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CITY DIRECTORY: J. P. Becker, Mayor. J. A. Hudson, Clerk. T. A. Newman, Treasurer. Geo. G. Bowman, Police Judge. J. A. Boutson, Engineer. COUNCILMEN: 1st Ward—John Rieck, A. Schroeder. 2d Ward—Wm. Lamb, S. S. McAllister. 3d Ward—G. W. Clother, Phil. Cain.

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, Tuesdays. Arrives at Madison and Norfolk, Tuesdays. Arrives at Madison and Norfolk, Tuesdays. Arrives at Madison and Norfolk, Tuesdays.

U. P. Time Table. Eastward Bound. Emigrant, No. 6, leaves at 6:30 a. m. Passenger, No. 4, leaves at 8:00 a. m. Freight, No. 2, leaves at 2:15 p. m. Freight, No. 10, leaves at 4:30 a. m. Westward Bound. Freight, No. 3, leaves at 2:00 p. m. Passenger, No. 5, leaves at 4:27 p. m. Freight, No. 7, leaves at 9:25 a. m. Emigrant, No. 7, leaves at 1:30 a. m. Daily except Saturday. Arrives at Chicago connect with U. P. trains at Omaha. On Saturdays there will be but one train a day, as shown by the following schedule:

A. & N. TIME TABLE. Leaves Columbus, 8:30 A. M. " Platte, 9:00 " " David City, 9:25 " " Garrison, 9:40 " " Ullyses, 10:02 " " Staplehurst, 10:15 " " Newark, 10:35 " " Ruby, 10:55 " " Milford, 11:30 " " Pleasant Dale, 11:40 " " Emerald, 11:50 " " Arrives at Lincoln, 12:00 P. M. Leaves Lincoln at 1 P. M. and arrives in Columbus 4:45 P. M.

O. N. & B. H. ROAD. Bound north. Jackson 4:58 A. M. Norfolk 6:30 A. M. Last Creek 5:30 A. M. Madison 6:25 A. M. Pl. Centre 5:57 A. M. Madison 7:45 A. M. Humphreys 6:51 A. M. Humphreys 8:34 A. M. Madison 7:40 A. M. Madison 9:25 A. M. Madison 8:28 A. M. Last Creek 9:50 A. M. Norfolk 8:55 A. M. Last Creek 10:30 A. M. The departure from Jackson will be governed by the arrival there of the U. P. express train.

SOCIETY NOTICES. Cards under this heading will be inserted for \$5 a year. G. A. R.—Baker Post No. 9, Department of Nebraska, meets every second and fourth Tuesday evenings at 8 o'clock, monthly Knights of Honor Hall, Columbus. JOHN HAMMOND, P. C. D. B. WADSWORTH, Adj't. H. P. BOWER, Sec'y. Maj.

BUSINESS CARDS. PICTURES! PICTURES! NOW IS THE TIME to secure a life-size picture of yourself and children at the New Art Rooms, east 11th street, south side railroad track, Columbus, Nebraska. Mrs. S. A. JOSSELYN, 478-M.

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. NEWMAN 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. 246. LOUIS SCHREIBER, BLACKSMITH AND WAGON MAKER. All kinds of repairing done on short notice. Buggies, Wagons, etc., made to order, and all work guaranteed. Shop opposite the "Tattersall," Olive Street. 520.

The Columbus Journal.

VOL. XI.—NO. 10. COLUMBUS, NEBRASKA, WEDNESDAY, JULY 7, 1880. WHOLE NO. 530.

SCHOOL, BLANK AND OTHER BOOKS! Paper, Pens, Pencils, Inks, SEWING MACHINES, Musical Instruments and Music, TOYS, NOTIONS, BASE BALLS AND BATS, ARCHERY AND CROQUET, &c., at LUBKER & CRAMER'S, Corner 13th and Olive Sts., COLUMBUS, NEB.

W. M. M. CORNELIUS, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Up-stairs in Gluck Building, 11th street. Dr. F. L. SIGGINS, Physician and Surgeon. Office open at all hours. Bank Building.

JOHN J. MAUGHAN, JUSTICE OF THE PEACE AND NOTARY PUBLIC, PLATTE CENTER, NEB.

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

DR. M. D. THURSTON, RESIDENT DENTIST, Office over corner of 11th and North-st. All operations first-class and warranted.

CHICAGO BARBER SHOP! HENRY WOODS, PROP'R. Everything in first-class style. Also keep the best of cigars. 516-y.

