THE JOURNAL.

ISSUED EVERY WEDNESDAY,

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TERMS:

Per year	$2 00
Six months	1 00
Three months	50
Single copies	05

The Columbus Journal.

VOL. XIII.--NO. 1. COLUMBUS, NEB., WEDNESDAY, MAY 3, 1882. WHOLE NO. 625.

CONGRESSIONAL DELEGATION.

C. H. VANWYCK, U. S. Senator, Nebraska City.
ALVIN SAUNDERS, U. S. Senator, Omaha.
E. K. VALENTINE, Rep., West Point.
T. J. MAJORS, Contingent Rep., Peru.

STATE DIRECTORY:

ALBINUS NANCE, Governor, Lincoln.
S. J. Alexander, Secretary of State.
John Wallichs, Auditor, Lincoln.
G. M. Bartlett, Treasurer, Lincoln.
C. J. Dilworth, Attorney-General.
W. W. W. Jones, Supt. Public Instruc.
C. J. Nobes, Warden of Penitentiary.
W. W. Abbey, C. H. Gould, } Prison Inspectors.
J. O. Carter, Prison Physician.
H. P. Mathewson, Supt. Insane Asylum.

JUDICIARY:

George B. Lake, Amasa Cobb, } Associate Judges.
S. Maxwell, Chief Justice,

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.

LEGISLATIVE:

State Senator, M. K. Turner.
" Representative, G. W. Lehman.

COUNTY DIRECTORY:

J. G. Higgins, County Judge.
John Stauffer, County Clerk.
J. W. Early, Treasurer.
D. C. Kavanaugh, Sheriff.
L. J. Crmer, Surveyor.
M. Maher, Joseph Rivet, H. J. Hudson, } County Commissioners.
Dr. A. Heintz, Coroner.
J. E. Moncrief Supt. of Schools.
Byron Millett, W. M. Cornelius, } Justices of the Peace.

CITY DIRECTORY:

J. R. Meagher, Mayor.
A. B. Coffroth, Clerk.
J. B. Delsman, Treasurer.
W. N. Hensley, Police Judge.
J. E. North, Engineer.

COUNCILMEN:

1st Ward—John Rickly. G. A. Schroeder.
2d Ward—Pat. Hays. I. Gluck.
3d Ward—J. Rasmussen. A. A. Smith.

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 Lost Creek, Genoa, St. Edwards, Albion, Platte Center, Humphrey, Madison and Norfolk, every day (except Sundays) at 4:35 p. m. Arrives at 10:55.
For Shell Creek and Creston, on Mondays and Fridays, 7 A. M., returning at 7 P. M., same days.
For Alexis, Patron and David City, Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays, 1 P. M. Arrives at 12 M.
For Conkling Tuesdays and Saturdays 7 a. m. Arrives 6 p. m. same days.

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:

O., N. & B. H. ROAD.

Time Schedule No. 4. To take effect June 2, '81. For the government and information of employees only. The Company reserves the right to vary therefrom at pleasure. Trains daily, Sundays excepted.

Outward Bound.		*Inward Bound.*	
Columbus	4:35 P. M.	Norfolk	7:26 A. M.
Lost Creek	5:21 "	Munson	7:47 "
Pl. Centre	5:42 "	Madison	8:26 "
Humphrey	6:25 "	Humphrey	9:05 "
Madison	7:04 "	Pl. Centre	9:48 "
Munson	7:43 "	Lost Creek	10.09 "
Norfolk	8:04 "	Columbus	10:55 "

ALBION BRANCH.

Columbus	4:45 P. M.	Albion	7:43 A. M.
Lost Creek	5:31 "	St. Edward	8:30 "
Genoa	6:16 "	Genoa	9:14 "
St. Edward	7:00 "	Lost Creek	9:59 "
Albion	7:47 "	Columbus	10:45 "

B. & M. TIME TABLE.

Leaves Columbus,	5:45	A. M.
" Bellwood	6:30	"
" David City,	7:20	"
" Garrison,	7:46	"
" Ulysses,	8:25	"
" Staplehurst,	8:55	"
" Seward,	9:30	"
" Ruby,	9:50	"
" Milford.	10:15	"
" Pleasant Dale,	10:45	"
" Emerald,	11:10	"
Arrives at Lincoln,	11:50	M.

