THE 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.

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ALVIN SAUNDERS, U. S. Senator, Omaha.
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George B. Lake, } Associate Judges.
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Charles Wake, Marshal.
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G. A. Schroeder.
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Columbus Post Office.

Open on Sundays from 11 A. M. to 12 M. and from 3:30 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	4:55 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	10:50 "

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. 222-1y

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

McALLISTER BROS.,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW,
Office up-stairs in McAllister's building, 11th St.

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 & 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 Matthias'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 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

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

TWO CROSS WORDS.

"Lucy, if you mean to sew on this button, I do wish you'd do it—I can't wait all day."

Tom didn't speak a bit cross, only emphatic; but I was out of temper that morning, and my head ached badly from sitting up late the night before. Tom had gone to a supper—for the second time since our marriage, given by some of his bachelor friends, and had come home the worse for it. It had provoked me intensely. So I had followed him to bed in sullen silence, and awoke none the better pleased after my sleep, on the morning alluded to. To make the matter worse, just as he spoke to me about the button, the knife, with which I was cutting bread for his lunch, slipped inflicting a deep gash on my hand; and the baby awoke, and set up her sharp little cry from the cradle, all in one and the same moment.

'You can wait as long as I did last night, I reckon,' I replied sharply, really angry at last. 'Don't hurry me—I do all I can, and more than I am able to do with one pair of hands.'

Tom dropped his button and turned toward me with a startled "Why, Lucy!'

'Don't Lucy me,' I retorted, throwing down the bread, and catching up the baby, while the blood streamed from my hand over her white gown. 'You've done enough—you've broke my heart! I wish I had never seen you—I wish I was back again with my father and mother.'

I broke down with a burst of hysterical tears, and seeing the blood on my hand, Tom came over and knelt down beside me. 'Why Lucy,' he said, his voice and eyes full of tenderness, 'you've cut your hand. Why didn't you say so? Here, give me the child while you bind it up—see how it bleeds!'

He held out his hand for the baby, but I snatched her away and went on sobbing.

'Don't you cry, Lucy,' he continued, stroking the hair back from my forehead, 'please don't; I know I've done wrong, dear—but I didn't mean it. I fell in with some of the old boys and they persuaded me against my will. But it's the last time—the last time.'

Why didn't I turn to him then, and help and encourage him? Because my mean, tyrannous temper got the better of my woman's heart.

'Oh, yes!' I said, sneeringly, 'It is easy to make fine promises--you told me the same thing before. How can you expect me to trust you now?'

Tom was spirited and quick tempered, great, loving-hearted men always are. He sprang to his feet like a flash, and, before I had time to speak or think, had left the room. I tossed the child into the cradle, and rushed to the door, but it was too late, he was gone. I just caught sight of him turning the corner.

I went back to the little breakfast room; how blank and drear it looked, and what a sharp stinging thorn there was in the very core of my heart! I loved Tom and he loved me. We had been married only eighteen months, and this was our first quarrel. I sat down with my baby in my arms, heedless of my morning work, and fell to thinking. All the old, happy days came back, and the one in particular when we sat in Dumberry wood. It was in Autumn, and all the world seemed in a blaze of gold, as the sun slid down, and the squirrels chattered overhead, dropping a ripe nut now and then, into my lap, as I sat there, with the last rose of summer in my hair, knitting a purse for Tom.

'Lucy,' he had said, as I wove in the last golden stitches, 'you've knit my love—my very life—up in that purse. Tell me now, before you finish it, how is it to be? am I to have you and—oh! I won't think of it even, Lucy, it would be too dreadful!'

'No, Tom,' I answered, 'you are to have the purse and the hand that knit it, too.'

Poor Tom, he cried then just like a little child—he, the bravest man in the village.

'No fault in him, only a little too wild, too fond of gay company; but you must tame him, Lucy, as your mother did me.'

That was my old father's advice on our wedding day. My heart smote me dreadfully as I recalled it to mind that morning. Had I done my duty? Had I followed the example of my mother, who never let fall an unkind word?

But Tom would be home to his dinner. The thought brought me to my feet. I did my work briskly, and went about cooking just such a dinner as he liked. The plum pudding was done to perfection; the baby in a clean slip, and myself all smiles to receive him when the clock struck one. But he didn't come.

I put by the untasted dinner and prepared supper, and lit a bright fire in the little parlor. He should have a pleasant welcome. But he did not come. Eight, nine, ten o'clock, and I put by the untasted supper, and baby and I went up to the nursery to wait and watch. How the little thorn rankled! Tom had broken his promise, and my unkindness was the cause! Nothing else rang in my ears through the long hours.

About two o'clock, I heard a noise below and went to the window. There was a man on the porch; I could see him in the dim light.

