County Clerk

THE JOURNAL.

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BRICK!
REMER & 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 11th street, south side railroad track, Columbus, Nebraska.
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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.
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ATTORNEYS AT LAW, Columbus, Nebraska. N. B.—They will give close attention to all business entrusted to them. 248.

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

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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 Big Windmill, Columbus, Nebr. 483-y

The Columbus Journal.

VOL. X.--NO. 34. COLUMBUS, NEBRASKA, WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 24, 1879. WHOLE NO. 502.

WM. M. CORNELIUS,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Up-stairs in Gluck Building, 11th street.

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

GEORGE N. DERRY,
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KALSOMINING, Etc.
All work warranted. Shop on Olive street, opposite the "Tattersall" stables. apr16y

FOR SALE OR TRADE!
MARES AND COLTS,
—Teams of—
Horses or Oxen,
SADDLE PONIES, wild or broke, at the Corral of
429 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

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.
448-tf GEORGE HENGGLER.

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,
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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

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

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—BY—
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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

COLUMBUS
Restaurant and Saloon!
E. D. SHEEHAN, Proprietor.
Wholesale and Retail Dealer in Foreign Wines, Liquors and Cigars, Dublin Stout, Scotch and English Ales.
Kentucky Whiskies a Specialty.
OYSTERS in their season, by the case can or dish.
11th Street, South of Depot

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

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.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

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. 461-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

HARNESS & SADDLES
Daniel Faucette,
Manufacturer and Dealer in
Harness, Saddles, Bridles, and Collars,
keeps constantly on hand all kinds of whips, Saddlery Hardware,—Currycombs, Brushes, Bridle Bits, Spurs, Cards. Harness made to order. Repairing done on short notice.
NEBRASKA AVENUE, Columbus. 53.4.

BECKER & WELCH,
PROPRIETORS OF
SHELL CREEK MILLS.
MANUFACTURERS & WHOLESALE DEALERS IN
FLOUR AND MEAL.
OFFICE,—COLUMBUS, NEB.

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

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STATE BANK,
Successors to Gerrard & Reed and Turner & Hulst.
COLUMBUS, NEBRASKA.
CASH CAPITAL, - **$50,000**
DIRECTORS:
LEANDER GERRARD, *Pres't.*
GEO. W. HULST, *Vice Pres't.*
JULIUS A REED.
EDWARD A. GERRARD.
ABNER TURNER, *Cashier.*
Bank of Deposit, Discount and Exchange.
Collections Promptly Made on all Points.
Pay Interest on Time Deposits. 274

MERRY CHRISTMAS.

In the rush of early morning,
When the red burns through the gray,
And the wintry world lies waiting
For the glory of the day,
Then we hear a fitful rustling
Just without upon the stair,
See two small, white phantoms coming,
Catch the gleam of sunny hair.

Are they Christmas fairies stealing
Rows of little socks to fill?
Are they angels floating hither
With their message of good-will?
What sweet spell are these elves weaving,
As like larks they chirp and sing?
Are these psalms of peace from Heaven
That these lovely spirits bring?

Rosy feet upon the threshold,
Eager faces peeping through,
With the first red ray of sunshine,
Chanting cherubs come in view,
Mistletoe and gleaming holly,
Symbols of a blessed day,
In their chubby hands they carry,
Streaming all along the way.

Well we know them, never weary
Of this innocent surprise;
Waiting, watching, listening always
With full hearts and tender eyes,
While our little household angels,
White and golden in the sun,
Greet us with the sweet old welcome—
"Merry Christmas, everyone!"

—*Louisa M. Alcott.*

JOHN HOLLAND'S MERRY CHRISTMAS.

The day before Christmas every store window was wreathed in green, every rare and beautiful thing exposed to tempt the passer-by was labeled "Christmas gift." Even the corner groceries and baker shops had green boughs and a generous display of ginger-bread horses and white-sugar hearts enriched with gilt beading, and impossible pink fowls, popularly supposed to be doves. There were myriads of dolls and hundreds of sleds, with names taking in the whole animal kingdom. The streets were crowded with furclad, smiling women, who were making the last selections of pretty things with which to swell out the fair proportions of many little stockings.

