MY LITTLE WIFE.

- My little wife's a world too sweet For such a man as I am: But she's a Trojan—hard to beat As Hector, son of Prism.
- A winsome, willful mornel she; Brought up to grace a palace, She ran away to marry me, Half love, half girlish malice.
- She never has repented though: We built a cot in Jersey; She wore delaine and calico, And I wore tweed and kersey.
- So great our love, it bridged across Whatever might divide us; However went the gain or loss, We felt as rich as Midas.
- I helped her with the brush and broom Her morning labors aiding: She followed to the counting-room, Made out my bills of lading.
- And once, when sick of chills I lay.
- She balanced up the pages; Did all my work from day to day And brought home all my wages Then I was just a shipping-clerk— Old firm of Graves and Gartner;
- Till after long and weary work They took me in as partner. Then year on year went gaily round,
- Until in every spring we found We dipped a golden pitcher.
- When Gartner left (grown old and lame I bought him out completely: Made wife a partner—changed the name To Wheatly, Graves and Wheatly.
- With genius more than Sapphic, She improvised—that lady small— The poetry of traffic.
- And "poetry, that's truth," perforce, For Mrs. Browning said it: Her hand, unerring, traced the course
- Her sense of honor fine as floss, Yet strong as hempen cables, Light as a lariat flung across, Dragged down our business fables.
- She made our home a Paradise,
- With taste supreme and subtle; But said: "I want no cloth of price, Wrought with a knavish shuttle."
- And flitting through our offices, With word and smile admonished, "We'll work no metamorphosis To make a lie look honest!" And so the business grew and grew
- With not a cloud to daunten Till wife, who wanted tea like dew, Sent me adrift for Canton.
- No sooner was I well at sea, Than, with a whirl insanic, Down came that flood of '73, And shook the world with panic.
- Then many a house as strong as life Was rent and torn asunder; Poor Graves went trembling to my wife, And said: "We're going under."
- Wife saw the gulf but kept her poise, Disposed of plate and raiment, Sold all her jewels (but the boys), And met the heaviest payment.
- Then Graves and she with work and wit With care and self-denial, Upheld the firm, established it surer for the trial.
- Through all the strife they paid the hands Full price; none saw them falter. And now the house, rock-founded, stands As steady as Gibraltar.
- But wife keeps with us, guards us through
- Yes, she's a Trojan—hard to beat As all the sons of Priam; But bless you! she's a world too sweet For such a man as I am! -Amanda T. Jones in The Continent

AN OCEAN WAIF. "I was second mate at the time."

began Mr. Humphrey Roband, who related to me the following story, "and ward. There was not much swell on, our vessel was a barque, named the and she lay pretty quiet, giving herself Eagle. We were bound from New- a slow slant, now and again, that hove port, in Monmouthshire, to Cape Town, a space of her wet side into the sun with a cargo of iron, and then we were and made her flash out like a beacon. to go on to Melbourne, and thence to Callao. Besides me there was Captain Blackett, the master, and Mr. Josiah Bitting, the chief mate, along with fifteen or sixteen hands forward, including the idlers; and, taking us all round, I don't think that ever a better ship's overhaul company sailed out of an English port. There wasn't a foreigner among us; there was no growling, no loafing; a will, and it was not only a pleasure to left Newport on a Monday afternoon and went away down the Bristol Chan-For near upon a fortnight there was sometimes nor'west, coming now and hand to my menth and sang out: royal day or night. We saw nothing of the streaming of the wind through of the trade wind till we were in about the rigging, and the bubbling and washlatitude twenty degrees north, and ing noise of the water over the side. then, after blowing us along for a spell, "No fear we to her not being abanit failed us one morning, with a slowly- doned, sir,' said one of the men. 'An falling glass, and a long, ugly gray empty coffin couldn't be more destitute swell coming out of the southwest, and of life.' I stepped to the door of the a sort of dirty blue sky, filmed over deck house and looked in. There was with haze that might have passed for no appearance of injury here. A table the drainings from smelters' chimneys. went down it, with fixed chairs on one Amid this, the sun hung like a huge side and a locker on the other, and on jelly-fish, a shapeless oozing of bright the port side was a row of cabins, five ness, with scarce enough of power in or six, I think. The door of this deckhim to put a streak of light into the brow of the swell that swung, heaving and I peered in, and then says I: up tall out of the near horizon, with out of the vault of the sky.

