. My Kingling. THE JOURNAL. "Nobody only I have an idea that faithless lover. The ne you wish me to marry out of my sta-tion," "storted Tom. "I don't wish you to marry at all, air, not for many a long year!" cried the old man, fairly nonplussed. "What I mean is, father," said Ten, doggedly, "that I see no more harm in marrying below one's station—to use your own term—than in marryingabore you wish me to marry out of my sta-tion," retorted Tom. "I don't wish you to marry at all, sir, considerably, for such a se babyhood's royal dignities. y on my neek thy tiny han i! un thine—Estber -to command." Philip, my King ! WEDNESDAY, MAY 21, 1884. stered at the Postaffice, Columbus, Neb., as se We never called him Philip, although that was his name. We just called E, LUBKER & C "Pet" and "Rose-bud" and "Precous" and "Baby," or any other sweet THE WHEELMAN'S SONG. your own term than in marrying above it. If our is wrong the other mind be." "Stuff and nonsense, sir! You don't know what you are taiking about," ex-claimed Mr. Molyneux. "I don't want diminutive that our fond and foolish love for him prompted, and he answered to them with a sweet trembling of ood-morning, good Pedestrian-I'm glad his baby lips, and a questioning look on his beautiful serious face. is full of healthfulness-the birds an He was still a baby, with heaven's to have an argument with you. The should be settled forthwith at any sacriblue in his limpid eyes, and heaven's sunshine on his golden hair, when one long and short of the matter is that I won't hear of this foolish engagement. There! It is no use talking. Let there be an end of it, or I shall have I hope this happy exercise may drive away deses 08 bos slogs 08 seet aber For I am a pedestrian-A very good sedestrian-And all the glowing benefit of walking I can day a rap came to my door, and there besides acres of growing (orse) stood a woman without who was swarthy with the sun of Egyptian censhare; ough I tread the atmosphere and something very unpleasant to say." A groaned when he sat down to write the The old man bounced out of the room check that Miss Fabian's advisers deturies, tall, strong, sinewy, with coarse black hair and tawny skin, a woman I welcome you fraternally; wherever you are bound. as he spoke, not a little startled and manded. The amount was represented shunned and feared as a so: ceress-a my impatient lady-love in yonder vale doth wait; amazed at his son's tone and attitude. by no less than five figures, and the -Gos G. Bacher went out Monday right for a large territory. of Depres, West But Hitherto Tom had never ventured to worst of it was that he got no sympathy argue with him, partly from fillal duty whatever from his solicitor, who degypsy fortune-teller and vagrant. -oedT to seel add tenths of I wish you better company, and strike a I was about to shut the door in haste, and exclude her unwelcome face swifter gait. and partly from inherent weakness of clared that by going to trial, or even by character. He began to fear that the bolding out, he might have saved the and form, when the baby gave a little Good-morning, good Equestrian-a noble ind possessed unexpected firmness until he southed his mind by the reflection that he had probably been carefully coached for the interview. This sus-picion explained Master Tom's unaccuscry as of recognition and held out his you ride: We do not seem to frighten him-so here be i tiny, dimpled hands with a caressing motion to the strange, wierd woman. And she-her whole face was transby your side. It is a feast of happiness to smoothly bound along. With sturdy muscles under you, and footing igured with that look of mother-love, swiftly strong! For I am an equestrianwhich comes from a heart bereft of its tomed readiness of repartee, which had about his enormous loss. He was not tomed readiness of repartee, which had made him appear a dangerous adver-sary. Relieved in his mind by the dis-covery, old Mr. Molyneux gradually cooled down and completely recovered his self-confidence. He easily convinced himself that Tom would never date to disobey him, and instead of feeling the least apprehensive of the marriage takyoung. Tears were in the fierce black A very fair equestrian-With bugie-blast of melody, and up She devoured my child with her eyes. burning glance, and I-well I pitied And all the thrilling ecstasy of horsemanship her and bade her come in. Although the steed I ride upon is bred of Then the baby laughed and cooed and patted her with his precious hands, and laid his golden head on her hard breast, and while I watched her narerrended its oparations into Collar iten steei. But his impatience urges me to swifter time And so I h you pleasure, sir, and bid a kind Farming Machinery rowly, jealously, as I trod the hospi-table round of kitchen and sitting ing place was only uneasy lest rumors of the engagement should reach the La-burness. Good-morning, Mr. Racer-you've a trotter burnaries. He predictly resolved to treat the matter as definitely disposed of, and to make no further situation to it—at all ments to take his family to the South of Frence for the winter. This did not room, he fell asleep in her lean, dark I never would disparage him, or say too arms, with a sweet smile on his conof mine. Your horse is full of mettle, sir, tented face. all on this takes his load; It must be pure deliciousness to spe O, strange democracy of a child's nature! As she laid him down his events until Tom had had time for re-flection. Judging from appearances, the lad seemed completely subdued. He spent the next few days slaughtering and old Mr. Molyneux was seized with For I am quite a racing man arms sought her neck; he would have

