THE JOURNAL.

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M. K. TURNER & CO.,

Proprietors and Publishers.

—:o:—

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The Columbus Journal.

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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.

CONGRESSIONAL DELEGATION.

A. S. PADDOCK, U. S. Senator, Beatrice.
ALVIN SAUNDERS, U. S. Senator, Omaha.
T. J. MAJORS, Rep., Peru.
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.

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:

O., N. & B. H. ROAD.

Bound north.		Bound south.	
Jackson	4:53 P. M.	Norfolk	6:30 A. M.
LostCreek	5:30 "	Munson	6:57 "
Pl. Centre	5:57 "	Madison	7:45 "
Humphrey	6:51 "	Humphrey	8:34 "
Madison	7:40 "	Pl. Centre	9:28 "
Munson	8:28 "	LostCreek	9:55 "
Norfolk	8:55 "	Jackson	10:30 "

The departure from Jackson will be governed by the arrival there of the U. P. express train.

BUSINESS CARDS

H. J. HUDSON,
NOTARY PUBLIC,
12th Street, 2 doors west of Hammond House, *Columbus, Neb.* 491-y

Dr. E. L. SIGGINS,
Physician and Surgeon.
Office open at all hours. Bank Building.

WM. BURGESS,
Dealer in REAL ESTATE,
CONVEYANCER, COLLECTOR, AND INSURANCE AGENT,
GENOA, NANCE CO., - - - NEB.

BRICK!
RIEMER & 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.
478-tf Mrs. S. A. JOSSELYN.

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.

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.

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

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,

CARRIAGE, House & Sign Painting, GRAINING, GLAZING, Paper Hanging, KALSOMINING, Etc.
All work warranted. Shop on Olive street, one door south of Elliott's new Pump-house. apr16y

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 Big Windmill, Columbus, Nebr. 483-y

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, Proprietor.
472 6m

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

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

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

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 13th 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. 58.4.

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

COLUMBUS
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

FROM THE DEPTHS.

A sweet-faced woman and a sweet-faced child are wandering among the shipping docks of the great city. The woman is plainly dressed, but evidently in her best attire, and there is a touch of gentility in her finery, in the real lace collar, relics of better days, perhaps, the pearl ear-rings and neat gloves. The child is neatly dressed, too, and she clasps the woman's hand, looks love at her guardian. But the woman's face is not at its best now; a care-worn look, and a faint wrinkle upon the pale forehead that ages her and lessens the charms of her face.

She is inquiring of the dockmen, stevedores and loungers about the wharves whether the brig Good Luck has come in. She always receives the same reply to her eager question, for the brig Good Luck had been lost a month ago, dashed on a lee shore, and ground to pieces by the sea, and will never come in—never—nevermore.

If they told her, she would not believe them, for the woman and her child have supreme faith that the brig Good Luck would come in soon with cargo and crew, though they have been asking the same question and prayer for many and many a day.

Then she goes across the street and winds her way along the bales and boxes and passing carts, and through all the hubbub and bustle of the wharf, and climbs a flight of stairs to where the brig owners have their office. They are used to seeing her. They smile sadly when she enters with the child, and look significantly at one another, as much as to say:

'Poor thing! she's mad. No wonder, no wonder!'

Mad! Yes, she is mad with 'hope deferred,' with anxiety to meet her husband, Caleb Shelter, master of the brig Good Luck; to meet the master of the brig, her husband and the father of her child. Why does he stay away from her so long?

'Is the Good Luck in yet?' she asks of a clerk.

'Not yet, ma'am.'

'She is expected, of course, to-day?'

'Of course.'

'There's a vessel coming in now. I see the tall masts. Look!' pointing out of the office window to the river front. 'Maybe that's it. Effie, dear, look! there's father's vessel, with father on board.'

The child clasps her little hands at the sight.

'Sorry to say that ain't it, ma'am,' says the clerk, relapsing into his calculations and paying no more attention to the woman.

She stares out of the open window at the approaching vessel drawn by a tug, and then with a blank look upon her face and a moan that is heart-rendering, says:

'No Effie, no! That is not the Good Luck. I can see the figure-head. The figure-head of the Good Luck is an angel; a white and gold angel. No, no, that isn't it.'