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

F. J. SCHUG, M. D., PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, Columbus, Neb. Office—13th St., one door east of Red Front drug store. Consultation in German and English. 516-x.

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

GEORGE N. DERRY, CARRIAGE, House & Sign Painting, SHARPERS, SLATERS, 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 repairs 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.

Columbus Meat Market! WEER & NOBEL, 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. Elevator St., one door west of D. Ryan's hotel. 417-M.

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-M.

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 Clothier House, Columbus, Neb. 475-x.

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-y.

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

A GOOD FARM FOR SALE. 160 acres of good land, 80 acres under cultivation, a good house on and a half story high, a good stock range, plenty of water, and good hay land. Two miles east of Columbus. Inquire at the Pioneer Bakery. 478-8m.

THE HAUNTED OVEN. It was in the days of our grandmothers, when there were great ovens in the land, that Mr. Hubbard bought his house, and bought it very much against his wife's will. It was a lonely house, and reported to be haunted! It was next to a graveyard, which, although unused, was not cheerful, and which, likewise, had the reputation of a ghost. However, Mr. Hubbard did not believe in ghosts, and was too cheerful to be depressed by warnings, and never intended to be lonely.

THE RAIN DID COME! Our Crop is Safe! BRACE UP! AND HAVE COURAGE AND BUY OF Robert Uhlig, One of the Leading Grain and Grass cutting machines of the world—

The Elward Harvester, THE EUREKA MOWER, The Climax Reaper, THE CLIMAX MOWER, AND THE CELEBRATED MINNESOTA CHIEF THRESHER. The chief of all the threshers in existence, and the well-known, easy-running.

Moline Wagon. In order to secure a machine, please your order now. Come and see the sample machines. Extras for the above Machines always on hand. Do not forget that the Agent is ROBT. UHLIG, 12th Street, next to Bank.

AMERICAN MEDICAL & SURGICAL INSTITUTE. T. E. MITCHELL, M. D. D. F. MAITTY, M. D. Physicians and Surgeons. Consulting Physicians and Surgeons. For the treatment of all classes of Surgery and deformities; acute and chronic diseases, diseases of the eye and ear, etc., etc., Columbus, Neb.

JEWELRY STORE. G. HEITKEMPER, ON ELEVENTH STREET, Opposite Speice & North's land-office. Has on hand a fine selected stock of Watches, Clocks and Jewelry. REPAIRING A SPECIALTY. ALL GOODS SOLD, ENGRAVED FREE OF CHARGE. Call and see. No trouble to show goods. 519-M.

D. C. MCGILL'S Billiard Hall! Olive St., at the old Post-office stand. The Best Billiard Hall in the City, and a first-class resort. All classes of Imported Wines and Cigars kept on hand. 518-x.

THE JUDGMENT DAY. The old prophets and seers seem to have been determined to bustle this little mundane sphere of ours out of existence in 1881 regardless of the change of circumstances such an event might bring to the business interest of the country. They were wont to prophesy and prophesy, and foretell important events that took place in startling coincidence with their prophecies. It seems strange, therefore, that all the wonders foretold by any of them cease in the year 1881. Mother Shipton may have given the cue to those who came after her, in her prophetic rhyme, which every few years gets into print fresh and goes the rounds of almost the entire press. After foretelling many important events which subsequent developments proved to be correct, she winds up her little composition with the startling piece of information that "The world to an end shall come in eighteen hundred and eighty-one."

