THE JOURNAL.

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THE JOURNAL.

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Space.	1w	2w	1mo	3m	6m	1yr
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Mail leaves Columbus for Madison and Norfolk, on Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays, 7 A. M. Arrives Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays, 3 P. M.
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U. P. Time Table.

Eastward Bound.			
Emigrant, No. 6, leaves at			6:25 a. m.
Passeng'r, " 4,	"	"	11:06 a. m.
Freight, " 8,	"	"	2:15 p. m.
Freight, " 10,	"	"	4:30 a. m.
Westward Bound.			
Freight, No. 5, leaves at			2:00 p. m.
Passeng'r, " 3,	"	"	4:12 p. m.
Freight, " 9,	"	"	6:00 p. m.
Emigrant, " 7,	"	"	1:30 a. m.

Every day except Saturday the three lines leading to Chicago connect with U. P. trains at Omaha. On Saturdays there will be but one train a day, as shown by the following schedule:

Sept	C. & N. W.	7th and 28th.
	C., B. & Q.	14th
	C., R. I. & P.	21st
	C., B. & Q.	5th and 26th.
Oct	C., R. I. & P.	12th
	C. & N. W.	19th
	C., R. I. & P.	2d and 23d.
Nov	C. & N. W.	9th and 30th.
	C., B. & Q.	16th
	C., B. & Q.	7th and 28th.
Dec	C., R. I. & P.	14th
	C. & N. W.	21st

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For one year a RESIDENT PHYSICIAN to the NEW YORK CITY HOSPITALS, Blackwell's Island, N.Y. Office on 11th St., next to the JOURNAL. Mileage 50 cts. Medicines furnished.

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BE OF GOOD CHEER. Let not the low prices of your products discourage you but rather limit your expenses to your resources. You can do so by stopping at the new home of your fellow farmer, where you can find good accommodations cheap. For hay for team for one night and day, 25 cts. A room furnished with a cook stove and bunks, in connection with the stable free. Those wishing can be accommodated at the house of the undersigned at the following rates: Meals 25 cents; beds 10 cents. J. B. SENECAL.
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QUANTITIES to suit PURCHASERS
371-tf

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ONE HUNDRED AND SIXTY acres of excellent farm land in Butler County, near Patron P. O., about equi-distant from three County Seats—David City, Columbus and Schuyler; 60 acres under cultivation; 5 acres of trees, maple, cottonwood, &c; good frame house, granary, stable, sheds, &c. Good stock range, convenient to water. The place is for sale or exchange for property (house and a few acres) near Columbus. Inquire at the JOURNAL office, or address the undersigned at Patron P. O. 403
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FRANK WELCH, Representative, Norfolk.

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J. C. McBride, Treasurer, Lincoln.
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W. W. Abbey, C. H. Gould, } Prison Inspectors.
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M. R. Reese, District Attorney, Wahoo

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Wm. Anyan, Receiver, Grand Island.

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John Stauffer, County Clerk.
V. Kummer, Treasurer.
Benj. Spiedman, Sheriff.
R. L. Rossiter, Surveyor.
R. H. Henry, Wm. Bloedorn, John Walker, } County Commissioners.
Dr. A. Heintz, Coroner.
S. L. Barrett, Supt. of Schools.
S. S. McAllister, Byron Millett, } Justices of the Peace.
Charles Wake, Constable.

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John Schram, Clerk.
John J. Rickly, Marshal.
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2d Ward—E. C. Kavanaugh, C. E. Morse.
3d Ward—E. J. Baker, E. A. Gerrard.

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DRUGGISTS,
Wholesale and Retail,
NEBRASKA AVE., opposite City Hall, Columbus, Nebr. Low prices and fine goods. Prescriptions and family recipes a specialty. 417

FOR SALE OR TRADE!
MARES and COLTS,
—Teams of—
Horses or Oxen,
SADDLE PONIES, wild or broke, at the Corral of
429 GERRARD & ZEIGLER.

J. A. BAKER,
Dealer in
Boots, Shoes, Hats, Caps
—AND—
GENTS' FURNISHING GOODS.
Nebraska Ave., opp. Clother House.
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Red and White,
$1.25 & $1.75
A GALLON
—AT—
SAML. GASS'S,
Eleventh Street.

