

THEOREAU'S THOUGHTS.

Selections from his Journal Read by His Biographer.

It was a happy thought to entertain the visitors at Mr. Alcott's Summer school of philosophy, and the Concord with readings from the journal of the town's famous and eccentric genius, Henry D. Thoreau.

When we cease to sympathize with, and to be personally related to, men, and begin to be universally related, then we are capable of inspiring others with the sentiment of love for us.

What is peculiar in the life of a man consists not in his obedience, but in his opposition to his instincts; in one direction or another he strives to live in a supernatural way.

Do you know on what bushes a little peace, faith and contentment grow? Go a-berrying early and late after them.

Woe to him who wants a companion, for he is unfit to be the companion even of himself.

What does education often do? It makes a straight-out ditch of a meandering brook.

I love my friends very much, but I find that it is no use to go to see them. I hate them commonly when I am near them; they belie themselves and deny me continually.

I have certain friends whom I visit occasionally, but I commonly part from them early, with a certain bitter-sweet sentiment. That which we love is so mixed and entangled with that we hate in one another that we are more grieved and disappointed, aye, and estranged from one another by meeting than by absence.

Some men may be my acquaintances merely, but one whom I have been accustomed to regard, to idealize, to have dreams about as a friend, and mix up intimately with myself, can never degenerate into an acquaintance. I must know him on the higher ground or not know him at all.

Let ours be like the meeting of two planets, not hastening to confound their jarring spheres, but drawn together by the influence of a subtle attraction, soon to roll diverse in their respective orbits from this their perigee or point of nearest approach.

Tongues were provided But to vex the ear with superficial thoughts. When deeper thoughts upswell, the jarring discord Of harsh speech is hushed, and senses seem As little as may be to share the ecstasy.

Mexican Women.

If we are to believe, says a correspondent of The Woman's Journal, that "the first requisite of man is to be a good animal," our Mexican sisters are vastly our superiors.

Instead of perfect health being the exception, as I fear is too often the case with us, feebleness and ailments are rare. The women, as a rule, live to a hale and hearty old age without even having heard of the thousand and one ailments that afflict their sex elsewhere.

The young are vigorous and bear an almost unlimited number of children without apparent decrease of strength. This physical superiority does not seem traceable to any one cause.

Perhaps it is the "survival of the fittest." Children are cared for in what would seem to us a most reckless manner. I have seen newborn babes, for example, in biting cold weather wrapped in a small cotton sheet, without other garment than a cambric shirt, and this is the universal custom in the best regulated households.

There are no statistics at hand to support the assertion, but I judge the average number of births in a family to be from ten to twelve. A large percentage of these never reach maturity, and it is allowable to presume that those who have the most power of endurance survive.

On the other hand, corsets are but little known, and the old fashion of high-heeled shoes has never reached here. There are no reform wets to supply the place of the corset, but the skirts are usually made light and worn with saques, so that the outrages to the human form are less glaring than in more civilized (?) communities.

Steeles, whale-bone and tight-waisted dresses are for gala days only, and then for the privileged few. The home garments are invariably loose and comfortable. This, though not the perfection of dress reform, is an improvement on the dress of the average American woman.

Again, these women are not overworked. They perform their labor in a slow, easy-going manner, whether in the kitchen or bedroom, or in the parlor, at their sewing or fancy work. Unlike us, who know no moderation in the use of a characteristic valuable in itself, but the abuse of which is sapping our very life as a people, they do not exhaust their nervous forces in hurried races with time.

It would be curious to investigate the reason why, in this land where "woman's rights" are almost unheard of, where, in many respects, the women are helplessly dependent, and where there is so little general enlightenment, married women are independent financially—that is to say, they are treasurers of the partnership, and are not subjected to the humiliation of asking their husbands for every cent they need for their own expenses and those of the household.

The husband considers that his wife is as much entitled to his earnings as he is, and leaves their disbursement to her judgment. I am glad to say that she does not abuse this confidence. She is prudent and economical, and often shows more sagacity than he in the use of the money.

There is a Ladies' Economy Club in Philadelphia. The members have husbands who get small salaries, and to make these salaries go as far as possible is one of the objects of the organization. It is announced at every meeting that the next assemblage will be at the house of Mrs. —, one of the members, and in this way each member has one of the meetings in her parlor.

[For the JOURNAL.] The Poncas and Mr. Tibbles.

The Omaha Bee sneeringly says that Tibbles is still pestering the Bostonians in behalf of poor Lo. This implies that the Poncas, and the Indians generally, ought to be left to their fate.

