THE JOURNAL.

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THE JOURNAL.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

Space.	1w	2w	1mo	3m	6m	1yr
1col'mn	$12.00	$20	$25	$35	$60	$100
½ "	8.00	12	15	20	35	60
¼ "	6.00	9	12	15	20	35
4 inches	5.25	7.50	11	14	15	27
3 "	4.50	6.75	10	12	15	20
1 "	1.50	2.25	4	5	8	10

Business and professional cards ten lines or less space, per annum, ten dollars. Legal advertisements at statute rates. "Editorial local notices" fifteen cents a line each insertion. "Local notices" five cents a line each insertion. Advertisments classified as "Special notices" five cents a line first insertion, three cents a line each subsequent insertion.

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Columbus Post Office.

Open on Sundays from 11 A. M. to 12 M. and from 4:30 to 6 P. M. Business hours except Sunday 6 A. M. to 8 P. M.
Eastern mails close at 11:20 A. M.
Western mails close at 4:20 P. M.
Mail leaves Columbus for Madison and Norfolk, on Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays, 7 A. M. Arrives Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays, 3 P. M.
For Monroe, Genoa, Waterville and Albion, daily except Sunday 6 A. M. Arrive, same, 6 P. M.
For Summit, Ulysses and Crete, Mondays and Thursdays, 7 A. M. Arrives Wednesdays, and Saturdays, 7 P. M.
For Belleville, Osceola and York, Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays, 1 P. M. Arrives at 12 M.
For Wolf, Farral and Battle Creek, Mondays and Wednesdays, 6 A. M. Arrives Tuesdays and Fridays at 6 P. M.
For Shell Creek, Nebo, Creston and Stanton, on Mondays at 7 A. M. Arrives Tuesdays 6 P. M.
For David City, Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays, 1 P. M Arrives, at 12 M.

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, "	"	4:27 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
Oct	C., B. & Q.	5th and 26th.
	C., R. I. & P.	12th
	C. & N. W.	19th
Nov	C., R. I. & P.	2d and 23d.
	N. W.	9th and 30th.
	C., B. & Q.	16th
Dec	C., B. & Q.	7th and 28th.
	C., R. I. & P.	14th
	C. & N. W.	21st

Farm for Sale.

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

JOHN TANNAHILL.

FARMERS!

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. R. SENECAL,
¼ mile east of Gerrard's Corral.

$777 is not easily earned in these times, but it can be made in three months by any one of either sex, in any part of the country who is willing to work steadily at the employment that we furnish. $66 per week in your own town. You need not be away from home over night. You can give your whole time to the work, or only your spare moments. We have agents who are making over $20 per day. All who engage at once can make money fast. At the present time money cannot be made so easily and rapidly at any other business. It costs nothing to try the business. Terms and $5 Outfit free. Address at once, H. HALLETT & Co., Portland, Maine 375-y.

U can make money faster at work for us than at anything else. Capital not required; we will start you. $12 per day at home made by the industrious. Men, women, boys and girls wanted everywhere to work for us. Now is the time. Costly outfit and terms free Address TRUE & Co., Augusta, Maine

$66 a week in your own town. $5 Outfit free. No risk. Reader if you want a business at which persons of either sex can make great pay all the time they work, write for particulars to H. HALLETT & Co Portland, Maine.

BUSINESS CARDS

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

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.

W. A. CLARK,

Mill-Wright and Engineer,

COLUMBUS, NEB. 402-12

J. S. CHRISTISON, M. D.,

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,

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.

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.

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.

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

FOR SALE OR TRADE!

MARES and COLTS,

—Teams of—

Horses or Oxen,

SADDLE PONIES, wild or broke, at the Corral of
429 GERRARD & ZEIGLER.

DOLAND & SMITH,

DRUGGISTS,

Wholesale and Retail,

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

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

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

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.
Roll, "	6c.

Two cents a pound more than the above prices will be charged *on time*, and that to good responsible parties only. 267.

DOCTOR BONESTEEL,

U. S. EXAMINING SURGEON,

COLUMBUS, : NEBRASKA.

