THE JOURNAL

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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. Advertisements classified as "Special notices" five cents a line first insertion, three cents a line each subsequent insertion.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

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. 397

HARNESS & SADDLES

Daniel Faucette,

Manufacturer and Dealer in

Harness, Saddles, Bridles, and Collars,

Keeps constantly on hand all kinds of whips, Saddlery Hardware, Curry-combs, Brushes, Bridle Bits, Spurs, Cards, Harness made to order. Repairing done on short notice.

NEBRASKA AVENUE, Columbus. 52.4.

COLUMBUS DRUG STORE.

A. W. DOLAND,

(SUCCESSOR TO DOLAND & SMITH.)

DRUGS, PATENT MEDICINES,

Wall Paper, Toilet Articles,

PAINTS AND OILS,

ETC., ETC., ETC.

Best Of Goods And Low Prices.

MR. SMITH will still be found at the old stand, and will make prescriptions a specialty, as heretofore. 361-x

Dr. A. HEINTZ,

DEALER IN

DRUGS, MEDICINES, CHEMICALS

WINES, LIQUORS.

Fine Soaps, Brushes,

PERFUMERY, Etc., Etc.,

And all articles usually kept on hand by Druggists.

Physicians Prescriptions Carefully Compounded.

One door East of Galley's, on Eleventh Street.

COLUMBUS, : NEBRASKA

Wm. SCHILZ,

Manufacturer and Dealer in

BOOTS AND SHOES!

A complete assortment of Ladies' and Children's Shoes kept on hand.

All Work Warranted!!

Our Motto—Good stock, excellent work and fair prices.

Especial Attention paid to Repairing

Cor. Olive and 12th Sts.

COLUMBUS BRICK YARD,

(One mile west of Columbus.)

THOMAS FLYNN & SON, Prop's.

GOOD, HARD-BURNT BRICK

Always on Hand in

QUANTITIES to suit PURCHASERS 271-tf

BECKER & WELCH,

PROPRIETORS OF

SHELL CREEK MILLS.

MANUFACTURERS & WHOLE-SALE DEALERS IN

FLOUR AND MEAL.

OFFICE,—COLUMBUS, NEB

BUSINESS CARDS

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NOTARY PUBLIC.

12th Street, 2 doors west of Hammond House, *Columbus, Neb.* 491-y

WM. BURGESS,

Dealer in REAL ESTATE.

CONVEYANCER, COLLECTOR,

AND INSURANCE AGENT.

GENOA, NANCE CO., - - - NEB.

SIMPSON & LINLEY,

ATTORNEYS AT LAW.

Will practice in all the courts of the State. Prompt attention given to all business entrusted to his care.

Office:—On 11th street, opposite Lindell Hotel. 479-6m

J. S. MURDOCK & SON,

Carpenters and Contractors.

Have had an extended experience, and will guarantee satisfaction in work. All kinds of repairing done on short notice. Our motto is, Good work and fair prices. Call and give us an opportunity to estimate for you. Shop at the Biz Windmill, Columbus, Nebr. 483-y

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.

H. D. CAREW, Notary Public. J. B. CAMP.

CAREW & CAMP,

Attorneys and Counselors at Law,

AND REAL ESTATE AGENTS.

Will give prompt attention to all business entrusted to them in this and adjoining counties. Collections made. Office on 11th street, opposite Heintz's drug store, Columbus, Neb. Spricht Deutsch Parle Francais.

Dr. E. L. SIGGINS,

Physician and Surgeon.

Office open at all hours. Bank Building.

NOTICE!!

IF YOU have any real estate for sale, if you wish to buy either in or out of the city, if you wish to trade city property for lands, or lands for city property, give us a call.

WADSWORTH & JOSSELYN.

BRICK!

DIEMER & STOLCE keep constantly on hand and furnish in the wall, the best of brick. Orders solicited. Address, as above, box 95, Columbus. 478.

PICTURES! PICTURES!

NOW IS THE TIME to secure a life-like picture of yourself and children at the New Art Rooms, east 10th street, south side railroad track, Columbus, Nebraska.

478-tf Mrs. S. A. JOSSELYN.

KELLY & SLATTERY,

CONTRACTOR AND CARPENTER.

HOLDS HIMSELF IN READINESS for any work in his line. Before letting your contracts for buildings of any description call on or address him at Columbus, Neb. First-class apparatus for removing buildings.

FOR SALE OR TRADE!

