THE JOURNAL.

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The Columbus Journal.

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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.
J. W. Early, Treasurer.
Benj. Spielman, Sheriff.
R. L. Rossiter, Surveyor.
John Walker, John Wise, M. Maher, } County Commissioners.
Dr. A. Heintz, Coroner.
S. L. Barrett, Supt. of Schools.
G. B. Bailey, Byron Millett, } Justices of the Peace.
Charles Wake, Constable.

CITY DIRECTORY:

J. P. Becker, Mayor.
H. J. Hudson, Clerk.
C. A. Newman, Treasurer.
Geo. G. Bowman, Police Judge
J. G. Routson, Engineer.

COUNCILMEN:

1st Ward—John Rickly, G. 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, Thursdays and Saturdays, 7 A. M. Arrives at 6 P. M.
For Monroe, Genoa, Waterville and Albion, daily except Sunday 6 A. M. Arrive, same, 6 P. M.
For Postville, Farral, Oakdale and Newman's Grove, 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, Fridays, 9 A. M. Arrives Saturdays, 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:

A. & N. TIME TABLE.

Leaves Columbus,	8:30	A. M.
" Platte,	9:00	"
" David City,	9.25	"
" Garrison,	9:40	"
" Ulysses,	10:02	"
" Staplehurst,	10:19	"
" Seward,	10:37	"
" Ruby,	10:53	"
" Milford,	11:05	"
" Pleasant Dale,	11:22	"
" Emerald,	11:40	"
Arrives at Lincoln,	12:00	M.

Leaves Lincoln at 1 P. M. and arrives in Columbus 4:45 P. M.

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	6:31 "	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.

SOCIETY NOTICES.

Cards under this heading will be inserted for $3 a year.

G. A. R.—Baker Post No. 9, Department of Nebraska, meets every second and fourth Tuesday evenings in each month in Knights of Honor Hall, Columbus.

JOHN HAMMOND, P. C.
D. D. WADSWORTH, Adj't.
H. P. BOWER, Searg. Maj.

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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.

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Columbus, Neb.
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Dealer in REAL ESTATE,
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COLUMBUS, : NEBRASKA.
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We are pleased to invite the attention of the public to the fact that we have just received a car load of Wagons and Buggies of all descriptions, and that we are the sole agents for the counties of Platte, Butler, Boone, Madison, Merrick, Polk and York, for the celebrated

CORTLAND WAGON COMP'Y,

of Cortland, New York, and that we are offering these wagons cheaper than any other wagon built of same material, style and finish can be sold for in this county.
Send for Catalogue and Price-list.

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MEDICAL & SURGICAL INSTITUTE.

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Physicians and Surgeons.
G. D. MERCER, M. D., & J. C. DENISE, M. D., of Omaha.
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.,
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Opposite Speice & North's land-office. Has on hand a fine selected stock of
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A complete assortment of Ladies' and Children's Shoes kept on hand.
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Especial Attention paid to Repairing
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HARRIGAN & CRAINE
HAVE the agency for this celebrated wind mill, and will also sell pumps, and make repairs on pumps and mills. The Hazen is better governed than any other, more durable, will run longer, go in as little wind and in greater than any other, and gives the best of satisfaction. See the one at the Grand Pacific, and call on us opposite the post-office. 527-x

A GOOD
FARM FOR SALE

160 acres of good land, 80 acres under cultivation, a good house one 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. 478-6m

SAVED BY MATCHES.

A small room, poorly furnished; a pot of mignonnette in the window; a girl at work at the table, sewing steadily. She would have been pretty if she had not been so poor. If she had been better fed, she would have had a rosy cheek; if she had had freedom and less labor, she would have had dimples; if she had worn a dress of violet silk, instead of the faded calico, it would have brought out the fairness of her skin and the golden hue of her hair. As it was, Alice Morne was pale, and pinched, and sad, with the sewing-girl's heavy heart.

She rose suddenly and folded up her work—a child's garment, of fine cambric, trimmed with dainty lace. She made a package of it, donned her bonnet, and shawl, and went out of her lodging-house.

She threaded the commercial streets rapidly, and soon emerged upon the avenues of wealthy private residences. Here it was quieter. The dusk was gathering. Now and then a carriage rolled by. One or two stately houses were lighted for receptions. Many more were somberly closed. Alice went on, with her quiet, rapid step.