the barque made white water along- thin, wailing cry came from one of the side, and, spite of the sky being thin cabins. enough to let the ghost of the sun | "'Hello!" says one of my men, the through, there was a look overhead crew have gone and left poor pussy bethat made you think that, if it was | hind. night, you'd see green lightning playing about over the mastheads, like the the cry very clearly, and heard a note dartings of the phosphorus from the in it there was no mistaking, 'that's no ship's side in black water, when you're cat, lads. Follow me.' And I walked in the tropics, and the night lies dead straight to the cabin, from which the "Well, what these plain signs betothe door, saw just the kind of sight my kened came to pass right enough. The mind seemed to have been prepared by glass went on dropping and the swell the cry we had heard to witness. The

saving what the barque gave herself by nine or ten months old. It was imposthe sweep of her spars. All hands were sible to tell that she was dead till we ing from what quarter it meant to come. hair yellow, and in life I don't doubt It was as much as we could do to see she had been pretty enough, but now one another's faces. The strain on the spars and rigging was something fearful, with the rolling, and in the gloom in plaster of Paris. The baby was too overhead you could hear the creaking and complaining, the squealing of sheaves, the groaning of parrals and trusses. At four o'clock or thereabouts, the wind swept down upon us in a body wind swept down upon us in a body wind swept down upon us in a bo

THE JOURNAL, the underdeck forecastle was scarcely to be come at by the men through the scuttle. In the troughs, during the water rolls, the barque would lay so far over to the windward that it was enough to make the oldest seamen hold his breath to look at the curl of the oncoming sea, and speculate whether it was possible that she could hoist herself out clear of that terrific, white, roaring, flashing arch, before it rolled its enormous volume clear over her. But the Eagle was a good sea-boat, having a flaring bow that forced the head surges to throw her up, and a swell of the sides that made her cork-like on the lean of a twenty-foot hill of water. Had she been of the ordinary tank shape, it must have been all froth to ten feet above the mast-coats, with the watch on deck in the weather-rigging, and the master and mates keeping a look-out in the cabin,

and conning her by the tell-tale. "For three days we had terrible weather; then it broke, the wind veered to due east, and after blowing a doublereefed topsail breeze for twenty-four hours, settled away into the northeast and blew along steady and bright again into the trade wind. It was a Wednesday, the morning watch and I had charge of the deck. Daybreak found us under a foretopmast stun' sail, the sky clear, and the east as green as moonlight with the dawn. The sea was calm, the trade clouds rolling in puffs of vapor athwart the stars overhead and in the west, and the horizon a line as black as you could produce by the sweep of a pair of compasses dipped

in India ink. "I stepped over to leeward to have a look at the sea under the foot of the mainsail, and just then the arch of the sun jutted up and sent a long beam of silver light flashing across the ocean. the extremity of which sparkled upon an object that appeared white and glistening in the radiance. It bore about four points on the lee bow. I fetched the glass, and took a look. She was a vessel, of what rig I could not distinguish, but apparently under small sail. I put down the glass and waited a bit, and then had another look. B now fancied I could detect signs of confusion aloft, but of this I could not yet be sure, though the small canvas she showed made her appearance singular considering the fine weather. Just then Captain Blackett came on deck, and I reported the sail to him. He

pointed the telescope at her, and said: "It seems a case of distress. Your sight's better than mine: have you made out anything resembling a color?" " 'No sir, replied. "Well, we will bear down and see

what's the matter. Keep her away! he called out to the young fellow at the wheel: and at the same time I sung out to the watch to lay aft and brace the vards in a triffe. This was done, and the vessel brought about a point on our lee bow. It was not long before we were able to make her out very plainly with the glass. It was now seen that she was a small, full-rigged ship of about eight hundred tons; her three lower topsails and topmast staysail had been blown away, and her wheel and all boats were gone. She had bulwarks. and lay very deep, as though full of water. In the lower mizzen rigging the English ensign had been seized, union down, and there it blew, flickering like a flame, making as strong an appeal for assistance as ever a man could by waving his hands. Well, we shortened sail and approached her, keeping a sharp lookout for anything that should resemble a human being; there was nothing in that way to be seen. There was a longish deck-house aft, and the remains of another one for-

