

THE FOUR-LEAF CLOVER.

Some searched the maid with sunny hair, Searching for and late, without despair; Searching through the fields—searched every where.

No bud or flower, no leaf or tree, No growing vine, could tempt her eye; The leaf alone she sought to see.

She found it in its hiding-place; With laughing voice and smiling face, "Good luck," she said, "it comes to pass."

"Good luck," she laughed, but she said, "Like one whose joys and hopes are dead; A school-girl's fancy," then it said.

The same as all fair maidens do, She put the treasure in her bosom; "Good luck," she said, "it will come from you."

And true—let none the charm assail— In one short year—it did not fail— The maid was wed—so runs the tale.

—J. M. Hoffman, in Current.

HER LESSON.

There were three girls engaged in a confidential chat in one corner of the French class-room in the Waterbury Seminary for young ladies. At that hour—noon recess—they were comparatively alone, and were discussing a subject of great apparent interest to one of them at least.

"O girls, he was lovely last night!" cried pretty Nelly Bascombe, clasping her hands and raising her eyes heavenward to the ceiling. "You know the opera was 'Lucia di Lammermoor,' and he was Edgardo. In the last scene, when he uttered the words, 'Eras poco a me ritorno,' in that sorrowful, delicious voice of his, I felt like kneeling down at his feet and crying my eyes out. But I threw him a beautiful bouquet, all Cornelia Cook and Marschalch did me, mixed with stephanotis, and he looked up at our box with such a heavenly smile!"

to get for herself. Would he meet her the following evening, about five o'clock, at Linden Park? She would hold a bouquet of white roses and heartsease, and he would know her by that. She signed herself "Faire."

Nelly's heart beat high as the hour drew near for the interview. She did not try to analyze her own feelings, but she could not help wondering what Herr Hershheim would think of her, and if he would be pleased or disgusted. She wore her handsomest walking-dress and her most becoming hat. She was allowed to go out when she chose, and the only comment her mother made was to say, languidly:

"Nelly, you ought not to wear your handsomest hat in this damp air. The plumes will be unclean; but you are so careless! Be back before dark, for we are going to the opera, and it takes you so long to get dressed."

She reached the park before the appointed time and promenaded slowly through it, holding her bouquet of roses and heartsease very conspicuously. More than one of the habits of the park noticed the pretty girl, her cheeks flushed, and her eyes looking furtively around, and they smiled to themselves, knowing what it meant. Some one was to meet her.

She passed a bench where two stout, comfortable-looking, middle-aged people were seated, and the gentleman, glancing at the flowers in her hand, said a few words in German to her, and she smiled and looked at him, exposing a partially bald head.

"Mees Faire, I think, from dose," pointing to the flowers in her hand. She glanced at his bald head and homely face and drew back laughingly. He smiled.

"Ah, mees, you recognize me not, but I am Herr Hershheim, is it not?" taking it out of his pocket. Nelly felt her head reeling. She looked at the broad, good-natured, shiny face before her, and the full, middle-aged figure, and fairly gasped for breath.

"You, Herr Hershheim!" she stammered. "I hope so," with a jolly laugh, "if it is not my 'doppel-ganger.' Ach, mees, you had me only see on do stage. It is deefert. De paint and de powder, and do wig on my baldness, dat makes do stage hero. Yeas, yeas, it is deefert, but I am Herr Hershheim all do same—at your service," making a low bow.

THE FIDDLE IN CHURCH.

Rev. H. Colclazer, of the Wilmington M. E. Conference, who has just retired from active work in the ministry after fifty-six years of service, was the first Methodist preacher to introduce instrumental music in the church services in the West, if not in the United States, and nearly fifty years ago a cornet, a bass fiddle and other instruments assisted the congregations of his church in their devotions. The first time the then young preacher had the audacity to attempt such an innovation was at Ann Arbor, Michigan, in 1839.

