

CONGRESSIONAL DELEGATION.

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CITY DIRECTORY.

J. P. Buckner, Mayor. H. J. Hudson, Clerk. C. A. Newman, Treasurer. George G. Bowman, Police Judge. J. G. Routson, Engineer. COLONELMEN: 1st Ward—John Rickly. 2nd Ward—Wm. Lamb. 3rd Ward—S. M. Miller. 4th Ward—G. W. C. Hooper. 5th Ward—Wm. C. Hooper.

Columbus Post Office.

Open on Sundays from 11 A. M. to 12 M. and from 4:30 to 6 P. M. Eastern mails close at 11 A. M. Western mails close at 4:30 P. M. Mail leaves Columbus for Madison and Norfolk, Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays, 7 A. M. Arrives at 8 P. M. For Monroe, Genoa, Waterville and Albia, daily except Sunday 6 A. M. Arrives, same, 6 P. M. For Postville, Central, Okadale 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, Paton 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, 9 P. M.

U. P. Time Table.

Eastward Bound. Ensign, No. 6, leaves at 6:25 a. m. Passenger, No. 4, " 11:06 a. m. Freight, " 10, " 4:30 p. m. Westward Bound. Freight, No. 5, leaves at 2:00 p. m. Passenger, No. 3, " 4:27 p. m. Freight, " 2, " 6:30 p. m. Ensign, " 1, " 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, 9:45 " " Staplehurst, 10:19 " " Newark, 10:37 " " Ruby, 10:55 " " Milford, 11:05 " " Pleasant Dale, 11:22 " " Emerald, 11:40 " " 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 south. Bound south. Jackson 4:34 P. M. Norfolk 6:30 A. M. Platte Centre 5:30 " Madison 6:37 " Platte Centre 5:37 " Madison 7:45 " Humphreys 5:51 " Humphreys 8:34 " Madison 7:40 " Platte Centre 8:28 " Madison 8:28 " Platte Centre 8:55 " Norfolk 8:55 " Jackson 10:20 " 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. BAKER Post No. 2, 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, Sec'y. Maj.

BUSINESS CARDS.

M. J. THOMPSON, NOTARY PUBLIC And General Collection Agent, St. Edwards, Boone Co., Neb.

NOTICE.

If you have any real estate for sale, or if you wish to buy either in or out of the city, or if you wish to trade city property for lands, or lands for city property, give us a call. WADSWORTH & JOSSELYN.

NELSON MILLET, BYRON MILLET, Justice of the Peace and Notary Public.

T. N. MILLET & SON, ATTORNEYS AT LAW, Columbus, Nebraska. They will give close attention to all business entrusted to them. 248.

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

The Columbus Journal.

VOL. XI.—NO. 20. COLUMBUS, NEB., WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 15, 1880. WHOLE NO. 540.

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.

CORNELIUS & SULLIVAN, ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW, Upstairs in Gluck Building, 11th street, Above the New bank.

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

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H. J. HUDSON, NOTARY PUBLIC. 12th Street, 2 doors west of Hammond House, Columbus, Neb. 491-3

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CHICAGO BARBER SHOP! HENRY WOODS, Prop'r. Everything in first-class style. Also keep the best of cigars. 216-y

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

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SLATTERY & PEARSALL, ARE PREPARED WITH FIRST-CLASS APPARATUS, To remove houses at reasonable rates. Give them a call.

GEORGE N. DERRY, CARRIAGE, House & Sign Painting, GRADING, GLAZING, Paper Hanging, KALSOMINING, Etc. All work warranted. Shop on Olive street, one door south of Elliott's new Pump-house. apr10y

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

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. 433-1f

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. Farm with some improvements bought and sold. Office for the present at the Clothier House, Columbus, Neb. 473-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. 447-13

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 or by the dish. 11th Street, South of Depot

