

Entered at the Postoffice, Columbus, Neb., as second-class matter.

THE TALISMAN AND THE LEECH.

A FRAGMENT. It was a lovely day that on her sick-bed lay; It was her fondly loved and spurned for the leech away.

And then upon the highway, crouched on the cold hard stone, A wretched white-haired beggar that made for him her moan.

The lordly lover cast her purse from saddle-bow; "My love is lying dying, and for the leech I go; In yonder burg physicians a many are, I know; Would that the sweetest of all among them I could know!"

"Take this," the crone, upstarting, placed on his hand a ring; Of dull and tarnished copper, a mean and battered thing.

"Wear this, and when thou ridest up to the leech's door, See for thyself what company of guests doth stand before."

And before the knight could thank her she vanished quite away; And there was no more to be seen of her brown hair sitting upon the spray;

And the light-hearted lover onward he spurred his courser gray; And kissed the battered talisman, and blessed the kindly fay.

Up the ringing stair he darted to the chief physician's door; He saw what ghastly company was standing before.

The souls of all the slain were there, Ten thousand souls in a pallid night a-verging to and fro.

On passed the knight to another leech, but before the door he died; Was quite as ghastly if not quite so great a company;

And up and down the burg he rode, but everywhere he sought the spirit of each patient under a monument.

"Alack! doth never a leech have skill?" was his departing cry; "And must the Lady Cunegund in her youth and beauty die?"

There is but one physician left, and ponder at his door; O, heaven! there floats a single ghost—a single ghost, no more!

"O, a blessing on the talisman and on the kindly fay! Here is the surgeon skilled shall charm my lady's hurt away; Ho! busk ye, busk ye, Master Leech, and ride away with me; And thou shalt have a precious life, and win a priceless fee."

Up sprang the good physician then behind the gilded knight; And swiftly up the sounding road clattered the courser white;

And merrily the knight he sang and shouted in his glee; "A blessing on the kindly fay that guided me to thee!"

Without good St. Anthony, what is it that thou dost know, Sir Knight, there is no golem, neither fay; But tell me truly, who it was to me thy steps did guide;

For should the country leech be known throughout the country-side?"

"O, trust me, trust me, Master Leech, thy fame spreads far and near; On every side of thy healing skill what miracles are heard; For though thy cheek doth brightly bear the rays of youth, There is no doctor so renowned in all the land, good sooth."

"Sir Knight, it becomes thy rank to mock a simple man; One who doth practice Galien's art with all the skill he can; But only yesterday I hung my shingle out at door; And I have had but a single call—one patient, and no more."

"Now by St. Anthony!" exclaimed the knight; "The remainder of this interesting ballad has been lost—Editor's Drawer, in Harper's Magazine."

THE LOVERS' QUARREL.

"Never while I live," said Miss Rashleigh, "never while I live, will I see your face again!"

She meant it when she said it; and as she spoke, she threw her hand and ring towards her lover, who had offended her.

It missed him and rolled down upon the floor and over the sill of an open china closet—one of those old-fashioned closets that used to stand on either side of the mantel-piece.

She did not notice where it rolled; he did though; and after she had left the room, he turned to pick it up. The ring she had worn would always be precious to him.

Miss Rashleigh went straight to her own room, as miserably as a girl ever lived, and a moment later Grandmother Rashleigh bustled into the drawing-room, pushed the open closet door to, picked up the fallen magazine, set the animals and books of poetry straight on the table, pulled down the shades, arranged the chairs mathematically against the wall, and bustled out again.

"I've had the things fifty years," she said to herself, "and that's Rashleigh and her beau with no more respect for them than if they were so much lumber."

Then she closed the door behind her, and went away to her room up stairs, where a fine silk patchwork quilt was in the frame, a surprise for said Cornelia.

Grandma Rashleigh gave every young person of the family something grand, her own manufacture of his or her wedding day.

"Now," the old lady had said a dozen times to Tripheny King, who was helping her; "I rather think Cornelia will have the best thing I've done; and there's a bit in it of every handsome silk there's ever been in the family, and of her father's and grandfather's wedding vests."

But Cornelia was crying.

"O, mother, dear," she sobbed, "isn't true, is it? Orville did feel dreadfully. Won't you see, mother?"