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And now that the second loaf was before her eyes, marked even more awfully than the first, Mrs. Hubbard grew really pale and thin, and lost her cheerfulness. "I have a presentment," she said, over and over again, "that the third baking will decide who the warning belongs to. I believe it is meant for me, and time will show. Don't you see how thin I am growing?" And though Mr. Hubbard laughed, he also began to be troubled. The third baking-day was one of gloom. Solemnly, as a funeral, the family assembled to assist in the drawing. Five loaves came out markless; but one remained. Mrs. Hubbard's hand trembled, but she drew it forth. She laid it on the tray. She turned softly about. At last she exposed the lower surface. On it were letters printed backward, plain enough to read this time, and arranged thus: Died April 23, lamented by her large family. "It is me!" cried Mrs. Hubbard. "I am to go to-morrow—this is the lot. I do feel faint—yes, I do. It is awful, and so sudden?" And Mrs. Hubbard fainted away in the arms of the most terrified of men and husbands. The children screamed; the cat mewled; the dog barked. The oldest boy ran for the doctor. People flocked to the Hubbard's. The loaf was examined. Yes, there was Mrs. Hubbard's warning—her call to quit this world. She lay in bed, bidding good-by to her family and friends, her strength going fast. She read her Bible, and tried not to grieve too much. The doctor shook his head. The clergyman prayed with her. Nobody doubted that her end was at hand, for people were very superstitious in those days. They had been up all night with good Mrs. Hubbard, and dawn was breaking, and with it she was sure that she must go, when clattering over the road and up to the door came a horse, and on the horse came a man, who alighted. He rattled the knocker and rushed in. There was no stopping him. Up the stairs he went to Mrs. Hubbard's room, and bolted into it. Everyone stared at him as he took off his hat. "Pardig," said he, breathlessly; "I heard Mrs. Hubbard was a-dying, and she'd warnings on her bakings. I came over to explain. You see, I was sexton of the church here a few years ago, and I know all about it. You needn't die of fear just yet, Mrs. Hubbard, for it is neither spirits nor demons about, nor yet warms'! What marks the loaves is old Mrs. Finkle's tombstone. I took it for an oven bottom, seeing there were no survivors, and bricks were dear. The last folks before you didn't get them printed off on their loaves, because they used tins; and we got used to the marks ourselves. Crossbones and skulls we put up with, and never thought of caring for the resurgam. So you see how it is, and I am sorry you've been scared. Nobody said a word. The minister shut his book. The doctor walked to the window. There was a deadly silence. Mrs. Hubbard sat up in bed. "William!" said she to her husband, "the first thing you do, get a new bottom to that oven." And the tone assured the assemblage of anxious friends that Mrs. Hubbard was not going to die just yet. Indeed, she came down the next day. And when the oven had been reconstructed, the first thing she did was to give invitations for a large tea-drawing—on which occasion the loaves came out all right. A Leadville man fell over a bluff, and if he hadn't been drunk he would have been killed, and if he hadn't been drunk he wouldn't have fallen over the bluff. You can make the occurrence point whichever moral you choose.

It is Rolling Round—Some old Prophecies—A Grand Picnic Predicted for 1881—"The Gospel Train is Comin' Git on Board, Git on Board." The old prophets and seers seem to have been determined to bustle this little mundane sphere of ours out of existence in 1881 regardless of the change of circumstances such an event might bring to the business interest of the country. They were wont to prophesy and prophesy, and foretell important events that took place in startling coincidence with their prophecies. It seems strange, therefore, that all the wonders foretold by any of them cease in the year 1881. Mother Shipton may have given the cue to those who came after her, in her prophetic rhyme, which every few years gets into print fresh and goes the rounds of almost the entire press. After foretelling many important events which subsequent developments proved to be correct, she winds up her little composition with the startling piece of information that "The world to an end shall come in eighteen hundred and eighty-one."

In view of her correctness in the past, all we can do is to tremblingly await the denoument in 1881. Numerous other prophecies on a small scale have ventilated their ideas on the subject, but all seem to find an effective barrier to the farther penetration of their visions into futurity. But now, as if we had not been shaken up enough, up comes the ghost of an old prophecy written by Mrs. Abby Marsh, at her home in Sherbrook, Canada, 1787. Like that of Mother Shipton, it is written in verse, and is now in the original on a dilapidated piece of parchment, in the possession of Dr. Albert Marsh of Brooklyn. It had faded almost out of existence, but one of those prying reporters found it out and brought it to light and started it on a mission of scaring poor humanity. And, by-the-way, we earnestly advise all such, in their own interest, to be very, very good hereafter. To the rising generation of young men and women we would say, sail in; have all the fun you can for the next two years, then move out in the country, go west, or take to the woods. We give the prophecy with a few explanatory remarks. Thus it runs: Columbia, home of liberty, Shall not twenty rulers see, Ere there shall seem to be smoke, Ere peace shall seem to be broke, And in waves of peril tost; The ancient order shall be deemed lost. It is a significant fact, when taken in this connection, that R. B. Hayes is nineteenth ruler of the United States, as will be seen by the order in which the presidents succeed each other. The first shall, too, the second be if the Fates tell Truth as even he; Where sits the sire as sits the son, But not the son's son. And ere the son shall ruler be One place shall send three; Three with one shall make her four (4), And there shall be no more.