'But, papa will soon come home, won't he, mamma?' said the child.

Old Mr. Tawman, who is the head of the establishment, here came from behind his desk, and, approaching the woman, said, in a kind tone:

'Mrs. Shelter, sit down; make yourself as comfortable as you can in a dingy office like this. Here, little one, come here and give me a kiss. A bright, pretty little dear, Mrs. Shelter.'

'She looks pale,' said the mother. 'She is very tired, and has been walking too much.'

The old gentleman sits down and lifts the little girl on his knee and kisses her.

She winds her arms around his neck and says:

'You will tell my papa to come soon, won't you?'

'Yes, dear.'

It was the habit of this firm to pay a sort of pension monthly to the widows of captains who were lost in their service. It was not much of a stipend, but only half-pay, but it was certainly a blessing in very many cases. Mrs. Shelter had always received her husband's money here, while he was at sea, or it was sent to her when she was sick or the weather was bad.

'Ah, Mr. Tawman, I'm sure the Good Luck will be in to-day.'

'Certainly it will. What's to hinder it?' he answers.

He puts the child down and goes over to his desk, and unlocking his drawer, he takes out an account book and begins writing a receipt. Then he goes over into the cashier's room. While he is there the telegraph operator calls him over.

Click, clickety, click goes the magic instrument, repeating its dot and dash message.

'Hear that?' says the operator. 'That's news for you!' The proprietor could read every word by its sound.

'It's like a message from God,' says Mr. Tawman, reverently. 'I must not tell her.'

He comes back to where the woman is sitting; his face is flushed with emotion; some strange excitement. He throws into her lap a bundle of bank notes.

'There, Mrs. Shelter, now go home. Take a car at the door.'

'Oh, I'm not tired. And I should like to be here when the brig comes in. But I thank you so much.'

'Here, little one,' says the good-hearted Tawman, 'here's something for you to buy candy with.' He put into her tiny, outstretched hand a bright quarter of a dollar, and laughs at the wonder and delight of the little recipient.

'I'll keep this for my papa.'

Poor little thing, she is weary unto sleep. She cuddles herself in the big chair and sinks into slumber in an instant.

'Now, Mrs. Shelter, you've had no dinner,' says Tawman.

'Oh, yes sir.'

'Yesterday, perhaps, but I mean to-day. Go down with Mr. Pelton, there; our young man wants something to eat. You see we have arrangements for the comforts of our clerks. We give them a hot dinner, and a good one, too.' 'There's nobody there.' 'Go down there and ask the waiter, George,' addressing Mr. Pelton, 'to give this lady a cup of tea and a piece of toast, some chicken, and all that.'

Then, pausing a minute, as if propriety and philanthropy are struggling for mastery in his mind, he said:

'No, no, George. Tell Henderson to send the dinner up here; that's better.'

The young man leaves the office again and consults the telegraph operator.

'Send the message at once, Mr. Lindsay, if you please.'

He writes something—a long message, a very long message indeed—but the President's message itself is not half so important, so interesting to those it concerns.

Then, by the time the message is sent, the dinner is ready in Mr. Tawman's private office, when Mrs. Shelter partakes of it, but does not think proper to waken the tired child that she may eat also.

Then Mr. Tawman says:

'Now, you had better go. I'll see to the child; I'll bring the little girl up with me to-night.'

'No, no!' exclaims the mother, 'I must have my Effie with me always, sir. You are good though—so very good. And is there no news of the Good Luck?'

'Not a word, I'm sorry to say.'

'It can't be possible. The brig must come in to-day.'

'I'm sure I hope so with all my heart and soul, Mrs. Shelter.'

'I know you do,' she responded with a sigh.

'Now go. I'm sorry you have to wake the child, but I suppose you can't help it.'

'Come, Effie,' says the mother, touching her lightly on the shoulder.

The child with a start awakes and cries:

'It is my papa. Dear, dear papa.'

Then, seeing her disappointment, she burst into tears.