She stopped at last before a house all in a blaze of light. Costly lace curtains concealed the luxurious rooms within; the soft notes of a piano came softly upon the girl's ear.

"The Tracys give another party to-night," said Alice.

She went into the area and rang the bell. A servant admitted her. She went in with her bundle.

She came out with a light step. The work had been approved, and she had been paid. A little dazzled with the scene she had just emerged from, she paused upon the pavement to count her money.

"Give me a cent," said a little beggar-boy starting somewhere out of the silent shadows.

"What do you want it for?" asked Alice.

"I'm hungry," answered the child. He was pale and pinched.

"Here's a dime; I would give you more if I could," she said.

The child took it eagerly. She passed on, with less than $2 to buy supper and pay for a week's rent.

She had more work. When it was finished she came the same way again in the dusk. As she passed over the sidewalk a faint line of white attracted her attention.

There was a knob of glass, generally called a "bull's-eye," in the pavement. It is usually inserted over a coal vault, and is removed to admit the coals. This one had not been adjusted with exactitude, and at the crevice appeared a line of white. Alice stooped down and examined it. It was the edge of a folded paper.

She drew it out with a wild tho't that it might be some valuable check or draft. But it contained only a few words, written in pencil:

"I have watched for you constantly for a week. If you would save my life come back here, and all night long place matches where you found this paper. You shall be rewarded with all you can ask.

A PRISONER."

Alice closed the paper in her hand and looked around bewildered. No one was to be seen. She looked down at the lump of dull glass, but it was entirely opaque. The bull's eye was not set quite evenly it its place. She touched it with her foot, but could not move it. After waiting a moment, confused and in doubt, she passed on, recollecting her errand.

The area door admitted her. The servant had a child on her arm, the dainty little thing for whom Alice made garments.

"Mrs. Tracy said you was to come up to her chamber, said she. "You know the way."

The lady whom she met was not lovely; she was sallow and dark; very disagreeable-looking—clutching her cashmere gown at the breast, and turning impatiently toward her little sewing-girl.

"Why did you not come before?" she asked, in a hoarse voice, with a slight French accent. "The child should have had that dress to drive in to-day."

"I was sick yesterday; I could not finish it," answered Alice, tremulously.

Madame snatched the package, tearing it open, and letting the little embroidered robe fall upon the bed.

"Well, here is your money," said she, opening a velvet purse. "Next time I will employ some one who will do as they promise."

Alice turned away with a bursting heart—for the woman's words meant starvation to her. She dared not raise her voice in reply: she divined truly that the heart under that rich robe was one of stone.

As she passed down stairs, she heard a low voice. It proceeded from one of the rooms about her.

"And he is 21 to-day?" it said.

"Yes; it is three years since his mysterious disappearance," with a sneering laugh.

The voices were stealthy. A door closed and shut them in.

Alice passed down into the street. She walked fast, treading, unthinkingly, upon the bull's-eye, and went home. When she flung herself down to weep, she suddenly felt the crumpled paper in her hand.

What should she do? She lay thinking a long time. She considered the strangeness of the request, the possibility that it was not meant for her, the idea that it was a hoax, or written by some madman—for it was a man's hand-writing.

But the girl's heart was warm and true. The possibility that some one was in trouble, and she might help them, was the thought that had the most weight. With no one to counsel or object, she obeyed it.

She went to a store and spent $1 of her precious money for matches. She received a large package, containing thousands of the little lucifers.

The city clocks were striking 9 as she reached the bull's-eye.

The street was silent, the pavement deserted. As she bent down, some one tapped upon the bull's-eye. She slipped a sheet of matches into the crevice. It disappeared. She waited a few moments; the hand tapped for more; she supplied them.

As she waited again a pedestrian approached. She rose, and stepped back into the shadows until he had passed; otherwise, she did not fear. The street was quiet, and she could see the stars twinkling in the clear sky.

Hour after hour she supplied matches, at intervals of quarter hours. Occasionally the rap came for an earlier demand. But she could not see the hand. She only imagined it to be a man's.

It was long past midnight. The city clocks were near striking 2 when her matches became exhausted. She had not been sufficiently supplied, she thought.