But as this moment Sally, the little servant girl from Grandmother Rashleigh's, came flying into the room, without any more warning than if she had been struck by a gun.

"The old missus says you are to come over at once, both you ladies!" she cried, standing before Mrs. Rashleigh, and repeating her lesson like a parrot.

"There's something of importance, and you're needed as soon as possible," said "Get your bonnet, Cornelia," said her mother. "I'll just put on this sun-hat. What is it, Sally; do you know?"

"I know it's something dreadful. Missus is almost wild, and there's no one to stop her. Something about Mr. Spear."

The two ladies said no more. They hurried away together, and entering Mrs. Rashleigh's parlour found there assembled more of the members of the Spear family, and a friend or two besides.

Orville had, indeed, disappeared. He had never been home since his visit to Cornelia, and now the alarmed relatives were anxious to get all the information they could regarding the interview between Orville and Cornelia.

"I had reason to be angry, Mrs. Spear," said Cornelia, proudly; "good reason, and I took off my ring and gave it back and went out of the room. That is all I know. I don't know when he went or where. I—I thought he wouldn't mind so much. I believed he had fallen over on the sofa. She was in a dead swoon, and the water they sprinkled in her face did not bring her to."

Grandma grew frightened. "I hope it isn't an attack of heart disease," she said. "Poor child! she looks as if she were dead."

"O, don't say that," cried the mother. They gathered around Cornelia and did all they could for her, and soon she recovered and sat up, but all her pride was gone.

"O, dear, dear!" said the mother, "I wish I had died! I wish I had not come to!" O, Orville! Orville! what has become of you?"

"O, oh!" moaned the mother. "O, oh!" moaned the sisters. And Cornelia's head fell back again.

"Emma, get the lavender out of the china-closet," said grandma to her daughter. "Quick! it's on the corner shelf."

Mrs. Rashleigh rushed to the closet. "It won't open," she cried wildly. "It's a patent lock," said grandma; "locks as it shuts. Here's the key."

And Mrs. Rashleigh flew back to the door, opened it and uttered a shriek. There on the floor, huddled up under the shelf, lay poor Orville Spear.

He was white as a limp. Cornelia sat and stared at him in the most awful way. She thought him dead, but the more experienced matron saw that he was yet living.

Sally was sent post haste for the doctor, and the rest of the party in a state of bewilderment and terror passed description.

At last, however, both were conscious and seated in arm-chairs, regarded each other, while the observers kept silence, and Mrs. Orville Spear uttered the first words.

"O, of all the confounded fools!" "Who, dear?" asked his mother. "Me," said Orville, regardless of grammar. "Who else?"

"What were you in the closet for?" asked grandma, with a guilty conscience. "To pick something up that rolled there," said Orville.

"The ring?" asked Cornelia, frantically. "Yes, the ring," said Mr. Spear. "More fool I! Some one banged the door to. I shouted and howled and kicked, and no one heard me."

"O, oh, oh, oh!" shrieked Cornelia. "I believe you hid there just to kill me, for no other purpose than out of revenge!"

"You banged the door on me," said Mr. Spear. "A jealous woman will do anything."

"I banged the door, Orville," said old Mrs. Rashleigh. "I left everything flying. I just pushed it as it passed, and you ought to bless your stars that you are alive, for people don't go into the drawing room, sometimes for a fortnight, in this small family."

We use the parlor much more, and I am deaf, and so is old Hepzibah, and you might have died there. Yes, and you might have killed him, Cornelia," added the old lady, "throwing his pretty diamond ring on the floor!"

"O!" moaned Cornelia. "O!" "It wasn't her fault. I was a confounded fool all through!" cried Orville. "I knew that the closet had a spring-lock. No; don't blame Cornelia."

"I shall always blame myself!" sighed Cornelia. "O! how pale you are!" "And how pale you are, Cornelia!" said Orville. "Did you really care when you thought I was dead?"

"Ladies," said Grandma Rashleigh, "now that Orville has recovered and is getting on, let us go into the other room, and leave these two young folks to talk things over together."

She led the way, the others followed. When the bell rang soon after, Orville and Cornelia came out of the drawing room arm in arm, and the wedding-day was fixed.—Philadelphia Call.