Leaves Lincoln at 12:50 P. M. and arrives in Columbus 7:00 P. M.
Makes close connection at Lincoln for all points east, west and south.

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—AND—

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J. M. MACFARLAND, Attorney and Notary Public. B. R. COWDERY, Collector.

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BYRON MILLETT,
Justice of the Peace and Notary Public.

BYRON MILLETT,

ATTORNEY AT LAW, Columbus Nebraska. N. B.—He will give close attention to all business entrusted to him. 248.

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—AT THE—

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FIRST-CLASS APPARATUS,

To remove houses at reasonable rates. Give him a call.

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J. E. Moncrief, Co. Supt.,

Will be in his office at the Court House on the first Saturday of each month for the purpose of examining applicants for teacher's certificates, and for the transaction of any other business pertaining to schools. 567-y

JAMES SALMON,

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Farm and Spring Wagons,

of which I keep a constant supply on hand,—but few their equal, in style and quality, second to none.

CALL AND LEARN PRICES.

Cor. Thirteenth and K Streets, near A. & N. Depot.

Joked to Death.

Frederick Miller, a large, athletic, but weak-minded laborer, died in a cell in the Second and Queen street police station on Sunday night, literally and actually frightened to death. Miller lived with his wife and step-daughter in humble apartments in a tenement back of No. 903 South Fifth street. He had worked for several years as a laborer in the lumber yard of Robert Clark, at Fifth street and Washington avenue. Among his fellow-laborers Miller was noted for his feats of strength and for his weakness of mind. Last August a board-yard cur that had installed himself on the premises became troublesome to neighbors, and Mr. Clark ordered him to be killed. Miller's tender heart caused him to interpose between the dog and his executioner. He took the animal in his arms and was rewarded by a snap which lacerated his lip. A physician cauterized the wound, and nothing would have been heard of it afterward had not his fellow-workmen deemed it a proper subject to tease their feeble-minded comrade, of whose strength they stood in awe. He seemed to take little notice of it at first, but within a month the wounded lip broke out in renewed ulceration. This, instead of abating the ill-considered jests of his fellows, seemed rather to aggravate them. When he came to work in the morning their salutation was: "Well, you ain't mad yet," and throughout the day they persisted in keeping the subject before his mind until he became a prey to the delusion that hydrophobia had seized him. He had repeatedly told his wife that the dread was on him, but the active phase of the delusion began only on last Wednesday. He complained of an oppression of the chest which prevented him from breathing, and professed to feel an aversion, which prevented him from taking anything liquid. There was entire absence of any of the symptoms indicating true hydrophobia.

The wound lately healed was not especially sensitive, although he sat rubbing it with his finger tips by the hour and moaning his dreads in disjointed sentences. Excepting the labored breathing there was no indication of spasmodic action of the vital functions. Dr. Duval, of Fourth and Christian streets, was called on Thursday. Miller's employer had endeavored to make his mind easy by telling him that he might lay off for a few days, but this did not diminish his apprehensions. Dr. Duval made a close examination, and concluded that the labored breathing—the only disordered function as far as he could ascertain—was due simply to a severe cold. He endeavored to quiet the alarm of the patient and succeeded so well that he was persuaded to take a few swallows of a harmless potion which was prescribed merely to test the genuineness of the aversion to liquids. Miller said that he could swallow anything the doctor mixed all right, and after endeavoring to impress on his mind that he had no symptoms of hydrophobia the physician left. When Mrs. Miller a few minutes afterward tried him again with the potion he threw the bowl and contents at her, narrowly missing doing her serious injury. His feet were soaked in hot water, in accordance with medical advice, and the contact of his skin with fluids did not produce any sign of aversion. He, however, refused to eat or drink anything, but sat moaning by the hour, head resting on one hand, while with the other he incessantly felt the lip where the dog had bitten. Now and again he would start up suddenly and rush to the window or door, complaining of a choking sensation. Neighbors kindly relieved Mrs. Miller in waiting on him, and endeavored to calm his nerves and persuade him out of his delusion. Dr. Duval called again on Friday and saw no reason to change his belief that hydrophobia was not the cause of the ailment, although he become convinced that the delusion was likely to progress to dangerous mania. He so advised Mrs. Miller and suggested that she should have help constantly by her. This her kind-hearted neighbors enabled her to do.

