

The Wayne Herald-Citizen.

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WAYNE, WAYNE COUNTY, NEBRASKA, SEPTEMBER 26, 1884.

WHOLE NO. 474.

CURRENT POETRY.

WIFELY LIFE.

I looked in the tell-tale mirror,
And saw the marks of care,
The crow's feet and the wrinkles,
And the gray in the dark brown hair.
My wife looked over my shoulder,
Most beautiful was she;
"Thou wilt never grow old, my love,"
She said.

"Never grow old to me."

"For age is the chilling of heart,
And thine, as mine can tell,
Is as young and warm as when first
We heard."

The sound of our bridal bells,
I turned and kissed her ruddy lips;
"Let time do its worst on us,
It is my soul, my love, my faith,
I never seem old to thee."

NOT A WAYNE MAN.

We lingered, as the act to part,
The last word still unspoken,
By the quick-beating of my heart,
The silence faintly broken.

So beautiful she seemed and pure—
Ah me! how I should miss her,
Unable longer to endure—
My wish, I asked to kiss her,

A blush of deepest rose spreaded
Her face, as if to mock the
Us, with a woman's art, she said:
"Why Frank, you should not ask it."

OLD MOTHER HUBBARD.

When old Mother Hubbard
Went to the cupboard,
Her costume was modest though quiet,
As the ham-scent she sought,
Was little she thought

How the future would deal with her
Grace.

When first her old fashion
Became a strong passion,
They truthfully copied her gown—
Of fancies the oddest,
Short-waited and modest.

Long-skirted, narrow-waited and brown,
But the late innovation
That's shocking the Nation,
Leaves her arms like the cupboard, all
bare.

Of the puffy high neck,
There is not left a speck,
And far much is revealed of the fair

The greater confusion,
Of lace and illusion,
Would shock Mother Hubbard outright,
Should never induce at,
Nor own to the corset,

Mayhap she would die of the sight

Humor of the Day.

Well after a bout,
Not here—Boston famous,
The most deserving age—the sausages,
Sausage hand with three letters,

Hand Y.
Who has ever been pushed to a
shoulder of mutual?

The family nursery is generally a
big hawk roost.

Romantic horses generally leave
some trace behind.

Long legs, crooked thighs, laid head
and no eyes. Tongue

Was any barber ever applied to the
shave the beard of an oyster?

Where is the person who was ever
fearful by the heat of an oak?

Never met a fractious goat,

Especially when the field was wide,
But that I flushed for many a day,

And always on the matted pasture.

The young lady who made 700 words
out of "conservatory" has automaton
roll away from home. Her mother

wanted her to make three loaves of
bread out of "flour."

Colorado has a woman, who speaks

both languages, but when her husband

comes in at 3 in the morning with his
leg hopelessly entangled, she doesn't

devote very far from the Colorado in-

terpretation of plain English.

A Western man has invented a pa-

roted chariot which enables one to

cross turbulent streams and to make

one's passage to the female worshippers.

It will hardly supersede the tor-

ture in the binding of the hymn-

book.

The Arctic regions are not without

their pleasures. The Eskimos

are very pretty dance, sing, and do a

lot for ice cream. Hot drinks and

alcohol bladders are their peculiar va-

rieties, and sedative sarcasm are sold as

two-ton humps and a temperance man.

She was floating serene on the ocean.

With a rapturous, poetical motion,

The essence of sweetest repose.

But the poet's changed in prose,

And her screams caused the greatest

commotion.

A crab had caught one of her toes.

A blushing young man called upon a

friend one day last week, and gave the

proprietor \$16 to construct a bridge

which would span a floral language

"friend one, I love you—tear him

and which was to be delivered that

evening without fail at the residence

of an accomplished, beautiful and an

open-hearted girl on 5th street. It evi-

tently was delivered, because at an

early hour next morning the young man

was called at the same florid and invest-

ed dress: "No, you handbag-jogged

clerk."

PROBABLY BOSTON GIRLS.

The horse had stopped and refused

to budge seemingly aware that

the two young ladies were novices

at driving. "Jeannie, what in the world

shall we do? The outrageous brute re-

fuses to budge." "Darn it, there's an

awful wicked word that I have heard

men use—but—" "O, my, we couldn't

imagine!" "Or say, I'll tell what won't be

wrong; I'll say one word and you

the other!" "Darnit!" "Darnit!"

"Gosh!" "Darnit!" "Darnit!"

But the horse stood still. "He doesn't

appear to understand us," Jeannie said

despondently. "No, the horse

doesn't but the Devil does," I said.

A High-toned Moral Entertainment.

On Saturday evening it was the pleasure of the Chronicle's Reporter to witness the performance of the Alleghenian vocalists and bell ringers, at the Fesler Opera House. The entertainment throughout was grand, one of the best of this kind, ever witnessed in Fort Dodge; and all those present do not hesitate in pronouncing it a good first-class moral entertainment. The singing was most excellent, while the bell ringing cannot be excelled by any company of people traveling in this country; and we might hear add or any other country. The couple songs which are sung by traveling companies usually border more or less on vulgarity; but all songs sung by the people composing this troupe are free from anything of that sort. The company, soon beginning to find, is made up of first-class talent, and no one in our city should fail to witness them. Excellent performers tonight. If you do you will regret it.

The Chronicle takes pleasure in recommending the Alleghenians to the enjoyment-loving public everywhere. A notable feature of the troupe is one of great personal beauty, and the girls gently disposed, the students and country girls with their buildings, their appearance like the flowers of the western town. The people are intelligent, enterprising and progressive and deserve a place in the front of the theatrical list. They have found the persons looking for business, for Virginia enterprisers of any kind should see Wayne. They will find here a beauty, intelligence and taste. Singers of the border of a farming community, interwoven with the pure atmosphere and healthy climate with a farming community comprised of a remarkable number of energetic farmers of advanced means. Wayne will at an early date be in size and numbers, worth the position as the chief resort of the best source of Nebraska's system of supply directed to the West. This is one of the only cities of the state to enjoy such a position. They may appear in this paper with the proceeds and short-cut rewards.

Other Local.

A. C. and A. M. this evening.

Sunday was a remarkable hot day.

Wayne county has twenty-nine school districts.

The Hartington Herald is to be changed to an eight column folio.

The senatorial convention for the districts, 1st & 2d at Norfolk, October 1st.

The new Monopoly bell for the new school house was placed in position on Friday.

Post Office had six applicants for certificates on the auxiliary seat last Saturday.

The Cedar County fair will be held at Hartington, September 30th, and October 1st and 2d.

It is reported that there will be another paper in Cedar County soon, location not made public yet.

The Sunday school had their picnic Saturday evening at the Union church, and a big time is reported.

The Indiana convention meets in Waukesha October. The 28th annual session of the 11th district meets there the same day.

Nutty as nut, but there will be a good many follow from the northern country, singing, drumming, who will find their cake doughy.

There was quite a bust Sunday morning, but it was not heavy enough to distract, injury and alarm served to rip up the earth a little more rapidly.

The shooting of the young men question, in Dixie, is only Thursday last, effectively upset Martinsburg, however the present, Ponca, occupying the majority in the county.

Although we offered no prize for the largest mink this year, we have been made the happy recipients of several very fine ones, the largest during from William Miller.

The Wayne County teachers' association meets in the Presbyterian church this evening. The meeting will be devoted to a social meeting, the regular exercises taking place tomorrow.

The day will come when Northern Nebraska will be able to put up the southern portion of the state, but we won't be such hogs as to use our power the way they always have. We will heap buckets of electric lights on their heads.—Brione County News.

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