And there is rosy, romping Belle— And there is proud Ophelia— And pensive, lofty-minded Nell, And prattling little Delia; And I am wooed by Eloise, And courted, too, by Jessie, While Maggie falls upon her knees, And ditto charming Bessie.

There's still another—homely she— The gaunt, uncouth Eliza— When first she came a-wooing me, Oh, how I did despise her! But as she fondly lingered near There fell, like dripping honey,

So, though I sigh for Jennie's curls And Delia so impassioned. And hanker for the other girls So sweetly, grandly fashioned, it seems decreed that I should part From all these charming witches, And sacrifice my manly heart To gaunt Eliza's riches.

-Eugene Field, in Chicago News. A SOLDIER'S ROMANCE.

Over twenty years ago, on that fatal July day when the greatest artillery duel known in ancient or modern times took place between the mighty contending armies near the quaint, sleepy town of Gettysburg, Pa., Mr. Robert Corson, now a well-known citizen of Baltimore, was dangerously wounded. At that time he was a private in a Pennsylvania regiment, having been born and never knew just exactly where. After lying on the field for ten hours, suffering intensely from his wound, thirst and lack of needful attention, and nerved by desperation to almost superhuman efforts, he crawled, during the darkness of the succeeding night, some distance in the country from the battlefield. As dawn broke he sank totally exhausted and almost lifeless by the side of a spring of water. There he was found by a young girl from one of the neighboring farm-houses, who thus early in the morning had ventured from her home to obtain water from this spring for culinary purposes. The wounded five, and possessed, notwithstanding its distortions by suffering, a handsome, interesting face. The young lady was in the first blush of conscious womanhood, and if she had left that suffering young man there to die, by that one act she would have branded every ancient and modern male and female romancer as a base destroyer of the goddess of truth. But she did not. She reported his sad condition to her parents, and, moved by her earnest pleadings in his behalf, even in that hour of great confusion and multiplicity of demands upon them, they reluctantly consented to have him removed to their house. There he was carefully and skillfully nursed back to robust life and vigorous health by the young lady who had saved him. During the days of his suffering and convalescence the old, old, and yet ever, ever new story of human hearts and desires was being enacted in that now quiet farmhouse. While he was repairing his vi-tality and acquiring his flesh he was

losing his heart. Soon the rosy flush on her fair cheek and the bright light which sparkled in her eye while in his presence convinced him that his fond passion was reciprocated, and so this young couple became regularly engaged with the consent and blessings of every interested person on all sides. The young gentleman rejoined his regiment when he had fully recovered, although he had been reported dead, and was so marked on the book of the command. At the close of the war he returned to Philadelphia, and began the life struggle to secure a home for what he then considered his destined bride. During all these years a warm correspondence had been maintained betwe n these two young people. But somehow the young man continued just what he originally was—very poor. Then the young lady, at last completely tired of waiting and sighing, and realizing that time was fleeing and years disappearing, broke the engagement, and receiving the attention of a neighboring farmer who wear are now see only on the smallest possessed Government bonds and one children, and these are the simplest 000 per acre, in due and proper course of time married him. Mr. Corson, in way of lace and embroidery has been

Bonaparte, nee Miss Elizabeth Paterson, only eighteen months old, though most mothers dress their girls at least in sertion of her royal husband, she ex-claimed: 'At one time in my life I had use the colored domestic flannels for three ruling passions-love, ambition boys soon after putting them in short for worldly honors and avarice - they are | clothes. Flannel dresses are heavy for all dead now but one, and that one is children, and should be simply made on avarice. It is the sole controlling mo-tive in my life.' As this gentleman, belted blouse with three box plaits after many efforts, failed to succeed in down front and back, stitched on each Philadelphia, he came to this city and once more hitherto relentless fate loose below, is made of blue, brown or changed her countenance from the dark gray flannel of American make, for frown of adversity to the blessed smile of prosperity, and he began to legitimately coin money, and what was, is and always will be much better, save the major portion of the same. During all these years he completely lost sight of his "first and only love," but his heart wool fleece outside. In dark colors remained undisturbed by the bewitch- this is very serviceable, and in white ing efforts and coy blandishments of the and pale blue shades it is sufficiently many young ladies who, for the past ten wealthy years of his life, have been paying him marked attention. The concluding chapter of this true narrative in imported stuffs that are used for the can best be given in the vivid descrip- skirts of girls' dresses, with princesse tive words of the gentleman himself. over-dresses of the plain flannel; and which he used with much emphasis and these plaids make entire kilt suits for many graphic gestures to your corre- boys.—Harper's Bazar.

