THE JOURNAL.

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The Columbus Journal.

VOL. XIII.--NO. 9. COLUMBUS, NEB., WEDNESDAY, JUNE 28, 1882. WHOLE NO. 633.

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 Wallich, 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.
C. A. Newman, Clerk Dist. Court.
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:

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A. B. Colfrath, Clerk.
J. R. 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 4:55 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, " "	1:50	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. Edwards	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,	9:20	"
" 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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BYRON MILLETT,

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All kinds of repairing done on short notice. Buggies, Wagons, etc., made to order, and all work guaranteed.
Shop opposite the "Tattersall," Olive Street. 425

WAGNER & WESTCOTT,

—AT THE—

CHECKERED BARN,

Are prepared to furnish the public w'th 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 transactton of any other business pertaining to schools. 567-y

CHARLIE SLOAN,

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MEDICAL & SURGICAL INSTITUTE.

Surgeons O., N. & B. H. R. R., Asst. Surgeons U. P. R'y,

COLUMBUS, - - NEBRASKA.

J. S. MURDOCK & SON,

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HAS JUST RECEIVED A LARGE STOCK OF

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

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Goods Delivered Free to any part of the City.

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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.

TO A SWALLOW BUILDING UNDER OUR EAVES.

BY MRS. THOMAS CARLYLE.

Thou, too, hast traveled, little fluttering thing—
Hast seen the world, and now thy weary wing
Thou, too, must rest.
But much, my little bird, couldst thou but tell,
I'd give to know why here thou lik'st so well
To build thy nest.

For thou hast passed fair places in thy flight;
A world lay all beneath thee where to light;
And, strange thy taste,
Of all the varied scenes that met thine eye—
Of all the spots for building 'neath the sky—
To choose this waste.

Did fortune try thee? was thy little purse
Perchance run low, and thou, afraid of worse,
Felt here secure?
Ah, no! thou need'st not gold, thou happy one!
Thou know'st it not. Of all God's creatures,
Man alone is poor!

What was it, then? Some mystic turn of thought,
Caught under German eaves and hither brought,
Marring thine eye
For the world's loveliness, till thou art grown
A sober thing that dost but mope and moan,
Not knowing why?

Nay, if thy mind be sound, I need not ask,
Since here I see thee working at thy task
With wing and beak.
A well-laid scheme doth that small head contain,
At which thou work'st, brave bird, with might and main,
Nor more need'st seek.

In truth, I rather take it thou has got
By instinct wise much sense about thy lot,
And hast small care
Whether an Eden or a desert be
Thy home so thou remain'st alive, and free
To skim the air.

God speed thee, pretty bird: may thy small nest
With little ones all in good time be blest.
I love thee much;
For well thou managest that life of thine,
While I! Oh, ask not what I do with mine!
Would I were such!

—From Mr. Froude's Forthcoming Life of Carlyle.

MIDNIGHT AMONG THE DENS.

Watching for an Hour the Animals in a Menagerie.