LUERS & SCHREIBER

Blacksmith and Wagon Maker.
All kinds of repairing done at short notice. Wagons, Buggies, &c., &c., made to order. All work warranted. Shop on Olive Street, opposite Tattersal, Columbus, Nebraska. 352

COLUMBUS
Restaurant and Saloon!
E. D. SHEEHAN, Proprietor.
Wholesald and Retail Dealer in
Foreign Wines, Liquors
AND CIGARS,
DOUBLIN STOUT,
SCOTCH AND ENGLISH ALES.
Kentucky Whiskies a Specialty.

OYSTERS,
In their season,
BY THE CASE, CAN OR DISH,
11th Street, South of Depot.

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—)DEALER IN(—
GROCERIES,
Grain, Produce, Etc.
Good Goods and Fair Dealing.
NEW STORE, NEW GOODS.
Goods delivered Free of Charge, anywhere in the city.
Corner of 13th and Madison Sts. North of Foundry. 397

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Dr. E. L. SIGGINS,
CONSULTING PHYSICIAN,
COLUMBUS, - NEBRASKA.
HAS PERMANENTLY LOCATED his medical office in the rooms in the east end of bank building, cor. Nebraska Av. and 12th sts., offering his services in all departments of medicine and surgery.—acute and chronic diseases. Will visit any part of the city or country in answer to all calls, day or night. Medicines furnished without extra charge. 379-ly

BERNARD McTEGGART,
BLACKSMITH,
Is prepared to do all kinds of blacksmithing in a workmanlike manner, and will guarantee to give satisfaction. He makes
HORSE-SHOEING A SPECIALTY,
and in this branch of the trade will acknowledge no peers. Persons having lame horses from bad shoeing will do well to bring them to him. He only asks for a trial. All kinds of repairing done to order. 440-3m

HENRY G. CAREW,
Attorney and Counselor at Law,
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Formerly a member of the English bar; will give prompt attention to all business entrusted to him in this and adjoining counties. Collections made. Office one door east of Schilz' shoe store, corner of olive and 12th Streets. Spricht Deutch. Parle Francais. 418-tf

HARNESS AND SADDLES!
J. C. PARKER, Proprietor.
FIRST door north of Hammond House and feed stable, opposite the old post-office. Good work and the best material at low prices, is the motto. Satisfaction given or no sale. Repairing done promptly. Fine harness and carriage trimming a specialty. Call and examine for yourselves. 408

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SELLS
All kinds of
MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS
Books, Stationery, Candy and Cigars.
ONE DOOR NORTH OF POST-OFFICE. 400-tf

HENRY GASS,

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OFFICE HOURS, 10 to 12 a. m., 2 to 4 p. m., and 7 to 9 p. m. Office on Nebraska Avenue, three doors north of E. J. Baker's grain office. Residence, corner Wyoming and Walnut streets, north Columbus, Nebr. 423-tf

Dietricks' Meat Market.
Washington Ave., nearly opposite Court House.
OWING TO THE CLOSE TIMES, meat will be sold at this market low, low down for CASH.
Best steak, per lb., 10c.
Rib roast, " 8c.
Boil, " 6c.
Two cents a pound more than the above prices will be charged *on time*, and that to good responsible parties only. 267.

Columbus Meat Market!
WEBER & KNOBEL, Prop's.
KEEP ON HAND all kinds of fresh meats, and smoked pork and beef; also fresh fish. Make sausage a specialty. Remember the place, Eleventh St., one door west of D. Ryan's hotel. 417-tf

STAGE ROUTE.
JOHN HUBER, the mail-carrier between Columbus and Albion, will leave Columbus everyday except Sunday at 6 o'clock, *sharp*, passing through Monroe, Genoa, Waterville, and to Albion. The hack will call at either of the Hotels for passengers if orders are left at the post-office. Rates reasonable, $2 to Albion. 222.ly

RYAN & DEGAN,
TWO doors east of D. Ryan's Hotel on 11th street, keep a large stock of
Wines, Liquors, Cigars,
And everything usually kept at a first-class bar. 411 x

NELSON MILLETT. BYRON MILLETT,
Justice of the Peace and Notary Public.
N. MILLETT & SON,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW, Columbus, Nebraska. N. B.—They will give close attention to all business entrusted to them. 248.

W. A. CLARK,
Mill-Wright and Engineer,
COLUMBUS, NEB. 402-12

M. WEISENFLUH,
WILL repair watches and clocks in the best manner, and cheaper than it can be done in any other town. Work left with Saml. Gass, Columbus, on 11th street, one door east of I. Gluck's store, or with Mr. Weisenfluh at Jackson, will be promptly attended to. 415.

