

The Columbus Journal.

VOL. X.—NO. 47.

COLUMBUS, NEBRASKA, WEDNESDAY, MARCH 24, 1880.

WHOLE NO. 515.

Table with columns for Space, 1st, 2nd, 3rd, 4th, 5th, 6th, 7th, 8th, 9th, 10th, 11th, 12th, 13th, 14th, 15th, 16th, 17th, 18th, 19th, 20th. Includes rates for various ad sizes and durations.

CONGRESSIONAL DELEGATION.

A. S. PADDOCK, U. S. Senator, Beatrice. ALVIN SAUNDERS, U. S. Senator, Omaha. E. J. MORGAN, Rep., Peru. E. K. VALENTINE, Rep., West Point.

STATE DIRECTORY.

ALBINOUS NANCE, Governor, Lincoln. S. J. Alexander, Secretary of State. F. W. Liedtke, Auditor, Lincoln.

COUNTY DIRECTORY.

J. G. Higgins, County Judge. John W. Smith, County Clerk. J. W. Early, Treasurer.

CITY DIRECTORY.

G. A. Spicer, Mayor. John W. Smith, Clerk. Charles Wake, Marshal. C. A. Newman, Treasurer.

U. P. Time Table.

Eastward Bound. Emigrant, No. 6, leaves at 6:25 a. m. Passenger, " 4, " " 11:00 a. m. Freight, " 3, " " 1:30 p. m.

BUSINESS CARDS.

JOHN J. MAUGHAN, JUSTICE OF THE PEACE AND NOTARY PUBLIC. PLATE CENTER, Neb.

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.

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

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 & JOSELYN. NELSON MILLETT, Justice of the Peace and Notary Public.

N. MILLETT & SON, ATTORNEYS AT LAW, Columbus, Nebraska. X. B. They will give close attention to all business entrusted to them.

STAGE ROUTE. JOHN HUBER, the mail-carrier between Columbus and Allison, will leave Columbus every day except Sunday at 6 o'clock, sharp, passing through Monroe, Genoa, Waterville, and to Allison. The back will call at either of the Hotels for passengers if orders are left at the post-office. Rates reasonable, \$2 to Allison.

W. M. CORNELIUS, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW. Up-stairs in Gluck Building, 11th Street.

M. CALLISTER BROS., ATTORNEYS AT LAW. Office up-stairs in McCallister'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-ff

GEORGE H. DERRY, CARRIAGE, House & Sign Painting, STAINING, GLAZING, Paper Hanging, KALSONING, Etc.

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, Neb. 483-y

FOR SALE OR TRADE: MARES & COLTS. Horses or Oxen, SADDLE HORSES, wild or broke, at the Corral of GERRARD & ZEIGLER, 429

Columbus Meat Market! WEBER & KNOBEL, Prop'rs.

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-ff

Chicago Barber Shop. Opposite "Barnett 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, Neb. 433-ff

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-ly

Safes! A. J. ARNOLD is Agent for the sale of THE DIEBOLD Fire and Burglar-proof Safe.

LAW, REAL ESTATE AND GENERAL COLLECTION OFFICE. W. S. GEER.

MONEY TO LOAN in small lots on farm property, also loans to three years. Farms with some improvements bought and sold. Office for the present at the Clotier House, Columbus, Neb. 475-x

COLUMBUS Restaurant and Saloon! E. D. SHEEHAN, Proprietor.

Wholesale and Retail Dealer in Corbin 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, Prop'rs.

GOOD, HARD-BURNT BRICK Always on Hand in QUANTITIES to suit PURCHASERS 371-4ff

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. Special Attention paid to Repairing

Cor. Olive and 19th Sts. 371-ly

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.

M. R. SMITH will still be found at the old stand, and will make prescriptions a specialty, as heretofore. 481-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, Curry-combs, Brushes, Bridle Bits, Spurs, Carriage Harness made to order. Repairing done on short notice. NEBRASKA AVENUE, Columbus. 354.

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

W. M. 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. Worth of Foundry. 397

COLUMBUS STATE BANK, Successors to Barnett & Bond and Turner & Brint.

CASH CAPITAL, \$50,000 DIRECTORS: LEANDER GERRARD, Pres't. GEO. W. HULAY Vice Pres't. JULIUS A. REED. EDWARD A. GERRARD. ARNER TURNER, Cashier.

Bank of Deposit, Discount and Exchange. Collections Promptly Made on all Points. Pay Interest on Time Deposits. 374

THE DROODS. BY MRS. MARY B. FINCH.

