, the old folks and children of the ranch being kept busy driving the buzzards from it. When it is dry, jerked beef is as black and tough as rubber. It can be boiled sufficiently soft to eat, but it is serious eating at the

> The horns were formerly a dead loss to the rancher, but of late years they too are preserved for sale. The skulls and bones are left where they may happen to fall, unless the ranchero is particularly methodical. Then they are placed into a heap out of the way, until in time they become a mountainous monument to the business of the place. There are to be found perfect mounds of this kind, which, in the course of years, become covered with a deposit of earth, and dressed in grass until their original character can only be discovered digging into them. In one section Venezuela, an entire lake has been filled up with bones from the surrounding ranches, and is now a dry basin sown with gleaming skeletons, the aspect of which is indescribably hideous to every one but those who are native, and to the manor born .- Alfred Trumble, in American Agriculturist.

### "Been Away."

Smith has been up to Alpena for four days. He returned vesterday. He had scarcely left his house to come down town when he was halted by an acquaintance with: "Say, how was the corn looking up

that way?" Smith gave a favorable account, although he could not recall having seen a single ear. Half a block further on he was met by another man with: "Hello! back again? Say, how did you find the potato crop?"

Smith did not see an acre of potato field, but he felt bound to reply that poinexperienced youth of our early morn- and from her husband! until now his very successfully if they don't wish to tatoes were a good crop. As he waited ing, when the glamour of hope is upon letters had been of the thinnest and answer it. I remember once I had a for the car a third man greeted him Church, is enthusiastic over American

> "So you were up North? How did wheat pan out up there?" Smith did not know whether the crop was ten or ten thousand bushels, but he replied that wheat was a good yield. On has gone, while all the rest of the world the platform of the car a fourth man has not made half that number of equal

"I hear you have been up to Alpena? How were oats up there this fall?" Smith didn't hear the name spoken while on his trip, but of course he answered that oats were a fine yield. As he got off the car the fifth man was ready | nations, has made one family out of had passed that none of them ventured

seemed to have been at peace for ages and likely to remain so, got put upon seemed to have been at peace for ages and likely to remain so, got put upon seemed to have been upon to address ner. Finding, a meet to address ne of buckwheat be up to the average?" man and the laws of God, and that has for you." "I know you are, my dears," Smith replied that it would. He already driven a wedge of republicanwould have been a queer man not to. ism nearly to the heart of Europe. -N. all her hard wickedness to her dead eleven, and it struck me I would do the The sixth man evidently had something Y. Tribunc.

> No. he didn't. Indeed he didn't hear the word used in any connection. There was a seventh man. He was at the post-office. He caught sight of "Do you know the law relating to Smith and dropped his mail on the floor in his anxiety to shake hands and ob-

Hear 'em say anything about a short

hay-crop up there?"

"Say, I want to ask you a few questions. How did you find barley?" "Splendid."

"And cabbage?"

"Immense." "And turnips?" "Dead loads of 'em." "And how are times up there" "Flush. Lots of money, real estate booming, and everybody happy.' "Good! Much obliged." Smith traveled the route by night,

pected of him and he followed the usual custom. - Detroit Free Press. -Servant girls are scarce in Texas. In nearly every town of that State from a dozen to fifty young women could find employment at wages varying from fifteen to twenty deliars a month.—N. Y. Sun,

OF GENERAL INTEREST.

-"Starve Out" is the anwelcome -Julian Hawthorne's daughter, eleven name of a town that meets the eyes of

-Fasting from four to eight days, with water and lemonade at intervals, is the latest "sure" cure for rheumatism .- Chicago Journal.