A bashful young man could desire the momentous question no longer, so he stammered: "Martha, I—I—yo you—yon must have—are you aware the good book says—er, that it is not g—good that a man should be alone?"

A man wearing wet clothes and carrying a fishing rod and a basket, stopped a train on the Erie railroad by giving the danger signal. "What's the matter?" the conductor asked. The man coolly replied, that he had caught an enormous trout, and thought the passengers might like to look at it.

A word of advice from the New York Herald: "When, after leaving your country cousins at the depot you hoist their bushels of plums and pears aboard your train, do not forget to tell them that you would invite them to the city next winter if you did not live in so small a house."

Charley Marian brags of a single squash vine on his premises five hundred feet in length and bearing twenty squashes which will average twenty inches in circumference—and still living. What the outcome of this wonderful plant will be it is hard to divine.—Schuyler Sun

A sobbing English lady, who had just lost her husband asked the clergyman of her parish whether relatives are able to find one readily in the next world. He said emphatically that they will be reunited at once. "Then," said she, "his first wife has got him by this time."

A boy on South Hill toiled hard all afternoon in looking for material with which to keep a bonfire alive. At six o'clock, when his mother asked him to bring in a load of wood, he said he never could have any fun with the other boys I always had to work all day at home.

The girl who sings to an admiring company in the front parlor, "You must wake and call me early, mother dear," is the same creature who expects her mother to make the fire, get the milk and bring her breakfast up to her room.

The best books for us are not always those which the wise recommend, but often those which meet our peculiar wants, and the natural thirst of our minds, and which therefore awaken interest and rivet thought.

It is when his wife hands him a brand new napkin, that has never had the starch washed out of it, that the newly married man thinks how much better he could clean his face with a yard or two of floor oil-cloth.

Hon. A. S. Paddock, U. S. Senator, has consented to deliver an address before the Butler County Agricultural Society, on Friday, the 19th of September—the last day of the fair.—Republican.

A Massachusetts lady is reported to have scolded her little boy for taking a drink of water at a hotel. "For," said she, "we pay a dollar for our dinner, and water is very filling."

Polk County.

[From the Osceola Record.] —Calmar McCune, on Tuesday, purchased at mortgage sale, the Swearingen farm for \$1,000.

—There will be no fair in Polk county. We cordially invite the citizens of that county to come to Polk.

—The University Faculty are expected to arrive Friday evening. Let there be a good turnout to welcome them.

—Polk county fair will be held October 9th and 10th on W. H. Water's ground one-fourth of a mile northeast of Osceola. The officers are called to meet at the Court House next Saturday, Sept. 6th, to arrange the premium list and appointment committees.

The Journal man says that it is a lie that the Omaha, Plattsmouth and Nebraska City papers are publishing to the effect that the public debt of Lancaster county is \$2,000,000. It may be a lie, friend, but even if so, it is not a miserable, thieving, cowardly, gaugered lie, such as the Journal is in the habit of telling.

The public debt of Lancaster county is not less than \$1,000,000, and the Journal knows exactly how it was contracted, too!—Lincoln Democrat.

Think twice before you believe every evil story you hear, and think twenty times before you repeat it, especially if it be about a woman. Say to yourself, "This may not be true, or it may be exaggerated," unless you have proof of the veracity of your informant. Persons sometimes tell falsehoods; they often make mistakes, and they sometimes "hear wrong."

Let men tremble to win the hand of woman, unless they win it with the utmost passion of her heart. Else it may be their miserable fortune, when some mightier thought than their own may have awakened all her sensibilities, to be reproached for the calm content, the marble image of happiness, which will have to be imposed upon her as the warm reality.

"You did not deign to notice me yesterday," said a beautiful fair one to a gentleman at Atlantic City. "I did not see you," frankly responded the gentleman. "You could, if you would only have turned your head." "My dear friend," gallantly responded the gentleman, "if I had done so, I feel sure it would not have been the first head your charms have turned."

A Philadelphia miss at Long Branch bothers the young men to whom she is introduced by starting off in this way before they have a chance to say a word: "Yes; it is awfully hot. We came last week. We will stay two weeks more. We are at this hotel. I like Long Branch. Now, let's talk about something else."

Genuine, neighborly love knows no distinction of persons. It is like the sun, which does not ask what it shall shine, or what it shall warm; but shines and warms by the very laws of its own being. So there is nothing hidden from light or heat.

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