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. 433-tf

MRS. W. L. COSSEY,

Dress and Shirt Maker,

3 Doors West of Stillman's Drug Store.

Dresses and shirts cut and made to order and satisfaction guaranteed. Will also do plain or fancy sewing of any description.

PRICES VERY REASONABLE.
Give me a call and try my work.
425-1y

HENRY GASS,

UNDERTAKER, KEEPS ON HAND ready-made and Metallic Coffins, Walnut Picture Frames. Mends Cane Seat Chairs. Keeps on hand Black Walnut Lumber.
Washington Ave. opposite Court House, Columbus, Neb

F. W. OTT,

SELLS All kinds of

MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS

Books, Stationery, Candy and Cigars.

ONE DOOR NORTH OF POST-OFFICE.
400-tf

F. SCHECK,

Manufacturer and Dealer in

CIGARS AND TOBACCO.

ALL KINDS OF

SMOKING ARTICLES.

Store on Olive St., near the old Post-office

Columbus Nebraska. 447-1y

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Physician and Surgeon.

Office open at all hours **Bank Building.**

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DENTIST,

COLUMBUS, NEB.

Office:—Eleventh St., one door east of JOURNAL building, up-stairs.

HENRY G. CAREW,

Attorney and Counselor at Law,

COLUMBUS, NEBRASKA.

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

COLUMBUS BRICK YARD,

(One mile west of Columbus.)

THOMAS FLYNN & SON, Propr's.

GOOD, HARD-BURNT BRICK

Always on Hand in

QUANTITIES to suit PURCHASERS
371-tf

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

CALIFORNIA WINES!

Red and White,

$1.25@$1.75

A GALLON

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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

J. C. ELLIOTT,

AGENT FOR THE

STOVER WIND MILL

$20 OSCILLATING FEED MILL,

And All Kinds of Pumps

—AND—

PUMP MATERIALS!

—ALSO—

Challenge Wind and Feed Mills, Combined Sheller and Grinder, Malt Mills, Horse Powers, Corn Shellers and Fanning Mills.

Pumps Repaired on Short Notice,

Farmers, come and examine our mill. You will find one erected on the premises of the Hammond House, in good running order.

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.

—o—

OYSTERS,

In their season,

BY THE CASE, CAN OR DISH,

11th Street, South of Depot.

WM. BECKER,

—)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. 39†

A PLUCKY WOMAN.

The Story of Polly Strader, the Trapper.

BY EDWARD EGGLESTON.

Away out upon the frontier, on the banks of one of those beautiful lakes that abound in Minnesota, lived Mr. Henry Strader, Polly's father. He had emigrated from Pennsylvania in 1856, and had made a "claim" on the finest quarter section of land within in a circuit of ten miles. According to the Pre-emption laws, the person who settles on unoccupied land and observes certain formalities has the right to purchase that land from the Government, at any time before it is brought into market, at $1.25 an acre. But if he does not buy it before the day of sale it is sold at auction to the highest bidder.

Mr. Strader had three children—Harry, his eldest, Polly and little Jimmie. All the money that her father could make by farming in summer and trapping in winter he spent in improving his claim. As the land was not likely to be advertised for sale for some years, he did not think it necessary to make any provisions for buying at once. But Mr. Strader was taken suddenly ill and died, and the burden of paying for the claim and supporting the family came upon Harry, then only seventeen years of age. Not wholly upon Harry, either, for, from the time her father died, Polly, who was just fifteen, resolved to share every burden with her brother. She was stronger than many boys of her age, and had always been fond of out-door life. In fact, she was what you would call a tomboy, brimfull of life, restless and energetic. She had already learned to paddle a canoe, and as the prairie chickens would come into the yard, she had become an adept with a shot-gun. The neighbors used to say she was too wild, that she would never be good for anything.

