THE JOURNAL.

ISSUED EVERY WEDNESDAY,

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Proprietors and Publishers.

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Single copies	05

The Columbus Journal.

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2d Ward—Pat. Hays. I. Gluck.
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Columbus Post Office.

Open on Sundays from 11 A. M. to 12 M. and from 1:30 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.
LostCreek	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 "	LostCreek	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 7:00P. M.
Makes close connection at Lincoln for all points east, west and south.

H. LUERS & CO.,

BLACKSMITHS

—AND—

Wagon Builders,

New Brick Shop opposite Heintz's Drug Store.

ALL KINDS OF WOOD AND IRON WORK ON WAGONS AND BUGGIES DONE ON SHORT NOTICE.

Eleventh Street, Columbus, Nebraska. 50

NEBRASKA HOUSE,

S. J. MARMOY, Prop'r.

Nebraska Ave., South of Depot,

COLUMBUS, NEB.

A new house, newly furnished. Good accommodations. Board by day or week at reasonable rates.

Sets a First-Class Table.

Meals, ...25 Cts. | Ledgings....25 Cts. 38-2tf

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Restaurant and Saloon!

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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 can or dish.

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

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W. F. MYERS, M. D., *HOMEOPATHIC PHYSICIAN.* Will attend to all calls night and day. Office with O. F. Merrill, east of A & N. Depot. 51 3mo

McALLISTER BROS., *ATTORNEYS AT LAW,* Office up-stairs in McAllister's building, 11th St. W. A. McAllister, Notary Public.

J. M. MACFARLAND, Attorney and Notary Public. B. R. COWDERY, Collector. LAW AND COLLECTION OFFICE —OF— MACFARLAND & COWDERY, *Columbus, : : : Nebraska.*

GEO. L. MCKELVEY, PROPRIETOR OF THE CITY BARBER SHOP! Twelfth st., five doors west of the Hammond House. 52-tf

F. H. RUSCHE, 11th St., nearly opp. Gluck's store, Sells Harness, Saddles, Collars, Whips, Blankets, Curry Combs, Brushes, etc., at the lowest possible prices. Repairs promptly attended to.

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.

LOUIS SCHREIBER, BLACKSMITH AND WAGON MAKER. All kinds of repairing done on short notice. Buggies, Wagons, etc., made to order, and all work guaranteed. Shop opposite the "Tattersall," Olive Street. 525

WAGNER & WESTCOTT, —AT THE— *CHECKERED BARN,* Are prepared to furnish the public with good teams, buggies and carriages for all occasions, especially for funerals. Also conduct a feed and sale stable. 49

JAMES PEARSALL IS PREPARED, WITH *FIRST-CLASS APPARATUS,* To remove houses at reasonable rates. Give him a call.

NOTICE TO TEACHERS. 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, CONTRACTOR AND BUILDER. Plans and estimates supplied for either frame or brick buildings. Good work guaranteed. Shop on 13th Street, near St. Paul Lumber Yard, Columbus, Nebraska. 52 6mo.

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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 on 13th St., one door west of Friedhof & Co's. store, Columbus, Nebr. 483-y

GOLD. Great chance to make money. Those who always take advantage of the good chances for making money that are offered, generally become wealthy, while those who do not improve such chances remain in poverty. We want many men, women, boys and girls to work for us right in their own localities. Any one can do the work properly from the first start. The business will pay more than ten times ordinary wages. Expensive outfit furnished free. No one who engages fails to make money rapidly. You can devote your whole time to the work, or only your spare moments. Full information and all that is needed sent free Address STINSON & CO., Portland Maine.

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MILLINERY! MILLINERY!

Mrs. M. S. Drake

HAS JUST RECEIVED A LARGE STOCK OF

SPRING AND SUMMER

MILLINERY AND FANCY GOODS.

A FULL ASSORTMENT OF EVERYTHING BELONGING TO A FIRST-CLASS MILLINERY STORE.

Nebraska Avenue, two doors north of the State Bank. 27-tf

BECKER & WELCH,

PROPRIETORS OF

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DRUGS, MEDICINES, CHEMICALS,

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Fine Soaps, Brushes,

PERFUMERY, Etc., Etc.,

And all articles usually kept on hand by Druggists.

Physicians Prescriptions Carefully Compounded.

Eleventh street, near Foundry.