"She looks to be abandoned, sir," says I to the Captain. "'Why, yes; that's her appearance, certainly,' says he. 'But it's a fine morning; no harm can be done by your

stepping aboard and giving her a brief "So the bark's maintopsail was laid to the mast, a boat lowered, and three hands pulled me over to the wreck. everything was done quickly and with Two men clambered over the rail after me, leaving one in charge of the boat. give an order, but a happiness to We stood a moment looking around. watch the execution of it. Well, we Her decks were full of raffle, ropes, staves and casks, and the like; the main hatches were off, as if the crew had nel, into the Atlantic Ocean, under all been jetticon'n; her cargo, her port plain sail, in the finest of weathers. bulwarks for and of the main rigging were smashed flush with the deck, and nothing but brightness overhead, and altogether she had the most shipblue waters under us, made feathery by wrecked and strained appearance that the wipping of the breezes which blew, I ever saw in a vessel affoat. I put my again a trifle fresh, but never so strong "Anybody aboard here?" but the as to cause us once to furl the main only answer that came was the sound

"Til just step in and see if I ca were sailing, and a lovely little figure, glue the material together. summits that seemed to be trying to come across any papers belonging to wash the yellow stain he had made, her,' for I must tell you there was no "There was a queer smell of decayed have been written on her stern was un- , my kne's, and tickle him and make was the reply. marine vegetable matter about, which der water. But scarce had I uttered

came along in a wilder and angrier cabin was a bit of box with a scuttle roll, until at three o'clock that after- over the topmost of a couple of bunks.

storm of wind never raged than that. "The men spoke hurriedly about how It picked the sea up and made wheels of the waves, that looked—I don't say they were—but they looked to be forty or fifty feet high. The Eagle was full of iron very deep, and labored heavily, taking in tons of water forward, so that the spoke hurriedly about how it came to pass that these two should have been left alone in the wreck. Who was she? I said there was no accounting for what happened at sea. She might have been the wife of the master, who was drowned in the storm, and left the corresponding Jewish month, to 'un's dead, sir.'

"I ran below and found the Captain in my cabin looking at the baby that lay a corpse in my bunk. I had grown Lexis Globe."

Lexis Globe.

she was in was her rightful coffin, and done more. being very deep, with her main hatch "We may take it, sir, that his bit of sea that got up would sink the didn't mumble a prayer as I came away a glance aloft. holding the little chap. It was an af-

" 'What have you there, Mr. Roband?' sings out Captain Blackett, leaning kept him till next day, and buried him " A baby, sir,' I answers, and I pulled

little face inside.

with tears as he gazed down upon it. wreck. "'Av, sir,' says I.

Mr. Roband?" "'Why, I have two of my own," answered; 'but I was so much away at sea when they were little ones that I can't say I ever had a chance of watching what my wife did to 'em to keep the acres that produce and those that 'em healthy. But what we have to do with this baby,' say I, 'is to feed him farmers to know how few of the acres and get him warm at once.'

Then take him below-take him in a tremulous voice. 'Give him your attention, sir, and never mind about little creature into ship-shape condi-

ed, and we had to be very careful in They know it, and do know if it were hauling out the safety-pins and clearing plowed it could be made to produce a dressed in. He cried so that I was in many dairymen know that ten of their

Swiss milk at the galley fire; and while is waste, and that thorough work would I was sitting waiting for the steward, pav far better, and why don't they? with the baby lying on my knee, the Captain comes in.

Mr. Roband? "'Not a year old,' says I. that a viny bubble of humanity like of it, or else fail in following its princi that maybe, has drowned all the rough future will not be a bonanza farmer sel. It's like seeing an iron ship beaten | tion," but the one who farms upon busito pieces by seas amid whose hollows ness methods, making every outlay

"The steward arrived with the warm rather than making a few acres bear milk and a spoon, and we turned to the whole load of obligation.—Pennsylfeed the baby. I tried my hand, but it vania Farmer. was no good; I couldn't get the milk down his throat; it capsized down his neck, and his being ravenous and crying made the job more difficult. 'Here, a naturalist. "Well, here's a chance,' give me hold, sir,' said the :teward; so he continued, pointing to a small square fair caulker of milk into the little 'un, and for quite a while they have been and after a bit the little; hap fell asleep, working at their nests.

whereupon he was laid down in my bunk, and there he was, quiet enough. "Sir, we had some hopes of his thriving after this. He was a sort of a trial in his way, for he wanted washing, and and it came hard upon us, who hadn't