Miller was sitting with his face buried in his hands when Dr. Duval called on Saturday. His mania had progressed very noticeably and the case was plainly one for hospital treatment. In his conference with Mrs. Miller he expressed his opinion. Within an hour after the physician's departure Miller suddenly aroused from his lethargic condition, and, rushing to the door, took three or four breaths of fresh air. Returning, he advanced toward his wife in a menacing manner and demanded to know whether she would consent to send him to the hospital. She replied that she would not, and this seemed to pacify him. A few minutes afterward she went out, leaving him in the charge of a neighbor of very diminutive size and strength. She returned to find the neighbor shooting through the door like a bolt from a catapault under the impulse of her husband's enormous strength, increased by acute mania. He had suddenly arisen from his lethargy, and, catching the unfortunate neighbor by the throat, with the words, "hospital, will you," hurled him through the door. Mrs. Miller, although terribly alarmed, entered with the hope of pacifying him, but he ejected her with equal violence, and when alone in the room said, "I'll have some amusement." The few chairs were first broken into kindling wood; a table was demolished; the few mantel ornaments were smashed, and in the wildness of his craziness the maniac turned over the stove and scattered the burning coals over the floor. In a minute the room was all ablaze. Neighbors came promptly with buckets of water and the fire was extinguished. A policeman was summoned and Miller was taken to the police station at Second and Queen streets. This was nine p. m. on Saturday.

Dr. Duval had gone with Miller from his house to the cell, and advised that he should be taken at once to some hospital where there were appliances for treating the violent insane. The officers on duty, however, said that they had no authority to send him to any place except the almshouse, and they could not send him there until they had the authorization of the guardians of the poor. Hence he remained in the uncomfortable hospitality of a police cell. His violent mood shad now become very frequent. The janitor discovered him hanging by a suspender in time to prevent suicide. Once during the day he was brought into the front room to accommodate Dr. Duval, who continued to ameliorate his condition as well as he could. A hypodermic injection of morphia of unusual strength, so far from quieting him, seemed rather to excite him the more, and seven stalwart officers had all they could do to return him to his cell. In another paroxysm he made frantic efforts to jerk the cell door open, and actually bent the heavy iron bars. Efforts were made to persuade him to eat and drink, but he hurled the vessels containing the food at the person who offered it. At ten o'clock on Sunday night he was sitting, seemingly tranquil, with his face buried in his hands. He seemed to be breathing regularly, and, in spite of Dr. Duval's remark that he would not be surprised to find him dead in the morning, the policemen thought him all right. An hour afterward he was found dead on the floor of the cell, which he had occupied for twenty-six hours.

As to the cause of his death there can be little doubt. The inconsiderate jokes of his fellow-workmen had preyed upon an infirm mind until a mania as deadly as hydrophobia thoroughly possessed him.—*Philadelphia Press.*

A Weird New Year's Incident.

The closing moments of the old year had arrived. Laurel Hill Cemetery was wrapped in the darkness of night, and a heavy fog hung over the stately piles of marble which mark the resting places of the distinguished dead, obscuring them from view. Suddenly the quiet was broken by the tolling of bells and the shrieks of locomotive whistles. Almost simultaneously with these tokens of respect to the expiring year a bright silvery light flashed over a corner of the city of the dead. A moment later and all was darkness again. Then three flashes followed each other in quick succession. Presently the din was increased tenfold, spreading the news that the new year had come. Again the weird light reappeared. Its rays encircled a vault. The iron doors were open, and over the group of people who stood in the entrance a double row of shelves, nearly every one occupied by a coffin, could be seen. The group comprised five gentlemen and a lady, all attired in deepest mourning.

"Another year gone and a new one in its place," said the lady, in a low musical voice, as she gazed pensively at the coffin on the third lower shelf to the left.

"One more year," responded the gentleman nearest her, "and we are all here. How many will be left at the next appointment?"

The members of the group looked at each other in silence, and then again directed their glances to the interior of the vault. For the next five minutes they stood in this attitude, motionless. Then the possessor of the musical voice remarked, as she drew her watch from its hiding-place: "Ten minutes after twelve—our mission is ended."

With a last look at the coffin the sextet moved slowly away and entered the carriages which had been waiting at the gateway, the grave-keeper, who had been wandering at a respectful distance, swung the iron doors and fastened the lock, the light was extinguished, and all was gloom.

