ETERNAL PUNISHMENT.

What Bob Ingersoll Has to Say on the Subject.

"It may be, after all, I'll get damned for my smartness," said Robert Ingersoll, before an applauding throng in the Brooklyn acsdemy of music last night, "but I'll take my chances." Mr. Ingersoll's theme was "Liberty for Man, Woman and Child." The lecture was under the auspices of the Young Men's Republican club, the lecturer to have half of the net receipts. A score of tall young men in swallow-tail coats filed upon the stage, and last of all, like an opera tenor rushing through the chorus, came the lecturer, who swiftly strode to the foot-lights, and, without any ceremony, began:

"In my judgment, after all, it is a question of intellectual development."

Mr. Ingersoll has a round head and a smooth, fat face. His hair is gray and thin on top, and his eyes are dark and bright. They seem almost buried in his round cheeks when he laughs. No public orator gesticulates so much with the topmost part of his body. Ingersoll, with a stiff neck, might be worth only $100 a night. Now he refuses offers at $600 a night. He tips his forehead this or that way, and has a most effective nod. He throws in an exclamation point with a nod. "Honor bright" is a favorite reiteration. "It won't do!" is another which he emphasizes with a shake of the head. He is more theatrical than Beecher or Talmage. He peoples the platform with imaginary dummies, and then flails them to the delight of the audience. By constant recurrence to these he keeps them before his audience. Last night he had "a rude dugout in which floated a native savage—one of our ancestors—with teeth two inches in length, with a spoonful of brains in the back of his head." This, to start with, he seemed to place at a certain spot on the stage, and when he went over that way the audience instinctively recalled his description, and was prepared to hear something about the dugout.

Mr. Ingersoll's voice is soft and melodious. His manner and movements upon the stage, with his wonderful nod, are the elements of his success as a popular orator.

"I was once in the company of some Baptist ministers," said Ingersoll. "I don't how I ever got there, and they asked my opinion as to baptism. I said that with soap I regarded it as an excellent institution. If you tell me what a man's religion is I'll tell you what is the high-water mark of his intellect—just how many he carries to the pound. When a man thinks that he has found it all out, he is orthodox. The man in a dugout is orthodox. Heresy is a cradle; orthodoxy is a coffin. Heresy is a banner; orthodoxy is the shroud. Heresy gives a new idea a welcome and a warm place by the fireside of his heart; orthodoxy regards the new idea as a tramp, and keeps bull-dogs in front of the house to frighten off every new idea that comes along."

Referring to the lowest form of skull that had ever been found, he said that it was probably found in Delaware.

"There has not been a patentable improvement on the devil for 6,000 years," said the lecturer. "I'll tell you what causes bronchitis among ministers. If you talk solemnly when you don't feel it, that makes bronchitis. Did you ever hear that an auctioneer had it? I call it parsonitis. [Laughter.] This is my doctrine: Give every other human being every right you claim for yourself. Keep your mind open to the influences of nature. Receive new thoughts with hospitality. The religionist of to-day wants the ship of his soul to lie at the wharf of orthodoxy and rot in the sun. He delights to hear the old opinions flap against the masts of old creeds. He loves to see the joints and the sides open and gape in the sun, and it is a kind of bliss for him to repeat, 'Do not disturb my opinions.' As far as I am concerned, I wish to be out on the high seas. I wish to take my chances with the wind and wave and star. And I had rather go down in the glory and grandeur of the storm than to rot in any orthodox harbor whatever.

"After all, we are improving from age to age. The most orthodox people in the country two hundred years ago would have been burned for the crime of heresy. The ministers who denounce me for expressing my thought would have been in the Inquisition themselves. Our fathers worshipped the golden calf. The worst you can say of an American now is that he worships the gold of the calf. Even the calf is beginning to see this distinction. It no longer satisfies the ambition.

Where did that doctrine of eternal punishment come from? It came from the low and beastly skull of that wretch in the dug-out. Where did he get it? It was a souvenir from the animals. The doctrine of eternal punishment was born in the glittering eyes of snakes that hung in fearful coils, watching for their prey. It was born of the grin of the hyenas, and of the depraved chatter of the unclean hyenas. I despise it with every drop of my blood. Tell me there is a God in the serene heavens that will damn his children for the expression of an honest belief. Tell me that the dimpled darling rocking in its cradle is to be kindling wood for a fire in hell. If there is a God who is sending people into this world to damn them forever, I would rather go to hell than to go to heaven and keep the society of such an infamous tyrant.