TAKEN BY SURPRISE. A loud scream suddenly startled the ears of Mr. Harlan, as he sat before his easel, enthusiastically working upon a painting. It came from the room of his next-door neighbor, and he dropped both palette and brushes as he gave a nervous start, and waited motionless for a repetition of the cry. 'My poor, poor baby—my darling Cora!' in an agonized shriek succeeded, and amid other frantic ejaculations was now heard the sound of a slammed door, and feet hurrying down the staircase. Mr. Harlan was for a moment paralyzed with horror. What was he to think? That charming golden-haired child, who had served him as a model, and whose delightful prattle had often soled him in his studio, must have fallen from a window, four stories from the ground. He rushed to his own to look out, shuddering and hesitant. He gazed below him; his mind was at once relieved—no such spectacle as he had feared was visible. Had he been dreaming? What could have occasioned that mother's awful shriek? His glance roved down the street. Ah! at the corner is a seemingly excited crowd. As he looks there advances to it, pale and with disheveled hair, his distracted neighbor, still crying: 'My darling little baby—my poor, poor Cora!' She receives from some one in the gathering the limp figure of a child, which she covers with kisses and tears. Then, her expression still despairing, she staggers with her burden toward the house. A street car, stationary, a little distance off, gives the artist a hint at the truth. His little creature been run over by a careless driver? With a bound he reached his door, and then himself tumbled down the staircase, eager to plunge at once into the depths of the mishap, to know if his anxiety is too great or too little. He grasps the sidewalk, and with face averted from the mother, puts a rapid question to a spectator: 'Is the child killed?' 'I don't know.' Still fearing to look upon what is now perhaps but a mangled mass of flesh and blood, he accosts another in the crowd: 'Did you see the accident?' 'Yes.' 'Can the child live?' 'I don't think it's much hurt. As I turned, when the child screamed behind me, I saw it under the horses' feet, but they had stopped going, and I instantly picked it up. 'Twas I gave it to the mother. I believe it's more frightened than hurt. One of the horses had its foot raised as if fearing to set it down. Ha, ha! I believe he was afraid of hurting the little thing. I never believed horses had so much sense. I—' From this garrulous speaker, Mr. Harlan was now called, by catching the mother's eye. She beckoned to him, and he at once advanced to her, uttering words of condolence and congratulation. 'Won't you drop a postal card instantly to my husband?' exclaimed she. 'You know his office down town. He will receive it before 6, and be prevented from leaving for Boston to-night.' 'Certainly, certainly! I'll go for him at once.' 'No, no—write! I know he has important business to-day. You might not find him. I don't wish him to be disturbed. He'll certainly be in the office at 6, when he'll get the postal if sent at once.' Mr. Harlan drew from his breast pocket a bill-book, and thence a postal card, on which he wrote nervously a few moments, when he hastened to drop it in the box on the corner. The mother, meanwhile, had disappeared within the house, where an examination proved that the intense excitement experienced by the artist and others had no cause for continuance. The child was wholly uninjured, except as to the right foot, bruised probably by being caught in the rails as she fell. Smiles and laughter succeeded; and when, at 7:30 that evening, Mr. Harlan opened his door in response to a rap, and beheld Mr. Whittridge, the father of the child, there was a broad grin upon his face as he extended his hand. But the jocose observation on his lips died, as his hand was refused, and his visitor gazed sternly upon him. 'Excuse me, sir! I cannot shake hands with you, and yet I thank you for your postal card.' 'Well, sir, you simply amaze me. Come, what do you mean? You must be joking!' 'Not at all, Mr.—Heathcote!' The artist started back, turned as white as his collar and a tremor ran through his frame. 'Why—why do you address me by that name?' 'It is the name you gave me on the card you sent me this afternoon; and, Mr. Harlan, I believe it is your real name.'

'I—I sent you that name?' 'Here it is, sir—Augustus Heathcote! My wife saw you with this card. You forgot yourself in the excitement.'

'Well, supposing I do bear an assumed name. What is that to you? We have been friendly in our relations. You have no reason to do aught but esteem me. We have lived side by side for two years. What have you against me?' 'Against Mr. Harlan, nothing; but I have heard before of Mr. Heathcote. He was in my uncle's employ. Job Gardner, of Pittsburg, Pa.—You know. There can be no mistake. You are Augustus Heathcote.'

'I am. I have been basely slandered. Circumstances have borne against me. You know my real self. Can you imagine I could have done what I have been condemned for?' 'Condemned! You were not condemned.'

'Condemned in every one's opinion, or I would not have changed my name. How did I escape? Only because no trace of the money could be found in my possession. Years have passed since. I show no signs of wealth at present. What would you have? I am innocent though my name is disgraced. It mattered not until the last two or three years whether I bore it or not. I was a wanderer in Europe, where, in an extreme penury, I cultivated the art talent with which I was endowed. I earned my living in Germany by serving as a model. Wealth—where is it? Where is the hundred thousand dollars I am supposed to have stolen? I was acquitted, as you allow. Why refuse my hand?'

'With mention of your name came the bitter thought that through you, perhaps, I and my family are poor. I was my uncle's heir.'

'You? Where was his son?' 'Dead. Did you not know that?' 'How long since? Father and son both dead?' 'He died shortly after you were acquitted and you disappeared.'