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Union Pacific, and Midland Pacific R. R. Lands for sale at from $3.00 to $10.00 per acre for cash, or on five or ten years time, in annual payments to suit purchasers. We have also a large and choice lot of other lands, improved and unimproved, for sale at low price and on reasonable terms. Also business and residence lots in the city. We keep a complete abstract of title to all real estate in Platte County.

621 COLUMBUS, NEB.

PILLSBURY'S BEST!

—BUY THE—

Patent Roller Process

MINNESOTA FLOUR!

ALWAYS GIVES SATISFACTION,

Because it makes a superior article of bread, and is the cheapest flour in the market.

Every sack warranted to run alike, or money refunded.

HERMAN OEHLRICH & BRO., GROCERS. 1-3m

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DEALER IN ALL KINDS OF

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I KEEP CONSTANTLY ON HAND A WELL SELECTED STOCK.

Teas, Coffees, Sugar, Syrups, Dried and Canned Fruits, and other Staples a Specialty.

Goods Delivered Free to any part of the City.

I AM ALSO AGENT FOR THE CELEBRATED

COQUILLARD

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.

A BIRTHDAY.

What shall I do to keep your day,
My darling, dead for many a year?
I could not, if I would, forget
It is your day; and yet—and yet—
It is hard to find a way
To keep it, now you are not here.

I can not add the lightest thing
To the full sum of happiness
Which now is yours; nor dare I try
To frame a wish for you, for I
Am blind to know, as weak to bring,
All impotent to aid or bless.

And yet it is your day, and so
Unlike all other days; one bead
Of god in the long rosary
Of dull beads, little worth to me,
And I must keep it bright, to show
That what is yours is dear indeed.

How shall I keep it here alone?—
With prayers in which your name is set,
With smiles, and tears, and sun, and rain;
With memories sweeter far than pain,
With tender backward glances thrown,
And far on-lookings, dearer yet.

The gift I would have given to you,
And which you can not heed or take,
Shall still be given, and it shall be
A secret between you and me,
A sweet thought, every birthday new,
That it is given for your sake.

And so your day, yours safely still,
Shall come and go with ebbing time—
The day of all the year most sweet—
Until the years so slow, so fleet,
Shall bring me, as in time they will,
To where all days are yours and mine.

—*Susan Coolidge, in S. S. Times.*

PLAYING WITH FIRE.

It has passed into a truism that it is a dangerous thing to play with fire, and Mrs. Richmond found it so, to her cost, during the summer she spent at the Dovecote. Mr. Richmond had been a model lover at the time of their marriage, but, like many another, possession had made him secure, and by almost imperceptible degrees he had abandoned those tender acts and assurances which are the staff of life to some women, without which existence is not to be tolerated. He was neither unkind nor unmindful, but he was absorbed and busy; he had a thousand schemes on foot, and, having married her for love, he took it for granted that she knew the fact too well to doubt it or to need to hear it repeated daily, not aware that there are some women who live in fear lest "love died in the last expression." He no longer told her she was the prettiest woman in the world, although he still believed it; nor begged her to wear his favorite flower; nor chose her colors; in fact, he omitted any comments on her appearance; she was the same heroine to him, whether in velvet or homespun, whether rosy with youth or ashen-hued with age. He rarely had time to go out with her nowadays, and she missed the attentions, the endearments, the flatteries, which had sweetened her daily life, and began to question if he had outgrown her and his love; if she had "gone off" in her personal appearance; if her mind had gathered rust while his was sharpened and brightened by friction with men and affairs.

She began to tremble for her happiness, to devise means for improving herself, for preserving youth, or its semblance; she once even went so far as to try a little rouge on her cheeks, and was rewarded by Mr. Richmond asking if she were ill. "You looked flushed," he said, "and a high color doesn't become your style." She threw the rouge away, and studied her style. She read tedious books of travel, philosophy, and science, that she might develop some mental charm to hold him; she almost wished she might have some serious illness, something to startle him out of his indifference. Of course Mr. Richmond never dreamed of this silent tragedy going on at his fireside—that fireside which seemed to him like a little heaven on earth—and when business obliged him to run over to London for some months, and it was proposed that she should take rooms at the Dovecote, "by the margent of the sea," it was the last straw. "He would carry me abroad with him if he still cared for me," she thought, not understanding, with womanly lack of logic, that he was "not on pleasure bent," and would have no spare moments for picture-gallery or drawing-room. "Have I lost all attraction," she asked herself, "or was it a mistake to suppose I had any, a mistake which he has been finding out? Would he fall in love with me, I wonder, if we were both single? Would anybody?" If she could only make him a trifle jealous—ah! that was the touchstone of love!