There is a peculiar story back of the scene which was thus enacted in the early minutes of 1882. Back in the '70s there died in this city a gentleman who was distinguished for his peculiarities as he was renowned for his wealth and good deeds. When his will was opened it was found that he had laid a sacred injunction on his children that so long as they remained alive they should see the old year out and the new one in at the foot of his coffin. Ten years have passed away, and the injunction has not once been forgotten, although the little group of Saturday night looked upon the caskets which contained the remains of four of their family who had in as many years followed the father to his long home. The others are now widely scattered. Some of them are located in Vermont, some remained in this city, while one has emigrated so far away as Nebraska, but at the close of every year they journey to this city and hold their family reunion in the presence of the dead and under the glare of the calcium lights.—*Philadelphia Record.*

A Juggler's Victim.

The Chinaman named All Ling Look, whose performance with a cannon led to the death of a boy named Smythe in a Brighton music-hall Tuesday night, was yesterday brought before the magistrates and charged with causing the boy's death. The Town Clerk undertook the prosecution, and explained that the performance which brought about the melancholy event consisted in the prisoner balancing a cannon on a dagger which he put down his throat, with the end only projecting from his mouth. Whilst balanced on this projecting point, the cannon, which was loaded with powder, was fired by prisoner's wife. Some attempt was made to clear the way in front of the cannon, but, when it was fired, the charge took effect on deceased, who was sitting in the gallery, twenty-two feet off, just in the line of fire, and the result was that the top of his head was completely blown off. The magistrates asked whether this was the first performance, but it appeared that a similar trick was performed on the previous night, whilst a solicitor who appeared on the prisoner's behalf stated that it had been performed in various towns at different music-halls in England and abroad without accident, and no one more deeply deplored the melancholy event than did the prisoner. The cannon was produced in court. It was made of hard wood, cased in tin or zinc, covered with a black composition, and fastened together with nails. Its length was between three and four feet, with a bore of about three inches in diameter. The dagger which prisoner partially swallowed before balancing the cannon upon it, was about two feet in length, and the hilt fitted a hole in the under part of the cannon. Evidence was given that deceased was sitting in the front row of the gallery, and that before the cannon was fired prisoner waved his arms as if to motion people away from the line of fire. When he light was applied to the cannon deceased fell back and rolled on his side. The top of his head was completely smashed, and the brains were scattered over the audience. A medical man who was called in found in the gallery a pellet, about the size of a hen's egg, made of paper, but compressed so tightly as to be as hard as wood, and this, from its appearance, had evidently been fired from the cannon and had pierced deceased's brain, as it was blackened by gunpowder smoke and covered with blood. Prisoner was ultimately remanded, the magistrate refusing to accept bail. His solicitor observed that he would venture to suggest that the occurrence was a pure accident.—*London News.*

—It is one of the unexplainable things of moral ethics how people decide so promptly as to how little rain and bad weather it takes to keep them away from prayer meeting, and how much is required to keep them away from a good show.—*Steubenville Herald.*

—"Is that your little boy?" "No, not exactly; when he was a week old he was left on my door-step. I am, you may say, his step-father."

Honest, But Not Too Honest.

Brother Gardner to the Lime-Kiln Club: "If I should find a perfeckly honest man—honest in his expressions, honest in his dealings, sincere in his statements—I shouldn't like him. He would be a lonesome object in dis aige. He would seek in vain fur companionship. While I believe dat honesty am de bes' policy, I doan' look to see it practiced beyond a certain limit. When I trade mules wid a man I kinder like to doubt his word. I want to feel dat he am keepin' still 'bout de ring-bones an' spavins, an' dat de beast he says am jist turnin' fo'teen y'ars will nebber see his twenty-first birthday no moar. It am monotonous to deal wid a man who am perfeckly honest. If I lend a man money I want him to be honest 'nuff to return it, but if he kin trade me a watch worth three dollars for a gun worth seben I shall think none de less of him. If men were so sincere dat we felt obleeged to believe whateber dey asserted we should hev no use fur theories an' argyments. When I gib my note I expect to pay it. When I ax a man how he would like to trade his wheelbarrow fur my dog I'm not gwine to inform him dat Cæsar am all bark an' no bite, an' he am not gwine to tell me dat he borrowed dat wheelbarrow in de night an' forgot to return it. If a grocer leaves me in charge of his sto' I'ze gwine to sot fur half an hour beside a box of herrings an' keep my hands in my pockets all de time. Yet, if dat same man sells me a pound of tea he expects me to try an' pass off on him a half-dollar wid a hole in it.