'And your uncle left but a small property?' 'He did. The robbery deprived him of most of his capital. That and his son's death preyed upon his spirits. He was unsuccessful in his business ever after.'

'You are his sole heir?' 'I am.'

'You may be wealthy yet. That \$100,000 in bonds and securities yet exists. I have an idea. I have always been certain that the son took that money. I had alone the key of the safe and knew the combination—it was that condemned me; but—but I found wax on the key one day, and I've heard Mr. Gardner talk in his sleep during his after-dinner nap. The son dead, you shall have the money. I thank heaven I sent you that postal card, that I have brought you to know Augustus Heathcote?'

The door of the studio had been closed as this exciting conversation progressed, and the participants had seated themselves half-unconsciously. 'Let me, however,' continued the artist, 'be Harlan to you as usual, and to your wife. Do not disclose my secret unless I fail to restore you your property. Harlan is the name I wish to bear—the name I think I shall yet make distinguished.'

'You go too fast,' responded his auditor; 'you claim to know apparently where the property is. Why should I not think, then, that you have hid it? You make me again suspicious of you.'

'I may speak too hastily, but I am sanguine of success. I will tell you why. Shortly after I was acquitted—almost immediately after leaving the court-room—I encountered Geo. Gardner in his father's grounds, whither I went to obtain my few personal effects. We were alone, and smarting with the suspicion environing me—for a series of groans had attended the jury's verdict—I told him I knew he was the thief, and that I would watch and wait until I could prove it. With that I left him, and soon forgot my threat; but he did not. I believe it may have killed him—he was a very coward, whom fear would drive to suicide.'

'He died suddenly. It was said of heart disease.'

'If he stole the money, as I am sure, it is hid somewhere in the garden attached to his father's house. It has never been heard of, you say, then it is there. If you can grant me the right to explore that thoroughly, I am convinced that you will find the money.'

'But why should I not then think you hid it?' 'Because I deny that when I restore it to you.'

'What causes you to think it is there?' 'It was there that our encounter took place, and I have often since wondered at the direction that his eye took as I talked to him. Many other signs escaped him which made me judge since, as in my rage I did not then, that we stood not far from the treasure.'

'It seems to me a wild idea.'

'But the money has not turned up. Where is it? Have you a right to those grounds now?' 'The house is rented, but I own it.' 'Will you aid me to make the trial?' 'I will go with you.'

'I shall not be recognized. I was but a strippling then. It is agreed. Can we start to-morrow?' 'Yes.'

'Well, then, good-night!' Upon their journey, the following day, Harlan explained why he felt so sure their search would be successful. The property would naturally be left by a timid man where it had been deposited, until time for its safe came. That time had never come. Harlan yet experienced a degree of astonishment, mingled with his delight, at having his prognostications realized; for the treasure was found in the garden, enclosed in a wooden box, and that after but an hour's exploration and digging. Although for full fifteen years it had lain there, the papers were but little stained by mould, and their value was uninjured. Mr. Whitridge was a rich man.

The artist has recently finished a large painting entitled 'Good News.' A charming face therein, of a little girl, who is represented handing a letter to her agitated parents, is an exquisite portrait of the child who was the cause of his having disclosed his secret. The picture is a \$5,000 commission from his former neighbor.

She Wouldn't Give up the Flag. A thrilling incident in the war is related by the Columbus Dispatch, the heroine being a lady who now lives in that city. In the little town of Alexandria, Mo., lived the family of Mrs. C., consisting of herself, two sons and three daughters. One autumn evening in 1862, a company of forty Confederates belonging to Hart Green's command, went riding in at break-neck speed, and took possession of the quiet village and found many friends who made their visit welcome. During their stay of two hours they made search for a Union flag said to be in the keeping of two loyal young ladies; and were successful in capturing it from Miss Julia Hallar, a niece of the late Gen. Heintzelman. The house of Mrs. C. was thoroughly searched, and the two sons had taken sides with the South, and were then in the rebel service, she and her daughters were subjected to many indignities because of their unwavering allegiance to the Union. The rebels, on taking their departure, did it in the genuine Missouri style—riding up and down the street in a boisterous manner; carrying off booty and the captured flag, which they had attached to a brush and were trailing in the dust. Arriving in front of the house of Mrs. C., the rebels stopped and the flag became detached from the brush. In an instant one of the young ladies, now Mrs. C. H. Grumm, rushed into the street and gathering the flag from beneath the horses' feet returned to the house, and quickly concealed it beneath the folds of her dress. She was followed by the enraged mob; but neither their threats nor their curses could induce her to give up the coveted prize.