The guests at the Dovecote were all ladies, married and single, with the exception of Roger Laurence, who had come down to fill his sketch-book, shoot birds, and do a little loitering in a quiet nook, he said. The time hung heavily on Mrs. Richmond's hands; perhaps she signified as much; perhaps Mr. Laurence divined it. "Do you row, Mrs. Richmond?" he asked one day. "No; Mr. Richmond was always going to teach me when I was first married, but he never had time." She spoke in the "sad imperfect tense," and sighed without knowing it. "Let me teach you," he begged; and so it happened that the other inmates of the Dovecote used to laugh and call Mrs. Richmond the water-nymph and Mr. Laurence the river-god. In accepting the invitation Mrs. Richmond had had no other thought than to please her husband with a new accomplishment on his return, hoping that together they might explore all the sinuous windings of the river, and renew their days of love-making. The idea of showing him that another man valued her companionship, found a spell in her society which he had overlooked, arrived later. She had not counted on finding any pleasure in the presence of Mr. Laurence or his ill-concealed admiration. He was simply a young man who was inclined to be obliging and courteous. But presently she was looking forward to these excursions, presently detected that the fact of Mr. Laurence preferring her companionship, when there were youth and beauty to choose from, lent her a subtle sense of power, restored the self-confidence she had lost, gave her a delicious sort of surprise, such as a girl who had always believed herself plain might experience if some one should own she was bewitching.

Mrs. Richmond would have been wise had she recognized the dangers of the situation and avoided them. But who of us is wise in season? In the first place, she had committed herself to these pleasurings, so to speak; it would be embarrassing to withdraw, would look as if she were prudish and vain, had taken the affair *au serieux*. At the same time, she was grateful to him for convincing her that her power to please had not deserted her, and, her long-repressed vanity asserted itself. This delicious flattery was too pleasant to be given up all at once—to-morrow, maybe; but, to paraphrase an old poet:

"To-day itself's too late;
The wise denied themselves yesterday."

She satisfied her conscience, however, by sending Mr. Richmond a faithful account of their comings and goings, although with the best intentions in the world, she naturally omitted something, since there are a hundred delicate shades of intonation and expression in the daily intercourse of two people which no letter can transcribe. If the season had not been so fine, and the scenery so enticing, Mrs. Richmond would have wearied, perhaps, of rocking forever on the tide by sunset, by moonrise, of anchoring in some silent cove where the wild flowers looked at their image in the water, where the stars lay like jewels, while Mr. Laurence lighted his meerschaum, and confided his loftiest aspirations, his doubts, his beliefs—it is so sweet to be confided in, so flattering! To have heard him, one would have supposed that Mrs. Richmond was commissioned to write his biography.

It must be confessed that there were times when his egotism rather bored her; but when she hesitated about continuing their recreations, a word to the effect that no one else sympathized with his moods, shared his sentiment, understood him, carried the day.

Slipping home on the tide to the Dovecote landing one night, so dark they could hardly see each other's faces, after a silence in which they listened to the whippoorwill's lonesome tune, the soft sighing of the water washing against the shore, he leaned toward her, and said, slowly:

"Do you know, I should like to drift on so forever—with you. I love you."

At that instant it seemed to Mrs. Richmond as if the heavens had rolled together like a scroll. She felt stunned and faint. "Row ashore, Mr. Laurence," she gasped, but there was command in her whisper. "I have been to blame. I have been blind, but I love my husband."

Not a word was spoken as they shot through the darkness to the landing. Then, as he assisted her over the slippery stairs: "I thought," he said—"I thought you were a widow."

But Mrs. Richmond's cup was not yet full. Her humiliation was not complete till she read the letter which arrived for her a few days later:

"You are a cruel, wicked woman, Mrs. Richmond" (it said). "Roger Laurence was my own, my lover, my all; and you, you false wife, you have stolen his heart away from me—not because you needed it—merely to gratify a relentless vanity. Waste makes want; may you live to want such love as this of which you have defrauded

"ERNESTINE SAYRE."

The same mail brought a line, also, from across the sea.