"When the great ship containing the hopes and aspirations of the world; when the great ship freighted with mankind goes down in the night of death, chaos, and disaster, I am willing to go down with the ship, with those who love me, and with those whom I have loved, and I will not be guilty of the ineffable meanness of sneaking ashore in some orthodox canoe."

Pleading for liberty for the child, Mr. Ingersoll said: "The laugh of a child will make the holiest day more sacred still. Strike with hand of fire, Oh, weird musician, thy harp strung with Appollo's golden hair; fill the vast cathedral aisles with symphonies sweet and dim, deft toucher of the organ keys; blow, bugler, blow, until thy silver notes do touch and kiss the moonlit waves, and charm the lovers wandering mid the vine-clad hills. But know, your sweetest strains are discords all, compared with childhood's happy laugh—the laugh that fills the eyes with light and every heart with joy. O! rippling river of laughter, thou art the blessed boundary line between the beasts and men, and every wayward wave of thine doth drown some fretful fiend of care. Oh, Laughter, rose-lipped daughter of Joy, there are dimples enough in thy cheeks to catch and hold and glorify all the tears of grief."—*New York Sun, 30th.*

Swiss Farming.

I have wondered if there are such awkward ways of doing things outside of Egypt as are practised here. The farming implements would be laughable if they were not monstrous. Tubal-Cain certainly made better-formed scythes than are used here. The axes are simply long sharp wedges with a hole near the top, and a short, straight thick stick in the hole for a handle. Forks are big and awkward, and twice as heavy as our stable forks. Grain is oftener threshed with the old-fashioned flail than otherwise. I wonder they do not tramp it out with oxen. It would be a slower process, and how to be slow is made a special study here. The ploughs are the climax of agricultural monstrosities. They are great cumbersome things, made almost wholly of wood, with the beam mounted on two wooden wheels big enough for coal carts.

My friend used just such a plough yesterday on our farm. I half deny ownership now, when I think of it. It was pulled by six cows. Two men were driving the cows, and two men were holding the plough up. I followed and looked on. They were half a day ploughing half an acre.

I am glad the whole concern, plough-men, cow-drivers, and all, were hired, and not a part proper of the farm. I sat on a stone wall for half an hour and reflected whether it were possible Americans could not make small special farming profitable, with their soil and implements for farming, in the face of the fact that these people not only make a living, but save money, on a poor soil and with the old-fashioned tools of Egypt to work it.

I am certain the whole secret lies in economy; in the saving of a hundred little things that shall outbalance even the waste of the awkward implements and these slow methods. There will not a blade of grass be seen among the vines here, nor a weed on the farm. There will not be a twig of wood left to rot or a potatoe undug. A gentleman's private garden could not be cleaner or better kept than is the whole farm in Switzerland, and cultivation, such as is bestowed only on hot houses in America, is common here to every farm. Not one foot of ground is left uncared for. It may take a good deal of time, with such slow hands to do it, but it is done. Not a chip, not a straw is wasted. "We put this little thing and that little thing together," said my friend, "and at the end of the year it makes a good deal." One cannot afford waste or bad farming on land at five or six or ten hundred dollars an acre and more.—*H. M. S. Byers in Harper's Magazine for April.*

A Boy's Essay on Boards.

There are several kinds of boards—sign-boards, base-boards, dash-boards, clapboards, side-boards, pasteboards, and school boards.

I think I will write about school-boards because my sister is a teacher, and I can remember a good many things she has said about them, and that will help me some.

I don't know whether school-boards are made of green lumber, or not. I heard my sister say once, they wasn't half-baked. Guess she meant it wasn't kiln-dried. May be be it warped, and turned over on the wrong side, or may be it shrunk badly, when exposed to the dry question of wages.

School boards are of different shapes, some are squares and polished, on both sides; some are longer than they are broad, and so thin that they bend under slight pressure.

I asked my sister what kind of a board ours was, and she said it was a good-looking board, but when put to any use it was full of slivers. There was a young lady staying with my sister, the evening I was writing this, and she said she tho't some of the board would make good hitching posts. I asked her if it was because they were such big sticks. She said that wasn't it. Then they both laughed; they thought I didn't know what they meant but I did, because I saw Mr. Jones take her to church, and he is a member of the board, and she acted as if she thought he would be good to tie to.

The school-board is used for the purpose of getting the cheapest teachers they can find whether they know anything or not, and to vote down women's wages and leave men's as they are. This kind of board is elected by the people, mostly men.