Sometimes when it would come to my turn to undress him I'd let him lie name on her bows, and whatever might baked on a flannel shirt stretched across am laugh, until the dropping of a tear, came up in whitis, when the rolling of the above observation, when a sort of like a parched pea, down my cheek the barque made white water along- thin, wailing cry came from one of the would make me feel that I was acting the fool, and allowing thoughts of my home and of this bairn's loneliness to trouble me too much. He had but the clothes we found him in: so the Captain and : gave each of us a soft calico shirt to one of the men forward, a neat hand with the needle, a chap named Claw, to just watch the little fellow." make into a co :ple of suits of linen for the baby; and this and a knitted waistcoat and a swathing of flannel round his body and legs kept him tidy and warm and comfortable. We got mighty fond of him. We'd bring him on deck and lay him in the fold of a sail or on him, and in a few moments she was roll, until at three o'clock that afternoon there was scarce more daylight
visible than you'll find in the last linvisible than you'll find in the last yards square, for there was no call to when there are women aboard. As we He made the bark more human than the female in, and when she has laid wind; no. sir. not so much as to give a looking, we spied a dead women in it. flutter to the vane at the royal masthead, with her right arm cast around a baby creep aft—and I never pretended to notice them—to have a look at the little duties and was stationed over the newon deck, standing by, knowing that something was bound to happen, but incapable of know-

> ward to expectorate. "But one day, sir, there came an end Boston Globe." to this. It must have been the cutting

no one to look after her; or all hands wonderfully fond of the bairn, sir, and might have perished in getting the boats over; or the crew might have forgotten her when they put off; there was more to be helped by me than the no telling. There lay the woman dead, tightness in my throat. O, sir, it was I said; and I gave the baby to one of as if a beautiful little Indian bird that the men named Nipper to hold whilst I you had cherished and looked after had pulled off my coat to wrap the little chap up in, for he trembled like a love. Only this was an immortal beshivering bird with the cold, and kept ing. a fellow-creature, a little baby that on wailing, as if our handling him and we had plucked from the very brink of the sound of our voices had put a bit of an ocean grave into which his mother's life into him. We looked hurriedly dead embrace was dragging him: and

into the other cabins, but they were empty, and we could find no papers.

There was no good bringing the dead mother along with us to bury; the ship our duty by him—we could not have

open, I rightly reckoned that the next mother wanted him,' says the steward. "'Ay, steward, and her entreaty has wreck fast enough. I don't say as I been answered,' says the Captain, with "I could not take any hand in equip-

fecting sight to see that young woman ping the little mite for his funeral. lying there—quite recently dead, as we was too much upset sir. The sailmaker might suppose by her little one being made a tiny hammock for him, and they alive; and when I took a last peep at her I almost felt as if she knew that I the little wreaths of yellow hair upon was taking her baby away from her. his head, and dressed him in clean We handed the infant into the boat, things, and, before he was stitched up. and shoved off for the bark that lay all hands lay aft to say good-by, and hove to waiting for us about half a mile ne'er a man among them that entered the cabin but stopped to give the little cold face a kiss before leaving. We

after eight bells had been made.

"It was a green, windy, glistening my coat a bit open to let him see the morning; the emerald seas ran at us melting in froth as they came; and the "Well, well,' cries he, tossing his ands. 'Look sharp and get aboard.' the gangway, swayed at our feet as the bark rolled over the surges, and the side when I handed the baby up, and dancing sun darted beams like spears there went a deal of hoarse whispering of light from the clouds through which among the men as they pressed forward he swung. O, sir, the contrast of that to see the waif. I carried him to the little hammock upon the grating with Captain-the worthiest man, sir, with the huge grave that was to receive it the tenderest heart that ever sailed a The service was almost more than some ship; he pulled off his cap as if awed by of us could bear; I'd see the men turn the misery and suffering that was typi- their heads away, and look down, and fied by the bairn, and his eyes filled when at last it came to the passage that's a signal at sea for the tilting of "And the mother lies dead yonder, the body into the water, we all let our Mr. Roband?' says he, pointing to the breath out in a sob as the tiny hammock sped like a snowflake over the side and vanished in the slant of a sea "God receive her! says he. 'D'ye whose breaking summit flashed a rainunderstand the management of babies, bow over the spot."-London Telegraph.

Farming with Figures.