"Some anonymous idiot writes me that young Mr. Laurence has been devoting himself to you, to the grief of his *fiancee*" (wrote Mr. Richmond). "While I do not doubt you, my darling Rose, I begin to see that you may have felt the lack of attentions which a Benedick is so apt to omit or neglect, and I shal take passage in the Comet, a month earlier than I intended, in order to let the slanderous understand that you have a lover in your husband.

JOHN RICHMOND."

It was the next week that Mrs. Richmond went to town to see about opening her house. It would seem like their honey-moon over again—no more misunderstandings, no more separation. As she stepped upon the pavement the newsboys were crying themselves hoarse.

"What do they say?" she asked of a passer—"what do they say?"

"Wreck of an ocean steamer, the Comet."

After all, Roger Laurence was not mistaken: Mrs. Richmond must have been a widow on that dark night before he left the Dovecote.—*Harper's Bazar.*

"Marking Time."

Ex-Gov. Wise, who had been made a Brigadier-General by President Davis, arrived at this time in Staunton, en route for the Kanawha Valley. His arrival was the remote cause of a ludicrous incident which came very near opening our campaign with an unpleasant tragedy. Lieut.-Col. Crenshaw, who had gone with me to pay our respects to Gov. Wise on the evening of his arrival, invited his staff surgeon, Dr. Peter Lyons, to accompany us to our camp, with a promise of sardines, cigars, and other comforts with which he was provided. We reached camp about nine o'clock, and were hailed by the first sentinel we approached, who ordered one of us to advance and give the countersign. Unfortunately, although having the envelope containing the countersign, which had been handed us by the Adjutant, we had not opened it, and it was too dark to read it. We replied: "Commanding officer without the countersign; call the Sergeant of the guard." "That won't do," said the sentinel. "Now, mark time! Them's my orders." We remonstrated against the indignity to which he contemplated subjecting his field-officers in the presence of a stranger, as well as against the exercise involved in the execution of his command on a hot summer night; but he was inflexible. "Mark time!" he replied, or I will certainly shoot you," and, suiting the action to the word, cocked his musket and leveled it at us. We tried threats, but he was not to be intimidated—reason, but he was unreasonable; he knew nothing, and would neither permit us to advance or retire, insisted upon "doing his duty," which was to shoot us if we did not "mark time." He was master of the situation, and as we looked down the musket barrel we "marked time" until the perspiration rolled from our foreheads. We were relieved by the Sergeant of the guard, who relieved the sentinel, but not until we had whetted our appetite for the expected repast by abundant exercise. I supposed the man was a lunatic, and sent for his company officers to make inquiries. It turned out that he had been instructed at Camp Lee by cadets of the Military Institute, who required all who failed to have the countersign to "mark time" for their amusement until the guard officer appeared. He was very much alarmed when told of the deception which had been practiced upon him by his youthful instructors.—*From Major-General Taliaferro's Memoirs.*

—The telegraph work of England has now been very largely confided to women, and it is calculated that there can not be less than 700 employed at the central office. The staff of the Telegraph Clearing House Check Branch, which supervises the whole telegraphic work of the kingdom and acts as a check upon all the clerks in the department, is exclusively composed of women, to whom is also intrusted the entire financial business. Certain branches of the Savings Bank Department are also in their hands, as also the dead letter office. The number who apply whenever a vacancy occurs is enormous. None of the more important offices have yet been filled by women, who, it is thought, are better officered by thoroughly competent men.—*N. Y. Sun.*

—The latest improvement in telegraphy is a mechanical device, whereby a type-writer at one point, connected by a wire with a similar instrument at another point, writes out any message sent over it, without the intervention of the usual telegraph operator. A person who can use a type-writer can send his own message.—*Chicago Tribune.*

—Wit is sometimes like a sword, keen and cruel; sometimes like a sunbeam, bright and genial.

City Peddlers.

An inventor in a tiny room in a building filled with offices on Park Row was visited by a reporter the other day. The inventor was writing, and a genteel, comfortable-looking man was asked to wait a few minutes. The reporter waited with him for the inventor to finish what he was writing. Suddenly the door opened, a boy's head popped a foot through the opening, and in a boy's voice came the word:

"Matcheth!"

"No," the inventor said.

"Shoe latheth?" the voice inquired.

"No," the inventor repeated.

"Thuthpenderth?"

"Get out," the inventor snapped.