But within a week after her father died, she had taken a hoe and gone into the field by the side of Harry. All through the hot days she did her part; and as the winter drew on, she practiced with the rifle, until she could shoot about as well as her brother. And through the long cold months she tied on her snow-shoes as regularly as Harry did his, and by dint of helping her brother, and taking lessons from him, she learned all the craft of the trapper. She knew the habits of the muskrat, mink and otter as well as any man in the region. Harry used to make her face grow red sometimes, by declaring that she was a "glorious girl."

By the next spring came the commencement of the war. I cannot stop to tell you of all the discussions that were held in the Straders' cabin on the subject of Harry's enlistment. They ended in Polly telling him to go, that she would support the family, and that the land wouldn't come into market right off anyway. And whether right or wrong, Harry enlisted. That summer Polly succeeded in cultivating that portion of the land that was broken and fenced in such a way as to get a tolerable crop. But during the summer there came the sad news that Harry was wounded, and must lie for a long time in the hospital, and then perhaps be discharged on account of his disability to do further service. To add to their distress came the startling intelligence that the land was brought into market and must be pre-empted before the first of January or it would be sold.

There was a merchant five miles away by the name of Van Dyke, who bought furs of the settlers and sold them provisions. An utterly mean man, there was no advantage to be taken that Van Dyke did not take. He was delighted to hear that the land in the neighborhood was to be sold, for he was perfectly satisfied that the Widow Strader could not raise the two hundred dollars necessary to purchase the land, and he chuckled as he thought of the prospect of buying it at the Government sale, and thus get all the improvements for nothing. Indeed, it was shrewdly suspected that as Van Dyke had some influence with officers of the land office, he had something to do with the bringing of the land into the market at so early a day; for, as he was a money-lender and a speculator, there were many ways in which a land sale would be to his advantage.

Polly applied to Mr. Van Dyke for a loan on a mortgage on the land but was refused. Hoping against hope, she went to work to raise all the money she could very early in the fall. Leaving her mother and little Jimmie to secure the crops, she commenced to trap. She started out at daylight every morning, and was a picture for a painter as she pushed off her canoe. Her long hair lay on her shoulders, her head was covered with a regular hunter's cap, made of wolf skin, with a wolf's tail hanging down behind. She had been pretty successful, but at the prices offered by Mr. Van Dyke she had nothing like enough to buy the land. Polly was pretty high-spirited, and she vowed that Van Dyke should not have a single skin that she captured. In vain he assured her that the price he offered her was the highest that could be paid. "Mr. Van Dyke, you have not money enough to buy my furs."

At last came the news that Harry was about to start for home. He had been discharged, and was scarcely able to walk; but, at any rate, it was a comfort to know that he was coming home again. It was now the middle of November, but the sky was yet clear, and looked like fields of gold beneath the autumn sun. And every night the prairie fires made the sky glow in every direction. Polly had made a careful account of her resources, and said that at least she had enough to buy the forty acres on which the house and the principal part of the improvements were. That was one consolation at any rate. They would not be without a home, if they did have to loose the meadow and timber land they prized so highly. One morning, as she was running bullets and filling up her powder-horn, Mr. Van Dyke came in and handed her a letter, saying:

"This was in the office for you, and I thought I would bring it along over as I was coming. Don't want to sell your furs this morning, eh?"

"I am obliged to you, Mr. Van Dyke for bringing the letter, but you can't have any of my furs."

"Well, you might let me have that black fox, anyhow, as a personal favor. I want to send it to my brother. I've taken a fancy to it. It an't worth more than five dollars, but I'll give you ten."

Polly had captured a black or silver-gray fox a few days before, the only one she had ever seen, for it is very rare indeed that such a fox is taken so far south. She had no idea of its value, but ten dollars seemed to her a large price, and she was at first inclined to yield; but, remembering she was dealing with a scoundrel, she said, "Mr. Van Dyke, I believe that I told you that you couldn't have any of my peltries."

"Well, Miss Strader, you'll be sorry some day that you didn't oblige me," he said, as he left the door.

Then Polly opened the letter; all her hopes were dashed to the ground. It was from Harry. He was very ill at St. Paul, and begged Polly to come to him, otherwise he thought he would die.