Upon the occasion of the dedication of a new church he had just completed. Bishop Harris, who is now presiding over the Wilmington Conference and who had then been just admitted to the Michigan Conference, of which Mr. Colclazer was then a leading member, thus recalls the circumstance and one of its interesting incidents:

The Conference was about to be held in Ann Arbor, and Brother Colclazer concluded that the day before the Conference session opened would be a good time to dedicate his church. A number of Methodists at that time, and one or two other instruments were engaged, a thing hitherto unheard of in a Methodist church. Old Bishop Strum was to dedicate the church, and, unconscious of the terrible fiddle, was on his way to the building, accompanied by Mr. Colclazer, who then thought that he could get all the music he wanted. The Bishop at once, in a very dignified way, asked:

"Do I understand you that there is to be instrumental music at the dedication of this church?" "Oh, yes," replied the young pastor, not understanding the full import of the Bishop's remark.

"If that is so you may go and dedicate your church yourself, and I will go back to my lodgings," which he straightway proceeded to do; but the church was very strong, and the church to which Mr. Colclazer was appointed, although the leading Methodist church in the city was not so attractive as others there, and somewhat out of the way.

One of the first things Mr. Colclazer did was to establish two fiddlers, a cornet player and other musicians in the choir gallery, as assistants to the singers. The result was that some of the old members left, but others flocked to the church, and it became, as it has remained ever since, one of the most popular churches in Detroit. But when the Conference met at the end of the year there was music of quite another sort for the pastor.

The affair had become the talk of the West. When Mr. Colclazer's name was called at the Conference his character was challenged, and a hot debate, lasting for several days, followed. The "ungodly fiddle" was denounced and referred to as an "instrument of the devil," which would destroy the church if its notes were not at once hushed.

Mr. Colclazer's character was finally passed, but it was evident that many who voted for his removal were not of the "fiddle" as those who voted the other way. In a few years instrumental music was not an uncommon thing in Western Methodist churches, and now full orchestras playing airs from "Pinafore" would probably not create such a sensation in a city Methodist church in the West as did the few fiddlers accompanying the singers of Westley's hymns in the Detroit congregation.—Philadelphia Record.

Supposing he had! On a Bay City train coming into Detroit the other day was a great big bulk of a fellow with a voice deep and strong, and a disposition to set somebody up. He got into trouble with three or four different men in the smoking car, all of whom left it to avoid trouble. This encouraged the man in the belief that he could run the whole train, and he was observing that he had come down from the lumber camps to sniff the fresh air and start a graveyard or two, when a brakeman who had caught on quickly took a seat beside him.

FARM AND HOUSEHOLD.

Mr. L. N. Bonham remarks that farmers do not feed enough oatmeal with straw, cornstalks and hay to secure the best results at least cost.—New York Tribune.

Beet, parsnip, onion and dandelion seed are said to be among those which must be used when fresh, while cucumber and squash seed are better when old.

Chopped Ice: Half pound of salt pork, chopped fine, then pour on one pint of boiling coffee; two cups of brown sugar, one cup of molasses, spices of all kinds to taste, citron, one pound of currants, two pounds of cleaned and chopped raisins.—Boston Globe.

Those who get the best results in milk are men quiet and kind. They win the confidence of cows, which thus readily glide into that peaceful mood so conducive to production.—Exchange.

Mr. Jacob Nixon, a Kansas correspondent of the Prairie Farmer, says he prevents "wireworms, prairie squirrels or striped gophers," from injuring planted seed corn by mixing it with horse manure, at the rate of a pint per bushel of shelled kernels.

Shrimp Sauce: Procure some boiled shrimps, remove the heads and shells, and boil these for twenty minutes in water sufficient for the sauce. Strain this, and with it make some drawn butter, to which add the bodies of the shrimps. Season with cayenne and salt, and then rewarms it.—The Caterer.

It is wise just now to be on the lookout for the purest farm seeds that can be obtained. And it is well to remember that the best seed cannot be bought at the price of the poorest. Moreover, good seed is not to be had, but only of responsible seedsmen.—New England Farmer.

If the bread of which you are to make stuffing is squeezed dry after it has soaked in hot water it will be much nicer. It will not be so likely to be soggy, but will be light. For Veal or for lamb the stuffing should be seasoned highly; a little onion and parsley with the pepper and salt are decidedly appetizing.—N. Y. Post.