"Last week Wednesday morning, while walking down Baltimore street, I passed a lady. One brief, casual glance at her face at once attracted my attention. 'I have seen that face before,' was my Schuylkill

THE JOURNAL.

Saw the blue and gray uniformed array of martial hosts rushing together in deadly conflict; I heard the roar of cannon, the shriek of shell and the zip of the minis-ball; then there came in my mind the picture of a young wounded soldier dying beside the soft murmuring flow of a country spring, and a beautiful young girl filled with tender pity and compassion bending over him, softly saying: 'Poor, poor fellow! I wonder if he's dead?' In this careworn, sad-faced lady I recognized the young library of that institution; he having feeently been appointed its librarian.

A Bequest of Donace.

A Bequest of Donace.

A Bequest of Donace.

A Request of Country of Count sad-faced lady I recognized the young girl I loved with all my heart, and whom I was once engaged to be mar-ried to. I, of course, spoke to her; the recognition was mutual. She is now a poor widow, having lost her husband ten years ago. Well, yes, of course you have, after the fashion of you inter-viewers, surmised the whole business. In a few days we will be married, and if there is a happy being in this great

city it is the man who is now talking to The wedding will be celebrated in grand style at an early day in this city. Many of the surviving veterans of the American civil war will be among the specially invited guests. It is the intention of the prospective groom to charter on the marriage-day a special train be-tween Philadelphia and Baltimore to convey a number of his old soldier friends from one city to another to witness this unexpected and romantic consummation of his hopes and desires. "Why," exclaimed the happy man, "if I, during the last fow years of the war talked to one soldier about that girl, Italked to a thousand. I used to be known all through our division as the man who was going to marry the girl of Gettysburg 'when the cruel war is over.' "-Baltimore Cor. N. Y. Mercury.

An Italian Murder.

Considerable excitement has been caused in Rome by a most cold-blooded and carefully-planned murder. In 1870 a man named Monti and his wife, neither of whom could read or write, hired in the Piazza Colonna one of the kiosques which had just been erected raised in Philadelphia, and on that heroic field this gentleman fell, struck in the side by a minie-ball coming from he putting by no less than 32,000 francs. In the month of May last Monti was induced by a man named Emilio Fallaci. who was passing by the name of Adolfo Landucci, to join him in carrying on a manufactory of wax matches, which he said he was about to establish at Leghorn, and to accompany him there. From Leghorn letters purporting to be dictated by Monti were received from time to time by his wife, informing her of matters connected with the manufactory and requiring remittances, which were immediately sent. Becoming anxious, however, at his protracted absence, she wrote expressing her fears, and in reply received a letter telling her soldier was young in years, not twenty-not leave the works to come to Rome, books with her. She started with the intention of returning in three or four days, and in the meantime left the kiosque in the charge of her eldest boy. A fortnight having passed, her children received a letter purporting to be from her, telling them that she was unavoidably detained; but that "their good Adolfo," the partner, was going to Rome to get some things required out of the strong-box. Adolfo arrived, was permitted to break open the box and take all he thought fit from it, and then departed. Finally, however, suspicion was aroused and the Leghorn police were communicated with. The pretended manufactory in the Via del Corallo was found to be deserted; and on the door being broken open the bodies of Monti and his wife were discovered in a room, on the door of which was a notice prohibiting any one from entering there, because it contained inflammable substances. The body of the wife, who had evidently been murdered immediately upon her entering the house, was lying on the floor. That of Monti, in an advanced stage of decomposition, was found buried a foot or two under it. The murderer appears not only to have gone, after the murder of the wife, to the police office at Florence, and, presenting himself there as Luigi Monti, to have requested the authorities to obtain for him from Rome that attestation of his being the lawful owner of the savings-bank books, which would enable him to sell them; but with incredible coolness, to have gone backward and forward there for several days, until becoming, it may be supposed, alarmed, he finally disappeared, just as suspicions were aroused. -London Times.

Every-Day Dresses and Wraps for Children.