If a strict account were kept with every acre of the farm, a note made of do not, it would be a surprise to many they farm really vielded a profit, and how many fail to return any income below, Mr. Roband,' cried the Captain When once this is found, how easy would be to put the whole in a way of paving something towards the sum that your duties until you've got this poor might be realized. Some one has said most farmers have a better method of "Well, I carried him to my cabin into actual practice. This is no doubt and sung out to the steward to help me true. How many farmers know that undress him, for the thought of hand- their swamp lot is unproductive, and ling this frail and delicate object alone by the outlay of \$100 for a ditch, and unnerved me. I'd any day rather have clearing, that five or ten acres would be the job of taking in the masts of a the best land on the farm? Why don't 2,000-ton ship than the handling of a they put their knowledge into practice? baby for ten minutes. Both the stew- That large pasture is nearly unproductard's and my fingers were square-end- ive, and it only supports a few sheep. the little chap of the things he was most abundant crop of clover, How an agony, making sure we were hurt- forty cows do not pay for their keeping him; but the steward said: 'No, I ing, but actually "live" off the profits of know the nature of infants; it would be the others? How many farmers know unnatural if they didn't cry; it's a fash- that they do not half fertilize their ion their lungs have of growing.' 'Are land, do not half drag, or fit the soil for you sure?' says I. 'Cock-sure,' says the crops, and if they would use the hoe he: 'haven't I seven of my own, Mr. and cultivator twice as much they would get double the crop for their labor? "When the baby was wrapped up in Why don't they do it? How many one of my flannel shirts, that being who hastily perform their work, to "get softer than any blanket we had aboard, it off their hands," know as well as the steward went and warmed some Solomon could tell them that their haste The success in farming at the present day is not so much what is undertaken, "God help this poor little one!" says but what is actually performed and he; what age do you take him to be, completed in workmanlike manner. Success in farming is complete, finished methods. "Anything that is worth do-

"'Not a year old! he cried; 'how ing is worth doing well," is an old saywonderful are the ways of Providence ing, but farmers are not fully cognizant this should be left unharmed by a storm ples. The successful farmer of the and sturdy fellows who filled that ves- making an attempt to farm "all creayou observe the little stormy petrel bring definite and paying returns, and making the whole farm productive,

Fishes in Love.

"Ever see a fish make love?" asked ut the baby on his knee. Well he tank. "In there are some sticklebacks Lnew more about it than I, and got a that were sent to me some time ago,

"Built nests? I should say so. The stickleback can build as good a nest as a robin. I've been watching this honeymoon business for about a week. I first noticed the male began to change dressing, and feeding, and looking after, his color, becoming a bright red, and soon he began to collect small sticks the fingers nor the understanding for and pieces of fibre of various kinds; such work. He was a beautiful boy. these he began to mould into regular I never saw finer eyes in an infant: form, and then passed around them bi as the heavens under which we with a quivering motion, that was to

"Where did the glue come from?" asked the reporter. "It comes from a special gland,"

"It is in fact the plaster, and by these invisible cords the nest was kept in shape. Every once in a while the fish would dash into the nest, and finally a hole was formed, so that the nest is as you see it now an oval about three inches across with a hole through the center. The material is mostly threads that I put in for the fish to use. Now

Taking a large hand magnifier, the stickleback was soon brought into view, looking as large as a trout. He was engaged in a desperate chase after a coquettish female that dodged here and there in fruitless efforts to avoid

gerings of twilight ashore. We were bottle, broken, and a few other domes- toasting his tiny toes in it, and looking wedded bliss," said the naturalist. "That's the end of the courtship and ged down to lower top-sails, the tic odds and ends only met with at sea at his fingers and talking to himself. "The male prepares the house, drives brace them one way or another when entered, a second small, wailing cry ever I thought a vessel could be ren- the eggs, takes her place until they are for hours there hadn't been a breath of came from the upper bunk, and, on dered. He begot a strong home feeling hatched, and, indeed, until the young

baby, as if their hearts were too full to the owner, "until the fish are hatched suffer em to wait until they got for- and able to take care of themselves;

wind at first, but it became a moving wall in a short time, and before the clewlines could be manned, the foretop-sail blew up and burst into smithereens, just like one of those elastic air-balls when filled too full.

"It was a terrible tempest. I, who have seen some fearful weather in my time, will take my affidavit that a worse storm of wind never raged than that."