A moment later the door again opened, admitting a man in seedy garb and of dejected appearance. He spoke to the reporter:

"I have here," said he, taking an umbrella from beneath his overcoat, "a silk umbrella which is worth five dollars, but which I can sell for half that price. I don't mind telling you that it was smuggled over on the French steamer ——"

"I don't want it," said the reporter.

"I'll call it $2; I am very poor ——"

"I really don't want it."

"Don't you hear him? Get out!" from the inventor.

"Won't either of you gentlemen ——"

"No, no, no. Get out, will you?" the inventor said, savagely.

"I'll make it $1.50," the umbrella man said to the reporter as he halted at the door.

"Confound those people," the inventor said, dropping his pen; "it's enough to drive a man crazy to have to sit here half a day. Why, there isn't half an hour—no, nor a quarter of an hour, that ——"

"Thoap, three cakth for ten thenth," said a basket laden boy from the door sill.

The reporter pushed the door shut, the genteel man nodded approvingly, and the inventor, with a wearied look, returned to his writing. For five minutes nothing but the scratching of his pen disturbed the quiet of the room. Then a business-like man, who said he was canvassing for a business directory, came in, asked a few questions, took down a few notes with his pencil, sought to convince the inventor that it was worth $3 to have his name in "caps" in the book, and tempted him with an offer of a copy of the book free of cost in the bargain.

"I would like to show you," said a man who had entered during the canvasser's argument, "a few cut-glass bottles of genuine attar of roses. They are slightly damaged, and I offer them during the holidays at half a dol—"

"By the eternal cats!" said the inventor, in a frenzy, "I'll kill both of you infernal ruffians if you don't quit this office in one minute."

This is not literally what the inventor said, for the reporter has condensed a long outburst of wrath and left only a soft intimation of the ingenious, unique and ferocious expression to which the troubled man gave vent.

Another period of quiet ensued, and the inventor, becoming calm, seemed to get on rapidly with his writing. The genteel man drummed on his teeth with the finger-nails of one hand, and the reporter became rapt in the study of a diagram that was framed and hanging on the wall, and that seemed from one point of view to represent the interior of a clock tower, and from another to be a sectional view of a pump.

Again the door opened, and again a boy and a basket appeared. This time the query concerned feather dusters. A few minutes later a man from the next office requested the inventor to "step around and witness a signature—just one moment," and when the inventor was gone an office boy dropped in to see if he could borrow a railroad guide.

"Now," said the inventor, upon his return, "I'll not detain you, gentlemen, any longer. If you will pardon me, I'll ask you to shorten your business with me, and then I'll lock the door, finish my task, and go home. I am too poor to hire an office with an inner room for myself and a trained bulldog or a pugilist at the other door, and I am not enough of an inventor to conceal the acts of bloodshed that would result from my remaining here any length of time. All I can do is to keep away as much as possible."

"It's too bad," the genteel man said.

"Too bad?" shouted the inventor; "it's monstrous; it's atrocious; it's diabolical. To-day I've come here to write a letter. I've been at it for four hours, and it is not half done. I've had a rush of business ever since I came here. Let me tell you who's been here. I recollect four match, soap and brush boys, a blind man with brooms, a girl with flowers, a young woman with no parents and a subscription list for a religious weekly, a scoundrel with cabbage leaves that he called smuggled cigars, a miscreant with Christmas cards, a tramp who wanted money for a drink, an apple woman, a fraud with a grease extractor, a Sister of Charity to whom I gave a quarter, a man selling stencils for marking linen, a man who kindly offered to supply my family with milk in patent bottles at twelve cents a quart, a fellow with weather strips, a boy for my directory who had not yet returned my scissors ——"

"It must be perfect torture," said the other.

"Well, I won't trouble you with my woes. What can I do for you?" the inventor asked.

"Well," said the genteel man, "you make diagrams and sketches, don't you?"

"Yes, but not as a business, the inventor said; "I could do it for you, I suppose—"

"No," said the genteel man, "I don't want you to. My idea was to bring to your notice this little article. It is called the draughtsman's shading pen, and is without question superior to anything ever offered before."

The inventor's face wore a look of pain. He appeared to feel as if he had been taken in by the genteel man in an unfair manner. He bought a pen, dismissed the genteel man, and turned to the reporter.

"I beg your pardon," said he, but are you going to sell me anything? I think I could stand one more on the list to-day."