No gathering was complete without her, and there her praises were sung in every key in the scale, with all the different changes and variations the motley assemblage could produce. She was dignified and majestic, qualities that were inherited from her father, also angelic and winning, which was her mother's legacy. All hearts bowed in submission to her will, regardless of sex, age, or condition; and this secret power that was wielded so graciously was none other than a strong magnetic influence, the same by which some orators hold their audiences spell-bound, or the animal tamer subdues the spirit of resistance in a ferocious subject. I hope this will not be looked upon as a flight from the sublime to the ludicrous, because it is a scientific fact. As it will be as impossible for me to describe understandingly, her dark eyes, her radiant complexion and queenly manner as it would be to make a blind person see the beauties of one of our western sunsets, I will pass on to the mysterious episode in her life that brought her aged parents down in sorrow, not to a literal grave, but the grave of all earthly hopes. There was a young doctor in the village only three miles away, whom the world contemplated not as a rising but a risen man. He was Helen's escort on every occasion, and was regarded by "they say" as her accepted suitor; but the sequel proved it to have been a one-sided affair. They were returning from a party one night when she discovered to her horror that they were going in the wrong direction, and when the doctor rose up in the sleigh and lashed his horses into a furious gallop she understood that he was trying to capture her by force, but with singular presence of mind she said nothing, and when in sight of a friendly house, some part of the harness gave way, and the doctor was compelled to get out and capture his team. "Now or never," and not waiting to look before she leaped was soon out of the clutches of the human hyena, and screaming for help she reached the house where she fell in a dead faint at the door. I'm extremely sorry this part of my story should savor so much of the sensation novel, wherein the heroine invariably escapes at the opportune moment, but as I had nothing to do with forming the circumstances that make the warp and woof of the narrative, I can only tell in my rambling way of each one as they occurred, which is the best I can do. It makes me feel very much chagrined too, that my young lady should faint, but I have sometimes seen folks do this outside of novels; and I've learned that it can be overcome by exerting a powerful will against it; but you know the will isn't always available. I'm not sure but that the next revelation of affairs will sound as much like fiction as the foregoing, but as has been remarked on a former occasion, "the truth shall be told to the heavens fall," and to impress every lady with a feeling of security I will add that no one need stand from under, as I am confident the heavens will not fall to any great extent, they hardly ever do. It will not require a very vivid imagination to picture the storm of rage that swayed that house from turret to foundation stone, when this proud family heard of Helen's adventure and subsequent escape. If there were threats made it would be but a natural following of exasperated humanity. Every mother knows what her feelings would be under a like outrage. I don't know that they did threaten, but think it very probable. Not long after this the doctor was standing in the street in the village talking to a friend, he was shot by an unseen hand. Throwing up his arms he exclaimed, "I'm a dead man," which on examination proved true that anything he had ever said. Then the dear people arose with that nice sense of honor and injured innocence usually shown on such occasions and harangued grandiloquently and Fourth-of-July-factly about the law. Curious isn't it what a difference there is between the moral and the statute law. A handful of the heroic few who could detect the distinguishing line that separated twiddle-dum from twiddle-dee, and were morally certain they had seen the smoke of fire-arms in the vicinity of the house belonging to Helen's brother, then raised their most indignant howl, and the fat had gone forth. The house was searched, but nothing found excepting an old rusty musket with the lock off, that looked as tho' it had done duty for Washington's body-guard, but bore no trace of having been used since his time. Helen and her brother tho' found reading in a