'Tom, is that you?' I asked softly, putting out my head.

'Yes; open the door, Lucy; quick, the police are after me.'

My heart sunk. The police after him! what could he have done? I ran down swiftly and unlocked the door. But as I did so two men, wearing official badges, stepped upon the porch, and one of them laid his hand on Tom's shoulder, and said:

'I arrest you, sir.'

'For what?' I cried.

'For murder!'

The floor seemed sliding from beneath my feet, but I caught at the door to steady myself and looked at Tom. At that instant the official uncovered his lantern, and, oh, my God! there was blood on my husband's hands.

All the rest is a blank. When I came to myself again I was in my own room, and kind, compassionate faces were around me. I asked for Tom. He was in prison, awaiting his trial. There had been a quarrel at the tavern, whither my cruel words had driven Tom; and Tom had struck his antagonist. The man wasn't dead, though they thought he was at first—but he was badly hurt about the head. But if he recovered; well, it would not go so hard with Tom.

I arose and went to the prison; but they would not admit me. No one was to see my husband till after the trial. Another day crept by; a night; and when morning came, I went down to the door and opened it, with a vague feeling of expectation which always accompanies severe afflictions, and looked out. The sun was rising; God's sun; rising grandly and brightly over the black stone jail. The frost hung thick and sparkling over everything, even on the scrap of folded paper that lay at my feet. I stooped and picked it up idly as we catch at a straw or a twig, sometimes, without any motive or power of volition. The superscription caught my eye; it was my own name, and my husband's handwriting. I tore it open and read:

'DEAR LUCY:—I have broken out of jail, and am going—well, no matter where. I didn't strike Hastings with an intention to kill him. I was intoxicated and it was more his fault than mine; but he may die, and then; at any rate it is better for you, Lucy, for me to go. I never was worthy of your love. Now you can go back to your father, and forget me and be happy. You will find the bonds for what money I have in the bank in the desk; it is enough to make you and the child comfortable! Forgive and forget me, Lucy. God bless you—you and the baby.

TOM.'

This was the end! That was the reward that my cross word had purchased for me! Truly, truly, the wages of sin is death. We shall not need one pang of corporeal punishment, one spark of real fire, to perfect our torment if we are lost. Conscience is all sufficient--remorse, that worm that never dies. It is not for me to attempt to talk about what I suffered in the days that followed that morning! Words could not express it save to one that has passed through the same furnace of affliction, no one else could begin to understand it. But I lived, for sorrow and death rarely walk in each other's steps, and nursed my babe, and did the work my hands had to do. I did not go back to my father. I remained at Tom's home, and kept his things all about me, even his cap hanging on the wall. Forget him? Does love ever forget?

Hastings did not die. He recovered, and made a public statement. He was more in fault than Tom was. Then he put a notice in all the papers, telling Tom to come back; but he did not come.

The winter passed away with long nights of bitter remorse, and tender recollections of the dear husband, whose strong arms had once been my stay and support. The spring came—the summer—another winter. Three years went by—crept by, my child, Tom's little baby, grew to be a fairy little thing, with blue eyes and golden hair, and a tongue that never wearied of its childish prattling. All day long she sat on the doorstep, where the evening sunbeams slanted in, lisping to her doll while I told her of her father who would come back to us some day. For surely he would come. Surely God's mercy would vouchsafe some compensation, some pardon for such repentance as my soul had poured forth.

That third spring was peculiar somehow, the far-off sky seemed to drop down in nearer, bluer folds; the sun wore a softer radiance; the trees, the grass, the flowers, a diviner, tenderer beauty. I rose every morning, and looked out of my little window at the kindling glories of morn, with a feeling of strange, tremulous expectation. I seemed to feel the shadow of some great event that winged its flight over me—the one prayer of my heart seemed to be answered.

One evening—oh, that evening! A May sky, soft and blue, hung over a green blossoming earth. The turtle dove cooed in the distant wood, and the robin twittered to her young brood amid the milky bloom of the orchard. God's love shone in the golden brightness of the westward going sun. My child, little Effie, sat on the door step talking to her doll, and watching the birds. All at once she clapped her dimpled hands and bounded to her feet.

'Mammy,' she cried gleefully, 'pappy comin, pappy comin; Effie go meet him!'

The words stirred my heart to the utmost depths, and dropping my work, I followed her out of the door. A man was coming up the garden path—his garments tattered—his steps slow and uncertain,—beggar, no doubt. I called to Effie to come back, but she ran on, heedless of my command. Tom's little spaniel that I had petted and taken care of for his sake, darted from his kennel with a peculiar cry, such as I had never heard from it before. What did it all mean? My heart throbbed and my knees trembled. Little Effie ran on, holding out both dimpled hands, her golden curls blown all about her rosy face. 'Howde-do, pappy! I'se your'e Effie,' she lisped as she reached the man's feet.