An Omaha lady, one of the best house-wives, as well as the sunniest, happiest and contented persons in the city, recently lost her portmanteau, in which was found the following receipt: 'To Make Husbands Happy—One wife; mix with genuine affection, true patience and self-sacrifice. Stir with a kiss occasionally and add a grain of common sense in the management of daily trifles. Put a teaspoonful of real religion into every day life. Avoid fretting and chafing, as it curdles and destroys the mixture. Serve at breakfast and dinner in charming attire, with a smile for sauce; and the result will be a wife with a rainbow always over her head and heaven in her heart—making her home a place that no husband would ever leave to go 'to the club.'

'Is your programme full Miss Beeteleuser?' asked a young man of a western dandy who had just struggled out of the refreshment room with disappointment in her eye and an 'order of dances' in her hand. 'Programme full?' asked the daughter of the setting sun. 'Well, I guess not! I haven't had nothing but a piece of cake and an ice cream, but they don't go far towards filling my programme, I can tell you.'

Mr. NABBY IMITATING THE EXAMPLE OF WADE HAMPTON, MAKES A SPEECH AT THE CORNERS WHICH IS INTERESTED FOR PURELY SOUTHERN CONSUMPTION—A NORTHERN REPORTER HEARS IT AND IT IS PUBLISHED IN INDIANA—THE TROUBLE RESULTING THEREFROM. [From the Toledo Blade.] CONKRETT X ROADS, (which is in the state of Kentucky) August 27, 1880.

I sigh ez did the late Henry A. Wise, uv Virginnny, for a kentry in wich their aint no noospapers. Noospapers hev bin the cuss uv democriy, and the one thing that stands in our way. Noospapers and free schools are wate kills the demicratic party. They can't git along together nohow. Wat the democriy wants is a secksbun in wich their aint no noospapers, ceptin' them wich is published by authority, and whose contense are sovpervised by a comunity before publicashen.

Two weeks ago we hed a meetin at the Cross Roads, to reconcile the difference that hed onfortoonately sprung up in the ranks uv the democriy. The trouble was this: The Corners hed shoed its bonds to build a Court House and a Markit House and other improvements, wich Bascom hed took, he bein the principle capitalist. He bot it up at about ten cents on the dollar, and holds em to-day.

Now comes the trouble. The citizens uv the Corners don't want to pay the bonds at all. They hold that there is some legal flaw in the contract, which don't compel em to pay, and they perpose to take advantage of it.

Immeditly there wuz a split among the citizens. Them wich holds the bonds insists that suthin should be paid onto em, and them wich don't hold em, but wich hev to pay taxes, insists that they shan't pay anything.

The question hez gone into politix, and I called the Corners together and made a speech to em. I hed the meetin-house decorated the same ez I alluz do on important occasions. I hed on the pulpit the skulls uv the federal soljers from Bull Run, the thigh-bone uv a federal soljer started at Andersonville, and the skeleton uv the nigger killed at Fort Piller.

'Friends,' sed I, 'in the presence uv these relics I implore you to pause. Wat is bonds, wat is taxes, compared to a dimecratic triumf? You are quarreln over purely lokie inishoes. Before you divide and endanger a dimecratic triumf, consider wat Lee wood hev done, wat Jackson wood hev done hed they bin in your places. Remember that the principles we are fitin fur to-day are the principles they fit fur, and the ideas underlyin the confederacy did not die with the surrender uv Lee, but that they are in egzistence now, and that this clecksbun decides whether the south or the north triumfs.'

I went on in this way an hour, and finally got the people satisfied to settle the matter without any trouble, and went home feelin good.

Now wat happened? There happened to be present that nite, a cousin uv a farmer in the neighborhood, who is the editor uv a radikal paper in Injeany. That friend took down in short-hand, my entire speech, and he sent it to his paper in Injeany and published it in full, with illustrashins uv the bones uv a federal soljer, and everything connected with the meetin. And the republikin press uv the north is usin it to show that the old rebel sperit ain't ded yit.

This is wat bothers me. Wat rite hed that man to send a speech north that wuz intended solely for the south?

I didn't want that speech published in Injeany. It was intended for southern consupshen only. It wuz made for the Corners, and for the Corners only. It is a trouble with democriy, that you hev to hev speeches for every different locality. If I make a speech at the Corners I don't want it sent up into Injeany or Ohio, and red there for democriy at the Corners and democriy in the north is two distink things.

I don't know ez it will do me eny good to deny it, ez Wade Hampton does, for the cusid speech wuz reported in full, and is kerrect. But it is raisin blazes with us. It is bein used to show that we uv the south hev not lost eny uv our old ijees, and the worry uv it is that it does show that very thing.