"Well," said Polly, "if we must give up all hopes of buying the farm, or even forty acres, I suppose we'll have to. It'll take a good part of what I have to get Harry home, and New Year isn't far off. Every piece is precious. But we must save Harry's life, for the poor fellow will get well if we once get him home."

And so, without regarding her mother's warning that there was a storm brewing, she started out in her canoe to go down the lake to get a team with which to go for Harry. Her own was an ox team, and beside Harry couldn't stand the day and night riding in the stage, for the distance was one hundred and forty miles. She hired a team for a trip to St. Paul. She couldn't get it till the Monday following, and so she wrote a letter to Harry, telling him that she was coming, and then started to paddle around the shore and look at her traps. When she had got to a place which she and Harry had called Harbor, on the opposite side of the lake, she found a dead deer, partly eaten by wolves, and knowing the wolves would return after dark, she set several traps for them. Then she hastend back to her canoe, for it was now late, and there could be no doubt that the November storms, with which the winter almost always begins in that climate, were now at hand.

But before she could set foot in her canoe, the storm came, and in an instant the air was so filled with snow that an object twenty feet away was invisible. It took but a moment for Polly to appreciate her situation. To paddle across the lake in such a storm was out of the question. The wind was coming up, and it would be alike impossible to coast around the shore. Beside, it was a great distance, and ice would begin to form before she could get half way. There was no family living on that side of the lake. Her only course was to stay where she was. Her spirit sank for a moment, but she dashed away the tears that came up from her desolate heart, and set about making the best of it. She found a large log lying in the ravine. Dragging her canoe from the water she laid it upside down parallel with the log, about three feet away from it. She then cut brush and laid across them, to form a roof. Creeping under the shelter, she was soon buried beneath two feet of snow, and so felt sure of not freezing. There is no better protection from cold than snow.

It was a lonely place. She could hear her heart beat. But when the wolves commenced to gather for their midnight repast, and when they set up their frightened howls, she could feel the hair rise up on her head. She would have been brave enough if she could have fought with the wolves, but to lie there and listen to their unearthly yelling, not knowing how soon the hungry pack would find her, was more than she could endure. And then she thought of poor Harry, and of the land sale, and she wished for the skins of the wild beasts that were so near her. For though the wolf skin is of little or no value for the ordinary purposes to which furs are applied, it is in considerable demand for lap robes. And remembering that she was on the leeward side of the wolves, she dug away the snow at one end of her burrow, and looked out. Then, growing bolder, she crept to a clump of little bushes near by, through which she could plainly see them. For by this time it had ceased snowing, and the moon was shining, though the wind blew.

She leveled the gun at them two or three times before she could get courage enough to fire. At the first shot she killed one, and the pack scattered a little; but the smell of the fresh blood of the dead wolf brought them back again. Several times she fired with like success; but one of the wolves, in moving around, caught sight of her. When a wolf sees any living object he immediately endeavors to get to the leeward of it, in order to tell by the scent what it is. A wolf depends on his nose in such matters, and not altogether upon his eyes. This one, when he caught sight of Polly, commenced to make a circle in order to get where his nose would inform him what kind of an animal she was. Crowding the ball down quickly, she fired just in time to keep the wolf from finding her out and calling the rest of the pack with his howl. The wolf rolled over in the snow.

Another one came near running right on her, but she fired in time to save herself. But this last fright alarmed her so that she did not fire again until she had climbed a tree. From this point she kept up a fire on them till daylight, when they left. As the result of the night's work, Polly found that she had killed nineteen wolves, and frozen one of her fingers almost off. Two of the wolves had been torn by the others but there were seventeen tolerably good skins.

But before she dared undertake to skin them, she found it necessary to have a fire to keep her hands from freezing. By whittling thin basswood shavings from her canoe-paddle, and taking cotton from her clothing, she was able to start a fire by striking a percussion-cap in the midst of the bunch of cotton with a little powder scattered through it. It took her till noon to take the skins from the wolves, and by the middle of the afternoon the severe cold had frozen the lake in its narrowest part, so that she ventured to cross. In order to take her wolf skins across, she was obliged to make a little sledge of the crotch of a small tree. Of course there had been great distress at home on account of her absence, and great was the joy at her return.