"The men speke humin up out of the bunk and found him wet through, and his itesh like stone, for the cold. His mother's clothes—if the woman were his mother, which I don't doubt—were streaming wet, too, and this made us suppose that she had been driven from the deck by the washing water and had each bunk and found him wet through, and his itesh like stone, for the cold. His mother's clothes—if the woman were his mother, which I don't doubt—were streaming wet, too, and this made us suppose that she had been driven from the deck by the washing water and had entered her; cabin and had lain down to die there.

"The men speke humin up out of the trade wind.

"I had been on deck two hours, when the tome, and speaking very solemnly, he says:

"Mr. Roband, he says, 'little Jimmy—that was the name he went by—'little Jimmy,' he says, 'has gone to jine his mother.'

"The men speke humin up out of the trade wind.

"I had been on deck two hours, when the longest night gives way to the lengthening of the steward came up through the companion, and, approaching me slowly and speaking very solemnly, he says:

"The went him up out of the trade wind.

"I had been on deck two hours, when the longest night gives way to the lengthening of its founder in the spring, accepted, but the steward came up through the companion. And speaking very solemnly, he says:

"The went had only in the tail of the trade wind.

"I had been on deck two hours, when the steward came up through the companion. "I started and said: 'What's that tuted a festival on the 25th of Kisler.

Honey in Songs.

The secret of success in the world depends upon hitting p pular fancy at a critical moment. Those who aim to lead or direct taste generally fail; those who catch the spirit of the hour triumph. Thus it is that ephemerals grow rich and notable while giant minds are starving in obscurity. We need not go far for an illustration of this anomalous condition. If one will contrast the success of a certain class of song-writers with the unsuccess of builders of noble verse there will be seen in bold front the difference between gratification and education in

There are several young men in the

the matter of taste.

intellectual fellows, who devote a small fraction of their time to the making of light-flavored songs that appeal rubbing and friction.—Chicago Horsesentimentally to the heart, the music being little more than a jingle of notes, with an occasional melodious strain. Being written to catch the masses, and not to delight the sense of the musically refined, these fugitive pieces are described as "craze" songs, and the universality of welcome given to many of them justifies the term. These are the tunes that, heard from the stage, are picked up readily and hummed by every one, are whistled in the street and sung in the parlor until they are familiar with all conditions of people, from gamin to belle. And these songs are mostly musical tricks. The writers shrewdly take up some common emotion and play upon it, nothing being more characteristic of these songs than their nursery flavor, their childhood

In one of the most popular there is an insignificance of ideas, a flatness of verse, a school-girl quality of rhyme and an insipidity of musical character. yet there have been over 300,000 copies of it sold, and the fortunate author has already received \$18,000 in royalties. This is the song entitled "Peek-a-Boo," written by a bright young Irishman named Scanlan. This young man, who is but twenty-five years of age, has written several of these "craze" songs, among them, "He Never Went Back on the Poor," "Terry Joined the Gang," "By-by, Baby, By-by," from which he has received something more than \$25,-000, and now calculates his income from continued royalties about \$2,000 a

The sentimental "Silver Threads Among the Gold" is still selling, after 350,000 copies of it have been put upon the public. "Put Me in My Little Bed" and "My Grandfather's Clock" have reached 300,000 copies each, and are out of demand. There are a score or more of these "craze" songs that have been sold phenomenally, and they are being turned off incessantly, each season having born to it from one to a dozen. Of course a great many write who get no returns, but that is because they have neither the tact nor the means of introducing them to the public, not because they can possibly write anything too idiotic to win favor. We cannot imagine any one writing less sensible things than the popular

I never drink behind the bar, Though I may smoke a mild cigar, "Babies on Our Block," or "Are Ye

There, Moriarity?" The profits on such songs range between \$2,000 and \$15,-There is another field in which trash tells against worth in the conquest of public favor in astonishing proportion. Among the most popular plays now are those that some years ago would have been denied admission to the stage. They are made up of the most direct appeals to the sympathetic emotions as distinguished from the reasoning faculties, usually being such affairs as the judgment condemns, while the sentiment, easily affected, approves. A successful play yields its proprietor anywhere from \$10,000 to \$100,000 a year, though the latter figures, of course, cover the very rare exceptions. Profits of \$40,000 a year on theatric enterprises are not uncommon. It will not do to say that good plays and good attractions do not succeed, for as a matter of fact they make, in the long run, the most money. But the phenomenal successes are the plays that, like the adroitly-timed songs, become a "craze," either for their striking novelty or because of some factitious circumstance attending their production. The receipts from the performances of "Hazel Kirke," for example, have so far considerably exceeded \$1,000,-000, and it is yet by no means worn out. Mr. Bartley Campbell received in one year from two of his plays the sum of \$94,000. He perhaps receives more than that now. Other playwriters sell their works outright, when the terms range from \$2,000 to \$10,000 for a play. This year Mr. Daly, of New York, gets \$6,000 for merely renting two of his old plays for a season of thirty weeks to Mr. John Stetson. There