-A correspondent of the Buffalo (N. Y.) Express informs it that its published list of pensioners in Erie County contains the names of some who have been dead for years. -It has been demonstrated that any

Maid of the Mist can pass the Niagara whirlpool, but that's poor satisfaction for swimmers not built on the steamboat plan. - Detroit Free Press. -The life of a society belle is said to be one of excessive hard work, and yet

the supply of women willing to immo-

late themselves in that way continues nexhaustible. - Indianapolis Journal. -There is a family living in Nashville, Tenn., whose members in the last three years committed four murders, but have always escaped punishment through some technicality of the law .-Chicago Times.

.The home of natural curiosities seems to be Robeson County, North Caralina. There was born "Millie Christine." the two-headed nightingale, and a few days ago another phenomenon in the shape of a negro woman with three eves was discovered in Lumberton.-Exchange. -A women of Bowansville, N. Y.

had a narrow escape from death recently. She was seated at the dinner table, when a bullet from a gan in the hands of a lunatic passed through the window in front of the lady, so close that it broke a hairpin fastened on her left temple. -The Cleveland Herald keeps this

egend standing at the head of its editorial columns: "Population of Cleveland two hundred and ten thousand.' Buffalo has been claiming two hundred thousand for a year past, but she must peg up ten thousand more at once .-Buffalo Commercial Advertiser. -When George Stryker was at work

in the bottom of the well at Fort Hamilton, in New York harbor, a bucket fel and killed him. Before going to work in the morning young Stryker told his friends that he dreamed in the night that a large stone fell on him in the well and killed him and his uncle cautioned him to take care in the work .- N. Y. Mail. -Emma Clark, a handsome girl of

twenty, was arraigned in the Common Pleas Court at Cleveland, recently, for stealing a pocket-book with \$261 in it from John Fianagan's coat. He had no evidence againt the girl except that he dreamed she had taken the money. Emma, who had been a telegraph operator in Detroit, was acquitted .- Detroit agility that would do credit to a lass of

ago a dinner service of hand-painted all, that cost, so the gossips say, one thousand five hundred dollars. It took at a juvenile concert in Birmingham. be hoped that the bride is fully appreciative.—Philadelphia Press.

-A Traveler of Selma, Ala., who recently visited the Mammoth Cave in Journal, exclaimed, "I will buy them," less fish that are found in the subterra- singer .- N. Y. Graphic. nean river there. The little finnies are as lively in their glass river as if in their native waters. They are perfectly white, have only the merest scars where eyes ought to be, belong to the catfish family, and are only two inches long. all far more beautiful than any others -Norristown Herald. we have seen. I notice most women wear black clothes; many wear blue,

showing the front hair, while others wear them squarely on the head. Of a passenger train." He went up head the two the former style is the nicer to \_\_after the rest of the class went home. -If young married couples would follow the domestic plan laid down by Sen- violinist-"Dell me-who is dat liddle ator Vance, of North Carolina, there | pald old chendleman viz de vite viskers would be less contention in households, and ze bince-nez, looking at the and, perhaps, fewer divorces in courts. He said to his second wife shortly after Robertson. I'm grieved to say he is marriage: "My dear, I'm a stubborn quite deaf!" Eminent violinist-"Ach, fellow, and you may anticipate trouble. I am zo zorry for him! He vill not pe Now, in the beginning, while I am sub-

advice. If you follow it we'll get on

mighty well. It is this: Make me do

just as I darued please."-Chicago Inter -There is an awful warning in the following case, which recently happened and tossing her head in the air; "ixpain Danbury, N. C., to persons who use God's name in vain. Mr. Smith, a tobacco farmer, who lives in Danbury, some days ago was in an almost insane rage over the damage to his fine crop by the rains and winds, and he walked over his plantation swearing and cursing the Almighty. His language was so terrible that several laborers who were with him left, when, as he was about to utter a frightful imprecation, he fell voiceless and as if dead. His case is a puzzle to the physicians, who Now let me help you to bed. You are can do nothing whatever to relieve him in need of rest.