John Holland, leaving his office earlier than usual, made his way slowly through these waves of happy womanhood, carrying his aching head a little forward, watching with sullen eyes the joy about him, until the tide of bitterness in his heart rose high, and forced from his lips a curse on the morrow that would bring so much happiness to others and so much misery to him. A lonely man was John Holland, over whose dead past stood no monumental marble with name and date thereon—a weary man by his drooping shoulders and uncertain gait—an unhappy man by the wistful look that crept now and then into his sullen eyes. And so in wearily lonely fashion he walked on, leaving the city far behind, and coming at last upon a country road that wound its rough, snow-powdered length thro' shrubby hollows and up the hills between leafless gray-barked trees. Now and then a thin sheet of ice cracked beneath his feet—he did not hear it; above his head, close to the soft, gray clouds, fat, inky crows sailed round and round, cawing companionably—he did not heed them; while here and there the bare, brown fingers of some shrub or tree held out to him a bunch of scarlet berries, which he did not see. All the grays and browns, touched here and there with green and scarlet, appealed to him in vain. To-morrow was Christmas day. He stood alone—he made no one's happiness; therefore to him the world could not be fair. He remembered how, not many years before, he and his wife stole tip-toe through the house, to cram with candies and many wondrous toys the little woolen stockings hanging near the fire. He remembered how the Christmas sunlight, striking through the frosted window pane, turned into burnished gold the ruddy locks of their sturdy baby boy; and now he stumbled up the hill-side, blind with rage and pain. Now two mounds of chill, cold earth held all that made life a dear and precious thing to him. At the top of the hill he paused involuntarily to regain his breath. Up there the wind blew keenly, the ghastly gleam of ice could be seen in the river winding far below. The wood was darkened by many slender pines and stunted hemlock trees—a wintry scene—and Holland thrust his hands deep in his pockets and turned to retrace his steps, when a sound broke the silence all about him—a sound that set his heart a throbbing, a sound that drew his feet from the beaten road and sent them striding through the dead brown leaves until they brought him to the very spot where little Ruth sat sobbing.

A strange place to find a child, yet there she sat, flat on the ground, her well-worn, copper-toed shoes stretched out before her, one little hand doubled under her arm, as a bird draws its foot under its wing, the other hand grasping with all its childish might a branch of one of the many small hemlock trees growing about her. So mottled with cold were her face, her hands, and her little bare knees, she might have passed for a figure carved in good old castile soap.

John Holland's sudden appearance did not startle her in the least. She seemed to accept him as one accepts things in dreams, without surprise or fear.

"What is the matter?" he asked.

"I'm cold."

How strange the childish voice sounded up there in that chill, bleak place!

"What are you doing here?"

"I'm waiting."

"Poor baby!" thought John Holland, "you are learning the great lesson early. I should like to know the brute who left you sitting here while he or she drinks or gossips in the town below."

"Who are you waiting for, child?"

The chill, tear-stained little face broke into smiles as she whispered:

"I'm waiting for Santa Claus."

The answer smote him with astonishment. As a boy he had heard much of the genial old man for whom little Ruth was waiting, but he had never heard of his paying a visit or transacting any business in the day-time. So he told her; but she, looking sorrowfully wise, answered:

"Yes, I know he goes down the chimneys at night, but to-morrow is Christmas, Aunty says so, and Santa Claus *must* come here to-day to get his trees."

"To get his trees?" echoed Holland, sitting down by the side of that bit of childish gravity.

"Why, yes; his trees like this, you know," and after a slow, numb sort of search for something in the depths of her pocket, her cold little hand drew out a leaf of a child's story book, torn and soiled, but bearing on one side a highly-colored picture of the good Santa Claus.

"There," she continued, eagerly, "see the tree he has on his arm—they don't grow in the city; *see*, he must come up here to get them."

"I understand; but why wait here in the cold for him when to-night he will come down your chimney with all sorts of pretty toys?"

"But he won't come; he does not know the house is here; he thinks all the boys and girls live down there in the city; so when he comes to get this tree I'm going to say, 'Please, Santa Claus, I live here on the hill. Aunty says I'm pretty good. Can't I have a doll baby and a picture book?"