A modest, humble, racing man bugh slight is my solicitude upon t pheasants in a dejected and sulky frame an ominons forshoding when he heard of mind. His father smiled within him-self and held his tongue, though he Tom returned after an absence of race; Til undertake, with courtesy, to give you see

self and held his tongue, though he Tom returned after an absence of showed by his manner that he did not three or four months, and was evidently intend to be trifled with. When he con- not a little appreciensive of the reception ond place; But if the first you win from me, and fairly it Til hope, in near futurity, the tables may be turned. be earned.

said one morning with assumed care- some angry letters from his father, re-Good-morning, Mr. Carriageer-you have an easy ride; Those cushions are luxurious, and pleasantly lessness: "Well, my boy, what are you going you glide "Tis very nice and fortunate, if one be tired or to do?" "I'm going to shoot over Bailey" farm," replied Tom. To have a carriage to his call, and travel as he

III. But I, sir, keep my carriage, too-"Nonsense. You know what I am referring to," said the old man, turning red. "I am speaking of this idiotic

A very pleasant carriage, too; Though it is not the easy one that your de-sires would fill, It carries me in comfort over many a pleaslove affair." And we who tide are satisfied completly with

my word," said Tom, with flushed its style So with a blithe economy establishments are cheek.

run, With driver, footman, passenger, and horses "What! you have written to break it off ?" said Mr. Molyneux, feigning surprise.

Good-morning, fellow-wheelmen-here's warm fraternal hand. "I hoped you would have softened by As, with a rush of victory, we sweep across

this time. the land If some may be dissatisfied to see the way we

"And I believed you would have re- great start. all ford 11 900 obey your father," cried the old man, "I'm in a much better position than I beginning to boil. "Do you mean to tell me that you still contemplate marry-ing a-a dressmaker?" "She has sold her business, father." was before I went away. Then, as you justly pointed out, I was in debt. I had no capital, and I was altogether depend-ent upon you. But my debts are now "She has sold her business, father," said Tom, eagurly. "She might have done better had she waited a bit, but "Well sir, what about

"Oh! Well, of course, I must keep

"No, guv'nor, I haven't," said Tom.

sidered that he might safely speak he he would meet with. He had received

by saying:

but-'

fusion.

herbs of the fields-but no, I felt that I could not breathe the same air with that Egyptian sorceress, and I sent her away. But before she went she leaned over the baby, took his little hand, soft and

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nestled again on her alien breast. She held one little hand in hers, and he

I fed the woman and clothed her for

baby's sake, but then I bade her begone.

She wanted to stay, to work for me;

assured me she was wise in woman's

the stars, knew the secret values of the

ways: could minister to the sick, read

smiled in his sleep.

relaxed in sleep, and spread it open in her dark withered palm, where it lav like a white rose leaf. Then the weird woman looked at me. "You leetel bebe, I tal you leetle

bebe fahchune, propah good?" "No ! no !" I cried, hastily. "I will

Mr. Molyneux, as. Tom paused in connot have my baby's fortune told, at least not by-you." "I still eling to the hope that you will consent to my marriage with Miss

The woman was smiling to herself; the baby smiled, too, and nestled his hand in hers. I hated her and longed to thrust her away.

"So leetel," she murmured, vague-

sheep that he purchased of asys that nothing romains



For we are pure philanthropists-Unqualified philanthropists; And would not have this happiness to any one

denied; We claim a great utility that daily must in-

We claim from inactivity a sensible release; A constant mental, physical, and moral help

we feel, That bids us turn enthusiasts, and cry, "God bleas the wheel!" -Will Carleton in Outing.

MASTER TOM'S ENGAGEMENT.