HUGH HUGHES,
CARPENTER, JOINER AND CONTRACTOR. All work promptly attended to and satisfaction guaranteed. Refers to the many for whom he has done work, as to prices and quality. 264.

Dr. J. S. McALLISTER,
SURGEON AND MEDICINAL DENTIST. Office on 12th st., three doors east of Schilz's boot and shoe store, Columbus, Neb. Photograph Rooms in connection with Dental Office. 215.y

For the JOURNAL.

OCTOBER IN BLUE AND GOLD.

BY MRS. MARY B. FINCH.

The farewell breath of September
Stirs the leaves that are yellow and red;
And clouds are crimson and amber,
When the day in beauty has fled.

A curtain is dropped on the hillside,
When the mists are drifting their blue;
And swallows have swayed in the noontide
Where the light sifts dreamily through.

The orioles flash thro' the azure
That veils the horizon around;
And larks are piping a measure.—
Only branches shall echo the sound.

Where brown leaves eddying, quiver,
The trees their helpless arms hold;
Gray waves with blades all a-shiver
Where October is weaving its gold.

When the blue-jays meet in the willows
We hear their call with a sigh;
They fear the down-coming billows
That press from a cold northern sky.

We mourn for the days that are going
Abroad in the sad Autumn wind;
For landscapes that russet are growing
And sorrow that lingers behind.

Gray shadows are drawing around us,
And the sweetness of Summer has flown;
When the bleakness of Winter has found us
We remember the joys that are gone.

Patron, Neb.

A BRAVE GIRL.

First, I must tell you who I am and how I came to be in the Baysville Bank in the "wee sma' hours" one dreary December night some three years ago.

My name, then, is Olive Hudson, and I was 17 years old on the same December night, and so very small that Mrs. Knight's Dolly, who was not 13, was half a head taller than myself.

We were rich folks once, but father died and left us very poor. Mother struggled along in a weary hand-to-hand fight with poverty till I was 16, and died. She had rented two rooms of Mrs. Knight, a widow also with two stalwart sons, an aged father, and two daughters. After mother died I was adopted by the Knights, and although I was earning a support as music teacher in Baysville Academy, I was like one of the family when I was in my good landlady's home.

They were all in good positions, although by no means an aristocratic family. John, the eldest son, was in New York, in a wholesale sugar house; Tom was the night watchman of the Baysville bank building, and grandpa—we all called him grandpa, was telegraph operator of the town. Mary was a milliner, and Dolly still at school.

Baysville bank building was a large granite structure, containing the post-office and the bank on the first floor, and the telegraph and a number of private offices on the second floor, and other private offices on the third floor. In the basement were the post-office rooms for sorting the mail, and also the large bank vaults.

I knew the building well, for I was fond of telegraphing and spent half my leisure time perched up beside grandpa in his office sending and receiving messages, while he slept peacefully or read the newspapers. And that was the beginning of my amusement at Dryden, next station.

The operator at Dryden was a wit, and flashed nonsense to our office when business was dull. It fell flat when grandpa was in the office. He called himself Lyon, and I for nonsense signed myself Elephat, laughing as I did so at the reflection of my tiny figure in the office mirror.

Beyond Dryden, and only five miles from Baysville, was C——, a large commercial town, the nearest railway station, and where the office was open for the accommodation of travelers.

As I have said, Tom Knight was the night watchman of Baysville Bank building. The bank closed at 3, and by 6 every office was deserted for the night. At 7 Tom was on duty, and grandpa, who was restless at night, was in the habit of taking down some coffee and luncheon, as the building was only a stone's throw from our house.

On the December night already mentioned it had stormed heavily all day, and I had taken a new class at the Academy, coming home later in the day than usual. Everybody else had gone to bed, and I stood lingering over the kitchen fire with Mrs. Knight. The clock struck twelve, and Mrs. Knight said:

"Do call grandpa, Olive; he's asleep on the sofa in the sitting room. I'll have Tom's basket ready by the time grandpa has his hat and coat on."

"Let him sleep," I said. "I'll run over with the basket. It's not a step."

"Well, if you will, though I'm afraid Tom will scold at my letting you go. Go to the basement door. He leaves that open for grandpa."

I hurried across the space between the building and the house, and stole softly in at the rear basement door; in pursuance of my plan to drop my basket and run. In my rubber shoes my steps were noiseless, and I had scarcely passed the threshold when I stood rooted to the floor in terrified amazement. Somebody was talking.