John Holland's voice was very tender when he spoke again to ask her name, and then he lifted her to her feet and said:

"I'll tell you what we will do, Ruth. You go home before Aunty misses you and thinks you are lost, and I'll stay here and watch for Santa Claus."

She shook her head.

"You'll get tired and go away."

"No, I won't; I'll wait until I see him."

"Truly?"

"Truly."

Little Ruth raised her face and Holland kissed her baby mouth.

"Where do you live, child?"

"Only a little ways back in the woods;—there is the path." And running across the dead leaves she struck into a faint, narrow path, and following it disappeared behind the trees. Holland watched her out of sight, then tying his handkerchief to the top branch of that tree which Ruth had selected as the very one Santa Claus most wanted, turned his face cityward and strode down the hill.

Low down in the west he noticed a long golden rift in the dull gray sky, and it widened and broadened until the golden glory burst its bonds and flooded all the scenes with wintry sunlight. Even so had the childish faith of little Ruth forced its way through clouds of loneliness and grief to fill his heart with sunlight. More than one woman smiled that night at John Holland as he stood in a crowded store, examining with supernatural gravity dolls dressed and undressed. A light wagon carried him and his books and toys out from the city and up the woody hill to Ruth's poor home. After peering into the window like an amiable burglar he summoned Ruth's aunt. A few words outside the door, a gentle little laugh, a tear or two, a great rustling of paper, and then the door was closed, and Holland, whistling softly to himself, made his way to the tree from which waved a white handkerchief, and, after much hacking, pulling and digging, succeeded in removing it. Driving home under the starry sky great tears filled his eyes as he thought of "the wife and baby boy gone before;" there was no curse on his lips, only a tremulous smile, as he thought of the joyous awakening for little Ruth to-morrow. Next day John Holland gave a dinner; there were four at the table—Holland himself, Ruth, Ruth's aunt, and Ruth's doll Rosey, who ate nothing, but looked lovely and smiled indefatigably. It would be hard to tell how many times Ruth laid her doll on Holland's knee, whereupon her waxy eyelids instantly would close and she fell into a most profound sleep. 'Twould be harder still to tell how eagerly she questioned him as to the exact appearance of Santa Claus when he came for that tree—the very tree she sat beside when she was waiting.

And John Holland telling stories to the little Ruth, hugging her precious Rosey, had indeed a Merry Christmas, for on making the happiness of another he had found his own.

"Not if it was My Boy."

Some years ago the late Horace Mann, the eminent educator, delivered an address at the opening of some reformatory institute for boys, during which he remarked that if only one boy was saved from ruin it would pay for all the cost, and care, and labor of establishing such an institution as that. After the exercises had closed in private conversation, a gentleman rallied Mr. Mann on his statement, and said to him:

"Did you not color that a little, when you said that all that expense and labor would be repaired if it only saved one boy?"

"Not if it was my boy," was the solemn and convincing reply.

Ah, there is wonderful valve about "My Boy." Other boys may be rude and rough; other boys may be reckless and wild; other boys may seem to require more pains and labor than they will ever repay; other boys may be left to drift uncared for to the ruin which is so near at hand; but "My Boy"—it were worth the toil of a lifetime and the lavish wealth of a world to save him from temporal and eternal ruin. We would go the world around to save him from peril, and would bless every hand that was stretched out to give him help or welcome. And yet every poor, wandering outcast, homeless man, is one whom some fond mother called "My Boy." Every lost woman, sunken in the depths of sin, was somebody's daughter, in her days of childish innocence. To-day somebody's son is a hungry outcast, pressed to the verge of crime and sin. To-day somebody's daughter is a weary, helpless wanderer, driven by necessity into the paths that lead to death. Shall we shrink from labor, shall we hesitate at cost, when the work before us is the salvation of a soul? Not if it is "My Boy;" not if we have the love of Him who gave His life to save the lost.

The Clergyman's Pulpit Voice.