A Woman Who Could Keep a Secret. Miss Elizabeth Richards, a member of the Orthodox Friends' meeting and a native of this city, who died at her home in Wilmington on Monday at an advanced age, conducted a private school in Philadelphia for twenty-five years. She then opened a school in a native of this city, who died at her home in Wilmington on Monday at an advanced age, conducted a private school in Philadelphia for twenty-five years.

She then opened a school in a native of this city, who died at her home in Wilmington on Monday at an advanced age, conducted a private school in Philadelphia for twenty-five years. She then opened a school in a native of this city, who died at her home in Wilmington on Monday at an advanced age, conducted a private school in Philadelphia for twenty-five years.

Come With the Crowd.

See here, my boy! The bells have rung the old year out and the new one in and a new watch has come on deck.

If you think you are going right along in the same old groove, why get out of it as you are making changes, you are up a tree. You've got to toe the mark along with the remainder of the world.

Now, then; you are beginning life. You are from sixteen to twenty-one years old. You think you know all about it, but the fact is you are not more than half-baked yet. What you don't know would cover all Lake Erie, while your worldly wisdom wouldn't knock an owl off his perch.

Suppose you make a resolve to begin the year 1884 by not knowing more than half as much as Plato, Diogenes and other wise men. If you folks cannot admit that you didn't even know more than your own father, it wouldn't greatly affect your general standing with the world.

Perhaps you smoke and chew. What for? Why do you use anything but a year to insure bad breath, headaches, red eyes, decayed teeth and nervous debility, when you can secure a broken leg, which is far nicer, by a tumble down a stair? Chewing is a vicious nasty habit. Smoking affects the brain and nerves and stomach. We admit that a young chap of your age look like a great statesman when he comes down the avenue puffing away from a cent grab, but suppose you didn't look like anybody but yourself?

Maybe you drink a little; very probably you do. A young man of your age is apt to get into a little bit of downy lager and tippie wine, but there's where he is lame. Even old drunkards would caution you against the practice.

Drink not only wastes money, but it grows the avenue puffing away from a cent grab, but suppose you didn't look like anybody but yourself?

Maybe you drink a little; very probably you do. A young man of your age is apt to get into a little bit of downy lager and tippie wine, but there's where he is lame. Even old drunkards would caution you against the practice.

Drink not only wastes money, but it grows the avenue puffing away from a cent grab, but suppose you didn't look like anybody but yourself?

Maybe you drink a little; very probably you do. A young man of your age is apt to get into a little bit of downy lager and tippie wine, but there's where he is lame. Even old drunkards would caution you against the practice.

Drink not only wastes money, but it grows the avenue puffing away from a cent grab, but suppose you didn't look like anybody but yourself?

Maybe you drink a little; very probably you do. A young man of your age is apt to get into a little bit of downy lager and tippie wine, but there's where he is lame. Even old drunkards would caution you against the practice.

Drink not only wastes money, but it grows the avenue puffing away from a cent grab, but suppose you didn't look like anybody but yourself?

Maybe you drink a little; very probably you do. A young man of your age is apt to get into a little bit of downy lager and tippie wine, but there's where he is lame. Even old drunkards would caution you against the practice.

Drink not only wastes money, but it grows the avenue puffing away from a cent grab, but suppose you didn't look like anybody but yourself?

Maybe you drink a little; very probably you do. A young man of your age is apt to get into a little bit of downy lager and tippie wine, but there's where he is lame. Even old drunkards would caution you against the practice.

Drink not only wastes money, but it grows the avenue puffing away from a cent grab, but suppose you didn't look like anybody but yourself?

Maybe you drink a little; very probably you do. A young man of your age is apt to get into a little bit of downy lager and tippie wine, but there's where he is lame. Even old drunkards would caution you against the practice.

Drink not only wastes money, but it grows the avenue puffing away from a cent grab, but suppose you didn't look like anybody but yourself?

Maybe you drink a little; very probably you do. A young man of your age is apt to get into a little bit of downy lager and tippie wine, but there's where he is lame. Even old drunkards would caution you against the practice.

Drink not only wastes money, but it grows the avenue puffing away from a cent grab, but suppose you didn't look like anybody but yourself?