What do the animals do at night? Everybody who has ever visited a menagerie must have observed that the animals during show hours manifest such an overwhelming sleepiness as to suggest that the only time they have for real rest is when they are under the eyes of the public. It seems to be necessary for keepers and attendants to go along in front of their cages momentarily, prodding them with sticks, jabbing them with pieces of iron, or animating them with cowhides to keep them awake, and when the bold trainers spring in among them, with much clatter of iron doors, foot stamping, and ejaculating of "Hi! there," even the most savage brutes are wont to look as if they resented the intrusion as a breaking of their rest, rather than as an aggravating temptation to a change of diet. Do they, then, never get sleep enough? A curious reporter took it into his head to endeavor to do something toward settling that question, a few nights ago, by watching the animals for some time after the thousands of spectators at the show had left the building. Slowly the crowd passed out into the street, lazily watched as they went by a sturdy old lion, who pretended to be asleep, but kept opening an eye stealthily now and then until quiet succeeded the tramp and shuffle of many feet. Then he lazily got up, yawned and stretched himself, as much as to say, pantomimically: "Thank goodness, another day's gone." Just at that moment one of the wind-jammers of the band, with whose instrument something had been wrong all the evening, and who had remained in his seat punching and blowing into it after his comrades had gone, blew a loud blast that in the gathering stillness seemed extraordinarily loud. The old lion wheeled around and glared savagely in the direction whence the sound came. A couple of tigers sprang up from apparent slumber with the same malevolent expression, and even the hyenas stopped fighting long enough to stare with mingled inquiry and fury toward the belated musician. The disturber departed suddenly, all the gas jets went out together, and only the clear, ghastly, bluish-white illumination of the electric light remained. The feline animals again stretched themselves on the floors of the dens, the lions in regular and dignified attitudes, and the tigers, leopards and panthers twisting themselves into all sorts of queer contortions to get their eyes away from the light. For a while the antelopes and the dwarf cattle stood up and ate hay, with a manner of contentment they had not worn during the day. One by one they dropped down on the floors of their cages and seemed to sleep. Generally, they lay with their legs doubled under them, as if in readiness to make a spring, but the "horned horse," or gnu, which Tody Hamilton says "is chiefly remarkable for the singular unanimity with which compositors, in setting up advertisements and notices, always spell his name gun," had a queer way of coiling himself up like a dog.

Three or four hours later the electric lights suddenly ceased to glow, and then only the patient watchers observed, here and there, long distances apart, small points of gas flames, burning steadily and only giving light enough to make the surrounding space seem more vast and darker just beyond their narrow circles of illumination. Those in the main division of the Garden seemed like glow-worms in an enormous vault. In the distance a watchman's lantern dodged, bobbed and glimmered like a will o' the wisp. And now a new life of activity seemed to have entered into the beasts. In the cages of the feline beasts greenish, phosphorescent lights shone in pairs, sometimes fixed steadily for minutes together upon the silent, motionless watchers, again flitting to and fro as the ferocious brutes glided noiselessly hither and thither in their narrow, iron-walled quarters. For some time all was silence. Then the distant watchman stumbled and awoke a thousand echoes. In an instant the gleaming eyes in the cages were all in line, looking out, and every animal was still. Then, as the last faint echoes died away, a hyena indulged in the diabolical noise of his kind, which is commonly called a laugh, and it ended in a chorus of snarls, howls, laughs, yells, scrapings of claws, and rattlings of the hyena cage, as its denizens revelled in one of the numerous free fights by which they vary the monotony of existence. While this was going on one of the lions expressed himself on the subject of the disturbance in tones like an asthmatic fog horn, and the occasion for public speaking was not let pass unimproved by either tigers, leopards, panthers, jaguars or catamounts. The lynxes were quiet, or else they could not be heard in the brief tumult. A tour of inspection near to the cages of the herbivorous and gramnivorous animals showed them nearly all standing up, with looks of fright, and some of them trembling. Only the plucky little axis deer had put itself in a posture of defense, with its head down for a charge, as if quite oblivious to the fact that its sharp horns have been sawn off to prevent its jamming them through the wooden wall of the bless-bok's quarters. The huge rhinoceri, both single and double horned, and the wart hog lay in stolid indifference to all the row. Once or twice every night, the keepers say, the animals indulge in such a demonstration as this, but the uproar never lasts more than a few minutes, unless a storm is coming, and then the hyenas display an activity and fiendish jollity peculiarly their own that keeps the whole establishment in a tumult all night. What the monkeys were doing could not be seen, as it is necessary to keep their cages closed up tightly all the time that public curiosity does not compel them to be open, in order to exclude the cold night air. As far as could be judged from listening, mandrils, baboons and several varieties of smaller monkeys were sound asleep. The anacondas and boa constrictors were much more lively than during the day time, disentangling themselves from the mass they made together when sleeping, gliding stealthily about their cage, touching inquiringly with their noses the glass walls of their prison-house, and festooning themselves over the wire screen that covers the kerosene oil stove by which their quarters are kept at tropical heat. Within a great canvas enclosure, the mother of the baby elephant, having completely covered her little one with a huge pile of hay, stood swaying her trunk over it, and rocking from side to side, appearing to be doing a sort of pantomime cradle song. Her keeper says that she only lies down very late at night, when all strangers are away and everything is very quiet, and that when she does so she places herself in such a position, with her trunk touching the baby, that its slightest movement will awaken her instantly. Long before daylight she is up again doing her fantastic dance, but moving as noiselessly as a cat, watching and waiting for the little one to get up.