On the next Monday she put her furs on a sled and started for St. Paul. When she got to Mankato she took a load of wheat for St. Paul, getting a good round price for hauling it. Arriving in the city her first care was to find Harry and to cheer him up, which she did most effectually. He said her merry laugh was better than all the medicine in the world. She told Harry that if she could get a load back she thought her furs would be sufficient to pay for forty acres, and the other hundred and twenty they would have to let "old Van Dyke," as she called him, have.

"And so you've turned teamster, have you, little woodchuck?" said Harry, raising himself up in bed.

"Anything to save you and the old home, Harry."

That day she sold her furs. What was her surprise to find that the rare and beautiful silver-gray fox was worth not only ten dollars, but sixty-five, for the average value of black or silver-gray skins is fifty dollars, and hers was an uncommonly fine one. And then, too, an extraordinary demand for minks had carried them up to three times the price offered by Van Dyke, and even her muskrats were worth twice what he had offered, and she got well paid for her wolf skins. And to this Harry's back pay, that he had just received, was added, and there was more than enough to enter the whole claim. When Polly got home she did not tell any of her neighbors that she had stopped at the land office of St. Peter on her way back and entered the claim. And Van Dyke, who did not know that she had taken a load both ways, nor how many furs she had, came over to see Harry, who was now able to walk about.

"Mr. Strader," said he, "I suppose you will be able to pre-empt forty acres of this, and I mean to buy the other three forties. Your sister has been a little saucy, but I want to oblige you, and if you'll let me buy in this forty with the house on I don't mind paying you a little something to start you on a new claim."

"I couldn't make such an arrangement, sir," said Harry.

"Why?" said Van Dyke.

"Because my sister, whom you tried to swindle, entered the whole claim on her way back from St. Paul. And now, sir, there is the door!" And the crest-fallen "land shark" left.

Wild Flowers of the Holy Land.

The wild flowers which year after year adorn the face of Palestine in the early spring with colors so varied and glowing that they surprise the western traveler, are in striking contrast to everything else around them. The red-flowered anemone, the white daisy and the yellow marigold which cover the undulating down of Hebron in the beginning of the year are the lineal descendants and the exact counterparts of those which cheered Abraham when, an exile from his fatherland, he pitched his tent in the Land of Promise. The tulips, poppies and anemones which abound in the pastures of Bethlehem, are similarly like and related to those which David saw when he watched his father's flocks there. The mountains around the Sea of Galilee are adorned with the same lilies which supplied the Saviour with such an apposite illustration when he addressed to the crowds His Sermon on the Mount. All around has changed. The inhabitants of the land have come and gone again, leaving traces behind them in the ruins, which abound in the mountain, plain and desert alike. Palestine is the land of ruins, and these ruins tell the story of the successive posessors of the soil, of the Cananite, the Israelite, the Roman, the Christain and the Mohamedan; yet the bright and beautiful plants of the mountains and valleys remain unchanged through all changes. One or two intruders have established themselves among the native vegetation but without affecting the general aspect, except in one case, that of the prickly pear (*opuntia vulgaris* Linn,) which is very abundant in Palestine, as it is in all the countries surrounding the Mediterranean.

Reason for Encouragement.

We have settled down to the rate of values recognized by the world in its normal relations. Men know what they and others possess, and financial language has a definite meaning. This will enable men to transact business with confidence, with a full knowledge of what they are doing. We have great reason for encouragement. The crop of cereals grown the last year was nearly one-third greater than in 1876 and the rapid filling up of the west with the unemployed of eastern cities, will largely swell the productions of the future. Our mining interests are assuming marvelous proportions and adding millions to the country's wealth.

The balance of trade in our favor will reach nearly $400,000,000 this year, and the prospect is that the future will show a large increase.