While I listened some one said:

"There's a confounded draft here. Did you shut the door, Smith?"

"Yes; but the wind may have blown it open."

I had just time to dart under the stair-case and crouch down, when the door of the vault opened and a man came out. He crossed the entry, drew the two heavy, noisy bolts, fastened the door by which I had entered, and returned without closing the vault door.

I could look in by the dim light and see two men working at the safe locks by the stream of light thrown from a dark lantern. There was the outline of a man bound and gagged upon the floor, but I could only conjecture was Tom.

There I was nicely caged, for it would be impossible for me to draw those heavy bolts without attracting notice. And the bank was being robbed, that was evident. How could I prevent it? Suddenly I remembered the telegraph office on the second floor. If I could summon help from C——! It was only five miles, and there was a long job for the burglars before they could open the safe.

Could I creep around the staircase? If one of those busy men turned his head I was lost. I softly crept out on all fours, slowly, watchful, and gained the stairs. Up I darted, blessing my india-rubber shoes, till I gained the door of the telegraph office. All dark there and I dared not strike a match.

I listened, and then groped my way to the well-known desk, and sent this message:

"Burglars in the Baysville Bank vault! Watchman gagged and bound. Can you send help?"

Again the agony of suspense in listening, but at last the sound reached me:

"Will send help immediately!"

I crept to the head of the staircase, afraid the clear ring of the instrument had been heard in the vault. The window of the telegraph office faced the street, so I returned, bolted myself in safety, and sat down to watch.

I was numb with the cold, when I heard afar off the sound of horses feet.

The building made a corner of two streets, and I saw eight mounted men dash up the road, separate and while four dismounted in front, four went to the rear. The burglars were unprepared for this flank movement, for while the police in front were thundering at the main entrance, the robbers rushed to the rear basement door right into the arms of the police stationed there.

I could hear the hubbub, pistol shots fired, the scuffle of feet, cries, oaths, and general confusion, and I slipped down stairs, out of the now deserted main entrance, and home. Everybody was abed, and I went to my own room, had a good crying spell, and comforted my half frozen body in blankets, where I soon fell asleep.

All this happened on Friday night and I had no teaching to do until Monday, so I slept late; but coming down I found all the family prepared to make a heroine of me.

I tried to make the Knights promise not to tell my adventure, but could not. Before night all Baysville knew how Olive Hudson had caught the burglars. I was in the office with grandpa when over the wires came this message.

"What does Olive Hudson look like? Everybody in Dryden is talking of her great exploit."

I flashed back:

"What do you suppose such a woman would look like? She is nearly six feet, broad-shouldered and loud voiced--a perfect elephant."

"Was it really yourself, elephant?"

"Dear Lyon, it really was."

"Do you know I want to see you? I am going to New York to-day, but I'll be back next spring.

If he came to Baysville he did not see me; I ran away in a fit of shyness. My mother's brother, who had been seventeen years—nearly all his litetime—in Cuba, came home to New York, found me out, and took me into a life of ease and luxury.

One day Uncle George brought home a stranger whom he introduced as—

"The son of an old friend, Olive, dear--Mr. Roberts."

I made myself agreeable, as in duty bound, to Mr. Roberts, a man of 30, or thereabouts, with a face that was downright ugly, but pleasant from the expression of frank and good humor and intelligence upon it. We talked of everything, and I was surprised at the congeniality of tastes we soon discovered. In an animated discussion of heroines Mr. Roberts turning to Uncle George, said:

"You were kindly inquiring this morning about my fortune since father did, but I did not tell you of one little episode. But I was fortunate enough to obtain my present lucrative situation I was for a time telegraph operator in a small place called Dryden, and then I heard of a real heroine of whom the world will probably never hear."

I knew what was coming, but I kept my face composed to listen. When the story was finished, giving Uncle George a sly pinch to keep him quiet, I said:

"What kind of a looking person was this wonderful heroine?"

"I never saw her; for, although Baysville was the next village to Dryden, I never went there. But she was described to me as tall, strong, and quite masculine."

"In short, my dear Lion," I said, gravely, "she was a perfect elephant."

Such a stare as greeted me I am certain never came on Leo Roberts' face before or after that hour. His eyes dilated till I thought they would pop out of his dear, ugly face, and his mouth opened in utter amazement

"Uncle George," I said, "will you please introduce me properly to Mr. Roberts? I believe he thinks your niece must share your name."