MARES & COLTS,

—Teams of—

Horses or Oxen,

SADDLE PONIES, wild or broke, at the Corral of

420 GERRARD & ZEIGLER.

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

Chicago Barber Shop.

Opposite "Hammond House."

COLUMBUS, NEB.

HAIR CUTTING done in the latest styles, with or without machine. None but first-class workmen employed. Ladies' and children's hair cutting a specialty. Best brands of cigars constantly on hand.

HENRY WOODS, 472 6m Proprietor.

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. 222.1y

GOOD CHEAP BRICK!

AT MY RESIDENCE, on Shell Creek, three miles east of Matthis's bridge, I have

70,000 good, hard-burnt brick for sale,

which will be sold in lots to suit purchasers.

418-tf GEORGE HENGGLER.

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. 432-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 good responsible parties only. '28g

DR. R. J. REILLY,

Office on Thirteenth Street,

Opposite Engine House, Columbus, Neb.

Er spricht Deutsch. 489-x

KELLEY & SLATTERY,

House Moving

and house building done to order, and in a workman-like manner. Please give us a call. Shop on corner of Olive St. and Pacific Avenue. 485-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

MRS. W. L. COSSEY,

Dress and Shirt Maker,

2 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

LAW, REAL ESTATE

AND GENERAL

COLLECTION OFFICE

—BY—

W. S. GEER.

MONEY TO LOAN in small lots on farm property, time one to three years. Farms with some improvements bought and sold. *Office* for the present at the Clother House, Columbus, Neb. 473-x

GEORGE N. DERRY,

CARRIAGE,

House & Sign Painting,

GRAINING, GLAZING,

Paper Hanging,

KALSOMINING, Etc.

All work warranted. Shop on Olive street, opposite the "Tattersall" Stables. apr16y

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

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:

CONGRESSIONAL DELEGATION.

A. S. PADDOCK, U. S. Senator, Beatrice.
ALVIN SAUNDERS, U. S. Senator, Omaha.
T. J. MAJORI, Rep., Pern.
E. K. VALENTINE, Rep., West Point.

STATE DIRECTORY:

ALBINUS NANCE, Governor, Lincoln.
S. J. Alexander, Secretary of State.
F. W. Liedtke, Auditor, Lincoln.
G. M. Bartlett, Treasurer, Lincoln.
C. J. Dilworth, Attorney-General.
S. R. Thompson, Supt. Public Instruc.
H. C. Dawson, Warden of Penitentiary.
W. W. Abbey, C. H. Gould, } Prison Inspectors.
Dr. J. G. Davis, Prison Physician.
H. P. Mathewson, Supt. Insane Asylum.

JUDICIARY:

S. Maxwell, Chief Justice.
George B. Lake, Amasa Cobb, } Associate Judges.

FOURTH JUDICIAL DISTRICT.

G. W. Post, Judge, York.
M. B. Reese, District Attorney, Wahoo.

LAND OFFICERS:

M. B. Hoxie, Register, Grand Island.
Wm. Anyan, Receiver, Grand Island.

COUNTY DIRECTORY:

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

CITY DIRECTORY:

C. A. Speice, Mayor.
John Wermuth, Clerk.
Charles Wake, Marshal.
C. A. Newman, Treasurer.
S. S. McAllister, Police Judge.
J. G. Routson, Engineer.

COUNCILMEN:

1st Ward—J. E. North, G. A. Schroeder.
2d Ward—E. C. Kavanaugh, R. H. Henry.
3d Ward—E. J. Baker, Wm. Burgess.

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 A. M.
Western mails close at 4:15 P. M.
Mail leaves Columbus for Madison and Norfolk, daily, except Sunday, at 10 A. M. Arrives at 4:30 P. M.
For Monroe, Genoa, Waterville and Albion, daily except Sunday 6 A. M. Arrive, same, 6 P. M.
For Osceola and York, Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays, 7 A. M. Arrives Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays, 6 P. M.
For Wolf, Farral and Battle Creek, Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays, 6 A. M. Arrives Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays, at 6 P. M.
For Shell Creek, Creston and Stanton, on Mondays and Fridays at 6 A. M. Arrives Tuesdays and Saturdays, at 6 P. M.
For Alexis, Patron and David City, Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays, 1 P. M. Arrives at 12 M.
For St. Anthony, Prairie Hill and St. Bernard, Saturdays, 7 A. M. Arrives Fridays, 3 P. M.

For the JOURNAL.

TOBACCO.

BY X. Y. Z.

"What makes me when I'm called to speak,
Fly quick, for fear my mouth will leak
The spit-box or the door to seek?
Tobbacco."