'Don't cry, dear, don't cry; the brig will come in. Don't cry.'

The good old man speaks soothingly to the sobbing child; and the mother, catching her hand, walks sadly away, followed by Mr. Tawman, who lifts the little girl down-stairs, and helps her and her mother into a car.

The next morning the mother is again loitering about the wharves with the same agonizing inquiry. She again puts the question to the wharfman, and again only receives the same answer. Then, as before, she seeks the office of the brig owners, still accompanied by her little girl, and asks:

'Has the brig Good Luck come in yet?'

'Not yet, ma'm.'

She sighs and looks out of the window at the shipping. She says she will wait for Mr. Tawman, and sits down.

When Mr. Tawman comes in, as usual, he greets her very kindly, and kisses the little girl, and says:

'I'm sorry the brig isn't in yet.'

'Will it be in to-day?'

'I hope so.'

And then he goes behind his desk, and looks over his letters. He has not long been engaged in his correspondence when a scream from the woman startles him. She had risen, and is pointing excitedly out of the window.

'Here is a ship coming in. Look! look!'

'That's not it,' says a clerk, 'that is a schooner.'

'Oh, no,' adds Mr. Tawman, 'that is not the Good Luck.'

'It is, it is!'

She darts from the office, dragging the child after her; runs across the bustling wharf, out to the very edge of the water. Mr. Tawman rushes to the window, opens it, and calls to her. To no purpose, however. All the clerks cluster around the widow to catch sight of her.

'The woman is mad,' says one. 'She's going to drown herself.'

Tawman says quietly to the telegraph operator:

'Is it the Mary?'

The schooner is being towed up the river by a tug. She is making preparations to anchor in the stream opposite the wharf. All this time Mrs. Shelter is standing in the midst of a crowd of excited people waving handkerchiefs, and the little girl is waving hers.

'Look—look there! There's a man overboard!' cried one of the clerks. A cry of alarm goes up from the wharf.

'Heavens!' exclaimed Mr. Tawman, thoroughly aroused. 'What does that mean?'

'He is swimming like a fish,' says a clerk.

'He has landed. Listen to the cheers.'

'Look, look!' shouted the operator. 'She is hugging him; so is the little girl. It's Captain Shelter!'

'Thank God!' exclaimed Tawman, 'and pray heaven she may not sink under the shock. Poor woman! how she clings to the drenched man! Dear, dear!'

Then he puts on his hat and runs down the steps like a boy, and darts over to where husband and wife and child are united and happy.

'Ah!' he exclaimed, shaking the Captain by the hand, and not caring for the gaping and wondering crowd all around him; 'this is good luck, isn't it, eh! Did you get my telegram?'

'When the man can speak he answers:

'Yes.'

'I planned it all!' chatters old Tawman. 'You see, I got a dispatch yesterday from the Breakwater, saying that Capt. Shelter had been picked up on a raft by the schooner Mary. I told her in the car yesterday that the brig would come in, and come in it did. Over to the office, every one of you, and after dinner and dry clothes, Captain, we'll have a talk about business. Come on.'

Household Hints.

Common lye of wood ashes will soften hard putty in a few minutes.

The fumes of a brimstone match will remove berry stains from a book or paper engraving.

Dry paint is removed by dipping a swab with a handle in a strong solution of oxalic acid. It softens it at once.

If there is rust on your flat iron, or other roughness, put some fine salt on a board and rub it rapidly while warm, until it moves smoothly.

A single drop of sesquipede chloride of iron, put on a corn between the toes, once a day, with a camel's hair brush, will effect a marvellous cure.

Ten grains of oxalic acid in half a pint of water will remove all ink and water stains. Wet the article in hot water, and apply it to the top of the bottle, so that the liquid will reach it, then rinse it well.

Keep some strong spirits of hartshorn in a ground glass stoppered bottle; a teaspoonful in a tablespoonful of water will clean combs and brushes, and restore colors injured by acids. A weaker solution, applied to ill-smelling feet and armpits, removes the odor, and removes grease spots from carpets and clothing. A weak solution in water makes a good wash for the hair, and stimulates its growth when impaired by fever, and cleanses the scalp effectually. A weak solution scattered over the leaves of plants from a fine, soft, limber brush, gives new life to the plants. Even if a little is sprinkled over the earth at their roots their growth is invigorated.