Old Mr. Molyneux was immensely proud of his position as a county mag-nate. He lived in a feudal castle which you, father," began Tom gravely, he had bought cheaply, having taken over at the same time the good will, so to speak, of its former owner's social

influence and dignity. In consideration of his great wealth his neighbors charitably ignored the fact that his father had been a small tradesman and that he himself had carried on a lucrative business in the hardware line for many

years. He was not a bad old fellow, his me in the course of a week that the vulgarity being of a subdued and inoffensive kind, and consequently he was received in the best county society. But he aspired to even greater distinction, for his pet project was to marry his only son, Tom, to one of the Earl of Laburnum's daughters, There seemed no reason why this auspicious event should serious threat, for he was fond of his osity not come about, for the Lady Florence looked kindly upon Master Tom, and his Lordship had more than once hinted that he would raise no objection. Lord Laburnum was the Lord Lieutenant of

Laburnum was the Lord Lieutenant of the county, and an alliance with his family meant admission into the most aristocratic circles. Unfortunately Master Tom was rather a scapegrace, and his father preferred to let him see a little of the world before revealing the high honors that were in store for him. The fact was that Tom

store for him. The fact was that Tom Besides, you are up to your ears in striding about the room for a few moshowed no predilection whatever for the debt. Lady Florence, and he was just of that "I don't owe much," said democratic age when a youth is apt to quickly, with a tell-tale blush.

underrate social advantages. The old "You will find out that you owe a man hoped that when Tom had his fling good deal when your creditors learn obedient rascal! What did you say

he would begin to awake to the responhe would begin to awake to the respon-sibilities of his position, and be amena-ble to reason. He knew that Tom was raising a very respectable crop of debts, and that before long his paternal assist-ance would be sought. When the crisis arrived he intended to make known his wishes, and to take advantage of the old man considered he had gained a a tremulous hand. "Read that," said lad's embarrassments to impose condi-tions. Meanwhile, as Tom seemed to the least perturbed when his son started have given his heart a roving commis- off to the station with his luggage, in sion, there was no apparent danger of literal accordance with his injunction. sion, there was no apparent danger of his seriously compromising his affec-tions. He did not doubt that Master Tom would see the folly of his ways; and,

One day, however, the young man sure enough, two days afterwards the came down from town, where he was young man rcappeared, looking decid-ostensibly studying for the bar, and edly sheepish and tendered his submis-

with a very grave and determined air sion. He even brought a copy of the announced that he was engaged to be letter he had written to the young lady, married. Old Mr. Molyneux nearly which Mr. Molyneux thought a little had a fit of apoplexy on the spot, and too curt and matter of fact, if any fault

when Tom proceeded to state that the was to be found with it. However, he young lady earned her own living by car-rying on the business of a dressmaker at this respect and he heartily applauded

rying on the business of a dressmaker at the West End his horror and indigna-tion knew no bounds. In vain Tom pleaded that Miss Fabian was a lady by birth and education, and that the poverty of her family was her only poverty of her family was her only crime. His father became more and more furious, until Tom showed symp-inter a yacht, and sail for Madeira to-morrow."

"Think of your position in the coun-ty!" exclaimed old Mr. Molyneux, per-ceiving this and wisely making an effort to control himself. "I will take it for

"Well sir, what about capital ?" in out of deference to your wishes-" terrupted the old man, too much amazed "My wishes!" interrupted Mr. Molyone than of a strange of

neux, angrily. "I don't care if she "There is the money you paid to Miscarries on twenty businesses. What I Fabin," said Tom, with a fleeting smile. say is that you shall never marry her "The interest on it would keep us from say is that you shall never and starving, and at least it is with my consent. That's all." "I should be very sorry to disobey buy and stock a farm with." "But—but I paid the money because "But—but I paid the money because

"but_" "Look here, my boy," interrupted the old gentleman, quickly, speaking with unnatural calmness, "let us un-

derstand each other. I forbid this fool- a confident tone.

ferring to the damages he had had to pay; and he therefore appeared nervous and embarrassed at their first meeting. But the old man, delighted at seeing

him again, sought to put him at his ease

"I'm not going to allude to what has

happened, my boy. I'm willing to let by-gones be by-gones." "You are very good father, but-

"What is the matter?" inquired old

"What !" roared his father with

Fabin," said Tom, desparately.

ish engagement, and I order you to break it off instantly. That is my bark. Now for my bite. You leave my house 'The fact is, sir, that I have been vic-timized," exclaimed old Mr. Molyneux, suddenly, as the truth flashed across his within an hour, and unless you inform mind.