"No," replied the newspaper man. "I am a reporter, and I want to know—"

"Good heaven!" he exclaimed, "a reporter!"

He had been so fatigued by the incessant tax upon his time by peddlers and salesmen that he seemed for a moment to be displeased with the reporter's visit. —*N. Y. Sun.*

—Great Britain employs in underground occupations no fewer than 378,151 persons, and the length of the galleries where the mining is carried on is found to be 58,744 miles. The greatest depth of the coal mines is 2,800 feet below the level of the sea.

RELIGIOUS AND EDUCATIONAL.

—Detroit has opened a night-school for working girls.

—The Roman Catholic Diocese of Albany, N. Y., has been divided and the see of Syracuse created.

—The Baptists have seven associations in Vermont, with one hundred churches, and a total membership of 9,041.

—About thirteen years ago the Rev. Dr. Talmage removed from Philadelphia to Brooklyn, at the call of nineteen persons. Now the Tabernacle has 2,600 members and a revenue of nearly $30,000.

—The celebrated Daniel Webster's hundredth birthday was made the occasion, at Franklin, N. H., of proving his church connection. An original register was exhibited in which his membership in a Congregational Church was recorded on September 12, 1807.

—In Mexico there are 10,000 Protestant Christians. The Presbyterian Church began in 1872, and has 4,000 members; the Methodists in 1878, and have 337 in full connection and 378 on probation; and the Episcopal Church has 3,500 members.

—The public schools in the Southern States are constantly improving, and the attendance, both of white and colored children, is growing larger. In nearly all the cities and large towns as good schools are provided for colored pupils as for the whites, but the maintenance of the separate system naturally increases the expense.

—A man forty years old going to school in Missouri could not master his spelling lesson. The school mistress threatened to flog him unless he did better. He demurred and she took a vote of the scholars, who unanimously decided in favor of the whipping. She, therefore, took him by the collar and gave him a sound thrashing. He is disgusted with education and pronounces it a thorough humbug.

—The total number of Unitarian churches in the United States, including four or five in the British Provinces, is 344, of which number 252 are without pastors or stated pulpit supply. Three churches sustain colleague pastors, two have female pastors, and one has had its pulpit supplied for a number of years by a layman. New churches were organized during 1881 at Brockton, Mass.; Manistee, Mich.; Minneapolis, Minn.; Mount Pleasant Mich., and Philadelphia, Pa. The list of clergymen includes 403 names. Of this number of clergymen 179 are without pastorates. During the year twenty-five pastors were settled.

The Guardians of Our Coast.

With such a record it is no longer a marvel that the American life-saving institution has taken so firm a hold of the public heart. The territory which it guards—ten thousand or more miles—is divided into twelve districts. The Atlantic coast presents one long succession of varied dangers, beginning with Maine, where the capricious currents are forever playing sly games about the narrow capes, reefs, sunken rocks and peaks of islands half submerged, paving the coast like the teeth in a shark's jaw, taking in Cape Cod, that great arm of sand forty miles outward and upward, with its half-sunken, ever-shifting sand-bars, the islands and the rough, rocky points on the Rhode Island coast—dreadful to mariners—and the long, unpeopled six hundred miles of beach from Montauk Point, Long Island, to Cape Fear, North Carolina, terminating with the arid coral formation of the coast of Florida, five hundred miles in extent. The great lakes, a group of enormous inland seas, with twenty-five hundred miles of American coast-line, are subject to sudden and violent gales, which pile up seas so stupendous that anchored vessels are swept fore and aft, often causing their complete destruction; while others, running for shelter in harbors, miss the narrow entrances, and are blown helplessly upon jutting piers, or the still more dangerous beach. The stations consist of three classes, severally denominated life-saving stations, life-boat stations and houses of refuge. Each of the twelve districts is provided with a local Superintendent, who must be a resident of the district and familiarly acquainted with its inhabitants. His compensation is one thousand dollars per annum, with the exception of those on the coast of Long Island and New Jersey, who, having too many stations to look after to attend to other business, are paid fifteen hundred dollars apiece. These officers are required to give from twenty to thirty thousand dollar bonds as disbursing agents, being intrusted with the payment of the men under them in addition to their general duties. They are responsible for the selection of the keepers of the stations—a duty requiring much knowledge and excellent judgment—who are not, however, confirmed without the acquiescence of the inspector, who is supposed to have no local interests or prejudices. The crews are chosen by the keepers. The keepers and crews are examined by a board of inspectors, consisting of an officer of the revenue marine, a surgeon of the Marine Hospital Service, and an expert surfman whose qualifications are well known, to determine by a judgment wholly impartial their character, good health and general fitness. This board is empowered to dismiss all incompetent men on the spot, and require the keeper to employ others without delay. The whole work is under constant inspection. The stations are visited frequently, and the men examined in the exercises of the apparatus drill, and obliged to give verbal reasons for every step in their operations. They are trained with their life-boats in the surf, in the use of the life-dress, in saving drowning persons by swimming to their relief, in the methods of restoring the partially drowned, and in signaling. Everything in and about the stations moves with military precision. When a wreck is attended with loss of life, a rigid examination follows to see if any of the men have been guilty of misconduct or neglect of duty. The keepers are empowered to protect the interests of the Government from smuggling, and they guard all property that comes ashore from the wreck until its rightful owner appears. They are charged with the care and order of the stations and the boats and apparatus; and they must keep accurate accounts of all receipts and expenditures, journalize all transactions, and maintain all necessary correspondence with superior officers. Thus it appears they must possess a certain amount of education and high integrity, as well as surfmanship, intrepidity, and commanding qualities. They are paid four hundred dollars each per annum. The crews receive forty dollars per month during the active season, which upon the sea-coast is from September 1 to May 1, and upon the lakes from the opening to the close of navigation, or from about May 1 to December 15.—*Martha J. Lamb, in Harper's Magazine.*