"Continer, my frens, to believe dat honesty am de bes' policy, but doan' expect too much of so-called honest men. You kin trust men wid your wallet who would borrow a pitchfork an' nebber return it. You kin lend your hoss to a man who would cheat you blind in tradin' obercoats. You kin send home a pa'r o' dead ducks at noon day by a man who would steal your live chickens at midnight. When I lend my naybur Mocha coffee I like to wonder if he won't pay it back in Rio. When de ole woman buys kaliker on a guarantee she rather hopes it will fade in de washin'. I solemnly believe dat de world am honest nuff jist as it am. When you gin your word stick to it if it busts de bank. When you do a job of work do it well. When you make a debt pay it. Any man who am mo' honest dan dat will want you to cut a penny in two to make out his shilling; he will ring you up at midnight to return your mouse-trap; he will take one shingle from your bunch an' offer you de one-hundredth part of what de bunch cost; he will borrow your boot-jack an' insist dat you borrow his wash-board to offset it. We will now purceed to biz-ness."—*Detroit Free Press.*

Frauds at Church Fairs.

"What a beautifully arranged table and what handsome articles," remarked a lady to her escort at a fair in an up-town church. The table contained a fine array of fancy articles. There were silver-mounted hand-glasses, carved dressing-cases, lace neckwear, jewlery and other goods. "How the ladies in charge must have worked to get so many nice things contributed. What a marked contrast this table presents to some of the others," said the gentleman. "It will bring the church quite a fund by itself." The couple moved on, and a gentleman who had heard their conversation approached and said:

"You must excuse me, but I cannot help setting you right on the subject about which you were just speaking. That table which you admire, and think will so benefit the church, is what is called a commission table, and will not obtain for the church as much money as many of the plainer ones. The goods are obtained from regular business houses at the current prices. What are sold are paid for, and what are not sold are returned. All that the church receives is the commission given by the merchant. This commission sometimes reaches as high as fifteen per cent., but more frequently does not exceed ten per cent. From this you can easily see that if a commission table in an evening takes in fifty dollars, the profit only amounts to five dollars. If ten dollars is taken in at one of the tables where the goods are contributed, the church fares doubly as well. Many ladies like to make a great show at their tables, and adopt the commission method. It is much easier to get them this way than to get them for nothing, or to personally make up fancy articles. People are attracted by the greatest display, and, as in the present instance, the lady who has the commission table gets greater credit than the one who has got her goods contributed, and who has been to much more trouble.

"Fairs are usually gotten up for a religious or charitable purpose, and the money expended at them is not for the articles received, but for the benefit of the deserving object. When a man spends ten dollars at a commission table he thinks that his money is expended for this good purpose, whereas nine-tenths of it goes into the pockets of the wealthy merchant, who really owns the articles until they are sold."

For the past three years the system of selling goods on commission in fairs has steadily gained ground. Many merchants sell thousands of dollars worth of goods in this way. It is considered a regular source of revenue, and is courted by many firms, who, in addition to receiving a fair price for their wares, also get a very good advertisement. Frequently a piano manufacturing firm give a $500 piano to a fair, which is raffled for at one dollar a chance, there being 500 chances. For this piano the firm gets $250 in cash and 250 chances, to say nothing of the advertisement. Other valuable articles which are raffled for in large fairs are often obtained in this way.—*N. Y. Sun.*

—There is no permanent cure for bone-spavin. It is caused by a diseased growth of bone around the joint which cannot be removed and always remains as a source of irritation and lameness when active exercise is taken. The only alleviation is by cooling the joint by cold water applications and then blistering, which will give relief for a time, but the lameness will return. After a time when the joint becomes grown over and immovable, the lameness will be changed into a stiff joint.—*N. Y. Times.*

—A jury convened by the Sheriff of Queens County, N. Y., declared Charles H. Rogers to be of unsound mind, and Judge Armstrong appointed the young man's mother his guardian. His father died about a year ago, leaving an estate worth $350,000, and Charles as his only heir. It was shown by testimony that he had no appreciation of money in excess of a quarter of a dollar, and in all his life had never asked for more for any purpose. His mental weakness is in great part attributed to the excessive use of tobacco.