state representing tranquillity itself, were arrested and held for trial; and now that the strong arm of the law held them in its iron grasp it was expected they would be wrung to the last drop. This was near the time when the state of Illinois was so agitated over the Mormon question, and excitement ran so high as to preclude the idea of one of those people holding their peculiar tenets ever having a fair and unbiased trial by twelve honest men. They may have been the soul of honor, yet it would have been but a natural consequence if they were prejudiced in their opinions against the Mormons; therefore Helen's counsel decided on a change of venue, where the whole proceedings was judged with candor instead of previous predilection. When the unhappy girl was acquitted, those who had clamored so loudly for the law and justice, now scratched their heads over the dilemma, and almost forgot where they were; but as they were not needed to help any further, they could only assert that it was her beauty did the business; some hinted that the paternal wealth had its influence. I'm sure I know nothing about it, and care less. The result was the same that hundreds of parallel cases have been since. The termination of the affair was that Helen married a prominent lawyer soon after, but whether he was the same one who had defended her or not, I have forgotten; to make the story complete he should have been. I remember her as a happy looking wife and mother whose one little daughter gave promise of even greater beauty, if that were possible, than her mother's had been. The twins for the sake of variety and convenience, I will call Charlotte and Marion. If every one of you dive into your sleeves and come up with the ghost of a smile in each hand I shall not announce them by their real names, as some of the actors who figured in the drama are yet on the stage of human existence. These two girls had all the beauty ascribed to the elder sister, but had more of gentleness, a charm which for occasion, and when worn for a time, laid away with the visiting dress and labeled "company manners." Their features and complexion, the result of temperament, were different, and yet at times the expression was so near the same, that a great many said they looked exactly alike, which to a close observer seemed impossible. They resembled Helen to some degree but were free from that magnificence that in her earlier days must have been bordered on hauteur. Charlotte was taller and more slender, and to my childish imagination, older than Marion, over whom I fancied she exercised a quiet surveillance. Perhaps this thought came of my having an older sister. I tell this for the benefit of second daughters who are generally expected to play second-fiddle to the older ones. When Charlotte smiled which was but seldom, her countenance wore a look of infinite sweetness, but immediately relapsed into that far-away expression so often seen in those suffering some silent grief. It may be she being possessed of a peculiar temperament, the family sorrows had made a deeper impression on her. Her beauty was of the lily type, and I believe would now be called the spirituelle. She too, had her little romance, wherein the central figure was a doctor, but the very opposite of that other one. I revered this one almost as much as I did my father. He had once saved my life as I then thought, and therefore I gave him my unbounded gratitude, and in my mature years I can see it was not confidence misplaced, for he was really one of the best men it has ever been my good fortune to know. Not only was he good, but he was a noble looking man too. It was his gentle disposition and real worth, added to a fine physique that gave him that grand demeanor. His barbed language to his children was "tut! tut!" and they said of him that he had never struck one of them a blow. Happy father! happier children! To me at that time he appeared to be somewhere on the sunny side of eighty, but on looking back, I find that he wasn't over forty. If the trinity of fatherhood, widowhood and doctorhood didn't add to a man's years I'd like to know what would. This the deductive or reductive reasoning of childhood. Having disposed of those four hoods by placing them high and dry on a logical basis, I will proceed to tell that the doctor had met Charlotte, and being a man of experience in these matters, knew at once she would make him a good mother. I commend him for his discernment and native good sense, and I greatly admire her for her

judgment in saying "yes" to so noble a man; but the "course of true love" you know and all that, which brings me to speak of a junior member of the firm that I've been afraid all along I should have to drag forth, and the reason I didn't want to discuss him is that I knew he was after the same style of youth that young ladies inevitably fall in love with at sight. I was somewhat anxious lest some of them should be thoughtless enough to clope with him, but the fact that now his hair has been powdered with the snows of at least fifty winters will put a stop to any foolishness of that sort. When he rode by on his spirited bay horse he went so fast that his dark curls floated way behind, and his fine circular cloak with red velvet facings, the only one in the neighborhood, floated behind too, and that and his hair looked as though they were going to be terribly puzzled to catch up. He reminded me of the pictures of Spanish cavaliers, and his dark eyes, and red cheeks gave coloring to the picture. Then his finely chiseled nose, or shall I say the finely chiseled lips? I don't know which will be best, but I do know he was handsome, and that your handsome man is almost invariably a dangerous one. Talk about the vanity of women! It doesn't spoil the average woman half so much to know she is handsome as it does the average man to think he is. Let a male biped once get that idea into his head and he won't earn money enough afterwards to pay his barber. He won't do anything then but smile, and a very poor quality of smile it will be, too. Oh! haven't I told you? This one was brother to the girls, of course, and I'm sorry he was, for he put on high and mighty airs when he found Charlotte was about to marry my nice old doctor. Yes! that young snip of a boy who couldn't have been over two years older than Charlotte, took it upon himself to choose not her but her husband should be but whom he should not be; and when the doctor went for his bride instead of finding her in bridal array found her in tears. Then there were more tears, but they were of no avail. Charlotte was arisen to enter into a marriage without the good will of her only remaining brother. Perhaps it was just as well, for those children might have been a crying evil. She afterwards married a young man of good family and when I last heard from her she was mother of two beautiful little girls to whom she had transmitted that lady-like grace which had for its foundation, true kindness, without which there is no true gentility. Would it bring down vials and quart bottles of wrath to make a "new departure" in the way of an other digression? I should like to sandwich in somewhere a little story; a story within a story, so to speak. I can't resist the temptation of comparing the Droods with their culture and refinement to a family who lived just beyond them, down by a little creek in a log house, the inside of which was festooned with the paraphernalia of the chase, and the outside with the results of the chase, namely, peltries. There was the usual division of boys and girls in this, as in most families, the elder of whom were Jim and Sallie. The creek, so dear to the heart of every duckling, was a natural outlook for a duck ranch. Once, just as a neighbor arrived on the scene of action, the mother, a kind yet ignominious soul,—(but here let me declare my intention of bowing in silent, but humble adoration to people who, whatever else they may, or may not do, cultivate a spirit of kindness in their families. Let me worship them tho' I do so at long range.) With the spectacles that seemed never to be taken off, she came to the door and called "Sal-l-e-e, nest, she'll go to the woods and we can't find the aigs!" Now what a prospect was that for some young lady candidate for connubial bliss. Here was a son, and him tall, well-formed lithe of limb, and light complexion, who was sole owner and proprietor of a duck which his mother and sister with an eye to his pecuniary interests had given him, and were engaged in the laudable enterprise of looking after the "aigs," which would in all probability be found, then there would be more ducks, and eventually, feathers, and still farther along, money. At the rustic merry makings of the rural population, this little theatrical performance if spectators could be furnished always "brought down the house."