"Not exactly, father-at least not affair is at an end I stop supplies. If yet," returned Tom, with great earnestyou persist in marrying the girl, then, ness. "I hope you will not withhold by Heaven! I will alter my will and your consent to our marriage. If you leave every farthing I possess to your cousin Ted—in fact, I will make him my heir and discard you altogether." It is doubtful whether the old man would have really entirely, with would have really carried out this regard to the future, upon your gener-

son, and proud of him in a way, but he looked very determined when he uttered in the face, and Tom was justly alarmed it, and Tom was evidently impressed. at his aspect. But before he could utter The lad dropped his eyes before his a word in reply a man servant brought ments in great agitation, he suddenly halted in front of Tom, and cried in a voice of suppressed passion: "You-impertinent, disrespectful, dis-

that I have made your cousin Ted my about the money?

"I said every farthing would be re-turned to you," replied Tom staring at

"Very well," said the old man abruptly; and he immediately sat down at the writing table and wrote a note with he, to his son when he had finished. Tom, in his turn amazed and bewildered, read as follows:

Midered, read as follows: My DEAR LORD LABURNUM-It was very kind of you to basten to inform me, on hear-ing of my son's return, that you have other views with regard to your daughter Florence. I ought, perhaps, to have mentioned that my son has been engaged to a Miss Fabian for some months, and that his marriage will take place immediately. Yours faithfully, JOHN MOLYNEUX.

"Oh! father. It is awfully good of cried Tom, with tears in his

"I expect Lord Laburnum will be riled," said old Mr. Molyneux, sulkily, as he folded up the note. "I doubt if I should have made £10,000 by allowing you to marry his daughter."-N. Y.

"so leetel lines in leetel bebe's hap'! leetel short line, but so good. Missee, I tal you leetel bebe's past?" "You tell his past?" I answered

scornfully; "his past is in Heaven." "Ya. va: eet is true, Missee-Heaven -my bebe there too!'

I wanted to cry "It is not!" and snatch my baby away from her; but there was something in her weird face that checked me.

"I tal this leetel bebe's fuchah?" she asked. I looked at him, my beautiful boy; his future! I had trodden that path for

him over and over again.

"A wreath, not of gold but of paim one day, Philip, my King."

l said briefly: "Yes, yes; tell me." "It ess not mooch," she answered in low and solemn tones-tricks of her trade, I believed then. "He ess a leetel kingling; here ess a life-line in pitty han', an' on both ends life-line, eet ess-Heaven. He leetel kingling,

an' have crown in fuchah.' She went away reluctantly, and keeping her eyes upon him until the door closed, and when he awakened he looked around with a little grieved cry. and fretted and was impatient for something that was gone.

I have only a few words more to say, and that is to mothers. Never let any weird woman tell your child's fortune. There is such a thing as the evil eve and it envies all happiness and prosper-ity, and casts its baleful glance on those whom it would injure, and they fade, wither unto death. My baby pined from the hour that woman left him, and when the wood violets were abloom in spring-time and the robins plucked their breasts, we laid him away from our sight forever. Don't tell me it was ma'ar a or teething, or some natural thing! It was that woman's longing for him that drew him away And she came with crocodile tears and tried to see me, but they kept me from her. I should have strangled her, weak as I am.

O, my little lost kingling!-Detroit Free Press.

English Hats.