They most always get the closest-grained they can find; then when the teachers say they don't get pay enough the people say it is the board. The teachers say the people has no right to get such hard wood for their board and the board says "what are you going to do about it?"

Sometimes there is a weak place in the board, and when thrown against some hard question, it splits and goes all to pieces; then they either get a new one, or stick the old pieces together again with taffy.

My sister says there is too much slang in this, but father says slang is mighty and shall prevail. He knows because he is a man. Men know everything, because they can vote.

Sometime I will write about other kinds of boards, if you have not been too badly bored with this.—*Literary Notes.*

Men's Rights.

BY AUNT RUTH.

An agent was around the other day who wanted me to subscribe for the *Woman's Journal*. I told him I had no particular objection, inasmuch as the paper mentioned is very good of its kind, but that I was sorry he was not also agent for a Man's Journal, as in that case I would subscribe for a half dozen copies immediately. He did not seem to understand upon what platform such a journal would be conducted, as men were supposed to have their rights now. I will condense my reply and put it in a more connected form than I probably did in the course of a rather lively conversation.

"If men have all their rights there are some which they do not always exercise. I would have a man's journal advocate first of all the right and duty of men to be pure. Many of our boys imbibe the idea with their growth that looseness of conduct is a necessary accompaniment of genius and power; they need to learn instead that virtue is one of manhood's inalienable rights, and that he who parts with his chastity makes a worse bargain than did Esau, when he sold his birth-right for a mess of pottage.

"Secondly, I would have the journal advocate the right of all men to be clean. It is time for our boys to know that they will not suffer any loss of caste among their fellow-men if they do not stain the corners of their mouths and coat their teeth with tobacco juice, or smoke, until the poisonous nicotine permeates every pore of their clothing with an odor of stale tobacco.

"Thirdly, the journal should teach men the right to be reverent. If a man has a balky horse, or a knotty stick of wood that won't split, it does not help either one to swear at it, and the curses which he calls down upon the object of his wrath must inevitably descend upon his own head.

"By all means, then, let somebody start "The Man's Journal" at once, for supposing we get all the rights which the most sanguine of our sex demand, what will they avail us, if we must marry men who swear and smoke, and chew, who are intemperate and licentious; and then live lives of slow torture, as we see our children grow up to indulge in the vices which they have inherited from their fathers?"—*Farm Jour.*

Cheese Made From Potatoes.

A foreign paper says that cheese is made from potatoes in Thuringia and Saxony. After having collected a quantity of potatoes of good quality, giving the preference to a large white kind, they are boiled in a cauldron, and, after becoming cool, they are reduced to a pulp, either by means of a grater or mortar. To five pounds of this pulp, which ought to be equal as possible, is added one pound of sour milk and the necessary quantity of salt. The whole is kneaded together and the mixture covered up and allowed to lie for three or four days; according, to the season. At the end of this time it is kneeded anew, and the cheeses are placed in little baskets, when the superfluous moisture escapes. They are then allowed to dry in the shade, and placed in layers in large vessels, where they must remain for fifteen days. The older these cheeses are the more their quality improves. Three kinds are made. The first and most common is made as detailed above; the second, with four parts of potatoes and two parts of curded milk; the third with two parts of potatoes and four parts of cow or ewe milk. These cheeses have this advantage over other kinds—they do not engender worms; and they keep fresh for a number of years, provided they are placed in a dry situation and in well classed vessels. — *Norfolk Journal.*

DEATH FROM HYDROPHOBIA.

A Man Bitten by a Mad Dog Dies Alone in the Woods of Hydrophobia, Having Chained Himself to a Tree that He Might not Injure His Wife and Children.

WASHINGTON, March 26.—A Dallas (Texas) letter says: A tragic death has just occurred in our neighboring county worth relating and worthy of Virginius or any other Roman father. One year ago George Arnold came to Dallas on private business, and while walking the streets he was bitten by a worthless cur which was frothing at the mouth and showing symptoms of hydrophobia. Mr. Arnold became alarmed and very much excited when convinced in his own mind that the dog was mad. He went to a physician and had the wound severely cauterized, then going home. He was still very uneasy and dreaded hydrophobia, so much so that he hunted up a mad-stone and had it applied for several weeks off and on, and the other day he began to experience strange feelings, and at once concluded that his time had come. He then procured a twelve-foot trace chain and strong lock and went to the woods. After writing his wife a calm letter, in which he told her what was about to happen, giving directions as to his wishes after death, and pouring out a volume of love for her and their children, he ran the chain around a tree, drew it through the large ring at the end and then wound the other end around his ankle so tight that it wouldn't slip over the foot, fastened it with the lock and threw the key far beyond his reach. The body was found two days after, still chained to the tree. There was all the evidence necessary to show the horrible death from hydrophobia. The ground was torn up to the full length of the chain, the nails of the fingers wrenched off and all his front teeth out in scratching and biting the tree, and every thread of clothing off his body. The body was dreadfully lacerated with these, the only weapons the madman could use. He had judged rightly what would have been the consequence had he remained at home, and knowing that no human skill could have cured him, preferred death alone and in that way to doing harm to those so near and dear to him as wife and children.