After that we could not certainly be strangers, and Mr. Roberts came "many a time and oft," to dine with Uncle George.

One day there was a wedding, where the bride was very small, buried in lace and orange blossoms, and the bridegroom was ugly and good-natured; but it was a true love-match, a most fit ending for the flirtation commenced over the wire.

THE TWO BOBS.

Robert Ingersoll on Robert Burns--Ingersoll's Notions of a Poet--Some Unique Views.

Chickering hall was crowded last evening with an audience of well-dressed people who had assembled to hear Col. Robert G. Ingersoll lecture upon "Robert Burns." Punctually at 8 o'clock Col. Ingersoll bustled through the little door at the rear of the platform and up to the foot-lights, and with a familiar sort of nod to the audience began his discourse. He began with a definition of poetry in the abstract, remarking that it was much like religion in one way, which was that few people cared to express distinct opinions with regard to it. In his opinion poetry must, of all things, be natural—nothing unnatural could be poetic. Then he gave his opinion of the poets. "Dante," he said, "was a wonderful poet. I was told so. I read his works. He was exceedingly sublime; but I could find nothing in them but those vicious twins, solemnity and stupidity, born of superstition, struggling for the mastery. So I also heard a good deal of the sonnets of Petrarch. They are polished and grammatical, but I found they were written about another man's wife, who had twelve or thirteen healthy children; that he was all a pretense, in fact, and that not a line was torn bleeding from his heart. Milton is a sublime writer, a magnificent writer! I was told so; I always believed it. I have read "Paradise Lost" once. "Flying with indefatigable wings over the vast abrupt" is much too sublime for me. I abruptly admit that I do not understand it. Milton organized the militia of heaven; put epaulets on the shoulders of God. That may be poetry, but it does not strike me as such." Mr. Ingersoll dwelt for some time in the poetry of Milton, and was very felicitous on his description of the first courtship, where Adam is made to talk in a philosophical style about the laws of the universe. Pollok, too, he had read. He was another of the same sort. He described damned souls imprisoned in the coils of worms and snakes. "As a matter of fact," said the lecturer, pausing in his rapid walk round the platform, "no Calvanist ever wrote a poem, and never will. Calvanism is a world with the poetry left out and hell left in." He had read these sublime gentlemen, and must admit they were not poets.

His conception of a poet was somebody who told exactly what he thought and felt; who gave a real transcript of his heart. The old writers went to the cemeteries of literature and read the past, and then fancied they were equipped to write about the joys and griefs of actual life. They were literary mechanics, word carpenters, not poets. "Shakespeare," he said, "was the first to break down the classic muddle and write something natural." No poem was a poem without digression, without episode. There could not possibly be a long poem. "You might as well talk of a kiss in three volumes as a poem in three volumes." Upon the countless poems of to-day, and the writers who are "always hearing the rustling of the damp leaves of despair as they walk through the cemeteries of the past," the lecturer was very sarcastic; and upon the critics of to-day, also. The latter, he said, would complain that the nightingale did not sing by note, and would have the clouds square.

"What we want is the natural," he repeated, and I am going to talk to you about one natural poet, and, in my judgment, the second poet the world has thus far produced." He then spoke of Robert Burns, his lowly birth and early education, and asked what was the secret by which this man had touched those chords and memories in the hearts of the world which had kept his name alive to the present. It was because he had a great and splendid heart, and sang of what he knew and felt. Burns hated a nobility that fed upon the people, and a church that said ninety-nine out of every hundred would be damned, and seemed to like the prospect. It was almost impossible to conceive a worse doctrine than that of the Scotch Kirk of that time. Robert Burns did not believe their damnation doctrines; he could not. He said: "The honest man has nothing to fear, either in this world or the world to come." "Now," said Mr. Ingersoll, very emphatically, "if there is any gentleman who will damn honesty, the quicker that gentleman leaves this world to itself the better; if there is a God that will condemn honesty, the quicker He resigns the better for the universe." He then recited "Holy Willie's Prayer" as an illustration of the Presbyterian doctrine of Burns' time, and even the present, and with regard to it said: "I do not like any gentleman that will either give me a heaven that I don't deserve or send me to perdition for a crime that I could not avoid." Burns' poetry was natural and honest and true. He touched the chrysalis of common life, and filled the air with colored wings. He did many things that would have been better left undone; but he was no sneak; he did nothing behind the door. He was not a candidate on the prohibition ticket and drunk on the day of election. That he did get drunk once in a way there was no doubt, and he (Mr. Ingersoll) liked him the better for it; men were natural when they were drunk. But that Burns was besotted he denied. A drunkard could never have written "A Man's a Man for a' That." That song was the finest declaration of independence ever made; it was the foundation of our government, the source of every star that 'glittered upon our banner, and Robert Burns was the best democrat Scotland ever produced. His statue should be in our park instead of that of Sir Walter Scott. Concluding a long review of the poet's life and works, the lecturer said that until the English language faded from the lips of man, Burns' songs would be remembered and loved and sung; his songs would never be forgotten so long as man could smile and women weep.—*New York Times.*