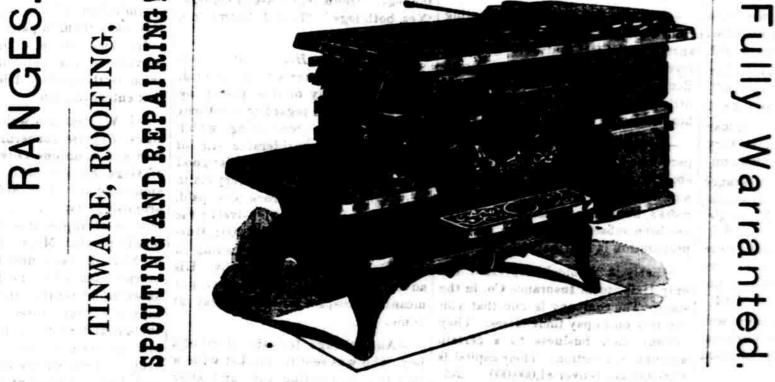
English hats of straw will be the first choice for promenade wear, while small honnets will be principally reserved for dress occasions. The new shapes in hats repeat, in exaggerated effects the high crowns of last fall. Some shapes, in fine Milan straws, have peaked crowns in Alpine style, while others have full bell crowns and are exactly the shape of the silk hats worn by horseback riders. A stylish shape in Milan braid has an extremely high square crown and a brim which is short at the back and flares in point directly above the forehead. Hats with full bell crowns which shape towards one side have a brim turned up on the same side. Large hats in Belgian straw with slightly-pointed square crowns have straight brims which flare from the face. Nearly all the brims of new hats are arranged to roll or flare, and show a facing of dark velvet to harmonize in color with the straw. The trimmings of English hats will be extremely simple. Several bands of rib-bon, separated by a space, are set in rows around some crowns and end at the side in three clusters of loops and ends, through each of which a single long heron plume is carelessly thrust.

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durable check rower made. S

granted if you like that the girl is an you are away I will settle matters with exemplary character. She may be lady these friends of yours."

granted if you fixe that the gift is an exemplary character. She may be lady like and well educated and all the rest of it. But her station is altogether inferior to yours."
"I don't see that," said Tom, stubbornly.
"Why, of course. It is ridiculous," said the old gentleman, swelling with self-itaportance. "Her father, you say, is a poor out-at-elbows devil of a clerk in the city."
"I've never noticed his coat had holes
you are away I will settle matters with these friends of yours."
He produced rather a formidable list of names and figures as he spoke, and Tom started with surprise, as well he might, at perceiving how full and accurate was his father's knowledge of his pecuaiary embarrassments. The old man cut short his son's confused protestations of gratitude and apology by saying, good-humoredly:
"I've never noticed his coat had holes
"I'us never notice

"I've never noticed his coat had holes in it," retorted Tom. "As for his being a clerk in the city, so were you—once. The only difference is that you have been more fortunate than he and have in the country."

made enough money to retire upon." "None of your infernal Radical non-sense here, sir!" cried old Mr Molyneux, infuriated at this reference to his own origin. "It would be just as sensible to

infuriated at this reference to his own origin. "It would be just as sensible to say that you and I are the equals of Lord Laburnum because Adam was our com-mon ancestor. What does it matter if I was once a clerk in the city? I have since attained a superior grade in the social scale, and that is the fact that must be faced. By marrying the daugh-ter of a city clerk, who earns her living by dressmaking, you would make a mis-alliance." "Unst as Lady Florence would by

alliance." "Just as Lady Florence would by marrying me." said Tom, looking won-derially innocent. "Who is talking about Lady Flor-ence?" said old Mr. Molyneux, taken shack by this unexpected thrust. "In a moment's in-humor. But he was very much startled and disgusted on hearing that his solicitor had been asked to accept service of a writ on Tom's behalf in an action for damages for breach of promise of mar-ringe brought by Mise Fabin against her

hats is two folds of velvet or velours laid over like old-fashioned cravats and tied in stiff cravat bows at the sides. A cluster of ostrich tips with an aigrette, or marabout feather with an sigrette, or a bunch of feather pompons,

vlish trimming for square-crowned

complete the hat. Some odd French hats are in helmet shape, with a high crown which runs to a sharp edge. A military crown, which slopes at the back toward the front, like West Point cadet caps, is seen in hats with visor fronts, or with crowns narrower at the back than in front.-N. Y. Mail and Express.

-The Hudson River will soon be as picturesque as the Rhine. Baronial castles, turreted towers, lordly mansions and splendid homes of every style of architectural beauty and magnifi-cence are rapidly studding its banks. It is there that New York millionaires

If v live when they retire from contact with goods the "common people," and pass their leisure in luxurious enjoyment and

seclusion. Residences costing \$150,000 to \$200,000 are numerous, while every-where one finds beautiful grounds, extensive lawns, conservatories and parks. -N. Y. Tribune.

-A physician who has practiced in the Cumberland plateau of the State of Tennessee reports the entire absence of consumption in that region.-Health

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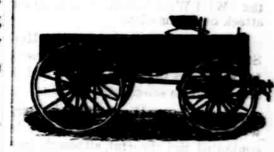
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