The Dining-Hall in the Thirteenth Century.

Tables for meals in the thirteenth century were simply boards placed on trestles, and removed when the repast was over. On the table at the dais was silver plate, then a rare luxury, restricted to the highest classes, the articles being spoons, knives, plates and goblets. There were no forks, for only one fork had ever been heard of as a thing to eat with, and this had been the invention of the wife of a Doge of Venice, about two hundred years previous, for which piece of refinement the public rewarded the lady by considering her as proud as Lucifer. Forks existed, both in the form of spice forks and fire forks, but no one ever thought of eating with them in England until they were introduced from Italy in the reign of James I., and for some time after that the use of them marked either a traveler or luxurious, effeminate man. Moreover, there were no knives nor spoons provided for helping oneself from the dishes. Each person had a knife and spoon for himself, with which he helped himself at his convenience. People who were very delicate and particular wiped their knives on a piece of bread before doing so, and licked their spoons all over. When these were the practices of fastidious people, the proceedings of those who were not such may be discreetly left to imagination. The second table was left in a more ordinary manner. In this instance the knife was iron and the spoon pewter, the plate a wooden trencher (never changed), and the drinking cup of horn. In the midst of the table stood a pewter salt-cellar formed like a castle, and very much larger than we use them now. This salt-cellar acted as a barometer, not for weather, but for rank. Every one of noble blood, or filling certain offices, sat above the salt. With respect to cooking, our fathers had some peculiarities. They ate many things that we never touch, such as porpoises and herons, and they used all manner of green things as vegetables. They liked their bread hot from the oven (to give cold bread, even for dinner, was a shabby proceeding), and their meat much underdone, for they thought that overdone meat stirred up anger. They mixed most incongruous things together; they loved very strong tastes, delighting in garlic and verjuice; they never appear to have paid the slightest regard to their digestion, and they were, in the most emphatic sense not teetotalers. The dining-hall, but not the table, was decorated with flowers; and singers, often placed in a gallery at one end, were employed the whole time. A gentleman usher acted as butler, and a yeoman was always at hand to keep off strange dogs, snuff candles and light to bed the guests who were not always in a condition to find their way up stairs without his help. The hours at this time were nine or ten o'clock for dinner (except on fast days, when it was noon), and three or four for supper. Two meals a day were thought sufficient for all men who were not invalids. The sick and women sometimes had a "rear-supper" at six o'clock or later. As to breakfast, it was a meal taken only by some persons, and then served in the bed-chamber or private boudoir at convenience. Wine, with bread sopped in it, was a favorite breakfast, especially for the old. Very delicate or exceptionally temperate people took milk for breakfast; but though the middle ages present us with examples of both vegetarians and total abstainers, yet of both there were very few, indeed, and they were mainly to be found among the religious order.—"*