American manufacturers are finding a ready market for all classes of their productions in nearly all foreign countries. We have opened up a trade in fresh beef that is to grow into giant proportions taxing to the utmost the capacity of the great branches and plains of the west, while in canned meats, fruits and oysters the demand is daily increasing. Our live stock and horses are being shipped with marked success and our street-cars drawn by American horses with Yankee drivers are found in many of the cities of the world.—*Seward Reporter.*

"Though I have only one eye I'll bet you I can see more'n you can." "Done!" "I can see your two eyes in your face, and you can only see one in mine. Hand me over the stakes."

"A Dirty Trick."

Lawyers sometimes resort to questionable methods in order to destroy the effect which the testimony of a truthful and intelligent witness has upon a jury. Mr. Webster once tried, in an ungallant way, to break down a woman's evidence, and he met more than his match. It was in the somewhat-famous case of Mrs. Bodgen's will, which was tried in the Supreme Court. Mr. Webster appeared as counsellor for the appellant.

Mrs. Greenough, wife of Rev. William Greenough, late of West Newton, a tall, straight, queenly-looking woman, with a keen black eye, a woman of great self-possession and decision of character, was called to the stand, a witness on the opposite side from Mr. Webster.

Webster, at a glance, had the sagacity to foresee that her testimony, if it contained anything of importance, would have great weight with the court and jury. He therefore resolved, if possible, to break her down. And when she answered to the first question put to her, "I believe," Webster roared out:

"We don't want to hear what you believe; we want to hear what you know!"

Mrs. Greenough replied, "That is just what I was about to say, sir," and went on with her testimony.

Notwithstanding his repeated efforts to disconcert her, she pursued the even tenor of her way, until Webster, becoming fearful of the result, arose, apparently in great agitation, and, drawing out his large snuff-box, thrust his thumb and finger to the very bottom, and, carrying the deep pinch to both nostrils, drew it up with a gusto. Then extracting from his pocket a very large handkerchief, which flowed to his feet as he brought it to the front, he blew his nose with a report that rang distant and loud through the crowded hall.

Webster: "Mrs. Greenough, was Mrs. Bodgen a neat woman?"

"I cannot give you full information as to that, sir. She had one very dirty trick."

"What was that, ma'am?"

"She took snuff!"

The roar of the Court House was such that the Defender of the Constitution sat down, and neither rose nor spoke again until after Mrs. Greenough vacated her chair for another witness, having ample time to reflect upon the inglorious history of the man who had a stone thrown at his head by a woman.

The Breath of Life.

What do you breathe at night? "Air," do you say? What sort—thin or thick, pure or foul? You can't tell?—never analyzed it? We beg your pardon—that is a mistake. Your lungs, and through them your blood, analyze every breath of air you take in, sleeping or waking; and if it is bad your aching head, your listless, heavy body, your flushed cheeks and "fuzzy" mouth, give the results in the morning with a certainty that no chemist's tests can surpass.

But how can you tell whether the air is good, you ask? By remembering first, that there is no pure air except that of the great out-doors. It may be warmed without very material injury, for comfort in the house—though this is very seldom done; but warm or cold, pure air is a thing of life and motion and freedom, and there is no bedroom big enough to hold pure air for the use of a single human being (not to mention two) through one night. If we were shut up in a "princely bed-chamber," and couldn't get the window open, we would throw a boot-jack through the largest pane rather than sleep without ventilation. By some means or other—we leave you to supply it—air from the great reservoir of the world must be introduced to your sleeping-room if you wish to keep it pure.

As to tests, we are glad to see that a scientific lecturer has reminded people that nature gave them their noses to use, and he advises them to employ this picket-guard of the body to see if the air of their bedrooms is right. "When you get up," he says, "leave your bed-room just as it was; go out into the pure morning air and breathe that till your nose is wide awake, then go back and take a few snuffs of your bedroom air; if it smells fresh and sweet like out-door air, you have good ventilation, and have breathed the breath of life all the night." If on the contrary it smells close, musty, "thick," sickening, your nose will have told you what your sense ought to have made clear without the test.

With all the taxes about and hard times, the air at least is free. Be sure and get your share of it.—*Golden Rule.*