Of all the herd of elephants, camels, dromedaries, llamas, guanacos, sacred cattle, ponies, and other beasts occupying the large space under the seats on the Twenty-sixth street side of the building, the most wakeful and watchful are the first mentioned. It is very seldom that they make any other noise than long-drawn puffs, that sound like stupendous sighs, but never do they all sleep at one time. From two to a dozen of them stand, as if on guard, swinging their huge heads from side to side, toying with wisps of hay which they gather to toss into the air or occasionally stuff into their mouths, while the others sleep. By an apparently well-understood arrangement among them, the guard is relieved from time to time, slumberers awaking and standing up to swing and toss hay in their turn, while those that have been on their feet slowly lie down, roll over on their sides, and drop asleep. When a stranger enters their stable at night the watchers never for an instant take their eyes off him while he remains in sight. Two or three spotted coach dogs—animals for which elephants seem to have a peculiar affection, possibly because they have fewer good qualities than any other dogs living—sleep in the hay under the elephants' trunks, and are never harmed or even touched by them. Two or three of the oldest and ugliest camels are always awake, not, apparently, to keep guard, like the elephants, but just because they cannot sleep, and hope for a chance to show their innate cussedness.—*N. Y. Sun.*

A Montana "Theater."

The theater, which is well patronized by the bar-room population, is a primitive structure. It is about seventy-five feet long by twenty-five feet wide, and at the entrance has a bar on one side and a faro table on the other, each doing a thriving business. If you are so fortunate as to pass these attractions, you enter the auditory, which has an inclined floor, is fairly lighted, and heated by an enormous stove piled full of the soft coal which is so abundant throughout this valley. In the orchestra is an excellent piano of the most expensive kind, from whose interior one of the ladies of the theater informed us she frequently cleaned out a dust-pan full of cigar stumps and ashes, dropped in by careless performers, but it seemed none the worse for rough treatment, and with a skillful pianist, and the assistance of a violin and flute, made very acceptable music. Directly at the right of the stage are two boxes decorated with remnants of lace curtains, and through these boxes certain favored visitors at the performance pass to what is called the "wine room." This is an ante-room just off the wings and flies from which one can see the stage, and where, at those intervals when not occupied on the boards, the actors and actresses resort for conversation and refreshment. To be sure, these processes are somewhat interrupted when the carpenter passes through with a bulky piece of stage property, for as space is limited all the pumps, fences and large articles are kept out of doors, and are brought in through the "wine-room" as occasion demands, all more or less covered with snow or mud. Trifles like these, however, we do not mind in the Western country. The ladies of the theater are affable and pleased to meet strangers. This being a well-conducted entertainment, they do not drink during the performance, unless it be a glass of lemonade or beer now and then, differing in this respect from their fair sisters at Glendive and Bismarck, but content themselves with smoking industriously when not occupied with the clog dances or character songs which are their specialties. The hour for commencing the performance is ten o'clock p. m., and it usually lasts until half past two in the morning, during which time the voice of the proprietor is frequently heard saying: "Keep your seats, gentlemen, keep your seats. The show has only just commenced." Of course, the longer the gentlemen keep their seats the more they drink, and toward the close of the entertainment the audience is anything but stolid. The gentlemen criticise freely and audibly, put their feet on the backs of their neighbors' chairs, quarrel a little, drink some more and make up their differences, but their favorite diversion is to send up to some one on the stage whom they particularly admire a glass of beer to drink between the verses of his song. We saw the comic man come off after a long series of recalls with a record of thirteen glasses consumed during his last vocal effort, and he told us in the "wine-room" that he could "go as high as twenty-seven glasses without giving up." The profits of the theater are considerable, and will be, doubtless, until the railway brings in a class of people who demand something better than the present management furnishes.—*Cor N. Y. Evening Post.*

—An old orchard can never be made young again, but by good care, pruning and cultivating it can be made to bear a fair crop until a young orchard can be set out and brought into bearing.—*Indiana State Journal.*

The Old Rail Fence.