White muslin dresses for winter

large Pennsylvania farm, par value \$2,- slips with a tucked yoke and cuffs, as Philadelphia, did not lie down and die. entirely given up for these "wee as he remarked recently to your reprebables." The fine dark blue ffannels and soft cashmeres are used by many "At that time I felt exactly like Mme. mothers for their children who are

How a Skater Was Rescued.

while the thousands of skaters were face at once attracted my attention of I have seen that face before, 'was my first thought. And then I mentally exclaimed: I wonder where?' Although to the ordinary observer there was not woolen gloves and a fur cap, glided to the ordinary observer there was nothing especially attractive in either her woolen gloves and a fur cap, glided to the ordinary observer there was nothing to specially attractive in either her woolen gloves and a fur cap, glided to the ordinary observer there was nothing to specially attractive in either her woolen gloves and a fur cap, glided to the ordinary observer there was nothing as a plan face of the content of the outset, he seems invariably to have fallen into the outset, he seems invariably to have fallen into seven the patient may have been affected as general to the outset, he seems invariably to have fallen into the outset, he seems invariably to have fallen into the counter the patient may have been affected as general to outset, he seems invariably to have fallen into outset, he seems invariably t While the thousands of skaters were darting over the frozen surface of the

man in ante-belium days and was a prosperous publisher according to all accounts. When the war broke out he was sent to England as a commissioner to plead the cause of the Confederacy before the people of England, and has newspaper cuttings in his possession to show that he made a number of ad-dresses in that country in behalf of the cause in which he had embarked. The close of hostilities beggared him with thousands of others, and with his worldly wealth went his ambition and courage to grapple with adversity. He sank lower and lower still in the social scale, after a few futile struggles to retrieve his fallen fortunes, and, drifting living by selling newspapers. Finally, falling sick, he was taken to the almshouse, and there received pitying care from a number of charitable ladies and a prominent physician of the city, who is now connected with the staff of the Louisville Medical College, who made much of the old man, not only for what he had been, but for the pure character he had maintained, despite his downfall in the world.

Recovering under these kind auspices, he began to peddle stationery and pencils about the streets, always returning at the close of each day to the hospitable shelter of the almshouse, where he was permanently assigned to a room. This room he has decorated with prints of all kinds, and it contains all his remaining treasures, consisting of a number of war relics, memoranda, letters, newspaper references, photographs, manuscript addresses, essays and poems —for Eli is a fruitful rhymer, a quaint medley of souvenirs of his long and checkered life.

To add to this selection is the only gentle mania which gives pleasure to his last days, and prevents his mind from literally rusting out through mo-

A short time after he began this new business he was invited by the physician who had attended him in his former sickness to visit the dissecting-room of the Louisville Medical College. He went out of curiosity, and was so filled with admiration at what he saw of the patient toil and reverent treatment of cadavers by the students that his soul was fired with the idea of contributing his own frame to medical science after death, and expressed a determination and to bring her savings-bank deposit- to leave it to his medical friend, whose skill had restored him to health. A few days ago he presented the doc-

> tor with a document written in blue ink. duly signed and attested, purporting to be a last will.

> The paper reads as follows, and is full of pathetic interest: "This is to certify that I, Eli Adams, formerly bookseller, latterly peddler, having my memory and faculties all right, but failing gradually in health, and feeling that I am liable to sudden death, make this my last and only request and wish my mortal remains and all that I am possessed of:

can sing who is always a Cotiin.—N. Y. Commercial Advertiser.

"It give and bequest my body to Dr.—of the city of Louisville, Ky, immediately after death, for him to use as he thinks best, with full permission to take it apart by dissection preserving my skeleton himself." I do this in the belief that my mortal obey that are the six of the

Witness: Theo. Davis.
—Louisville Commercial.

A Dancing Epidemic.

The earliest mention of tarantismus who died in 1480. It appeared first in thrade, he has." "Arrah, God bless Apulia, and at the time of this author, him for his enterprise." — Kentucky seems to have fairly well established itself as a disease in that province. It is spoken of as having been produced by the bite of the wolf-spider, an earth species of light brown color, with black stripes, known to science as the Lycosa tarantula Apulica. This creature is found generally distributed throughout Italy and Spain and many an old traveler has told wonderful stories of the effect of its bite, which was accredited as poisonous. The part bitten, according to common belief, became swollen and smarten; the victim became lowspirited, trembled and was anxious; he was troubled with nauses, giddiness, and at length fell down in a swoon. All exterior circumstances powerfully affected him; he was easily excited to frenzy or depressed to melancholy, and behaved generally as a hysterical subject would do. The strangest effect, or ject would do. The strangest effect would do. The strangest effe or music; for he immediately rose and danced as madly as do the wicked people in the fairy tale at the sound of the hero's enchanted pipe. However the patient may have been affected at the outset, he seems invariably to have fallen into a swoon—the result of nervous exhaustion.

PERSONAL AND LITERARY.

-A Boston paper calls Matthew Arnold "the apostle of molasses and moonlight." -It agrees with Mr. Arthur to be

President of the United States. He has gained twenty-six pounds in weight since he assumed that office.—Chicago -Titus Sheard, the new Speaker of

the New York Assembly, arrived in New York City in 1856 from Ireland, alone and almost penniless .- N. Y. Times. -Senator Saulsbury, of Delaware, is the only member of the United States Senate who has never been married. He is called the Lone Star of that body.

