She draws me from the world of fact, With all its selfish strife. She breaks the prosy lines of thought That make up common life: She lures me to her little world, Where airy creatures dwell. Where all things dance in joy and light Beneath some magic spell.

She wakes again those dreamy songs That never yet were sung;
Which thrill through bappy little hearts,
But not through human tongue;
She carols like a morning lark To usher in the day, And bring back memories from a land That lieth far away.

Her roundelays and jingles make Such music in my ear,
With all her tricksy words and ways,
I cannot choose but hear;
We leave all other verse aside For that small classic lore

Which Mother Goose has garnered up In her undying store. The naughty ways of Johnny Green, The virtuous Johnny Stout;
The boy in blue who lay asleep
When cow and sheep were out
The robin sitting in the barn,
With head beneath his wing,

Because the snow is on the ground, The accident to Jack and Jill, The hurrying little Jane, The man who scratched out both his eye And scratched them in again;
The active cow that jumped the moon,
The bull that tolled the bell,
These are a few—but many more

And then we play at coop and seek; The mystery is small; We hide behind the nearest chair, Or in the open hall;
And every time that search is made
Within this same small round,
The happy shout of joy goes up
Because the lost is found.

O, let me never grow too old To join in merry glee With any bright and laughing child That climbs upon my knee; Let me still keep the sportive mind Until my dying day,

For what is life, in all its length,

Without the children's play?

—Youth's Companion.

## THE TWO MRS. TUCKERS.

"You can make the fire while I put the hoss out," said Amasa Tucker, as he opened the back door of a gray house, set on the top of a treeless hill, tracked here and there with paths the geese had made in their daily journeys to the pond below, and only approached at the back by a lane to the great red barn and a rickety board gate set between two posts of the rail fence.

home-coming. She had married Amasa Stanton a little village twenty miles away from Peet's Mills, the town within whose wide limits lay the Tucker farm, and had come home with him this early spring afternoon in the old ment of her little worn-out mother. this early spring afternoon in the old wagon, behind the bony horse that did duty for Amasa's family carriage.

Mrs. Tucker was a tall, thin young woman, with a sad, reticent face, very silent and capable. These last traits had been her chief recommendation to her husband. There was no sentiment about the matter. Old Mrs. Tucker had died two weeks before this marriage, but Amasa was "forehanded," and knowing his mother could not live long had improved his opportunities— had been "sparkin'" Wealthy Ann Minor all winter, in judicious provision

for the coming event of his solitude. He had thought the thing all over, and concluded that a wife was cheaper than a hired girl, and more permanent; so, when he found this alert, firmjointed, handy girl living at her uncle's. who was a widower, on a great farm the other side of the village, Amasa made her acquaintance as soon as possible and proceeded to further intimacy. Wealthy liked better to work for her uncle than for a step-father with for her uncle than for a step-father with six secondary children, but she thought it would be better still to have a house of her own: so she agreed to marry Amasa Tucker, and this was her home-

She opened the door into a dingy room with an open fire-place at one end, a window on the north and one on the south side, small, paned with old. green and imperfect glass, and letting shed. The front of the house conlor, with high-backed, rush-bottomed face and clear young voice left her forchairs against the wall, a round table ever Green paper shades and white cotton curtains, a rag carpet fresh as it came from the loom—if its dinginess could ever be called fresh—and a straight-backed sofa covered with green and yellow-glazed chintz, made as dreary an apartment as could well be imagined. Wealthy shut the door behind her quickly and went to the shed for material to make her fire. It was al-

He looked disapprovingly at the pie, the biscuit, the shaved beef and the jelly set before him.

for the reason that she had been always and cold.

really needful," he said, when she urged him to fetch her a load; "wood's allers a growin' when ye don't cut it, and a makin' for lumber, and lumber's better to sell, a sight, than cord-wood. Ye must git along somehow with brush; mother used to burn next to nothin'."