What makes my teeth so filthy look,
And down each side my chin a brook,
From what such filthy color took?
Tobacco.

And what makes me "cross as a bear"
To wife, and at my children swear?
Oh, it's because I find nowhere,
Tobacco.

What makes me go through snow or rain
Or quit my work, though hay or grain,
To go to town so soon again?
Tobacco.

My clothes all rags, and I in debt,
And wife needs better clothes, but yet,
My last dollar I'd give to get
Tobacco.

I know it on my health does feed,
Takes money that my children need:
Makes a sloven of me, this weed,
Tobacco.

I've tried to quit, time and again,
But all too strong is habits, chain,
And so must ever o'er me reign
Tobacco.

Oh, young men, from this poison shrink!
It is twin brother to strong drink.
Smoke not, chew not, nor even think
Tobacco.

THE SCHOOLMASTER'S CONQUEST.

BY BOB BURDETTE.

Bronson Alcott, of Boston, once told Joseph Cook, and Joseph Cook told everybody he met, that he made it a regulation in his school, that if a pupil violated a rule, the master should substitute his own voluntary sacrificial chastisement for that pupil's punishment, and this regulation almost Christianized his school.

"One day," Mr. Alcot said, "I called up before me a pupil who violated an important rule. All the school was looking on, and knew the rule and penalty. I put the ruler into the offender's hand; I extended my own hand; I told him to strike. Instantly I saw a struggle begin in his face. A new light sprung up in his countenance. A new set of shuttles seemed to be weaving a new nature within him. I kept my hand extended, and the school was in tears. The boy struck once, and burst into tears. He seemed to be in a bath of fire, which was giving him a new nature. He seemed transformed by the idea that I should suffer chastisement in place of his punishment, and ever after was the most docile pupil in the school, though he had at first been the rudest."

Now this is very affecting, and reasonable, and striking. No one can read the incident and very readily forget it, and it contains a lesson that every school-teacher can certainly read with profit. The incident came to the knowledge of Willis K. Stoddard, who, for some years past, has been teaching a district school in Flint River township, in Iowa. He read this extract from one of Joseph Cook's lectures, and never forgot the great moral it conveyed. And, indeed, he privately informed a clergyman who called upon him during a critical period in his career, and with whom he was very intimate, that he didn't think he ever would forget it.

Young Mr. Stoddard had some few pretty hard boys in school. They were big and noisy, and rough and turbulent. He had reasoned with them, he had expostulated, he had begged and wept. He had whipped them until his arms ached, and the directors had threatened to dismiss him for unnecessary severity and absolute cruelty, and the boys grew worse and worse every day. But when he was at his wits' end, and was seriously thinking of running away and losing all his back salary rather than stay at school an other day, he read this incident, and it gave his troubled mind new light. He treasured it up and thought it would help him.

He had treasured it up probably half a day when, one bright June afternoon, Samuel Johnson, the biggest and strongest and worst of all the big, bad boys, violated all the rules of the school, one after another, as fast as he could think of them, and wound up by tearing seven leaves out of his geography. These he crammed into his mouth, and, when he had chewed them into a pulp, he took the "wad" into his hand and propelled the whole mass with great violence into the ear of Ellis Haskell, who, although big and bad--a little bad—was not possessed of sufficient presence of mind to look calm and unconscious under this avalanche, merely because the eye of the teacher was upon him, and he accordingly signified his very natural dismay and astonishment by a universal howl.

And all the school howled in responsive chorus, not only because the scholars were delighted to see Ellis Haskell with his larboard ear full of papier-mache, as though he were going to take a cast of it for the physiology class, but also because they knew the teacher would promptly, and without further ceremony or formality, give "Tecumseh" Johnson a benefit—to-wit, a most awful and dreadful "lickin'." And this, being a pleasant change from the monotonous routine of study and recitation, was always hailed with demonstrations of great joy by the pupils.

Mr. Stoddard called Samuel Johnson up to his desk, and, more calmly than was his custom under such circumstances, told him to go out and bring in a switch. The pupils noticed there was something unusually gentle in the teacher's manner, and it struck Samuel Johnson very forcibly that it was certainly very much out of the ordinary method of procedure for the culprit to be accorded the privilege of cutting his own switch. But he was not the boy who would fail to appreciate and make the best use of his privileges and opportunities. So he did not idly waste his time, but presently returned with a very peaceful-looking switch indeed—a switch apparently far gone in the last stages of consumption—the sickest switch!