is still a cheaper class of plays, for which the terms are \$100 to \$500 for a play perhaps the work of three weeks. With these figures to encourage the aspirant for wealth and fame, it is small wonder so many rush into attempted competition with successful song-writers and dramatists. But alas for credulous human nature. The successes are as one to a myriad of failures. The fortunes of the few is the ignus fatus of the many. There are musical geniuses whose songs will never be sung, and prodigies of playmakers whose writings will never be read. They may be more entitled to the forward place than those who get there; but the battle is not always to the strong nor the race to the swift. They who succeed are twice fortunate-fortunate in the chance and fortunate in happily availing themselves

Rothchild's Wonderful Orchid.

of it .- Cincinnati Commercial-Gazette.

French horticulturists are at present greatly interested in a plant at one of M. de Rothchild's celebrated hothouses at Ferrieres, near Paris. Perhaps the strangest of the strange family of orchids. Vanda Lowi, was discovered by iento, the Vanda Lowi is also at present in flower, which is the first time it has ever flowered in Italy .- Pall Mall | by a molasses barrel fallin' on him.

-Foreman Allin, of the Springfield, Mass., armory, who is something of a meteorologist, has a novel explanation of the gradual equalization of climate north and south-that at the south becoming colder as that of the north becomes warmer. Every storm he thinks, is due to electricity, and the railroads and telegraph lines, with their steel rails and wires, forming as they do a network of conductors all over the country, tend to equalize the climate. -Boston Post.

-Since the appointment of the National Convention there, Chicago is said to wear its hat on one side and smoke a cigar at an angle of forty-five degrees.—N. Y. Commercial Advertises. FARM AND FIRESIDE.

—An Iowa farmer trains his grape vines on elm trees, and claims improved results. - Chicago Journal. - Tough meat may be made as ten-der as any by the addition of a little vinegar to the water when it is put on to boil .- N. Y. Herald.

poultry houses unless you burn the old wash brush - Exchange.

her one dram each of powdered nux coun'ry, bright, observing, but not very vomics and lodide of potash night and morning in he: food for a month or two.

-A writer in Lippincott's Magazine soup vehicle by means of which to con-sume dry bread."

the Mirror and Farmer, is not clearly develop d, but afterward it is so well marked that a spavin may be pronounced to exist without an exam nation of the oint. Treatment should be directed to the abatement of the inflammation, which gives rise to the pain, and also to promote absorption of the new growth. Apply tincture of iodine daily over the joint with a brush.

-Housemade yeast is much slower in its action than brewers', and if set in the morning the bread would probably not be ready till quite late in the evening. A two-pound loaf will take about three-quarters of an hour in an ordinary oven; ten minutes longer if baked in a in. Keep a clean, bright skewer for testing. If, when plunged i to the loaf, t comes out clean, then the bread may be drawn, but if sticky it must remain longer. - N. Y. Herald.

-The simple plan of storing eggs in dry ashes has been used for some time by a correspondent of the Live Stock Journa! with very satisfactory results Though rather fastidious about their quality, he reports having enjoyed those thus kept during a period of more than four months, and in one instance a whole year. The only precautions seem to be (besides, of course, sound eggs to begin with) "to see that the ashes are quite dry, and to see that the eggs do not touch one another."

-For barley soup, cut three slices of bacon and two pounds of the neck of veal in small pieces; put them in a saucepan or small kettle with a pint of water. Let this simmer for threequarters of an hour, then add one small onion, a carrot, two stalks of celery. half a teaspoonful of black pepper, a teaspoonful of salt, and two quarts of hot water. Let this boil for at least two hours, then take from the fire, and when cold, remove the fator scum from the top, strain the soup, and put it on the fire and add a pint of barley which has been washed and soaked in cold water for three hours at least .- Boston

The Profit in Farming.