I am told by foreign tourists that while many of our fences are reflected in those of other lands, the counterpart of the zigzag fence is to be seen in no other country. It is typical of Yankeeland.

It is known as the snake or Virginia fence, and as the relic of a lavish era of unlimited forestry. History does not chronicle the name of its inventory, but I have long since learned to cherish a profound respect for the memory of this unknown individual. It is hard for me to imagine in the person of this primitive rail-splitter the picture of an untutored backwoodsman, and I never follow the course of one of these fences without felling a certain consciousness that its original builder must have seen his work through eyes artistic as well as practical.

The careless abandon of its lines—a repetition of form in which absolute repetition is continually defied by the capricious convolution of the grain, for there are no two rails made in the same mold—and their gray satiny sheen, their weather-beaten stains of moss and lichen, and the ever-changing play of lights and shadows from their waving weeds and vines, make the old rail fence truly an object of real beauty in our landscape. Often have I lingered in its angles, and a hundred times have I thought of the host of pictures and reminiscences which might fill a book to the glory of a fence corner.

Moreover, this peculiarity of conformation panders to a most worthy and blessed shiftlessness happily latent in the bones of almost every farmer; for while the ploughshare creeps close along the base of the old stone wall, and the direct course of most other fences offers a free scope for the mower's scythe or the reaper's blade, the outward corners of the zigzag fence dodge beyond its reach, and thus escape. How often, too, are these recesses the convenient storage quarters for the stones and stubble of the field, and as such receive a wide berth from the newly-whetted scythe or cradle.

Thus does the old rail fence bedeck itself abundantly with wreaths and garlands. The refuse stone piles clothe themselves in tangles of creeping dewberry, cinque-foil and ground-ivy; and the round leaves of the creeping mallows conspire to hide their nakedness. Tall brambles rise and yield their snowy blossoms to the rifling bees, or later hang their purple fruit in tempting clusters to the troop of boys in their eager scramble among the rails. There are no black raspberries so large and luscious, no hazel-nuts so full and brown, and no filberts so tantalizing beneath their prickly pods, as those that grow up under the protection of the old rail fence. Here the rich green beds of sweet fern give out their aromatic savor to the wise old simpler, the eager small boy, or even to the squirrel in quest of the nutty kernels among its seed-bobs. The dull red blossoms of the glycine tell of sweet tubers beneath the ground, and the bright sunflowers of tall artichokes invite the old-time search among their roots.

Here in these sheltered angles the eddying November winds hurl their flying leaves, and heap the glory of the autumn present upon the matted mold of many autumns past. Later, the whistling gales of winter whirl about its corners. Clouds of drifting snow bedim the evergreens, and drive along the meadow, battling with the army of tall gaunt mulleins and rep-capped sumacs, and at last are whirled along these weather-beaten timbers, where fantastic peaked Alps arise, and overhanging glistening cliffs hem in the rambling rails in great blue-shadowed crescents white and dazzling.

Here, too, the icy air shall ring with the shouts of those same voices that are known so well by the rural fence through every month and season, with their rollicking testimonies of wild-flower parties and squirrel hunts and nutting exploits.—*William Hamilton Gibson, in Harper's Magazine.*

House of Commons Manners.