He stooped and raised her in his arms and then his glance rested on me. And such a glance—such a face! Pale, haggard, worn by sorrow and suffering to a mere shadow. Tom's ghost come back from the grave. Not that, either, for my arms grasped some tangible form.

'Oh, Tom,' I cried, 'is it you? Speak, speak and tell me.'

'Yes, Lucy, it's me. I could bear it no longer, I'm dying, I believe—and I couldn't go without seeing you and the little one again.'

My arms held him fast, tattered garments and all; my kisses fell on his poor face like rain. I would never let him go again.

'Tom, Tom,' I sobbed, getting down on my knees before him, 'oh, forgive me; forgive me! I have suffered so much.'

'It's me that must ask forgiveness, Lucy,' he said, humbly; 'not you—I was wrong'—

But I stopped him short.

'No, Tom, my cross word did it all,' I said, 'but for that we might have been happy together all these weary years'—

'Mammy, mammy,' interposed Effie, twisting herself around on her father's shoulder, 'don't cry no more; pappy's come back.'

Yes, thank God, he had come back, poor, and tattered, and hungry—like the prodigal—but my Tom, my husband, nevertheless. I would never speak cross to him any more.

It is springtime again. The sweet May sunlight steals in at my window, as I write, and I hear the turtle cooing in the distant wood. My husband is a man now, standing up proudly, his feet upon the grave of old temptations. I know that God's mercy is equal to His justice, and His love greater than either.

Not That Kind of a Starcher.

An absent-minded man, traveling with his wife in a railroad car, left her side to get a drink. When he returned he dropped into a seat, immediately in front of his better half, beside an unprotected female over whose head the snows of about thirty-eight winters had glode. His wife was looking out of the car window at the scenery and didn't notice his awful blunder. Presently, without turning his head, he impatiently remarked: "Jane, how often have I told you not to starch my shirts so infernally stiff." The ancient female whose name happened to be Jane, screamed "Monster" and fainted on the spot, and the absent-minded man looked uncomfortably warm as he changed seats.

"Where's your partner, this morning, Mr. Hyson?" the neighbor asked the grocer. "Don't know for certain," cautiously replied the old man, "he died last night."—*Ex.*

The smallest perfect achievement is nobler than the grandest failure.

How I Was Ruined by a Gooseberry.

My name is Smith. The family name is old and honorable. We are very proud of it. It has been traced back to Shem, of the sons of Noah, with the usual philological modifications. Three brothers of the name came over in the Mayflower or soon after.

It was always a tradition in the family that some one of the name would be elected to the American Congress. Five had already been hung before it fell to my lot to be the honored Vice President by the votes of my countryman.

I had been re-elected, and by the advocacy of moral popular measures had myself become popular. One of my speeches had been published at government expence and widely circulated. My reputation was untarnished and the future looked to be full of promise.

Just at this juncture the hand of fate intervened, and I fell a victim to horticulture. The cause of my political disaster was so unexpected, so contemptible that I am ashamed to name it. One of my constituents was an enthusiastic gardner. He had his hobbies: one of them was the gooseberry. A hobby that may he be compelled to ride after death. He had innumerable seedlings. To those he had yoked the names of all the public men in the land. My own name duly written on a zinc tag hung on one of those bushes. It was sent out to the world as the great success of the season; the John Smith Gooseberry, large, smooth, hardy prolific, sweet.

Thousands of those gooseberries were disseminated among my constituents. They bought it on credit of the name. It must surely be a fine thing named after our Congressman. It was thorny, moldy, small, bitter, barren. It was however hardy. It would not die. That gooseberry made me one thousand enemies at first hand. Those thousand made me five thousand more. It cost me my seat in Congress. The district became full of thorns for me. Instead of Hon. John Smith, our representative, I became Gooseberry John. I tried to convince the public that I had no hand in the swindle. Men would not listen. I ought not to lend my name to such things. Sure enough one's name is not to be easily loaned. It is the last thing to be borrowed even after his cow and his spectacles.

I was obliged to move from that region. My reputation hung like a last year's scarecrow on a prickly gooseberry bush. It was too late to begin political life over again elsewhere. I am now raising sheep in Texas. There is not a gooseberry allowed to grow on my ranche. Will not seedling raisers let alone the names of honest philanthropists and patriotic office holders? They have worked hard to secure a name. It is their sole capital. It should not be borrowed, at least not without the consent of the owner. It is bad enough to be compelled to share with babies, without losing all on a gooseberry. Call your seedlings Ralph Farms, Wonderful Amazement, but not John Smith.—*Cor. Gardner's Monthly.*

Rattlesnakes as Missionaries.