In agriculture, as in all other industries, it is the best use of opportunities and materials that makes the most profit. The soil is the material from which the farmer produces his income. It is productive only when it is at work, that is, when it is bearing some crop. When it is idle it is simply so much money at rest and yielding no interest. The soil, too, like money, is exhausted when it is idle, and is increasing in value when it is at work. One might as well fear that so much money as the land is worth would become reduced in value by being well invested, as that the land would be impoverished when it is in a productive condition. This can be very clearly shown. A field is sown now to rye, and the crop will be gathered next July. Frequently it will lie until the next spring, when it may be planted to corn. The corn will stand a month after it is ripe and might be cut, and the land will be plowed in the spring and sown with oats. The oat other fact that stubble will be two months before it is plowed and sown to fall grain of some kind. Now the ground has been idle more than half the time, producing nothing. On the other hand, a field now in rye or wheat may be plowed as soon as the crop is cut and planted with fodder corn, or sown with millet, or a green crop such as rape, or with turnips, and from five to ten or fifteen tons per acre of valsplendid medium. uable todder taken from the soil. This will feed a good many stock, sheep, pigs, cattle, or cows, and the whole value of it will be returned in manure. Or the crop may be plowed under and the soil greatly enriched by it. The following corn crop will be increased either way

by the manure or the green stuff plowed in. If the corn is put in in good season, the land being plowed in the fall so that no time is lost, and is cut as soon as the grain in glazed, rye may be sown and harrowed in, and a good fall or winter pasture may be secured. There will be something to be plowed in, too, in the spring more or less, and again the land will be in better condition. This constant cropping will keep down weeds and will produce something that may be fed to stock, and if done, as a rule, will easily provide fodder for twice as much live stock as the farm usually carries. No farmer will have a shadow of a doubt that at the end of ten years with such treatment as this his land will be

each of those years .- N. Y. Times.

far richer and more productive, and he

will be proportionately richer himself

than if it had laid idle six months of

Matrimonial Advice. The young woman said her lover was coming on the train, and she was going to be married. Whereupon the old lady said she had much experience in H. Low in 1847, in the hot, damp forests | the "marrying business," and would of Borneo, where it climbed to the top give the young lady some advice, and of the highest trees. Its long leaves, here is what she said: "Well, child, of the highest trees. Its long leaves, which not rarely measured a yard or more in length, appear small if comble to get killed at any time. Never time, and the Agriculturist furnished in more in length, appear small if com- ble to get killed at any time. Never ared with the length of the clusters of | marry a military man, for he buds, which reach a length of three to go to war and get shot. Besides, his vards. Each cluster-of which there gorgeous clothes attract the attention are at present eleven in full flower at of the women. Never marry a hotel Ferrieres-numbers 280 buds, all flow- keeper. My first husband was a hotel ering at the same time, which are so keeper and fell through the elevator different in appearance that side by side opening and broke his skull. Never they may be easily taken for distinct marry a traveling man, for he is always species. The plant was bought in 1876 away from home. Never marry a for a large sum of money, but at present | steamboater. My second husband was it is considered worth \$25,000. It is re- a steamboat captain, and got blowed ported from Italy that in the garden of into 4,000,000 pieces! I always get Marquis Corsi Salviati, in Sesto Flor-terribly mad when I think of that man. Never marry a grocer. My third husband was a grocer, and he was killed

> disgusted. Never marry a carpenter. My fourth husband was a carpenter, and fell off a scaffold and was smashed to a jelly. May his soul sleep in peace! Never marry a machinist. My lifth husband was a machinist. I'll never forget the day he was brought home on a board. I didn't recognize him. A belt had come off a pulley and hit him plum in the face and spread his nose all over his countenance. I promised him on his dvin' bed that I'd never marry another machinist." Just then the train rolled in and the old lady asked: "Child, what business is your lover in?" "Insurance business." "O, mercy! You don't mean to marry him? My sixth busband was an in-surance—" But the young lady was gone to meet her lover.—Exchange.

When I think of him I'm completely

-There is no use in cleaning your

nests. They will harbor more of the various kinds of poultry parasites than composers of grand melodies and the you can ever exterminate with a white--Partial paralysis in a mare is a serious matter and requires a long time to produce any beneficial results. Give

> says that the economy of French cooking is something to open American eyes. Not a drop of water in which vegetables are boiled ever drains away wasted, but with a dish of milk and a little pork fat or butter is made a good

-In the early stages the spavin, says

1870.

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