She did not remind him that his selled not remind him that him that his selled not remind him that him that him that him that him the him that him the him that him that him the him that him the him that him the him that him that him the him that him that him the him that h

THE JOURNAL.

for a strainer, the pails themselves were heavy wood, the pans eld and some of them leaky, the holes stopped with bits of rag, often to be renewed; the m?lk-room was in the shed, built share his life and home. He had inagainst the chimney that it might not freeze there in the winter, and only aired by one slatted window; the churn was an old wooden one with a dasher, and even the "spaddle" with which she great surprise he found \$3,000 laid up worked her butter was whittled out of in the bank at Peet's Mills, the slow a maple knot by Amasa himself, and savings of his father's fifty years. He

intelligent malice and never-sated hunger. Wealthy grew almost afraid of
them when they clambered up on the
rails of the pen in their fury for food,
and flapped their pointed ears at her,
squealing and fighting for the scant
fare that she brought. For Amasa underied and white-washed with his own
hands, cleaned its one begrimed window
and set two more, so that it was sweet
and light. The house was scrubbed
from one end to the other, a bonfire
made of the old, dirty comfortables and
quilts, the kitchen repainted a soft yellow and new windows, with clear large

Then there were hens to look after- dry wood and a good store of pine-

ive genius out of sticks and stones.

Add to all this the cooking, washing, baking and sewing, the insufficient supply of pork, potatoes and tough pies, the "bi'l'd dinners," whose strength lay in the vegetables rather than in the in the vegetables rather than in the small square of fat pork cooked with mother's she had, indeed, on just such by day on the vitality of Mrs. Tucker, burden to the poor woman. But what did Amass care? He, too,

worked "from sun to sun." "He farmed in the hard old fashion with rude implements and no knowl-

"My father done it afore me, so I am a goin' to do it now; no use talkin'." were laid away in the yard on top of Sandhill, where the old Tuckers and their half-dozen infants lay already; a rough inclosure, full of mulleins, burdocks and thistle, overrun with low horse to draw it. blackberry vines and surrounded by a rail fence. It had been much handier for the Tuckers to have a grave-yard close by than to travel most everything is wanting, and we

that perish, with but one slant gray ties.' stone to tell where the first occupant Mrs. Peet had not sent her only girl

Young Amasa was a boy quite beyond his father's understanding; as soon as he was old enough he began to help his mother in every way that he could devise. And when his term at the village school was over, to his father's great lions to make the work of a woman school was over, to his father's great disgust he trapped squirrels and gathered nuts enough to earn him money and subscribe for an agricultural paper, which he studied every week till its contents were thoroughly stored in his head. Then began that "noble discontent" which the philosophers praise.

The older man had so years great thous to make the work of a woman easier, a set of chairs, a table and an easy lounge for the parlor, some cretonne, covered with apple blossoms and white-thorn clusters, and pails, brooms and tinware that would have made Wealthy a happy woman, crowded the over-full wagon before they turned homeward.

old-world ways; the sloppy waste of the barnyard was an eyesore to this "booklearned feller," as his father derisively called him. And the ashes of the wood fire were saved and sheltered like precious dust, instead of being thrown old mossy sod. Now these things were not done in a day or a year, but as the boy grew older and more able to cope with his father's self conceit, more was done annually, not without much oppo-sition and many hard words, but still

with a tin peddler and broke her mother's heart; not in the physical sense that hearts are sometimes broken, but the weary woman's soul was set on the bright. off to make a pantry, and a door by the fire-place led out into the woodtained two rooms. One opened into the the weary woman's soul was set on this kitchen and was a bedroom, furnished sparsely enough: the other was a par-

"I can't feel to blame her. I know

somebody may be a comin' and you'll of New England, typhoid fever-broke storms wet the great crop of hay on the out in the Tucker homestead.

Wealthy said no more: they made a supper of biscuit and beef, for the pie was also ordered "set by."

She was used to economy, but not to stinginess, and she excused this extreme thrift in her husband more easily for the reason that she had been always

for the reason that she had been always poor, and she knew very well that he was not rich, to say the least. But it was only the beginning.

Hard as Wealthy had worked at her uncle's, here she found harder burdens; she had to draw and fetch all the water she used from an old-fashioned well with a heavy sweep, picturesque to see,

s use.

"I sha'n't cut down no more than is hack, when her husband came in from bury American.

mother was bent double with rheumatism, and died of the fifth attack of pneumonia. Wealthy never wasted words.

It is not to be supposed that in all those years Amass the younger had been blind to the charms of the other words.

—At the city jail in Portland, Ore.,

was heavy and rough.

Then to her belonged the feeding of the pigs—gaunt, lean animals with sharp snouts, ridgy backs. long legs and thin flanks, deep set eyes that gleamed with cleared and white-washed with his own derfed and overworked everything that glass set in place of the dingy old sashes.