Children's Drolleries.

Not long since a correspondent sent to a provincial paper an anecdote of which his six-year-old boy was the hero. He says: "I keep a shop and sell fancy goods. A gentleman came in to buy something. It was early, and my little boy and I were alone in the house at the time. The gentleman gave me a sovereign, and I had to go up stairs to my cash-box. Before doing so, I went into the little room next to the shop and said to the boy: 'Watch the gentleman, that he don't steal anything;' and I put him on the counter. As soon as I returned, he sang out: 'Pa, he didn't steal anything—I watched him.' You may imagine what a position I was in."

Children's questions are often no less embarrassing than they are amusing, as may be instanced in the story of the mercenary little boy who overheard a conversation respecting a wedding that was soon to take place. At breakfast the next morning he recalled the subject by asking the following question: "Papa, what do they want to give the bride away for? Can't they sell her?"

At a whale exhibition, a youngster is said to have asked his mamma if the whale that swallowed Jonah had as large a mouth as the one before them, why didn't Jonah walk out at one corner.

"You must think Jonah was a fool; he didn't want to walk out and get drowned," was the quick reply of a younger brother, before the mother could answer.

It is related of another infant inquirer who was looking with great interest at a steaming pan of milk, that he suddenly exclaimed: "Mamma, where do cows get their milk from?" "Where do you get your tears?" was the answer. After a thoughtful silence, in which the mention of tears had evidently recalled certain associations, he again broke out: "Mamma, do the cows have to be spanked?"

On seeing a house being whitewashed, a small boy of three wanted to know if the house was going to be shaved. A lady, when admiring the stars on a bright night in a tropical climate, was suddenly asked in the most innocent way by her little son of five years old if those were the nails that held up Heaven.

A boy who had always refused to eat oatmeal, in spite of his mother's urgings that it was a strengthening diet, suddenly surprised her one morning by eating a liberal plateful and calling for more. Upon his mother asking for an explanation, he replied: "I am bound to eat oatmeal till I am strong enough to whip Johnny Scott."

Little Freddie, when visiting a neighbors's house, was offered a piece of bread and butter, which he accepted, but without any show of gratitude. "What do you say, Freddie?" hinted the lady, expecting him to say, "Thank you." "I say it ain't cake," was the impolite response.

The father of a family, after reading from the morning paper that the cold the night before was intense, the thermometer registering many degrees below freezing-point, said: "Now, children, I suppose you are taught all about that at school. Which of you can tell me what the freezing-point is?" "The point of my nose, papa," was the prompt reply from one of the youngsters.

A gentleman somewhat advanced in life, and who was never remarkable for his good looks, asked his grandchild what he thought of him. The boy's parents were present. The youngster made no reply. "Well, why won't you tell me what you think of me?" "'Cause I don't want to get licked," was the answer.

A mother once showed her child a beautiful doll, a St. John, of fine make and color. "See," she said, "he has been very good; and Heaven always rewards the good by making them beautiful." "Oh," said the child, lifting its shoulders, "don't believe that, mamma. This little St. John looks very meek because he's all glued up; but if he could only move, you'd see!"

The following remark of a little girl shows an opinion of her elders the reverse of flattering. "O dear!" she exclaimed to her doll, "I do wish you would sit still. I never saw such an uneasy thing in all my life. Why don't you act like grown folks, and be still and stupid for a while?"—*Chambers' Journal.*

Oysters.

What number of oysters a person can swallow at a sitting seems a difficult question to decide. Brillat-Savarin declares that it was no uncommon thing at great feasts where oysters formed the introductory dish for several of the guests to eat a gross of them—twelve dozen, and a hundred and forty-four! He calculated that such a number would weigh three pounds, and that still the Gargantuan consumer could proceed comfortably afterward with his dinner; whereas had it been three pounds of meat he had ingested he would have been obliged to cry, "Hold—enough!" Brillat-Savarin himself, at his celebrated luncheon to his two old friends of the Rue de Bac, offers them each two dozen as a whet. And he tells an anecdote of a friend of his, a great amateur, to whom he offered a surfeit of oysters, but that after his friend had accomplished his thirty—second dozen, and was still proceeding vigorously, the host thought it time to suggest dinner, at which his friend behaved himself as a hungry man ought. This seems to settle the question of the digestibility of the oyster, for Brillat-Savarin is generally trustworthy. The eight or, at the most, the dozen provided as hors d'œuvres nowadays from an honorable economy need not frighten the weakest digestion.