Many clergymen have a pulpit voice. When they are out of church they speak as other people do. They do not employ a deep chest note when they inquire of the butcher respecting the price of roast beef, and they do not use a dismal monotone when they discuss domestic matters with their wives and children. But as soon as they get into church they unconsciously assume an artificial tone; and they are apt to do this when they have any devotional functions to perform. It has often been observed that if a minister who is chatting easily and naturally at table should be asked to say grace, he will suddenly assume his pulpit voice, articulate with it during the ceremony, and then resume the conversation in his natural voice with the dexterity of a ventriloquist. The pulpit voice is probably attributed to a desire to give solemnity and impressiveness to the performance. It results from an effort to convey to the hearers the deep sense of awe which may fairly be supposed to suffuse the clerical mind. But the result to the listener is far more likely to be an almost resistless tendency to go to sleep. The effective voice always is the natural voice. The skillful actor touches every chord in the entire gamut of passion, and gives force and effect to every phase of sentiment, without putting any undue strain upon his vocal machinery. A great truth must be far more impressive when it is urged in the speaker's ordinary tones, modified only by whatever influence of sincere feeling may govern the speaker's mind, then when it is offered in an artificial voice about which there be no suggestion of genuine passion.

If a man is dissipated, it is true that he will not live out half his days but then young Keepitup says he lives out about two-third of his nights, and that makes a good average.

THE VISION OF DEATH.

Saved by a Workingman's Presence of Mind.

The infernal, yet very useful, compound [nitro-glycerine] is so swift and terrible in its work, and co-annihilatory in its effects that many persons experience a singular if even in the presence of the harmless-looking fluid. They know that a slight concussion would send them into eternity with the rapidity of the lightning's flash, and hardly a trace of their bodies be found. Men who are accustomed to nitro-glycerine are supposed to have none of these feelings, and nerve is a necessary requisite. Nevertheless, the presence of appalling danger sometimes illustrates the best of them, as will be seen by the following incident:

At a certain factory not a hundred miles from Bradford were gathered the members of the firm and some workmen. The gentlemen were intently watching the process of manufacturing the explodent, when one of them incautiously dropped his cigar-stub on the floor which was covered with running water, bearing on the surface small particles of nitro-glycerine. The latter caught fire and burned brilliantly with a sputtering noise. To say that the spectators were alarmed would would be to put it very mildly. They were simply paralyzed with terror and watched the spreading fiery stream with the helpless fascination with which a victim is said to look in the glittering eyes of a rattlesnake. All around them were cans filled with nitro-glycerine, enough to anihilate an army, and every man felt as though he was the victim of a hideous nightmare which held them powerless. Flight was impossible; their limbs refused to perform their office and an awful death seemed inevitable. The apparently doomed men saw the litile lake of fire spread slowly but surely on the floor, but the flames hissed as tho' in triumph at the certain death that seemed to await their victims. None of the spectators will soon forget this thrilling episode in their lives, and money could not hire them to repeat the experiment. When the fire had almost reached a can filled with glycerine one of the workmen roused from his lethargy, and taking off his coat, spread it on the floor and extinguished the flames, when of course all danger ceased. One of the gentlemen present when describing his experience, said: "I never knew before what it was to be sick from fear. When I saw the infernal stuff burning, and felt that every man of us would be blown to atoms in five seconds, every muscle of my body seemed palsied. I gasped for breath, my head swam, and I only felt a deathly sensation of nausea in my stomach. All present turned an ashly paleness of the face. Then I vainly wondered whether there would be any pain in the death-stroke. The remembrance of a nitro-glycerine horror, where the still palpitating heart of one of its victims was picked up a minute after the explosion, came to my mind, and I surmised whether my heart would undergo that strange experience after being torn from my body. The thought of my family caused me the most poignant anguish, and tears coursed down my cheeks. Then several incidents of life, of which I can not speak with pride, were vividly presented to my mind's eye, and induced vague reflections on the subject of future punishment. Sometimes in my dreams I have felt myself in the presence a frightful peril, such as lying in the path of an express train, or tottering on the brink of a vast abyss, but was utterly incapable of moving hand or foot for my preservation. So I seemed in this case. I could not lift a finger though there was comparative safety in flight; paralyzed with terror was literally my condition. After what seemed to be an eternity of waiting for my inevitable fate, my attention was arrested by a movement on the part of one of the workmen, who took off his coat hurriedly. Then he bent forward, and, with the utmost deliberation, laid it on the pool of fire, moving it gently along and patting it with his hands until every spark was extinguished. The reaction from the terrible suspense was almost overpowering, and I felt as weak as a child, but on going out into the open air my old time spirits came back very rapidly. May I never have another such experience."