"Now," said Mr. Stoddard, with a gentle compasionate intonation, "strike me!"

Samuel Johnson, who had already begun to unbutton his own jacket, opened his mouth wide, and the whole school stared in speechless amazement. Mr. Stoddard calmly repeated his order. He thought he could see the "new set of shuttles" beginning to work. "Some one," he said—and a woman could not have spoken more tenderly—"some one must suffer for the infraction of the rules. I do not punish any of you for any pleasure it gives me to see you suffer. I do it because justice demands it. Some one must be punished, and I will suffer chastisement in your stead." The teacher saw "new light spring up" in Samuel Johnson's countenance. The boy looked at his teacher, and then at his switch. The teacher could "see a struggle begin in the face." Presently the tears sprung to Samuel Johnson's eyes, and he said, in a voice suffused with anxiety, "Hadn't I better go out and get a bigger switch?"

The teacher softly told him he might if he wished, and Samuel Johnson went out and was gone ten minutes—ten long, anxious, quiet, wondering minutes. When he returned, the school smiled. He carried in his hand a switch that looked like a Russian Peace Commissioner. He had cut it out of an Osage hedge, and, when he held it where the sunlight could fall upon it, it looked wickeder than John Morrissey's faro parlors. It was about seven feet long, an inch and three-quarters thick at the butt, and was limber and twisted, and had knots and knobs clear down to the point. The boy's face shone with a bright glow of conscientious satisfaction as he balanced this switch and drew it thro' his hard, muscular hands.

Mr. Stoddard stood up and folded his arms. Then he said, with a sad, sweet look at the culprit, "Now strike me." The school just sat still and held its breath.

Samuel Johnson did not act in greedy and unseemly haste, as tho' he were meanly and wickedly glad to have this opportunity of hitting his dear teacher. He conducted himself like a boy who has a painful duty to perform, but is compelled by conscientious motives to perform it thoroughly. He pulled off his jacket; he rolled up his sleeves; he spat on his hands, and took a two-handed grasp on the switch. Twice he changed the position of his feet to get a better brace. Then he drew a long, deep breath, raised his arms, and the switch just shrieked through the air like a wild, mad, living thing. * * * Old Mr. Hargis, the senior director, who lives only a mile and a half away from the school house, says he was out in his field plowing, and when Mr. Stoddard let off his first yell the old man's first impression was that the school-house had been struck by lightning. The clear sky, however, disproved the theory; and the next time the teacher shouted the director was convinced that a steamboat had gone astray and was whistling for a landing somewhere up the creek. While he was trying to hold his terrified horses, another volley of sound came sweeping over the land like a vocal cyclone, and old Mr. Nosengale, who had been deaf twenty-three years, came running over, saying he believed they were fighting down at the quarries. By this time they were joined by the rest of the neighbors, and the excited populace went thronging on toward the school house.

In accepting Mr. Stoddard's resignation the directors considerately allowed him pay for the full term, and, in a series of complimentary resolutions, spoke of his efficiency in the highest terms, although it transpired that the board was privately agreed, after all the facts had been laid before it, that he was too much of a "nat'ral born fool" to suit a practical locality. Mr. Stoddard is not teaching anywhere this summer. He told his landlady that he needed rest, and that good-hearted old investigating committee was amazed to discover that Mr. Stoddard rested, and even went to bed, by leaning up face foremost against the mantel-piece in his room.

There is an interesting hermit named Austin Sheldon in the wilds of Pike county, Pa. He is 73 years old, totally deaf, and lives in a cave which he has rudely fitted up for a habitation. His only companion is a tame rat. His personal appearance is startling. He is about five feet in height, and his hair and beard are as white as snow. His clothes are worn and patched, and he wears a waistband made of hickory withe to support his garments. For his defense against wild beasts he carries a long knife, as sharp as a razor, which he manufactured by grinding down an old file. He says that his parents were Connecticut farmers. In early manhood he fell in love with an accomplished girl and they were engaged to be married. Her parents broke off the match by secretly sending her away to boarding school. This so preyed upon Austin's mind that he gave up business and started out to find her. He traveled from State to State, but in vain, and finally, when his money was nearly spent, he resolved to settle down in Pennsylvania. He fell into the hands of land speculators, who soon got what cash he had, and deeded him the barren tract of land upon which he now lives. His astonishment when he saw the "farm" that had been deeded him may be imagined. He found nothing but a forest, and as a storm came up he was obliged to take refuge in a cave in a ledge of rocks. This cave he has inhabited ever since. For nearly twenty years he subsisted upon wild fruit and nuts, and in the winter he trapped game and fished. For three years the hermit never saw a human being. Previous to beginning life as a hermit he was proud of his personal appearance, but he grew negligent, and a thick, shaggy beard covered his face, and his hair grew long, far down below his shoulders. From the time he began his hermit life he has never drawn a razor across his face. But he has grown tired of that kind of life, and lately told a correspondent of a Philadelphia paper that he intended to return to civililation to die.—*Elmira Telegram.*

The Right Sort of Men.