Weather Report.

Review of the weather at Genoa, for the month of March, 1881:

Mean temperature of mo.,—deg's	28.63
Mean do of same mo. last year	31.74
Highest do on the 24th,—deg's	58
Lowest do on the 17th—deg's below °	7
Ordinarily clear days	18
Very cloudy days	10
High winds—days	6
Calm days	11
Rain or snow fell portions of—days	11
Inches of rain or melted snow	0.95
do of same mo. last year	1.20
Inches of snow during the mo	8

Prevailing winds during the month from S.E. to N.W. by E.

Solar halos, 5, 17, 23, 27, 29.

Lunar halos, 5th.

Parhelia, 5th, 15th, 19th.

Lunar corona, 8th, 15th.

Mirage, 1st, 2d, 3d, 5th, 16th, 19th.

Fogs, 8th, 11th, 14th, 18th.

Thunder and lightning, first of season, on the 10th.

First appearance of larks on the 22d.

Geese fly north on the 23d.

First appearance of martins on the 27th.

Ice in the Loup breaks up on the 27th with great damage to bridges and other property bordering the stream.

PROBABILITIES FOR APRIL.

Winds blowing from south or east or from directions between those points are most likely to be followed by rain or snow; while winds blowing from northwest or southwest or from directions between those points are more likely to be followed by fair weather.

We ought to be just as tolerant of an imperfect creed as we are of an imperfect practice. Everything which can be urged in excuse for the latter may also be pleaded for the former. If the way to Christian action is beset by corrupt habits and misleading passions, the path to Christian truth is overstrewn with prejudices, and strewn with fallen theories and rotting systems, which hide it from our view. It is quite as hard to think rightly as it is to act rightly, or even to feel rightly, and as all allow that an error is a less culpable thing than a crime or a vicious passion, it is monstrous that it should be more severely punished; it is monstrous that Christ, who was called the friend of publicans and sinners, should be represented as the pitiless enemy of bewildered seekers after truth.

"I tell you," said Mr. Washington McLean, of Cincinnati, the Warwick of the democratic party in Ohio in the good old days of that now demoralized organization, to a friend in Washington the other day, "I tell you the democratic party is a played-out quantity. They stand up in the senate like a lot of sheep and take whatever is given them, and if anybody threatens to knock them on the nose, they at once apologize for having noses. Where are our Conklings, our Blaines, our Hoars, our Logans, our Fryes? We haven't got 'em. The republican party is the party of pluck and audacity, while ours has become the organization of stupidity and cowardice. I'm sick of the democratic party."

Something noble, something good, something pure, something manly, something godlike, is knocked off a man every time he gets drunk or stoops to sin through forgetfulness of God.

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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, O. 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 Wise, M. Maher, Joseph Rivet, } County Commissioners.
Dr. A. Heintz, Coroner.
J. E. Moncreif 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.

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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 hown by the following schedule:

B. & M. TIME TABLE.

Leaves Columbus,	....	8:20 A. M.
" Bellwood	....	8:50 "
" David City,	....	9.15 "
" Garrison,	....	9:31 "
" Ulysses,	....	9:55 "
" Staplehurst,	....	10:12 "
" Seward,	....	10:30 "
" Ruby,	....	10:46 "
" Milford,	....	11:00 "
" Pleasant Dale,	....	11:18 "
" Emerald,	....	11:37 "
Arrives at Lincoln,	....	12:00 M.

Leaves Lincoln at 12:50 P. M. and arrives in Columbus 4:10 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	6:51 "	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.

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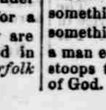 160 acres of good land, 80 acres under cultivation, a good house one and a half story high, a good stock range, plenty of water, and good hay land. Two miles east of Columbus. Inquire at the Pioneer Bakery. 473-6m

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