The Teacher.

The great secret of success in teaching, lies in showing how much there is of real interest and beauty that can be easily and interestingly learned. It is absurd to think that success depends upon impressing pupils with the idea that the teacher is the prodigy of learning. Let his own soul be in the work. Let him appear before his school as an enthusiastic investigator and learner, advanced further than they, always ready and anxious to help them in finding the why to higher elevations, and he will succeed. Good temper, punctuality and method, are indications of a good teacher; but their qualities, with many others equally excellent, may be found where there is no teaching capacity. A still and orderly school may be a very poor one, while excellent results may sometimes come from a noisy and confused one. We admit that noise and confusion are not desirable, but method and quiet are not certain evidences of scholarship. There is something of vastly more importance than rules and programmes. It is enthusiasm. Every truly successful teacher appears as a learner with them. He is just as eager, patient and thorough as he wants they should be. He is in close and real sympathy with his pupils. He steps with them, thinks, acts and investigates as they do. For this reason many great teachers have possessed a child-like spirit, and in this is found the secret of their great success. It is not in a system, nor in a text book, but because the heart and intellect of the teacher comes down to a child's way of acquiring truth. This is something more than adoption, it is for the time becoming like those we teach, and seeing the world as they see it. We have seen pupils after long and patient study, run to the teacher, with countenance beaming with the joy of success, to tell the news of victory, only to be met by his cold and uninteresting gaze. To them it was a moment of intense interest. They had the same enthusiasm that Columbus, Newton and Kepler felt when they first proved their theories true. The teachers said nothing and yet spoke volumes. We have seen other teachers look with utmost care over the whole work, even though every line and figure were as familiar as the alphabet, and evince great joy in finding the whole correct.

The warm, genial summer sun is infinitely more brilliant than the cold sparkle of the iceberg. Some teachers are sunny, genial and inspiring. Others are cold, brilliant and learned. They never laugh nor love, don't enjoy a joke, nor do they want to be loved. For them there is no conquest in acquisition. They have great heads but cold hearts. They know everything, but love nothing. Truly great men have hearts larger than their brain, and a really successful teacher knows much but he loves more.

The Wonderful Deep.

The great ocean is the extreme type of solitude. One who has never voyaged expects to find it somewhat thickly populated. He thinks of the vast travel and traffic that goes over the waters, and he is ready to imagine that the great deep is alive with this hurrying to and fro of nations. He reads of lands whose commerce whitens every sea, and he is ready to think that the ocean itself is as full of sails as the harbor of some mighty metropolis. But he finds his mistake. As he leaves the land, the ships begin to disappear; as he goes on his way they soon all vanish, and there is nothing about him but the blue sea and the bended sky. Sometimes he may meet or overtake a solitary ship through the day; but then, again, there will be many days when not a single sail will be seen. There are spaces, measured by thousands of miles, over which no ship has ever passed. The idea of a nation's commerce whitening every sea is the wildest fancy. If all the ships that ever have been built were brought together in a single fleet, they would fill but a hand's breadth of the ocean. The space, therefore, that man and his works occupy on the sea is so small in its extent that the hold on it by his power is slight and superficial. Both together are as nothing. The ocean covers three-fourths of the surface of the globe; and by far the greater portion of this vast expanse is, and ever has been, entirely free from man's presence and visitation.

A Woman's Promise.

Henry Carey, cousin to Queen Elizabeth, after having enjoyed her Majesty's favor for several years, lost it in the following manner: As he was walking one day full of thought in the garden of the palace, under the Queen's window, she perceived him, and said to him in a jocular manner:

"What does a man think of when he is thinking of nothing?"

"Upon a woman's promise," replied Carey.