You will find, as a rule, that the men who are favorites with men are the best and truest in their relations to women. Yes, the men who like sometimes to turn their backs on all women, and go off "with the other fellows," and have a good, boyish time on the water, or the mountain, or in some other man's "den." Women never need be afraid to trust their happiness to those whom other good men esteem good fellows; but if a man is avoided by men, however much women admire him, shun him. It is he who has flirtations that come to nothing, and has "not been very nice" to the girls that have broken their engagements with him; who, when he marries, wrings his wife's heart, if she has one, and spoils her temper if she is naturally an angel. Manly men are the best lovers, the best companions for women, just as womenly women are the best sweethearts and wives. What do we think of women who shun their own sex, however charming men may find them? It is seldom, if ever, that your men's favorite ill-uses his wife. Perhaps it may be explained this way—friendship of a sublimated sort is what love becomes after a year or so of marriage, and he who is friendly to the very depts of his soul enters into this state happily, and is ready for all the delights that follow. But a man who is capable of nothing but that fleeting affection which ever pursues a new object, and cares for no woman, when she is won, hates the domestic ties and becomes detestable in consequence. It is the man who would die for his friend, and for whom his friend would die, who makes a miraculously happy wife of the woman to whom he scarcely knew how to make love when he courted her.

Lord Cockburn was seated one day on the hillside of Bonally with a Scotch shepherd, and observing the sheep reposing in the coldest situation, he observed to him, "John if I were a sheep I would lie on the other side of the hill." The shepherd answered." Ay, my Lord, but if ye had been a sheep, ye wad have had mair sense."

Terrible Scene in a Menagerie.

A thrilling incident recently occurred in a traveling menagerie at Towanda, Pa., which is thus related by a local paper: The animals in one cage, two lions and a tiger, were fed at that time, being separated by swinging doors, which were fastened during the feeding, and afterward lifted, throwing the animals together as a happy family. These doors were lifted after it was supposed the animals had finished their meal, but a large piece of meat had been left by the lioness. This the tiger saw, and was about to spring upon it, when the lion covered it with his paw. Prof. McDonald, the trainer, spoke to the lion, but he refused to move, and he then tried to force the meat from the animal's paws with the feeding fork, but without purpose, as the lion held on and growled in defiance. To the horror of those standing around, the Professor opened the door of the cage and sprang almost upon the beast, which in turn sprang upon the man, striking him a powerful blow on his chest, that staggered him and lacerated the flesh. An attendant, thinking to assist the now powerless trainer, caught him by the foot and pulled him near the door. The lion again struck him, tearing the flesh in his thigh. The situation at this time was one of terrible suspense to those who were involuntary witnesses of it. Ladies fainted, children screamed; but the trainer, who seemed to suddenly recover his senses, was on his feet in a moment. He looked the big beast squarely in the eyes, and met him half way, maintaining the steady gaze. He said in a firm yet affectionate manner, "Ned, what are you doing? Do you want to kill me, your best friend?" The Towanda paper says it really seemed that the "king of the forest" understood every word that was being said to him, for dropping his eyes, he went to the piece of meat and shoved it to his keeper. He then approached his trainer and looked very penitent for what he had done, lying calmly down at his feet.

Choosing a Wife.

Dr. Fletcher says: "A man's first necessity is to find a woman physically able to support the cares and duties which attend the position. Solomon, who from a long experience with wives, ought to know what constitutes a good one, describes his favorite wife as one who spun wool and flax and took care of the house, etc., in short, he means to say that she shall possess a large share of physical potency. It is the power to do, without which no woman deserves the name of wife. Within the past decade some young men in choosing wives have disregarded this advice of Solomon's, and have since repented. But young men are fast becoming more careful and wise in the matter. They are learning that a pretty face and form, though doubtless desirable accompaniments, are not the whole requisites of a good wife. It is true that there are some thoughtless exceptions among the young men, but they are simpletons. But above them are thoughtful men, who do not and will not fall in love blindly, but who are looking for the wife which Solomon commends, and who will not be satisfied without such a one. I do not wish to reveal any one's secrets, but I have had men say to me when talking upon the subject of this discourse, 'Girls, nowadays, are too frail to marry.' Does any one think the young man to blame who says this and then stands aloof from the marriage altar? Surely not. And does the young lady who is too weak to sweep her own room, or to make her own toilet, think such a young man will hasten to propose? If so, she is mistaken; young men of to-day are fast becoming wise thro' the experience of their unfortunate friends.