Quite at a loss what she ought to do, she rose from her cramped position, standing in doubt, when a voice said:

"Come with me!"

She started in terror, for a man stood beside her; but the next words reassured her:

"It is I whom you gave the matches to; do not be afraid, but take my arm, and walk fast. I am not safe here."

Alice could see only a tall form, and a pale face, the features of which she could not distinguish; but the voice, though hurried, was gently modulated, and the stranger took her hand with a grasp that was not unpleasant.

"You must be tired; but this has been a good night's work for you, little girl," he said.

"What did you want the matches for?" asked Alice, trembling.

He had drawn her hand within his own, and she was walking rapidly beside him.

"It was the only way in which I could get fire," he answered. "The heat melted the cement which inclosed a bull's-eye in the wall of my prison, and I escaped through the cavity. It was larger than the one in the pavement. I have been a prisoner in my own house for three years."

As they left the vicinity of the Tracy dwelling, he walked slower.

"I was quite helpless," he added. "I knew of no one to appeal to whom I could trust. But listening and waiting, as a man only listens and waits for freedom, I grew familiar with your step as it passed so often over the bull's-eye and up the steps, and a week ago, when I heard your voice to that beggar-boy, I resolved to trust you. I knew your tread the instant that it touched the curb-stone, and I slipped the paper up the crevice. You saw it immediately. The hours till you came passed heavily; you were my only hope. You are a brave, good child. Now, where is your home? Can I go there for a little rest before daylight?"

"It is a poor place," said Alice, "but you are welcome."

Daylight was dawning when she revealed her poverty-stricken little room to him. He flung himself into a chair and dropped his face on his folded arms upon the table. Alice fancied that he was praying, and moved about noiselessly, preparing a little breakfast. She did not realize that this man was young and handsome, and it was not, perhaps, propriety to have him there. She was only zealous, in her pity, to serve him, seeing, by daylight, how ill he looked.

But by noon there were strange doings in the little sewing-girl's room. She had been sent for a lawyer, the most renowned and popular one in the city, and he came with two other gentlemen, so grand that little Alice was quite awe-stricken. Finally, Mr. Lionel Tracy—that was the name of her hero—went away with them, and she was left alone with her property and her wonder. Only she was not quite so helpless and distressed as she had been, for one of the strange gentleman had smiled upon her, and left a few pieces of gold on her table.

But the marvel was all over with her, and the gold was spent, and poverty and labor and care had come back, when, one day, there was a knock at the door, and the landlady's little girl said that a carriage was standing for her, and a man in waiting said that she had been sent for.

What could she do but obey the summons? wondering what fairy work it was—that luxurious ride—until she began to see through it, for the carriage stopped at the Tracy mansion.

There had been great public excitement—the papers had been charged with the development of the infamous plot in high life, whereby the true heir of the great fortune had been drugged, while ill, and concealed, and a story trumped up about his mysterious disappearance; but Alice, in her solitude, had known nothing about it. Her pennies went for bread instead of news. But when she stepped upon the threshold, Lionel Tracy, the restored master, met her with a tender courtesy that took away all her fear, and made her feel like a little queen in the midst of the splendor.

"Have the rest all gone away?" she asked, seeing no one but new servants, and a pleasant woman, who was the housekeeper.

"Yes; I am quite alone, and shall be, unless you will come and live with me," said Mr. Lionel Tracy.

"Do you want a sewing-girl?" asked Alice, innocently.

"No; I want a wife," he answered; "one whom I can love with all my heart, as I do you, Alice. Will you come?"

Did she? Well, yes. And the public had another episode to excite them—the famous Lionel Tracy's marriage. Alice grew charming with happiness, and she was chronicled as a beauty when she became his bride. She laughs, and says she bought happiness cheaply with matches.

The Cost of the War.

TWO MILLIONS OF LIVES AND FIFTY THOUSAND MILLIONS OF DOLLARS.

Gen. Bank's Speech at Chicago.