The wood-house was filled with

the old-fashioned barn-door "creepers" cones and chopped brush and kind-that wanted food, too, and yet catered ling. A new milk-room was built a for themselves in great measure and little way from the back door, over a made free with barn and woodshed for tiny brook that ran down the hill north want of their own quarters, and were of the house, and under the slatted floor decimated every season by hawks, owls, kept up a cool draught of fresh air, a skunks, weasels and foxes, to say noth- covered passage connected it with the ing of the little chickens on which crows kitchen, and a door into the old milk and cats worked their will if they dared room made of that a convenient pantry. to stray beyond the ruinous old coop while the removal of the old one from contrived for them by Amasa's invent- the kitchen corner gave to that apart-

them, of which Amasa invariably took | a spring day as Wealthy came here. The the lion's share. These accumulating kitchen shone clean and bright; a bowl and never-ceasing labors all wore day of pink arbutus blossoms made its atmosphere freshly sweet, and the fire and when to these were added an an- was laid ready for her to light, the nual baby, life became a terror and a shining tea-kettle filled, and the pantry held such stores as Amasa's masculine knowledge of household wants could suggest; flour, butter, eggs, sugar, all in abundance, and no feast of royalty ever gave more pleasure to its most honored guest than the hot biscuit Mary made and baked for their supper; the stewed dried apples, the rich old cheese One by one the wailing, puny children and the fragrant tea gave Amasa this

five miles to the mills with can't lay out for finery. But first of every funeral; and they were not driven by public opinion in regard to monu-Your weddin' present will come along ments; they all lay there like the beasts to-morrow; to-day we'll buy necessi-

rana, the oldest and youngest of seven. fresh, light comfortable, and some Amasa, a considerate, intelligent boy, who thought much and said little, and crockery, a clock and a roll of bright Lurana, or "Lury," as her name was ingrain carpeting had all come to the

homeward. The elder man had no peace in his The old house began to smile and blossom under this new dispensation, and the new mistress smiled, too. Amasa milked the cows for her and lifted the heavy pails of milk to strain into the bright new pans; he tilled the woodbox by the stove twice a day, put a patent pump into the old well, and, as it stood above the house, ran a pip down into a sink set in the woodshed,

and so put an end to the drawing and carrying off water.

The fat, round, placid pigs, that now enjoyed themselves in the new pen, he took care of himself.

"'Ta'nt for women folks," he said. "You've got enough to do, Mary; ther's the garden you'll have an eye on, and the chickens if you're a mind to: I'm going to build a hen-house and a a girl of fifteen, fresh and pretty as a wild rose, and tired of the pinching

out rather than my wife."

Really, it paid! It does pay, my masculine friends, to give any woman a kindly word now and then; if you had done it oftener, or your fathers had in the past, the rights of women never would have angered or bored you as in the middle, a fire-place with brass and irons and fire-irons, a family Bible on the table, and a "mourning piece" painted in ground hair on the mantel.

"I don't blame her none, Amasey," she sobbed out to her boy, now a stout fellow of twenty-two, raging at his sister's folly.

"I don't blame her none, Amasey," they do now; or unsexed and made strident and clamorous that half of creation which is and always was unreasonship and in the middle, a fire-place with brass and iron to have been sobbed out to her boy, now a stout fellow of twenty-two, raging at his sister's folly. able enough to have hungry hearts.

material to make her fire. It was almost sundown, and she was hungry; but she found only the scantiest supply of wood and a few dry chips of kindling. However, she did her best, and she had brought some provisions from home, so that she managed to lay out. hung at either window, the gay carpet home, so that she managed to lay out a decent supper on the rickety table by the time Amasa came stamping in from the time Amasa came stamping in from the time Amasa came stamping in from the time and "Mother, I never will!" answered the baby came and Mary was about again, son, as energetically and solemnly as if he were taking his oath.

label{eq:another\_label} it added another pleasure to have the old cradle beside them all evening with

"I hope ye ain't a waister, Wealthy," he growled. "There's vittles enough for a township, and the ain't but two of us."

"Well, our folks sent 'em over, and you no need to eat 'em," she answered cheerily.

"I a'n't goin' to; don't ye break into that iell: set it by: sometime or nuther."

"I hope ye ain't a waister, Wealthy," he were taking his oath.

But Wealthy was nearer to her rest than she knew. The enemy that lurks in dirt, neglect, poor food, constant drudgery and the want of every wholesome and pleasurable excitement to mind or body, and when least expected swoops down and does its fatal errand in the isolated farm-house no less than the isolated farm-house no less than the in the crowded city slunns—the scourge down of Plymouth Rocks; if sweeping he crowded city slums—the scourge dozen of Plymouth Rocks; if sweeping

with a heavy sweep, picturesque to see, but wearisome to use; wood was searce, for though enough grew on the hundred and died more. She looked up at her boy, laid her wan cheek on her hand, smiled—simple sketch, my friends, is the great and died use and necessity of being good to your acres that Amass owned, he grudged Hardly had her wasted shape been wives.—Rose Terry Cooke, in Water-

pneumonia. Wealthy never wasted words.