If Charlotte was of the lily type of beauty Marion was of the rose and couldn't have been anything else if she had tried. She was round and rosy-cheeked and full of vivacity. Her dimples were no sooner smoothed out into sober realities than they broke out again like little patches of sunshine through a mist of clouds. But she looked so sweet and happy that to laugh seemed the very thing for her to do, though she was never rude or hoydenish. Marion's disposition, as near as I can remember, was like her mother's, and this reminds me I haven't said scarcely a word about her yet. A dear, sweet-faced old lady, not so very old either, but with hair whitened with grief, which formed such a contrast to her black dress. According to my way of thinking those sombre garments only made her sadder than she would otherwise have been. If black is worn as an emblem of woe, isn't it parading our grief before the world, and what does it avail to say "Go bury thy sorrow?" And then, too, might not a spurious article sometimes be palmed off? If the undergarments are white as formerly isn't it all an outside show, and nothing but an old custom that ought to have been buried long ago with the barbaric ages? It is often an expense and a burden and does nothing toward alleviating our sorrow, but increases it rather, while it injures the health, and affects not the departed. Have they been taught to the world but a blight and a curse, then let us wear black; but if they have done their duty to humanity in general and their own friends in particular, if we make a change at all let us wear white in memory of a spotless name, and like raiment awaiting them in the Summer-land. I have a theory now that the indescribable grace of Charlotte and Marion was acquired or inherited, perhaps both, from growing up in an atmosphere of affliction; that though producing a subdued sadness, had been borne as all the burdens of life should be, with a self-sacrificing and uncomplaining spirit. There is yet another cause for the mental and physical symmetry possessed by this remarkable family, but which relates to a subject so tabooed by everybody for fear of "offending ears polite" that I cannot approach it without a degree of hesitancy that I might succeed in describing if I could be allowed to use the word "shakiness." The cause alluded to is the physical as well as mental adaptation of conjugal partners. A great many married couples, physiologically speaking, are brothers and sisters, with temperaments as nearly alike as though born of the same parents; and I consider that two-thirds of the demotion, the idiosyncrasy, ill-health and general good-for-nothingness in the world are attributable to this cause alone. What with theorizing and philosophizing I have let Marion slip through my fingers entirely; but as she married a young lawyer who was deemed by maneuvering mammas, if there are such mammas, and by young ladies who were aspirants for the matrimonial halter, to be the "greatest catch" in town, I shall let her go with my blessing. Our senior Senator's time expires in March, 1881. If we were in his shoes forty-eight hours, we should make it particularly lively with Gov. Saunders et al, and impress them in a way they would not soon forget, that we were the Senior Senator from the Commonwealth of Nebraska. We would cultivate vertebrae, and like old Ben Wade and Zach. Chandler pound the living fact into the husband of Mrs. President Hayes, that we knew our rights, and "by the eternal" would maintain them, and that he must respect them. Senator Paddock hasn't anything to lose by being aggressive and positive. The slippery elm policy of the hero of general order No. 1, should be handled without gloves. The truant memory of "our administration" should be refreshed in a manner, by Pad. and Val. which will make it impossible to forget or to misinterpret, or make possible any namby-pamby business.—Western Nebraskan.