Hereafter when I make a speech I shel be shoer that their aint' eny reporters or noospaper men present, ceptin ez ez are in our interest. Hereafter I shel hev the report uv my speeches revised by myself afore they are printed, and I shel know when they are goin.

Then things will be safe. This trouble hev worried me more than anything doorn the campans. PETROLEUM V. NABBY, (in trouble.)

Rates of Advertising.

Table with columns for Space, by the line, and rates for 1st, 2nd, 3rd, 4th, 5th, 6th, 7th, 8th, 9th, 10th, 11th, 12th, 13th, 14th, 15th, 16th, 17th, 18th, 19th, 20th, 21st, 22nd, 23rd, 24th, 25th, 26th, 27th, 28th, 29th, 30th days.

Business and professional cards ten lines or less space, per annum, ten dollars. Legal advertisements at statutory rates. "Editorial local notices" fifteen cents a line each insertion. "Local notices" five cents a line each insertion. Advertisements classified as "Special notices" five cents a line first insertion, three cents a line each subsequent insertion.

The Independent Voter.

It has been well said that the one thing for the honest voter to do is to make the politician's trade uncertain. This is in fact the key to the situation. It is by the free flux of votes on the edges of party lines, the fluidity of parties, so to speak, that politicians can most practically be controlled and politics be most effectually reformed. The independent voter is the strong man. If the parties will not apply civil-service reform for him, let him apply it for himself to the parties.

In fine, the educated voter, if he wants to better parties and to better politics must resolutely refuse to cast his vote for a bad or unfit candidate, or for a candidate representing bad practice, because the candidate is nominated by the party whose professed principles he desires to support, and by whose name he calls himself. If a more fit man is nominated for the same place by the opposing party, he will vote directly for him. If there is but a choice of evils, he will refuse to cast his vote for either, not by staying away from the polls, but by leaving the objectionable name off his party ticket, whether or not he replaces it by a good name, which he cannot expect to see chosen, but which offers a warning and a protest to his party managers.

This at once involves the dilemma of the undesired election, by default, of the bad candidate of the worse party; but this is a dilemma which must be resolutely met. It is the game of the politicians on both sides to keep the vote in this dilemma. They can be checked only by peremptory notification that by any hazard this kind of game must be stopped. The responsibility of party defeat is not with the voter, but with the party manager who has deliberately defied him.

For a political party, also, must be known by its fruits; if it produces bad candidates, it is not a good party; nor is it any longer "our" party if it rejects in its nominations and its administration the avowed principles which make it "ours." It cannot be too often repeated that party is only the co-operation of voters to put into practice given principles, and that there is nothing but fetishism in the worship of a party name. It is notorious at this time that neither great national party represent either its avowed principles or the better men in it. Each party subsists chiefly on the blunders, or worse than blunders, of its opponents, and finds its political capital not in its own usefulness, but in the dread of the worse possibilities of the other side. The cry of "principles, not men"—which represents the true conflict of real parties—is a mockery in these days. This is the reason that the fight must be made first on men, before we can get back again to the conflict of principles. The way to stop stealing is not to pass resolutions against it, but to punish the particular men who steal. The way to make a party represent principle is to reject the men in it who have no principle. If the worst comes, and the party is captured by unprincipled men for their own ends, then their defeat is the only method of reform within the party, because by such purification only can it again rise to its true power. If party managers invite this, this they must hate.—R. R. Boeker in September Atlantic.

John Newton says satan seldom comes to Christians with great temptations, or with a temptation to commit a great sin. You bring a green log and a candle together and they are very safe neighbors; but bring a few shavings and set them alight, then bring a few small sticks, and let them take fire, and the log be in the midst of them, and you will soon get rid of your log. And so it is with little sin. You will be startled with the idea of committing a great sin, and so the devil brings you a little temptation, and leaves you to indulge yourself. "There is no harm in this," "no great peril in that," and so by these little chips we are at first easily lit up, and at last the green log is burned. "Watch and pray that we enter not into temptations."

"Are you guilty or not guilty?" was asked of a colored prisoner. "Well, boss," he replied, "I was in the immediate naboo'hood when dem hams was taken, but it doesn't look jine right to be dis respectant crowd outen de pleassurableness ob seein' a trial, do it? Da'fo' I pleads n. g."

"I can't trust you," said a rum-seller to an impoverished customer. "You hadn't drunk so much of it you might be riding in your own carriage." "And if you hadn't sold it," returned the victim, "you might have been my driver."