It was a terrible struggle. I am not going to say much about it—not much, but I tell you it was a terrible struggle. It lasted the better part of four or five years. It cost us 2,000,000 of lives, for broken hearts fill more graves even than the shot and shell of battle. The government of the United States announced only a week or ten days ago that out of the treasury the government paid $6,000,000,000 as the cost of the war. Mr. Stevens, the historian of the confederate states of America, as they were called, declares that it cost the people of that section of the country alone $11,000,000,000, making $17,000,000,000 from these two items alone. I have no doubt—thinking of this often and seriously for many months—I have no doubt I should be within the limits of probability and reason if I told you that that war cost this country $50,000,000,000. Twenty years have passed since the time that I came here to which I have alluded, when there seemed to me a prospect that I might be somebody if I could only remain—less than 20 years by some three or four months; and now, as I stand here to-night, I see the very men that made the most causeless war that the history of the world ever exhibited; the very men that cost us 2,000,000 lives, the very men that without wrongs, without any cause, involved us in the sacrifice of nearly $50,000,000,000; these men, without the support of the people of any State, without the concurrence of any portion of the public opinion in the United States; these very men are in possession, absolute possession, of the House of Representatives of the United States, to do with its laws just exactly what they please. And these very men that brought this causeless trouble, of such terrible results, upon us, have possession of the senate of the United States, to do with that part of the government whatever they please; and they only want one power more to make their victory complete, and to put the Union soldiers that defeated them in the war under their heels so far as the exercise, or so far as the influence, of the political power of the government may enable them to do that." [Applause and shouts of "Never!" but in all that long dreary war we never saw traitors in black skins. [Great cheers].

Our prisoners escaping from the starvation of prison, fleeing to our lines by the light of the North star, never feared to enter a black man's cabin, and ask for bread. ["Good, good, that's so," and cheers.] In all that suffering and danger no union soldier was ever betrayed by a black man or woman [applause,] and now that we have made them free, so long as we live we will stand by those black citizens. [Renewed applause.] We will stand by them until the sun of liberty fixed in the firmament of our constitution shall shine out with equal rays upon every man, black or white, throughout the union [cheers]. Now, fellow citizens, in this there is all the beneficence of eternal justice, and by this we will stand forever [great applause]. The great poet has said that in individual life we rise on stepping stones of our dead selves to higher things, and the republic rises on the glorious achievements of the dead and living heroes to higher and nobler national life [applause]. We stand guard over our past as soldiers, as patriots over our country as the common heritage of us all [applause].

I thank you, fellow citizens, for this magnificent demonstration. In so far as I represent in my heart and life the great doctrines for which you fought, I accept this demonstration as a tribute to my representative character. [Applause.]

In the strength of your hearts, in the firmness of your faith, in all that betokens greatness of manhood and nobleness of character, the republic finds its security and glory. [Applause]. I do not enter upon the controverted questions of the times. The place and situation forbid it. I respect the traditions that require me to speak only of these things which elevate us all. Again I thank you for the kindness and enthusiasm of your greeting. [Tremendous cheering].

GENERAL GARFIELD.

He Receives a Grand Ovation in New York, attended by Thousands.

And Makes an Address in His Usual Incomparable Style.

NEW YORK, Aug. 6.—The reception and serenade to-night to Gen. Garfield at headquarters of the republican national committee on Fifth Avenue, turned out a brilliant success, the avenue and surrounding streets being thronged with an enthusiastic crowd. The rooms of the committee were thronged with prominent men of the republican party, among whom we noticed: Senators Logan and Haskins, Congressman Conger, Amos K. Thompson, of Ohio, and Senator Dorsey. Shortly after 8 o'clock a squad of police opened a passage in the throng estimated at 10,000 strong, and escorted Gen. Garfield to the rooms of the committee. As the presidential candidate was recognized, cheer after cheer rent the air, and even after he disappeared in the inclosure of the committee rooms. The crowd expressed itself shouting until Garfield appeared on the balcony, when a scene of great enthusiasm ensued; hats flew in the air and it was with great difficulty that police were able to keep clear a passage way for the boys in blue to pass. First was a colored organization and then came the Garfield and Arthur and other clubs of different assemblies. After the clubs had settled in their places, Gen. Sharp introduced Gen. Garfield who was received with enthusiastic applause, which lasted over ten minutes. When the cheers had ceased, he spoke as follows:

Comrades, Boys in Blue, and Fellow Citizens of New York:—I can not look upon this great assemblage, and these old veterans that have marched past us, and listen to the welcome from our comrade who has just spoken, without remembering how great a thing it is to live in this great Union and be a part of it (applause). This is New York and on yonder battery more than one hundred years age, a young student of Columbia College was arguing ideas of American revolution and American union against un-American loyalty to monarchy to his college president and professors; and bye and bye he went into the patriotic army, was placed on the staff of Washington [cheers] to fight the battles of his country, [cheers] and while in camp, before he was nineteen years old, on a drum-head he wrote a letter which contained every germ of the constitution of the union. [Applause.] That student, soldier, statesman and great leader of thought—Alexander Hamilton, of New York—made this republic glorious by his thinking, and left his lasting impression on New York, the foremost state of the union, [applause] and here on this island, the scene of his early triumphs, we gather to-night, soldiers of the war, representing his ideas of union and glory, and adding to columns of monuments that Hamilton and Washington and the heroes of the revolution reared.

Gentlemen, ideas outlive men—ideas outlive all things, and you who fought the war for the union fought for immortal ideas, and by their might you crowned our war with victory [great applause]; but victory was worth nothing, except the fruits under it, in it and above it, and we must to-night, as veterans and comrades, stand sacred guard around the truth for which we fought so long [prolonged cheers], and, while we have life to meet and grasp the hands of comrades, we will stand by the great fruits of the war. [Loud cheers.] Among the convictions of that war which sunk deep in our hearts, there are some that we can never forget. Think of the great elevating spirit of the war. We gathered boys from all our farms and shops and stores and schools and homes, from all over the republic. They went forth unknown to fame, but returned enrolled on roster of immortal heroes. [Great applause.]. They went in the spirit of those soldiers of Henry at Agincourt, of whom he said, "Whom this day sheds his blood with me, to-day shall be my brother," and who stands by the right this day shall elevate his condition and elevate the heart of every working soldier who fought for it, [applause] and I shall be his brother for evermore.

We will remember our allies who fought with us. Soon after the great struggle began we looked behind an army of white rebels and saw 4,000,000 of black people condemned to toil as slaves for our enemies, and we found that the hearts of these 4,000,000 were God-inspired with the spirit of liberty, and that they were our friends. [applause]. We have seen men betray the flag and fight to kill the union,

Wit and Humor.

Misses don't count—except in the Treasury Department.

If two negatives equal one affirmative, it follows that the girl who says "no" twice means "yes.

Every woman has a grevious cross to bear when her husband is cross as a bear.

When the cold weather is upon us the man who is not grateful with a grate full is an ungrateful great fool.

"I would take a trip around the world," said Mr. Shoddy, "if it wasn't for the expense of returning home again."

Aunt Mary: Well Tommy, shall I carry your bat and cricket stumps for you? Tommy: No, aunty, tanks! Me tarry bat and 'tumps. 'Oo tarry me!

An Ohio man met a weeping woman and kissed her tears away. The jury found a verdict of $3,800 for the plaintiff. It is far better to let her squall.

A Vermont man's mother-in-law was killed by the cars, and he got $22,000 from the railroad company. It never rains but it pours.

A Dakota girl married a Chinaman. He had some difficulty in explaining the state of his heart, but she finally got his cue.

"Does your mother know your route?" asked that tease of a Tom when Charley and his bride started on their wedding tour.

They have discovered a new way out west to hasten the disappearance of the Indians. They make brakemen of them and set them to coupling cars.

A young lady in Brooklyn is working a motto, "No Ice Cream." She says, "You know it is leap year, and the ice crop's a failure and the boys might as well know it first as last."

A little girl went into a drug store the other day and said to the proprietor in a half whisper: "If a little girl hain't got no money, how much chewing-gum do you give her for nothing.

Parted Lovers.

They were very fond of each other, and had been engaged; but they quarrelled, and were too proud to make it up.

He called a few days ago at her father's house to see the old gentleman, on business, of course. She was at the door.

Said he: "Ah, Miss Blank, I believe; is your father in?"

"No, sir," she replied; "pa is not in at present. Did you wish to see him personally?"

"Yes," was the bluff response, feeling that she was yielding, "on very particular personal business," and he turned proudly to go away.

"I beg your pardon," she called after him, as he struck the lower step, "but who shall I say called?"

He never smiled again.

Rates of Advertising.

Space.	1w	2w	1m	3m	6m	1yr
1col'mn	$12.00	$20	$25	$35	$60	$100
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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

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