Reference is undoubtedly made to General Washington's proverbial truth-telling, in the second line, and to the succession of John Quincy Adams to the place of his father in the third. "But not his son's son," seems to point to Mr. Charles Francis Adams, who has uniformly failed in his aspirations to become president. Between the Adamases did come three from "one place" (Virginia), who with the accidental John Tyler made the fourth; nor has the "Mother of Presidents" since born a son distinguished by even a nomination to the chief magistracy. The first sprung from these feudal loins in death his predecessor joins; Who beneath his son shall pass And in a house that different was, The next one shall have peace and war; The third shall brook no kingly star; When the quarter century's run, Where sat the sire shall sit the son.

It is difficult to interpret a portion of this extract. Jefferson and John Adams, it is well known, died on the 4th of July, 1826, their simultaneous death forming one of the most remarkable coincidences in history; but the meaning of the clause, "And in a house that different was," is rather vague. The venerable ex-president died on the floor of the capitol, but the latter building was part of the original one erected at the seat of government. Mr. Madison's administration witnessed both the war with England and the period of peace and prosperity that followed it; while the quarter century, reckoning from 1800, saw the inaugural ceremonies of the younger Adams. Then comes who should have been before. A soldier who shall not have any war. "Old Hickory's" record seems to bear this out, especially the last line. The vigorous manner in which he "sat down" upon the Nullifiers of that day, "deferred," so Mr. Bancroft says, "the approaching crisis of war for many years." The prophe-

cy continues: (1,2) After the fox the lion shall Be lordly ruler over all; But death shall over in the mansion field. (3) A soldier sorer than on the tented field. (4) One who has friends, but shall have none. (5) The hickory shall sprout again; A soldier come from battle plain, But shall not long remain. Nor shall his heir bear sway again. (6) Then a youth shall follow, who (sic) All shall know though none knew. Taken in their successive order the above ought to apply first to Martin Van Buren (but why should he be called a fox?); second to Harrison, who died almost immediately after his inauguration; third, to Tyler, whose conduct caused a rupture in his party; fourth, to Polk, who was popularly known as "Young Hickory," and fifth, to Franklin Pierce, the youngest up to that time, and whose selection was a surprise to everybody. While the next (probably Buchanan) to bear the rule, "The world to an end shall come in eighteen hundred and eighty-one." The hero of Appomattox is here undoubtedly referred to, and the centennial celebration at Philadelphia. But the most remarkable part of this prophecy is the following: Rule afterwards shall be got By the one whose it was not; Men shall roar, and rage, and rave, But he shall have who should not have. When the tide of storm is o'er Four shall make 6 and not 4. He who shall be no more, And all that's past not make a score. This will seem almost incredible to many, but it is proved beyond doubt that the lines were in existence, and in one instance published, before Grant left the executive chair. Mr. Hayes is the nineteenth president; there has been "battle smoke" enough, in a political sense, when it is taken into consideration the recent electoral frauds. Can the last two lines by any possibility refer to the sage of Grammercy park. But Columbia shall again Rise, and fairer be than [sic]. Brother shall with brother speak Who he had not seen before; Letters shall go 'neath the deep, Likewise over mountain steep; Men shall speak to brazen ears, That shall be mute in after years, Words spoken shall be sent 'thru' post, So no syllable be lost; A drop of water shall have then The force of many thousand men. It does not take a very fanciful imagination to draw from the above a clear indication of Prof. Edison's numerous wonders of invention. The alleged motor of Mr. Keely, the Philadelphia mechanic, claims to utilize a drop of water with such effect that thousands of pounds pressure are obtained. The conclusion, which looks very much like the time when "two Sundays meet" or "to-morrow comes never," runs as follows: All these things shall happen when? They shall happen—'not before Six years shall be reckoned four, Thirteen shall be thirty-nine; This shall be a certain sign; Nine and eight reversing take, (Eight and one the nine shall make.) When ninety-two are eighty-one, All these marvels shall be done.

A singular explanation of this apparently unmeaning riddle has been suggested by a mathematician named Townsend. "When ninety-two are eighty-one. Washington took his seat as president in 1789; add ninety-two and you have eighty-one (1881). This 1881 is also made up of ones and eights, forming nines in reversed order. The "thirteen" may be taken as alluding to the original number of states, which the rhymist (remember that she is stated to have written in 1780, not in 1812 or 1813) would have in her mind. The recent introduction of a bill into Congress proposing a constitutional amendment to extend the term of the executive to six years may cover the line— Six years shall be reckoned four. Mr. Marsh considers the document as genuine, and is able to produce a copy of the Green Mountain [Vt.] Chronicle, published in 1813, which contains an almost verbatim copy. Now we anxiously await the opinion of Zadkiel and Nelson Buck, the champion dreamer, and if they "concur with the above," we shall conclude that "it's a coner," sell off our bonds and diamonds and get ready to quit even.—Troyian Observer.