A suit for damages has just grown out of the improper use of a telephone in Cincinnati. A young woman who was employed in the telephone exchange reported that some very profane language had been sent from one of the leading business houses in the city to another large house. The telephone was at once removed from the house whence came the oaths, and the injured firm has instituted a suit for damages for the unexpired term of the contract. Oberlin, Ohio, is in a high state of excitement on account of the discovery that the use of tobacco is increasing among the college students there. The rumor that a new cigar, (tobacco store is to be established has produced great indignation, which has expressed itself in mass-meeting, where resolutions hostile to the tariff were passed. A negro boy in Memphis, when asked for reason, the other day, told the following story: "I've got a brudder, and he's got free ribs broke an' de spine and his leg, and less he gits something to eat he's bound to die." He got it. Editorial Notes.—There is considerable emigration just now from Ireland to America.—Nuckolls county, Neb., pays for wolf, coyote and wild cat scalps \$2 each.—The citizens of Plam Creek, Neb., have raised \$1,212 to erect a Presbyterian church.—One hundred and fifty miles north of Cheyenne a man was frozen to death in the recent cold snap.—Mrs. Griffing, a relative of Senator Conkling, perished the other day in the flames caused by the explosion of a kerosene lamp.—Mrs. Susan R. Johnson has been nominated and confirmed as postmistress at Cheyenne City, Wyo.—It is claimed that the fall-sown winter wheat in central Wisconsin has been ruined by the freezing and thawing weather the past winter.—The coroner's jury in the Seward tragedy returned a verdict on the 5th stating that Wm. Bates came to his death by pistol wound inflicted by Gus. Thomas, white engaged in a riot.—Chief Douglas jumped from the second floor of the guard-house at Leavenworth, Kan., and ran half a mile before he was captured. He was fired on several times, and after being recaptured, was put in close confinement.—Rev. Dr. S. R. Dickinson, of Richmond, Va., editor of the Planter and Farmer, who has been engaged for the past two years in a series of forgeries amounting to \$28,000. He has fled the city and left a confession.—On the first of April our assessors will again begin their work, and it behooves the tax-payers of Omaha to take an active interest in the proper listing of property. The burden of taxation has for years been borne by the small tax-payers and men of limited means, while our capitalists have shirked their taxes by all sorts of devices. This is especially true of personal property. Men who have investments in stocks, mortgages and lands have systematically evaded their taxes either by failing to list their property or by perjured returns. This systematic shirking of taxation has raised the rates of taxation and kept away foreign capitalists who were disposed to invest in Omaha either in real estate or manufacturing enterprises. The time has come when the men who bear the brunt of our burdens shall assert their rights by demanding and enforcing the listing and equitable assessment of all classes of property.—Omaha Bee.

People in Lawrence, Kan., say that the best farmer in that vicinity is a woman. She was left a widow ten years ago, with a bit of land and fourteen children. She now owns three large farms, two of which she has given her boys. Mrs. Mary Mc Catches runs her farm with the aid of her children, and without much hired help. This is a good example of what has been done in the midst of what are called hard times in Kansas, by a woman left with a family of children and no resources. A tree grows in Cyprus, on the mountains near Krysskus which is thought by some monks to be the same kind of tree that is called chittim-wood in the scriptures. Sir J. D. Hooker, who had obtained specimens of it from Sir Samuel Baker, finds that it closely resembles the cedar of Lebanon, having, however, smaller leaves and other slight differences. A Pittsburg minister has a very stubborn little 5-year old boy. The boy's mother determined to conquer him, and, having administered a severe chastisement, she said: "Will you mind me now, Johnny?" With sobs and cries he replied: "Yes, mamma, I will, but I hate to, awfully." "Some folks say," said Long John Wentworth, when he was Mayor of Chicago, "that I ain't honest; they say I steal. Now, I ain't agoin' to discuss that question; but I'll tell you one thing—I agoin' to tell anybody else steal anything! I'll set on the chist!" Arrangements are making for a National Methodist Episcopal camp-meeting at Old Orchard Beach, N. H. in July, 1880, which will be a gathering of all prominent Methodists in this country. The Bishops of that church have been invited to participate. A negro boy in Memphis, when asked for reason, the other day, told the following story: "I've got a brudder, and he's got free ribs broke an' de spine and his leg, and less he gits something to eat he's bound to die." He got it.