Boils and whitlows are relieved or dissipated in their earlier stages by using the tincture of camphor. Dip a finger in the camphor and rub it over the boil; do this eight or ten times and repeat ever four hours during daylight. For whitlow, dip the finger into the camphor and let it remain ten minutes; this often gives immediate relief. Repeat every three hours during the day until cured, eating nothing, meanwhile, but coarse bread and butter and fruits. Prepare the camphor thus: Put an ounce or more in a vial, fill with alcohol, shake it well; some of the camphor should always be seen at the bottom; this ensures a saturated tincture, which is the strongest.

In China men buy their wives for cash. In this country men give their notes, and after marriage the women take it out in hair.

A Story About Key.

I have another story about Judge Key, the Postmaster-General, who is not only the best natured man in the Cabinet, but who does not hesitate to tell a joke upon himself. It was upon the surrender of the rebels that Lieut.-Col Key, of a Tennessee rebel regiment, found himself in North Carolina, very poorly off for clothes, surrounded by his wife and six children, also poor in raiment, without a dollar of money that would buy a rasher of bacon and a pint of corn meal. He had a few dollars of Confederate money, but it was not worth the dirty paper it was printed on. Judge Key says the world has seemed dark to him before now, and that the silver lining of the clouds that the poets sing about was not even German silver. Indeed, he thinks the lining was the blackest part of the clouds. He knew not where to turn. Nearly everybody about him was as poor as he was, and the suffering through the section of the State in which he found himself was very great. He appealed to his wife, a woman of stout heart, who still blesses his existence, and she was more hopeful. He had nothing in the world but a half starved mule that had been his war horse for many months. This was before the days of the Commune, and he didn't know that mule meat was good; besides, he did not want to kill his war horse that had carried him through so many deadly breaches. Before Judge Key and his excellent family, however, had reached that point where prayers take the place of hunger, relief came. An old resident of North Carolina heard of Key's necessities and helped him out. He gave him seed to sow, a shanty to live in, and some land to till, also a small supply of bacon and corn meal. The Judge then went to work. He beat his sword into a ploughshare, and he beat his fiery charger into a plow horse. He worked with his little family, and lived scantily the whole summer long. There was no fancy farming about it. It was hard work and small nubbins. When the corn was sold the Judge had $80 in despised Yankee greenbacks. "Too fruitful love his fruitless life outran," however. He had so many children that he could not pay their fare by the railroad. His $80 would not reach. So he decided to go across country with his war horse and a rigged-up cart. The tribulations of that journey the Judge will never forget. His wife insisted on carrying the money for fear it would be lost, and finally she lost it, and there was wailing in the camp. The heavy hearted party retraced their steps, and Heaven rewarded them. The cotton purse, with its priceless contents, was found on the ground where Mrs. Key had slept. Then there was joy and thanksgiving. No doubt they issued an extra ration of corn meal to the children that night.

Judge Key says that he had been intimate with Andrew Johnson, who was then President. They had been close friends in Tennessee, but he did not know to what length Johnson's temper would carry him. Johnson proposed to hang all the rebels at that time. So Key, while he was in North Carolina, bethought him to write to Johnson, and see what would come of it. The people were in a very unhappy, uncertain and anxious state of mind, and Key wrote all the circumstances at length. He waited a reply with a good deal of apprehension. It came in due course of mail--a very kind, brotherly letter, inclosing a pardon! Judge Key had not asked for this, and he was quite overwhelmed. He says he has in his time had some important and interesting papers in his hands, but he shall never treasure a document as he treasures that. What became of the Judge's mule I never heard. Probably it closed its career as all children's stories end—by living in peace, dying in grease, and being buried in a hunk of tallow. Mrs. Key, who lost the money, is now the popular wife of the Postmaster-General, as handsome and genial a matron as you can find in a week's travel. She is the mother of nine children and is in the full blush of middle-aged womanhood.—*Washington Cor. Phil. Times.*

Young men should beware of the following paragraph, which was started by a Philadelphia paper, and is now going the rounds. The chances are that the man who wrote it is tied to a woman with a hand like a Japanese fan, and a voice that would make a buzz-saw pause in astonishment. It reads: "Marriage is a safe way to gamble; if you win, you win a pile, and if you lose, you don't lose anything."