Then there were eight cows to milk, the milk to strain, set, skim, churn or make into cheese, and nothing but the simplest utensils to do it with. A cloth for Sunday beanet, as he manually and over the edge of the pail served.

At the city jail in Portland, Ore., upon the inside floor a prisoner has written, by rubbing the whitewash off the iron plating with his finger: "God bless our home," "All passile who enter here leave hope beautift," "Welcome" has Traveler.

Scientists have discovered that a man's finger nails grow much more rapidly than his toe nails. This start-iron plating with his finger: "God bless our home," "All passile who enter here leave hope beautift," "Welcome" has Traveler.

Trapping a Grizzly.

Trapping grizzly has its perils and

excitements also. The trap employed is of the double spring pattern, with steel jaws, and weighs complete thirtyeight pounds. The springs are very powerful and have to be bent with levers. It is quite an art to set and place a trap cunningly, and trappers vary in their methods and are chary of explaining them. I will then pass this branch of the subject. Let us suppose, therefore, that the hunter has made his camp in a neighborhood redolent of grizzlies and that he has his trap set in a likely place for bear. At the end of the trap chain is a ring about five inches in diameter, and this is driven about half a foot over the end of a heavy stick or log five inches through and six or eight feet long. The object of this "clog," as it is called, is to make a trail which can be readily followed and to hamper the bear sufficiently to prevent his going to a great distance away before the hunter can arrive. Great care must be taken that the chain be fastened to the extreme end of the clog, in such a way that it cannot get across two trees, and so give the brute a chance to use his enormous strength to tear himself loose. Neither must the clog be too large and heavy, or the same result will follow. It may be accepted as a maxim that a grizzly caught in such a trap will eventually get loose, and ordinarily in a few hours. He is generally caught by the extremity of the forepaw, just above the claws; the hold on him is not very great; his exertions to get away are tremendous, and the result in so cutting and lacerating the foot that sooner or later he will tear out of the trap altogether. Two grizzlies that I caught got away; one who was probably taken by the claws alone leaving some hairs only to tell the tale, the other leaving a small piece of his foot behind as a souvenir. Many had all but torn themselves loose; in one case the foot was almost cut through and only a small piece of skin the thickness of a man's little finger remained to hold the terribly infuriated monster to the much detested clog. The traps are set far back in dense and gloomy forests near the tangled

swamps, where grizzlies love to make their lair. The ground is covered with fallen timber, and travel must be afoot and is slow and difficult. The bear on being caught starts off on a tremendous rush for the swamp which is close by. Here he catches on a rotten log for a second and plows a path through wide enough for a cart, there he hangs on two fallen trees fifty feet long, but

he hangs for an instant only, moves the great trees to one side and rushes on. Next he strikes against a tree, and in his rage turns and eats the whole side out of it, leaving the fresh white pine red with blood stains from his gums. Now he reaches the swamp and plunges left his tired bones. Two children of empty-handed to the new house. A deep into its recesses, venting his rage Wealthy's survived. Amasa and Lu- good mattress, two pairs of blankets. on the balsams and poplars, absolutely ing them into lengths like stove wood. All this time he is slowly but surely tearing his foot loose from the the trap. and surely but not slowly is he working himself up into the most tremendous degree of rage and ferocity. When you have thus trapped a thou-

sand-pound grizzly, you have not caught a bear; you have simply caught the devil incarnate! Indeed, the question sometimes is, not whether you have caught the bear, but whether you have not simply given him a first-class opportunity to catch you! Now let us see how this is. The grizzly thus caught, and thus worked up into the most formidable ferocity, has to be followed up afoot, first through a dense forest, and then carefully into the heart of a tangled swamp, where one cannot see ten steps ahead, and where, if the monster should suddenly fise directly in front and charge, trap, clog and all, retreat would be absolutely impossible. Add to this that at the time of the hunter's arrival the bear may have just succeeded in tearing his foot loose, or may have just managed to break his chain, or may have just finished eating up the clog bodily, all of which things have happened in my experience. He would then be in a beautiful state of frenzy and would be perfectly delighted to wipe out a hunter or two if only to

First Sight of the Caspian Sea.