from his difficulty. - St Louis Post. -Bishop Warren, of the Methodist progress. He proudly declares that our country is one that in a hundred years has taken a respectable rank in litera- | treat the German led him over to where ture; that has made fourteen inventions | the lady was sitting with a number of importance; that has revolutionized land | -Louisville Courier-Journal. warfare once and naval warfare twicet that has solved social problems which dom; that, taking the Bible declaration

### The Lead Pencil.

came from the old notion that the pro- the carriage of the pressure upon it. But capable of leaving a lead-colored mark.
With the original lead pencil or slip, and with the earlier styles of the "lead" exclaimed: "Mr. Brown, I can support and with the earlier styles of the "lead" | exclaimed: "Mr. Brown, I can support | read it to be the best eight-page paper pencil made direct from the Cumber- myself!" "Capital!" was the instant | ever published, at the low price of land mine, the wetting of the pencil was a preliminary of writing, But since it has become a manufacture the lead pen- | marry me?"-Detroit Post. cil is adapted, by numbers or letters, to each particular design. There are grades of hardness, from the pencil that maysville, (Ky.,) paper: "Ho! for terms to agents and clubs."
may be sharpened to a needle point, to Green. Massie Beasley, Mat- Gopies free. Address, one that makes a broad mark. Between the two extremes there are a made no inquiries except about pine number of graduations that cover all lands, and did not speak to six persons the conveniences of the lead pencil. while absent, but he knew what was ex-These graduations are made by taking man who believes in advertising, and is the original carbonate, and grinding it, also a philanthropist as well as a "matand mixing it with a fine quality of clay in differing proportions, regard being ure in giving his business the benefit of had to the use of the pencil. The mixture is thorough, the mass is squeezed free of charge. Enterprise like this is through dies to form and size it, is dried, commendable, and lovers should not and incased in its wood evelope. - Scien fail to patronize him. - Indianapolis tific American.

PERSONAL AND IMPERSONAL.

years of age, runs a mile in seven minutes three times a week for exercise .-Chicago Times. -Young Dick Tweed, son of the dead

Boss, after several years of penury and dissipation, is now in an insane asylum in Paris .- N. Y. Sun. -The widow of Prof. Samuel F. B. Morse, the inventor of the telegraph,

lives with her children in an elegant rural home in the supurbs of Poughkeepsie, N. Y. -At Chambersburg, Me., Miss Goffe, standing before a mirror, cut her throat with a razor, and turning to some lady friends in the room smiled sweetly and

died .- Boston Post. -Kate Thompson, of Chicago, in her petition for divorce, declares that her husband, Melvin A. Thompson, has cuffed her ears so much during the ten years of married life that he made her partially deaf .- Chicago News. -Mrs. Salmen Eno, mother of Amos

R. Eno, the New York millionaire, died in New Britain, Conn., recently, aged ninety-nine, in the first hour of her one hundredth year, as she had long asserted she would .- N. Y. Mail. -Walter W. Betts, of New Haven, having been bedridden for fourteen

years, and supported by a faithful, in-

dustrious wife, committed suicide because he was tired of having so good a woman work for his existence.-Hart--A wealthy business man in New York, resident in Brooklyn, has for nineteen verrs visited Greenwood Cemetery regularly every Sunday, when he was not confined to his bed by illness, to

lay an offering of flowers upon the grave

of his wife. - Brooklyn Eagle. -John Quincy Adams received a salary from the United States Government for sixty-nine years. At the close of his Presidential term he had fifty-two years of office-holding, and his salary had aggregated \$425,000, still, he had seventeen years of Congress after this, and died at the Capitol at a Congressional

session .- Chicago Herald. -The late Henry Farnam, of New Haven left \$3,000,000 in Chicago property to his widow and six children, and provided that on the death of Mrs. Farnam and the eldest son the family homestead shall go to Yale College, to be occupied by the president or professors. The mansion and grounds are valued at \$200,000 .- Chicago Times.