-Boston Post. -A volume of table talk, or wit and wisdom, of Frederick the Great, has been discovered in the Prussian State Archives, and will be published early in the ensuing summer. Bis statute

-A Miss Sheriff, who was practically the first English prima donna to try her fortunes in America, recently died unnoticed in London. It is thirty years since she was in this country. -R. J. Burdette is forty, Bret Harte is forty-five, Mark Twain is forty-eight.

W. D. Howells is forty six. Thomas to Louisville, he sought a precarious Bailey Aldrich is forty-five. Joaquin Miller is forty-two, James Russell Lowell is sixty-four and John G. Saxe is sixty-eight. -N. Y. Tribune. -E. D. Winslow, the notorious bos-

ton forger, who almost succeeded in causing a rupture in the diplomatic relations between England and America a few years ago, is now a successful business man in Buenos Ayres, South America. He has taken the name of W. D. Lowe. -Boston Herald

-The Boston Traveller says that President Bruce, of the Massachusetts Senate, and Speaker Marden, of the Massachusetts House of Representa-tives, were born in the same year, in the same town in New Hampshire, and were graduated in the same class at Dartmouth College.

-The Fresno (Col.) Republican says: A remarkable matrimonial compact was made at the United States Hotel in this city Monday evening, in which Noah Hickok and Elizabeth Hickok were married for the third time. They have been twice divorced. The bride and groom have reached the mature age of seventy-three and eighty-seven respect-

-M. Roustan, the new French Minister Washington, is about forty-eight years of age. He has held many Consular posts, and in 1881 was appointed Ambassador to Tunis. He was a conspicuous actor in the recent events in that country, and the success of French diplomacy in the dealings with the Bey is due almost entirely to his firmness and sagacity .- Washington Star.

-Trollope received \$240 for his first production and \$35,000 for one of his last. Captain Marryatt received \$100 .-000 for one of his works, and Lord Lytton \$15,000 for the copyright of the cheap edition of his works by Messrs. Routledge & Sons, in addition to the large amount paid at the time of their publication, while it is well known that Messrs. Longman paid Lord Beaconsfield \$50,000 for "Endymion."

HUMOROUS.

-Coffin is the name of a rising tenor singer in the West. Strange that a man can sing who is always a Coffin.—N. Y. Commercial Advertiser.

-"Yes," said the Idaho man. "it's

Mrs. O'Flaherty." "The same to ye, Mrs. O'Raherty. An' did ye see the orphants marchin' yisterday?" "I did; God bless ivery mother's son of 'em. But I didn't see little Johnny O'Hern in the procession." "And sure he's not an orphant any more. He's quit is found in the works of Nicolas Perotti, the business and has gone to learnin's him for his enterprise." - Kentucky

> -Why he wasn't there now: Kosciusko Murphy, who is a book-keeper in a rocery house, met a friend who clerks in a cigar store on Austin avenue and asked him for a cigar. "Ain't got any," said his friend. "Ain't got 'said Kosciusko. "Why, when I used to work in a cigar store I always had my pockets stuffed with cigars.' "Yes; probably that's the reason you ain't in a cigar store now," was the erushing reply. -Texas Siftings. -"Young Calvin" wants to know i

we "believe that the angels have wings, and why we think so?" We think they have, Calvin. We never saw their

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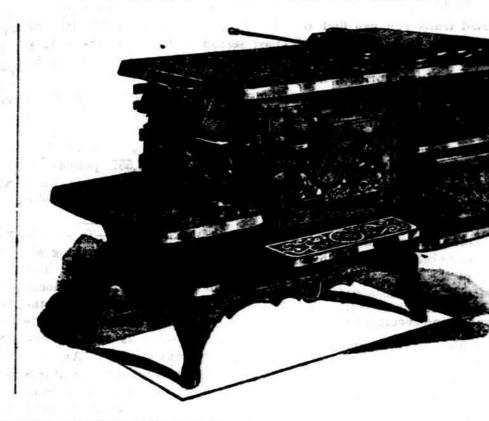
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To jail you go." "Very well, sir," said the clerk; "perhaps I had better not take your advice, then."—The These goods, which for style and finish and the perfect manner of doing their work, are unexcelled. The "TAIT" is the simplest, best and most durable check rower made.

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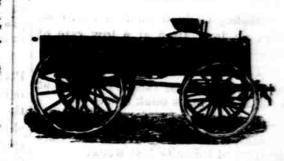


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