quiet down his nerves .- Forest and

One of the most singular mental effects I noticed on myself was that produced whenever I walked to the quay and saw the large fleet rocking in the port. Shelley's Alastor had from early youth haunted my memory and given me the impression that Caspian was a weird, half-ideal sea, with shores tenanted by the ghosts of dead empires; with a coast which was a reedy morass trodden only by the bittern and the crane; with waters gray with the haze of a perpetual twilight, a vast, myste-rious solitude. Such in part it is on the eastern shore, but at Baku the Caspian conveys no such idea. Square-rigged ships ride at anchor by scores; the port is busy with wherries and sail-boats darting hither and thither; and sharp, heavily-sparred steamers of 500 to 1,000 tons are constantly entering and leaving the docks. The only peculiarity that distinguishes these ships from those of other seas is the rig, which carried me back to my boyhood. Two topsail schooners with very rakish masts abounded, thoroughly piratical and altogether like evessels common elsewhere thirty-five years but not longer in use except on the Caspian. Brigantines, with a small topsail on the main-mast, sloops with a square topsail, and other obsolete rigs were to be seen on this sea which has fashions of its own; which has no relations with any other sea; which is neither fresh nor salt, and also enjoys the freak of lying over one hundred feet below the level of the ocean.—

Unconsciousness of Dying Persons

"A dying man may be burned with a red-hot iron and not feel pain," Dr. Crawford said to a reporter. "Consciousness may remain to the dying almost to the dissolution, but generally they lose the power of thought long bewhich there seems to be suffering the nervous system, and, consequently, hastens death; and the reverse of fear may prolong life." The doctor cited a medical report concerning a Methodist minister. He lay on the verge of death. cold and pulseless, and friends around his bed sang his favorite hymn. As they ceased, and while the physicians stood timing the death, the minister's hands moved, and he whispered, "Glory!" Restoratives were administered, and an hour later the man had recovered. He lived many years after that. He said he understood every word spoken at his bedside. Under the nervous excitement and enthusiasm wrought by the hymn, he had exerted his muscular strength, and lived.— Stockton (Cal.) Mail.

-The most remarkable, if not the largest, collection of photographs in the United States is owned by Detective Henry Weyl, of Philadelphia. It contains 2,000 pictures of "erooks." and with them are newspaper clippings describing them and their exploits, reports of trials and other memoranda. Philadelphia Press.



DEALERS IN

SHELF AND HOLLOW

## 

Farming Machinery,

MILLS AND PUMPS.

DRILLS BUGGIES Harrows, AND LISTERS Cultivators, ERS.

TACK

CORN PLANTERS, Rakes, CHE 0 KROWERS

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

-HALLIDAY-WIND MILLS.

SUCTION, FORCE AND

Lift PUMPS.

GAS PIPE,

TONGS, ETC.



Wind Mills! ----AND----

PUMPS

---REPAIRED---**ON SHORT NOTICE** 

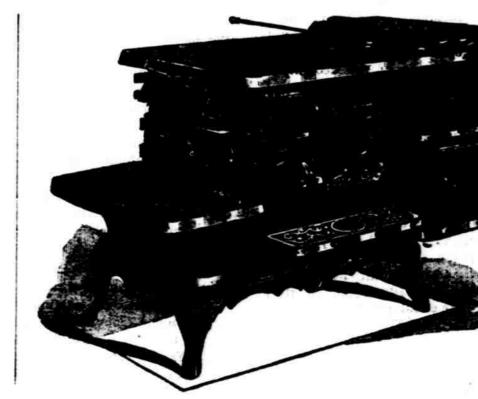
WATER TANKS ERECTED!

MADE FROST PROOF.

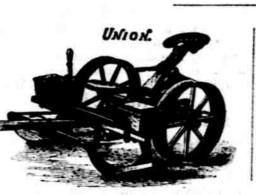
KRAUSE, LUBKER & CO.

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.

REPAIRING ROOFING. AND TINWARE. Ш OUTING

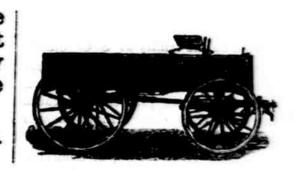


writing and spasms are due to reflex Full line of "RIVERSIDE" Stoves. Call and see them before buying elsewhere.



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 striclty first-class house, come and examine the goods and get Our prices.

KRAUSE, LUBKER & CO.,

COLUMBUS, NEBRASKA. Thirteenth Street, near B. & M. Depot,