Veal cream soup: Boll the remnants of a roast of veal until the meat falls from the bones. Strain and cool. The next day put on to boil, with a slice of onion and a slice of carrot, a quart of rice. Let it simmer slowly for an hour. Add salt and pepper to taste. Just before serving add one cupful of rich milk, or cream if you have it, heated first in a separate dish. Serve with grated Parmesan cheese.—Exchange.

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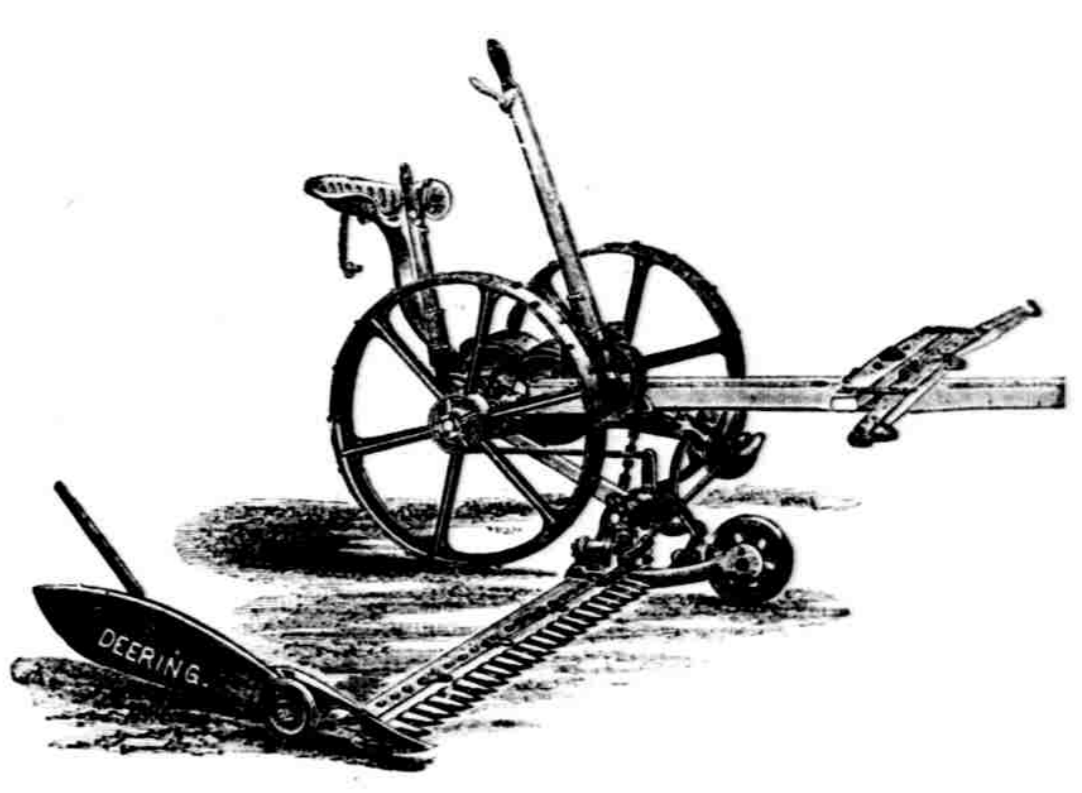
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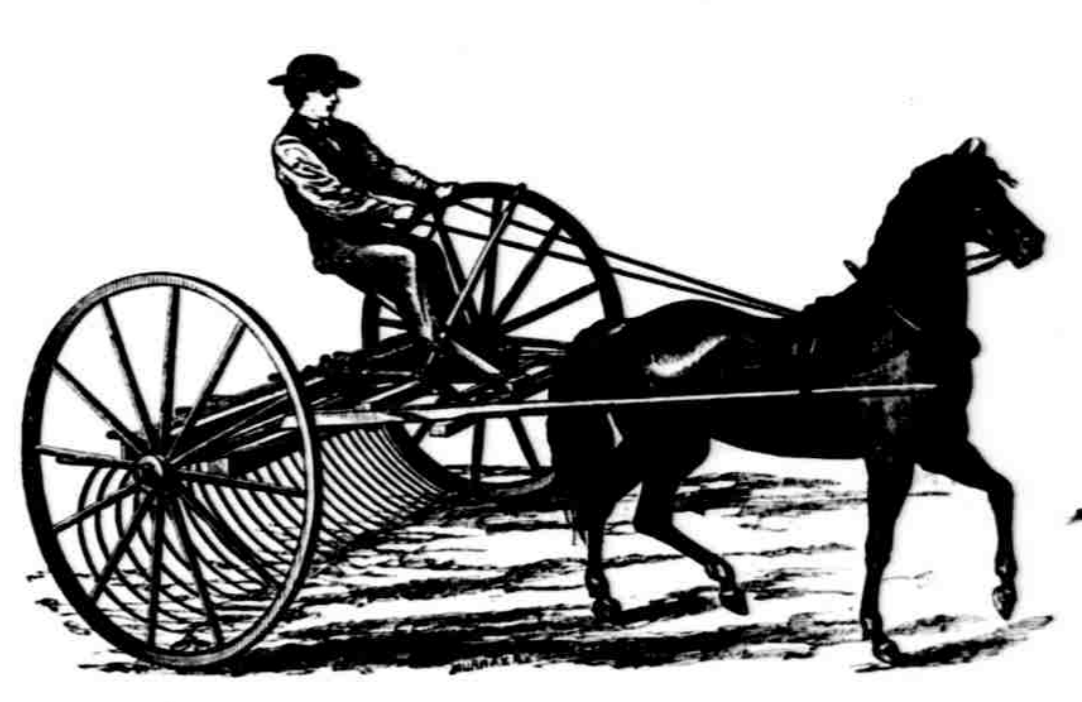
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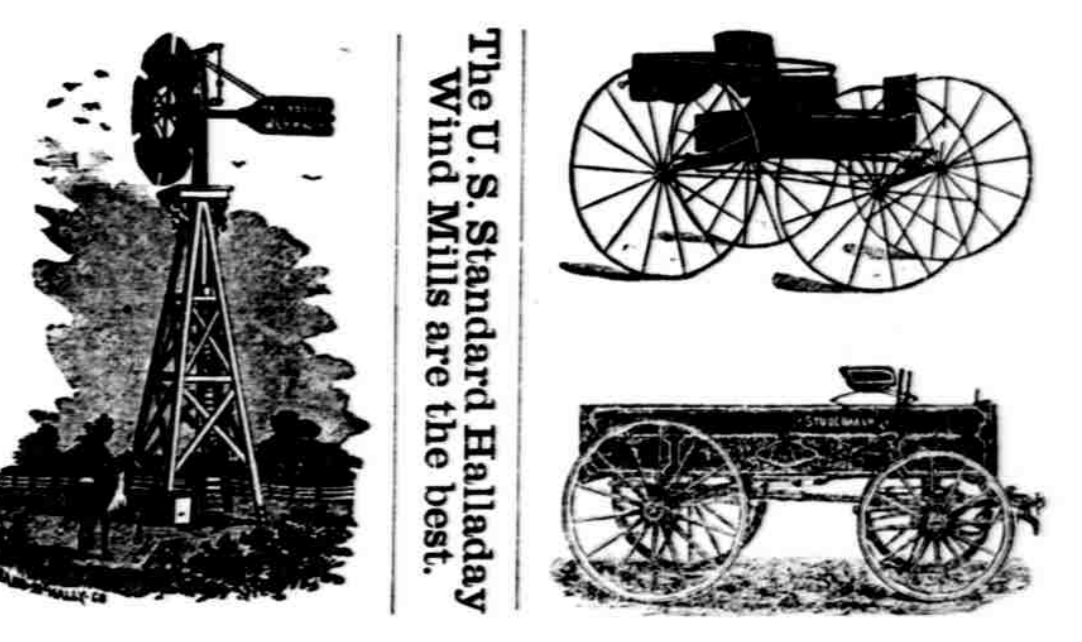
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