-Mrs. Parthenia R. Folson, of Vienna, Me., eighty years old, has since last spring woven one hundred yards of carpeiling, and sewed rags for thirty yards more, and is now spinning the warp for twenty yards of fulled cloth preparatory to weaving it herself. She can spring out of a carriage with an sixteen. At forty she was thought to be -A Philadelphia bride received | running down with consumption. - Bos

-Miss Clara Louise Kellogg's first china, two hundred and odd pieces in appearance on the stage took place when she was a child five or six years of age, three "hand-painters" six months to do | She sang a song entitled and ending the "decorative-art business." It is to "Who will buy my roses red?" and as she uttered the last line, at the same time holding forth the flowers. Thomas M. Newson, then editor of the Daily Kentucky, returned to his home, taking | and placed a bright, new silver coin in with him as a curiosity a couple of eye- the hands of the half-frightened young

### "A LITTLE NONSENSE."

-A physician says: "In buying clothing care should be taken to investigate the hygroscopicity of the -Soh Kwanfi Pom, Secretary of the cloth." We always do; but as singular Corean Embassy at Washington, has as it may appear, many persons buy a made the following observations in this coat and never give a thought to its hycountry: "The women of America are groscopicity. This is a great mistake.

-"Who held the pass of Thermopylæ against the Persian host?" demanded and when the weather is warm white is the teacher. And the editor's boy at very commonly worn. Some women the foot of the class spoke up and said: wear their hats and bonnets tilted back, | "Father, I reckon; he holds an annual on every road in the country that runs -Chicago Tribune. -(The egotism of genius.) Eminent

bigchus?" Hostess-"It's my Uncle able to hear me blay ze vittle!"-London missive, I want to give you one piece of | Punch. -"Yes," said Mrs. Brownsmith. "I

> want a good girl, and possibly you might do: but have you had any experience?" "Ixparience, is it?" replied the damsel, resting her hands on her hips rience, is it? Faith, and haven't Oi been in no less than twinty families durirg the last month?"-Boston Post. -A river item from the Judge: "Why. William, where have you been? Your hat's knocked in, your coat's torn and your legs are as weak as a baby's."

> "Ti-ti-ired out, wifey. Been working hard, you know." "What have you been doing to fatigue you like this?" "Helping some schooners off 'n the bar:" 'Poor boy! What a good soul you are. -An American who had a jolly German friend wished to become acquainted with the German's charming wife. "Vell," said the German, "ofe you dreat, dot vill pe all righdt!" After the

which have gone wherever civilization friends. "Katrina," said the husband. "you know dot man?" "No." said Katrina, modestly, "Vell, dot's him!" -The teacher of a country public achool had been absent for several days the world has blundered over for ages; on account of the death of her husband. that has abolished a feudalism and serf- When she returned to her duties her pupils were so awed by the rememthat God has made of one blood all the | brance of the sorrow through which she representatives of every kindred and to address her. Finally, a meek looking said the widow, tearfully. 'Very, very sorry," continued the sympathetic child.

"and-and we hope it won't happen

again."-N. Y. Herald. -A gentleman was riding with a lady There is no lead pencil; and there has | in an open carriage, "all of a summer's been none for fifty years. There was a day," and accidentally-men's arms are time when a spiracle of lead, cut from such awkward things, are ever in the the bar of sheet, sufficed to make marks | way-dropped an arm around her waist. on white paper or some rougher abrad- No objection was made for awhile, and ing material. The name of lead pencil the arm gradually relieved the side of ducts of the Cumberland mines, Eng- of a sudden (whether from a late recogland, were lead, instead of being plum- nition of the impropriety of the thing, or bago, or graphite, a carbonate of iron, the sight of another beau coming, never reply, "you are just the girl I have been looking for these five years-will you

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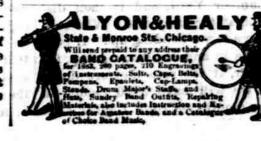
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