"Well done, cousin," answerd Elizabeth.

She retired, but did no forget Carey's answer. Some time after he solicited the honor of a peerage, anp reminded the Queen that she had *promised* it to him.

"True," said she, "but that was a *woman's* promise."

PAPER MONEY.

Opinions of Eminent Men Opposed to an Irredeemable Currency.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

"A return to specie payments at the earliest period compatible with due regard to all interests concerned should ever be kept in view. Fluctuations in the value of currency are always injurious, and to reduce these fluctuations to the lowest possible point will always be a leading purpose in wise legislation. Convertibility, prompt and certain convertibility into coin, is acknowledged to be the best and surest safeguard against them."—*Annual Message, December*, 1862.

DANIEL WEBSTER.

"Of all the contrivances for cheating the laboring classes of mankind, none has been more effectual than that which deludes them with paper money. It is the most effectual of inventions for fertilizing the rich man's field by the sweat of the poor man's brow. Ordinary tyranny, oppression, excessive taxation, bear lightly on the masses of the community, compared with fraudulent currencies and the robberies committed by depreciated paper money.

"We have suffered more from this cause than from any other cause or calamity. It has killed more men, pervaded and corrupted the choicest interests of our country more, and done more injustice than even the arms and artifices of our enemy."

SALMON P. CHASE.

"The Secretary recommends no mere paper-money scheme; but, on the contrary, a series of measures looking to a safe and gradual return to gold and silver as *the only* permanent basis, standard and measure of value recognized in the constitution.—*Annual Report of the Secretary of the Treasury*, 1862.

LORD MACAULY.

"The evils produced by a bad state of the currency are not such as have generally been thought worth to occupy a prominent place in history; yet it may be doubted whether all the misery inflicted on the English nation in a quarter of a century by bad Kings, bad Ministers, bad Parliaments and bad Judges was equal to the misery caused in a single year by a bad currency."—*History of England.*

ALEXANDER HAMILTON.

"Paper emissions by the Government are of a nature so liable to abuse, I may say so certain to be abused, that the wisdom of the government will be shown by never trusting itself with so seductive and dangerous a power."—*Report when Secretary of Treasury.*

CHARLES SUMNER.

"Surely we must all be against paper money. * * * We must all set our faces against any proposition like the present, except as a temporary expedient, rendered imperative by the exigency of the hour. * * * Reluctantly, painfully, I consent that the process should issue. And yet I cannot give such a vote without warning the Government against the dangers from such an experiment. The medicine of the constitution must not become its daily bread. —*Debate on the issue of Legal Tender notes.*

JOHN STUART MILL.

"Although no doctrine in political economy rests on more obvious grounds than the mischief of a paper currency not maintained at the same value with a metallic, either dy covertibility or by some principle of limitation equivalent to it; and although, accordingly, this doctrine has, though not till after the discoveries of many years, been tolerably effectually drummed into the public mind, yet dissentients are still numerous, and projecters every now and then start up with plans for curing all the economical evils of society by means of an unlimited issue of inconvertible paper. There is, in truth, a great charm in the idea. To be able to pay off the national debt, defray the expenses of Government without taxation, and, in fine, to make the fortunes of the whole community, is a brilliant prospect when once a man is capable of believing that printing a few characters on bits of paper will do it. The philosopher's stone could not be expected to do more."—*Ex.*

Worth Remembering.

It is the penny saved more than the penny earned that enriches; it is the sheet turned when the first thread breaks, that wears the longest; it is the damper closed when the cooking is done, that stops the dollars dropping into the coal bin; it is the lamp or gas burned low, when not in use, that gives you pin-money for the month; it is the care in making the coffee that makes three spoonfuls go as far as a teacup ordinarily; it is the walking one or six blocks, instead of taking a cab or omnibus, that adds strength to your body and money to your purse; it is the careful mending of each week's wash that gives ease to your conscience and length of days to your garments; and last of all, it is the constant care exercised over every part of your household, and constant endeavor to improve and apply your best powers to the work, that alone gives peace and prosperity to your family and your business.—*True Citizen.*

"Captain, please give me a light," said a private at camp. "Certainly, my good man; but if we were in the regular army such a liberty would not be allowable." "Is that so?" said the private; "but if we were in the regular army you wouldn't be captain, perhaps."

A sailor who jumped overboard to save another, was asked if he was fit to die. "I could not be more fit," he replied, "by declining to do my duty."