The bride of a week, at New Philadelphia, Ohio, mysteriously disappeared. The pair had married for love, nothing had happened that could have raised a reasonable regret, and it was feared she had met with an accident. The truth was that, growing homesick, she had quietly taken a train for the paternal roof.

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.

"My Mother's Been Praying."

In February, 1861, a terrible gale raged along the coast of England. In one bay, Hartlepool, it wrecked eighty-one vessels. While the storm was at its height, the Rising Sun, a stout brig, struck on Longrear rock, a reef extending a mile from one side of the bay. She sunk, leaving only her two top-masts above the foaming waves.

The lifeboats were away, rescuing wrecked crews. The only means of saving the men clinging to the swaying masts was the rocket apparatus. Before it could be adjusted, one mast fell. Just as the rocket, bearing the life line, went booming out of the mortar, the other mast toppled over.

Sadly the rocket-men began to draw in their line, when, suddenly, they felt that something was attached to it, and in a few minutes hauled on to the beach the apparently lifeless body of a sailor boy. Trained and tender hands worked, and in a short time he became conscious.

With wild amazement, he gazed around on the crowd of kind and sympathizing friends. They raised him to his feet. He looked up into the weather-beaten face of the old fisherman near him, and asked:

"Where am I?"

"Thou art here, my lad."

"Where's the Cap'n?"

"Drowned, my lad."

"The mate, then?"

"He's drowned, too."

"The crew?"

"They are all lost, my lad; thou art the only one saved."

The boy stood, overwhelmed, for a few moments; then he raised both his hands, and cried in a loud voice:

"My mother's been paying for me!"

And then he dropped on his knees on the wet sand, and hid his sobbing face in his hands.

Hundreds heard that day this tribute to a mother's love, and to God's faithfulness in listening to a mother's prayers.

The little fellow was taken to a house near by, and in a few days he was sent home to his mother's cottage in Northumberland.

Why He Went to Bed.

The passion of love often reacts strangely on undisciplined minds, and frequently produces on them most unlooked-for results. At Keithly, at the beginning of the present century, lived a young man named William Sharp. He fell desperately in love with a girl, the daughter of a neighboring farmer. Everything went smoothly till the wedding morning, when the fathers could not agree how much to give the young couple to start them in life, and literally at the last moment in church the match was broken off. This was too much for the weak mind of William Sharp. He went home, went to his bed, and never rose from it again. He was just thirty when he thus isolated himself from active life, and he died in his bed at the age of seventy-five. His room was about nine feet square. The floor was stone, and generally damp. The window was permanently fastened; some of the panes were filled in with wood; and at the time of his death it had not been opened for thirty-eight years. In this dreary cell did this strange being immure himself. He obstinately refused to speak, and gradually every trace of intelligence faded away. His father left ample provision for his eccentric son, and he was well looked after. He ate as much as an ordinary day laborer, and at his death weighed about sixteen stone. In Harrowgate, several years ago, lived a woman who for the same cause behaved in exactly the same manner. Her parents having prevented her marriage to a worthless character, she took to her bed, and kept it for fifteen years; and if not dead, is probably keeping it still.

Cure for Diphtheria.

BY DR. A. ELLIS.

1 Drachm Pulv. Golden Seal,
1 " " Borax,
1 " " Black Pepper,
1 " " Nitrac Potash,
1 " " Salt.

Put all in a common-sized teacup and pour on about half full of boiling water. Stir this well and then fill full of good vinegar for use when it settles.

Directions:—Swab the throat every half hour when the case is bad. Ordinary cases every hour, for common sore throat take some into the mouth and gargle it.

Receipt for liniment.

Sp. Turp. 1 oz; Sweet oil, 1 oz; Aqua Am. 1 oz. Rub on the outside of throat every three or four hours. Keep a flannel cloth about the neck until well.

The Platte Valley *Democrat* sho'd not talk so about General Grant. It might hurt the "Gineral's" feelings, you know.—*Sidney Plaindealer.*