Maybe you drink a little; very probably you do. A young man of your age is apt to get into a little bit of downy lager and tippie wine, but there's where he is lame. Even old drunkards would caution you against the practice.

Drink not only wastes money, but it grows the avenue puffing away from a cent grab, but suppose you didn't look like anybody but yourself?

Maybe you drink a little; very probably you do. A young man of your age is apt to get into a little bit of downy lager and tippie wine, but there's where he is lame. Even old drunkards would caution you against the practice.

Drink not only wastes money, but it grows the avenue puffing away from a cent grab, but suppose you didn't look like anybody but yourself?

Maybe you drink a little; very probably you do. A young man of your age is apt to get into a little bit of downy lager and tippie wine, but there's where he is lame. Even old drunkards would caution you against the practice.

Drink not only wastes money, but it grows the avenue puffing away from a cent grab, but suppose you didn't look like anybody but yourself?

Maybe you drink a little; very probably you do. A young man of your age is apt to get into a little bit of downy lager and tippie wine, but there's where he is lame. Even old drunkards would caution you against the practice.

Drink not only wastes money, but it grows the avenue puffing away from a cent grab, but suppose you didn't look like anybody but yourself?

Maybe you drink a little; very probably you do. A young man of your age is apt to get into a little bit of downy lager and tippie wine, but there's where he is lame. Even old drunkards would caution you against the practice.

Drink not only wastes money, but it grows the avenue puffing away from a cent grab, but suppose you didn't look like anybody but yourself?

SCHOOL AND CHURCH.

Kentucky pays her common school teachers \$1.40 for each pupil.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Sitting Bull has become a very good Indian. He is lending himself as a curiosity to Dakota church fairs.—St. Paul Daily Journal.

A discourse to old bachelors and maids, young men and maidens, on the sin of single blessedness, was the advertised title of one of recent Sunday's sermons in New York.

Figures showing the growth of Christianity since its early stages have been compiled and are as follows: Day of Pentecost, 3,000; end of first century, 500,000; reign of Constantine, 10,000,000; eighth century, 30,000,000; Reformation, 100,000,000; in 1883, 450,000,000.—Chicago Tribune.

Forty professors in American colleges met at Columbia College recently for the purpose of forming a society to promote the study of modern languages. A resolution was discussed that the degree of B. A. should not be conferred on any student who could not read fluently French and German.—N. Y. Times.

The prayer-book now in the pew President Arthur uses at St. John's Church is the same that has been used by all Presidents who have attended that church. It is a plain, large-sized book, bound in smooth black morocco, with "President's pew" printed in gold on it in plain Roman text.—Washington Post.

The Baptists in Virginia have established a ministry of funerals, to aid of aged and disabled ministers. One-third of the funds annually received is invested as a permanent fund, the annual interest on which, with the other two-thirds, is used for the relief of needy ministers and their families. The permanent funds amount to \$6,505.—N. Y. Examiner.

The Calvary Baptist Church, of New York, was opened to the public recently. It is a built of Lockport sandstone, English Gothic style, with five front porches and spire 229 feet high. The building cost \$500,000, and the organ \$20,000. At the close of the sermon a collection of \$30,000 was made.—N. Y. Tribune.

The assertion is made by Rev. E. Hale, over his own signature, that public schools in Boston are closed by local school committees to give an opportunity for licensing liquor sellers. By Massachusetts law no person can be licensed within a given distance of a public school. By the opportune closing of one of the schools for a few days eleven saloons obtained licenses, and when it was reopened.—Boston Herald.

From the altar in the Catholic church I was excluded, because there is a law that no married priest shall celebrate. What! is God absent from heaven? No; he is in union with the Father, the Word, and the Holy Ghost—is sitting represented on earth by an equally holy trinity, the wife and the child, and I believe that the day when priests are allowed to marry, the Pope ceases to be bishop of Rome, and the Bible is preached in every pulpit and read in every home, will see the reform in France accomplished.—Pere Hyacinthe.

PUNGIENT PARAGRAPHS. Three degrees of mining speculation—Positive—mine; comparative—miner; superlative—mines.

Women never will be paid as much for lecturing as men, simply because they have done so much of it for nothing.—Chicago Journal.

A woman always carries her purse in her hand so that other women will see it; a man carries his in his inside pocket so that his wife won't see it.—Boston Post.