In France there are twenty or thirty ways of dressing crustaceans, and nearly as many in America. The scalloped oyster, and perhaps an oyster omelette, are the wretched achievements of most of our best cookery books. If fair readers will try the following Provencal recipe they will not have read this article in vain. In England it is best to be sparing with shallot, garlic, and all these kinds of herbs. For the rest, diligently follow the instructions: "Oysters au gratin. Take the required number of oysters. Scald them in a saucepan in their own juice. Take them out; drain them in a baking-dish or scallop-shells with a little sweet oil. Season them with some chopped shallot parsley, and an anchovy minced fine; pepper and salt to taste. Cover them with fine bread crumbs, and moisten them with a few drops of olive oil; put them in the oven for a few minutes (it depends on the heat of the oven), and brown either with a salamander or before the fire. Just before serving, squeeze a lemon over them."—*London World.*

—The clergyman has many duties—such, for instance, as engineering fairs, making oyster stews and lemonade, and curing love-sick people by joining them in marriage.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

☞ Business and professional cards of five lines or less, per annum, five dollars.

☞ For time advertisements, apply at this office.

☞ Legal advertisements at statute rates.

☞ For transient advertising, see rates on third page.

☞ All advertisements payable monthly.

FACTS AND FIGURES.

—There are 20,000 seeds of oats in a pound, and 686,400 seeds of white clover.

—Tuscon, Arizona, talks about an exhibit of minerals and agricultural products next year.

—In perceiving the tints of scarlet, our eyes are affected by undulations recurring 482,000,000 times a second.

—Athens, along with being the university town of Georgia, has no less than five cotton factories in and around the city.

—The largest North Carolina watermelon heard from this season was from Wake County and weighed 60 pounds.

—The improvements in the plow have, according to the statement made by Mr. Coffin, effected a saving of ninety million dollars in last year's crops.

—The New York Grape-Sugar Company has been incorporated by ex-Senator Thomas C. Platt and others, and will have a capital of $1,000,000. It will have a branch establishment at Des Moines.

—A mammoth tree cut down in Lewis County, Ky., recently, and believed to be 300 years old, produced 33,462 feet of lumber and twenty-five cords of firewood. It was sixteen feet in diameter and 120 feet high.

—There are 7,092 public houses and 4,125 beer houses in London. During 1880, 29,868 persons were apprehended for drunkenness. Of these, 15,998 were males and 13,870 females. The average of arrests for drunkenness seems to be diminishing.

—A new speed indicator, called the strathmograph, for indicating the speed of locomotives, has been introduced on the Hanoverian railroads. By it the engineer can read from a scale the actual speed of his engine at any moment; besides, a record of the trip is kept on a strip of paper.

—A French chemist has obtained a very valuable oil from the kernels of the grape—the refuse left after distilling brandy, or making verdigris, being dried and ground fine in an ordinary mill, and the yield of oil is in direct proportion to the fineness of the grinding. The oil is sweeter than nut oil, and remains fluid at a lower temperature. When burned in lamps it gives a bright, smokeless, odorless and agreeable flame.

WIT AND WISDOM.

—Hapless sons of clay are frequently bricks.—*N. Y. Commercial Advertiser.*

—E. Perkins says he likes to be called a liar. He must have a howling good time.—*Boston Post.*

—The drouth along the Ohio river has been so severe that the people are hauling water to keep the ferry-boats running.—*Chicago Tribune.*

—A homely girl with a small and pretty foot takes ten per cent. more comfort in this world than a pretty-faced girl who knows it is all day with her if she falls over a log.—*Detroit Free Press.*

—The hangman would make a good journalist, because he handles the noose.—*Waterloo Observer.* And always has something ready for the next tweak.—*Yawcob Strauss.*

—The Kansas papers tell of a man in that State who has two hearts. We reckon they "beat as one." But if that man could only fill to them what a lovely flush he would have!—*Burlington Hawkeye.*

—We heard yesterday how an Augusta man "gave himself away," the worst kind in Norfolk the other day. He went to that point on an excursion and put up at one of the first-class hotels. The clerk gave his baggage and the key to his room to a porter, who conducted the Augusta gentleman to the elevator. Closing the door they began to ascend, unperceived by