Odd Home of a Prairie Dog.

Recently the head of Frank Tolles, the leader of a band of highwaymen, was borne into Cheyenne, Wyoming Territory, and exhibited to a jubilant crowd. When the people had taken a good look at it, it was buried in a prairie in the outskirts of the town. In passing over the prairie a few evenings ago, G. P. Clark saw a skull dancing along and bobbling up and down among the cactus bushes. His hair stood on end. Cold chills struck him. When he reached Cheyenne he was as white as a sheet. Everybody scoffed at his story; but a few men were induced to go out and take a look. The next morning a whole crowd went out to investigate. There again was the moving skull. The boldest in the party approached. All at once a little prairie dog bounded from the skull and shot away into its hole near by. It had appropriated the highwayman's head for a resting-place.

The Pursuit of Happiness.

All pursuits are pursuits of happiness. The young men who are standing in presence of a group of professions try to select one which will yield them not only a support, but also the most happiness. No man will, of his own accord, select an avocation to which his heart recoils. So universally does man seek personal happiness, and so widely does society in its organized forms seek its destination, that many philosophers have declared happiness to be the final motive of all conduct; that all other motives are but shapes of this one all-prevailing influence. It is indeed true that no act of life can be found in which this reward of being may not be seen as a possible motive, or at least an expectation but that all acts are done from a consideration of the final welfare of the doer may well be denied, for without very clear proof we should not make man a creature of only self-interest. It is evident that all good conduct and all good character inevitably joined with that result called happiness, and this is, perhaps as far as the common mind can see in this direction in the spiritual world.

While philosophers are ardently and, almost vainly attempting to learn whether all actions and all virtue are to be explained by the influence of this one pursuit, this truth remains for the common public, namely, that the pursuit of happiness, enjoyment, pleasure, is one of the most immense chases in which the human multitude ever joins. There are some who do not seek riches, perhaps, because they were born into an old wealth which in generations has not increased or diminished, or perhaps, because they were born so poor that the thought of riches is a hopeless dream and there are persons who do not seek a home or a name, or culture, but persons who do not seek pleasure, one can with difficulty discover. This crusade is one in which all join and march to this music in front of the mighty procession.

Not every single individual of the human family has marched to this music, but no one shape of motive has so near making a unit in one particular of the races and epochs of man. The history of the exceptions, could we find them and read them, would reveal to us only too clearly the fact, that the Creator designed that all his creatures should seek to a greater or less degree, personal pleasure. At least those who have attempted to shun the smiles and laughter and joys of earth, have found their method to be not a form of development, but a blight.

Correct Speaking.

We advise all young people to acquire in early life the habit of using good language, both in speaking and writing, and also abandon the use of slang words and phrases. The longer they live the more difficult the acquisition of good language will be; and if the golden age of youth, the proper time for the acquisition of good language, be passed in its abuse, the unfortunate victim of neglected education is probably doomed to talk slang for life. Money is not necessary to procure this education. Every man has it in his power. He has merely to use the language which he reads, instead of the slang he hears; to form his tastes from the best speakers and poets of the country; to treasure up choice phrases in his memory, and habituate himself to their use, avoiding at the same time that pedantic precision and bombast which show rather the weakness of vain ambition than the polish of an educated mind.

Raising Colts.

There is a crude notion prevailing that hardships make young stock hardy. A colt that is weaned in the fall, as is commonly the case, should not be allowed to become poor in the first winter. It is true that it will often improve so rapidly in the spring that its wretched condition in the winter will seem really to have been an advantage to it, but this is a grave mistake. If the same condition were imposed during the whole period of growth the effect would be very perceptible. Although the summer may in some degree remove the effect of the winter no animals so treated ever become what they might have been in size, symerous treatment. There is profit in breeding nice carriage and draft horses. As a general rule it costs no more to raise a good colt than a poor one, while the former will bring two or three times as much as the latter. A dark stable is a poor place to keep a colt.

It does not take a school-boy long to evince a love for division, provided another boy owns the apple.