Live while you may—Timid passenger (as the male freshened). "Is there any danger?" "Far (ominously). "Well, them as likes a good dinner had better hev it to-day!"—Chicago Tribune.

It was loaded.—He blew into his gun to see if loading up it needed; "The gun blew after he did."—Chicago Sun.

The man who gets up in the morning feeling that he would like to die for his country, changes his mind the minute he feels in his pocket and finds he has been "stuck with a trade dollar."—Detroit Free Press.

In a prayer meeting in Westfield, Mass., a brother arose and said: "I want to hear sung that beautiful hymn, 'Split Doors.'" A ripple of laughter was suppressed by a sister who struck up "Gates Ajar." "That's it; that's the one," the brother shouted, and he sat down to enjoy the melody.—Boston Transcript.

A cynical old bachelor, who firmly believes that all women have something to say about all subjects, recently asked a former friend, in his own words, "do you hold on the question of tommy-suffrage?" To him the lady replied, calmly: "Sir, I hold my tongue!"—N. Y. Independent.

A young woman in Holyoke, Mass., called on in City Clerk's office after examining the marriage license register, told him to erase her name, as the young man who had taken out a certificate did it without her leave, and she did not propose to marry him. She was accommodated.—Boston Herald.

A letter was recently received by a Massachusetts newspaper addressed to the "Peregrine editor." It was thought to be intended for the Peregrine editor, but one of the staff, who had been made the happy father of a beautiful baby, said he guessed it was for him, and it was handed over to him.—Somerville Journal.

Rev. Mr. Talmage, in a sermon recently, told of a New York merchant who stopped the use of the "vile coin" and saved his tobacco-money, and at the end of thirty-nine years he had \$20,000. At this rate he would have to do without tobacco and give his money for more than a thousand years before he would be as rich as Vanderbilt. There are many obstacles in the way of leading an "upright and temperate life in this world."—Norristown Herald.

Curious Blunders. Many curious blunders happen in our every-day life which, if written up, would be very amusing. For example, I saw a very handsome young fellow standing at the furishing-goods counter at Macy's the other day. Looking innocently at the handsome young lady clerk behind the counter, he remarked: "I suppose you have something pretty in scarlet, Miss?"

"O, yes," said the rosy-cheeked girl, handing down a package. "Here's some blue satins for a dollar—just too sweet for anything."

"I think you are a little dear," he said, with a pleasant smile.

"You are very complimentary," she replied, her cheeks covered with crimson blushes.

"When he thought how he had been misinterpreted he blushed and stammered."

"O, I beg pardon, Miss, I didn't mean to say you were a little dear. I mean you are a very pretty girl."

"Never mind, that's the plenty of young men who do think so. Good-bye."

England allows children to work in stores when ten years old, but from that age until fourteen they must go to school half a day.

KRAUSE, LUBKER & CO., DEALERS IN SHELF AND HOLLOW HARDWARE. Farming Machinery, WIND MILLS AND PUMPS.

WAGONS! BUGGIES! Plows, Cultivators, Harrows, STALK CUTTERS, LISERS AND DRILLS. HAY STACKERS, CORN SHELLERS, THRESHING MACHINES, Hay Rakes, Hay Sweeps.

THE NEW CASADAY is the lightest draft and easiest handled plow in the market.

HALLIDAY WIND MILLS. SUCTION, FORCE AND Lift PUMPS.

GRAND DETOUR FLOW COMPANY. DIXON MILLS. GAS PIPE, PIPE TONGS, ETC.

KRAUSE, LUBKER & CO. 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.

STOVES, RANGES, TINWARE, ROOFING, SPOUTING AND REPAIRING! Fully Warranted.

Full line of "RIVERSIDE" Stoves. Call and see them before buying elsewhere.

The "UNION" and the "WESTERN" are the leading corn planters of the great corn-growing region of the west. They have the rotary anti-friction drop. Come and examine them. The old reliable "STUDEBAKER" Wagon with truss axles. It stands at the head, above all competitors.

If you want to do business with a strictly first-class house, come and examine our goods and get Our prices.

KRAUSE, LUBKER & CO., Thirteenth Street, near B. & M. Depot, COLUMBUS, NEBRASKA.