A Connecticut man recently said: "Lend me a dollar. My wife has left me, and I want to advertise that I am not responsible for her debts."

Lincoln's Gettysburg Oration.

Col. Lamon's assertion that Lincoln's speech at Gettysburg (Nov. 19, 1863) attracted no attention until some time after his death, has provoked such a variety of criticism that the speech itself will not be uninteresting reading:

"Four score and seven years ago our fathers brought forth on this continent a new nation, conceived in liberty and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal.

"Now we are engaged in a great civil war, testing whether that nation, or any nation so conceived and so dedicated, can long endure. We are met on a great battle-field of that war. We are met to dedicate a portion of it as the final resting-place of those who here gave their lives that the nation might live. It is altogether fitting and proper that we should do this.

"But in a larger sense we cannot consecrate, we cannot hallow this ground. The brave men, living and dead, who struggled here consecrated it far above our power to add or detract. The world will little note nor long remember what we may say here, but it can never forget what they did here. It is for us, the living, rather to be dedicated here to the unfinished work that they have thus far so nobly carried on. It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us—that from these honored dead we take increased devotion to the cause for which they gave the last full measure of devotion—that we here highly resolve that the dead shall not have died in vain, that the nation shall, under God, have a new birth of freedom, and that the Government of the people, by the people, and for the people, shall not perish from the earth."

If brevity be the soul of eloquence as it is of wit, then this address deserves the very highest praise. And when we analyze the manner and the matter, it is indeed difficult to see how anything substantially better could be crowded into the same small compass. Yet no point of real importance is left untouched, and the points touched are driven home to the dullest mind in that simple and earnest language of which Lincoln was a perfect master. Only an orator can appreciate an orator, and it is reported that Edward Everett—who was to follow the President in an elaborate effort lasting over an hour—said to him: "Sir, your address will be remembered and cherished when mine is forgotten." And so it has turned out. Yet Everett was perhaps the most thoroughly accomplished orator America has produced, and the Gettysburg oration was not unworthy of his high renown. If less effective than his predecessor, it was because the one appealed to the head and the other to the heart; and at such times and places the feelings are of more consequence than the intellect.—*St. Louis Republican.*

Facts for the Curious.

Ninevah was fourteen miles long, eight miles wide and forty-six miles round, with a wall one hundred feet high and thick enough for three chariots abreast: Babylon was fifty miles within the walls, which were seventy-five feet thick and one hundred feet high, with one hundred brazen gates. The temple of Diana at Ephesus, was four hundred and twenty feet to the support of the roof—it was one hundred years in building. The largest of the pyramids was four hundred and eighty-one feet in height, and eight hundred and fifty-three feet on the sides. The base covers eleven acres. The stones are about sixty feet in length, and the layers are two hundred and eight. It employed 350,000 men in building. The Labyrinth in Egypt contains three hundred chambers and twelve halls. Thebes, in Egypt, presents ruins twenty-seven miles round, and contained 350,000 citizens and 400,000 slaves. The Temple of Delphos was so rich in donations, that it was plundered of $50,000,000, and the Emperor Nero carried away from it two hundred statues. The walls of Rome were thirteen miles around.

A very rich old man had married a young wife and died suddenly, on which the widow raved like a maniac, and exclaimed to the doctor who stood by the bedside of the deceased, "Oh, I'll not believe that my dear partner is dead; he could not die and leave me. No, no; he's alive—I'm sure he's alive! Tell me, doctor, don't you think so?" "Madam," replied the medical man, with much gravity, "I confess that it is possible he may be revived; I will apply the galvanic battery." "Oh, no, no!" cried the grief-stricken widow. "Hard as it is to bear my fate, I will have no experiment against the law of nature; let him rest in peace."