In 1850 there lived in the southern part of Missouria a family by the name of Weaver—very hard characters—the old man, his wife, and five grown-up boys. During the spring John Weaver was bitten by a rattlesnake. Everything was resorted to for relief, but all to no avail. When they saw he must die they sent for an old Baptist preacher to pray for him. He prayed as follows: "We thank thee, Almighty God, for thy watchful care over us, and for thy goodness and tender mercy, and especially do we thank thee for rattlesnakes. Thou hast sent one to bite John Weaver. We pray thee to send one to bite Jim, one to bite Henry, one to bite Sam, one to bite Joe, and we pray thee to send the biggest kind of a rattlesnake to bite the old man, for nothing but rattlesnakes will ever bring the Weaver family to repentance. There are others in Missouri just as bad as the Weavers. We pray thee to stir up Missouri, and, if nothing else will bring the people to repentance, we pray thee to shower down more rattlesnakes. Amen."

There is a mountain pass in Switzerland over which the traveler is conducted blindfold. He might lose his footing if he caught but one bewildering glimpse of the chasm below. In like manner, a wise love conceals from us those circumstances which might distract our attention from the immediate line of duty, and withholds the knowledge that might occasion bewilderment and a fall.

Wives for Barkeepers.

Some one asks how the bar rooms can be closed. Bar rooms are not kept for amusement. There is not a man in the State who would keep a bar if there was no hope for a profit. Let every man who has brains enough to attend to his own business refuse to drink at a bar, and the bar rooms will soon be closed. Men who are ashamed of their habits of drinking, and must have a screen to hide them, will not often have an opportunity to drink elsewhere, and one great step in the temperance reform will have been taken.

Barkeepers in this city pay, on an average, $2 per gallon for whisky. One gallon contains an average of sixty-five drinks, and at ten cents a drink the poor man pays six dollars and a half for his whisky. In other words, he pays $2 for the whisky and $4.50 to a man for handing it over the bar. While it would be better for all not to drink, some men will have whisky, and my advice to them is this: Make your wife your barkeeper. Lend her $2 to buy a gallon of whiskey for a beginning, and every time you want a drink go to her and pay her ten cents for it. By the time you have drank a gallon, she will have $6.50, or money enough to refund the $2 borrowed of you, to pay for another gallon of liquor, and have a balance of $2.50. She will be able to conduct future operations on her own capital, and when you become an inebriate, unable to support yourself, shunned and despised by respectable people, your wife will have saved money enough to keep you until you get ready to fill a drunkard's grave. But had you paid all this money to a barkeeper he would not have given a cent to bury you, or a crust to keep your children from starving.

Few people ever stop to calculate the cost of dram-drinking. At ten cents per drink, one drink per day will cost $36.50 per year, two drinks per day will cost $73, three drinks $109.50 and four drinks $144.00 per annum. A man came to me the other day to pay the interest on a note for one hundred dollars I hold against him. Said he, "I only receive six hundred dollars a year, and with a family to support I am not able to pay my debt." I asked him to take a pencil, and make a slight calculation for me, and then asked how often he drank at the bar. His average was three drinks per day, which, by his own calculation, amounted to $109.50, or enough to have paid both principal and interest of the note, and have $1.50 left. He was astonished at this discovery, and is now determined never to drink at a bar again.—*From T. C. Campbell's lecture at Marysville, Ky.*

Railroad Intelligence.

The gigantic railroad combinations of Jay Gould are beginning to excite feelings of distrust and alarm among the leading business men of New York. The feeling is growing daily that it is time to put some limitation upon the power of individuals to exercise absolute dictatorship over the highways of traffic. A petition to congress calling attention to this subject is being circulated in all the exchanges, and is receiving many signatures. The petition recites that great alarm is felt at the rapidly growing power of railroad corporations, which feeling is greatly intensified by their policy of consolidating under the control of a few individuals all the principal competing roads to the Pacific seaboard, thus forming a gigantic and powerful organization to control absolutely the industrial and commercial interests of the country and the value of its products. They exercise and abuse their power by discriminating unjustly between individuals and corporations. The remedy sought is the early passage of the Reagan inter-state commerce bill.

A Beautiful Thought.

When the Summer of youth is slowly wasting away on the nightfall of age, and the shadow of the path becomes deeper and life wears to its close, it is pleasant to look through the vista of time upon the sorrows and felicities of our early years. If we had a home to shelter, and hearts to rejoice with us, and friends have gathered round our fireside, the rough places of wayfaring will have been worn and smoothed away in the twilight of life, and many dark spots we have passed through will grow brighter and more beautiful. Happy, indeed, are those whose intercourse with the world hasn't changed the tone of their holier feelings, or broken those musical chords of the heart whose vibrations are so melodious, so tender, and so touching in the evening of their lives.