A very handsome perforated lamp shade can be made thus.—Cut the shades of white cardboard (an old shade serving for pattern); after getting a true shape lay it upon a smooth lapboard; then at regular intervals place some pretty pattern; use embroidery patterns; then with a good-sized needle prick the whole design before removing the pattern; then make up with the rough side out. Paste them in shape, then wire and bind the edges with gilded paper, cut quite narrow and pinked on each edge. When placed upon the lamp, every part of the design shows beautifully.

Brigham's Daughter. Several weeks ago five of the daughters of Brigham Young, late head of the Mormon church, were expelled from the church for the crime of having gone to law with certain of the brethren who attempted to rob them. Afterward the elders, wishing to make peace with the expelled litigants, sent a couple of 'teachers' to interview them. They repaired to the residence of Miss Dora Young. What occurred there is told by the Salt Lake Tribune as follows: "We want to see, sister Dora, if you will not come back to us." "I have received a note calling on me to appear to answer a charge; what would you do?" "Oh," replied Brother Morris, "I should go by all means—by all means!" "But I won't do that," replied the heiress, "not for the world." "Oh, come now, sister Dora, don't say that. If you have done anything wrong it will be forgiven." "Yes, but I haven't done anything wrong. What have I done?" "You had a suit with your brethren, didn't you?" "Yes, and I wish to gracious I had another one." "What with the brethren?" "Yes, with the brethren." "Don't say that, sister Dora; we don't want to hurt your feelings, but—" "And I don't want you to hurt my feelings. If you do you'll go out of my house a good deal livelier than you came in. I have stood just as much from the Mormons as I intend to bear, and if you two offend me in any way you will go out of that door which a carpenter put there for just such people." "Oh, we don't want to hurt—" "Well, then, don't ask me to return to the church; you can't insult me worse than by requesting that." "Sister Dora, think of your father and mother, and—" "Don't speak to me of my father, Mr. Morris," she interrupted. "You and the whole church know that my father, prophet though you call him, broke many a woman's heart. If it were required of me to break as many hearts and ruin as many women as my father did, I should go to perdition before I would go back into the church, and—" "Oh, sister Dora!" exclaimed the teachers. "It's a fact, and you know it's a fact. You know that many of his wives died of broken hearts, and how did he leave the rest? Look at my mother and look at the rest of them. A religion which breaks women's hearts and ruins them is of the devil. That's what Mormonism does. Don't talk to me of my father; I'll tell you one thing: if my mother were living at present you wouldn't dare do what you are doing now. You wouldn't have stolen our money from us, either. You profess to regard my father as a prophet, and yet you have John Taylor standing in my father's shoes when you know he was the worst enemy my father had on earth. And around him are gathered those brave apostles all swearing against father, while in his lifetime they couldn't be servile enough. They are brave now." The teachers were dumbfounded at the honest girl's estimate of her father, Brigham Young, and said nothing.

Be Straightforward. Young man, when you see anything you want, ask for it like a man. If you want to borrow five dollars of a man, or if you only want to marry his daughter, don't slide up to him and hang on to your hat and talk politics and religion and the weather, and tell old stale jokes whereof you can't remember the point, until you worry the old man into a state of nervous irritation. Go to him with a full head of steam on and your bow ports open, like an ironclad pulling for a shore battery. Snort and paw and shake your head if you feel like it, no matter if it does make him astonished. Better astonish him than bore him. Go into his heart or pocketbook, or both—it amounts to the same thing—like a brute bull with a curl in his forehead charging a red merino dress, eyes on fire, tail up and dust a-flying. Then you'll fetch him. Or possibly he may fetch you. But never mind; you'll accomplish something, and show you are not afraid to speak what's on your mind. And that's a great deal more than you would accomplish by the other method. You needn't be cheeky, but you ought to be straightforward.—Evansville Argus.

Of and from the people, by sheer force of brain and fiber, Garfield has worked his own way from the lowliest condition to lofty eminence.—Mary Clemmer Ames.