The House of Commons meeting-room is a little bit of a place, only large enough, I am told, to contain about half the members. Still it is seldom crowded, for the average M. P. stays away from his duties with remarkable pertinacity. The room is not more than one hundred feet long by fifty wide. There is an open space running along almost the entire length of the center of the apartment, some fifteen feet wide, I should say. On each side of this space rows of pews gradually ascend, one above the other, to the walls, like two straight theater balconies facing each other. In these pews the members sit. Above them, entirely circling the hall, is a shallow gallery for visitors—that part of the gallery crossing the innermost end of the room being reserved for the newspaper stenographers. Still above these people there is a series of tall, grated windows which look like the apertures in the side of a prison. Behind these gratings one can see here and there a pretty face, set off by a bright ribbon or a bunch of flowers, and he presently learns that he is looking at the ladies' gallery. Exactly why they are fenced off in this dark loft nobody about the place seems to know. But there they must go if they want to see the legislators at work, and there they must sit, like a lot of well-clad jail-birds. Below the reporters' gallery, in the open space between the rows of members, is the Speaker's chair. It is a high-backed affair, like the oak furniture we sometimes see in pulpits. It is set under a kind of canopy, also of carved oak, some fifteen feet high, I should think. The Speaker is a clean-shaven man, seemingly about fifty years old, though it is next to impossible to correctly estimate his age, by reason of the white wig which hangs down over his shoulders on each side like a pair of gray saddle-bags. He also wears a black gown, and when called upon for his decision of any quibble that may come up, he rises slowly, advances a step or two, and delivers his opinion in a low but distinct and well-modulated voice. His manner is exceedingly impressive, but to the American eye it seems that the dignified and well-poised bearing of this official would be greatly enhanced by the removal of what in our country would be regarded as masquerading toggery. In front of the Speaker there sit two clerks, likewise wigged and robed. But these are not impressive parties, and only aggravate the notion of the American about the grotesque effect of these garments. One of the things which strikes the stranger most forcibly is the fact that nearly all the members wear their "plug" hats while sitting in the House. They only remove these articles of head-gear when they rise to speak, or when the Speaker alludes to one of them. All in all the hat-wearing business may be regarded as a fair sample of the manners of the assemblage. If a speaker begins to talk upon a topic which has no particular interest, about three-quarters of the members will bolt for the doors. Then somebody calls for a count, and they stroll back again until the count is completed, when they trot right out into the lobbies once more. If a man is particularly obnoxious to them, they begin a concerted system of coughing, which can have no other effect than to drown his words. If they like a man or what he has to say they howl "Hear! hear!" for two or three minutes sometimes, and it is always hard to tell when they laugh whether it is done in irony or appreciativeness of some humorous point. I hardly think, however, that the latter application frequently exists, partly because humorous points are not of momentary occurrence in the speeches of the House, and partly because the House wouldn't know it if they were. Such another shambling, hem-and-hawing lot of talkers I never heard. The great bulk of them have no ideas to convey, and only a very few of those who have understand how to convey them, either with force or elegance.

Mr. Gladstone is one of the clearest, readiest talkers I have ever heard. He sits in the front row of the members' pews, on the left-hand side, facing the Speaker, close by the end of the table which stands in front of the white-wigged clerks. Perhaps I should have said he reclined there, for he doesn't exactly sit. His head is thrown back, and rests upon the upper edge of the pew-back, his hands are clasped in his lap, his legs are sprawled out in front, and he has the general appearance of a man sound asleep. But he isn't. Now and then the eyelids half open, and a shade of expression crosses the wrinkled features, as the old man mentally notes a point for future use. When his opponent has ceased speaking, Mr. Gladstone comes to his feet with surprising agility, and advances a step or two to the end of the table. There is a little red box here, containing his documents, and he places the ends of his right hand fingers upon this box. He lifts his chin rather above its normal height, like a man used to talking to a gallery, and as the words flow freely from between his lips, he emphasizes them by prodding the box with the tips of his straightened fingers. As Mr. Gladstone talks, he grows. In silence and repose you see a thin and shriveled old man, with long, slender legs, swollen joints, a hooked nose, sunken eyes, sparsely-clothed head, rather narrow through the temples, but broad and high over the ears, straggling white whiskers, which shamble down the sides of his face and under his throat, and a general air of physical decay that is not altogether reassuring. But, as his chin goes, up, and the chest protrudes, and the words begin to roll out with rapidity and resonance, as the eyes kindle and the smile of conscious power spreads over the old face, you begin to feel the reason of the Premier's grip upon the politics of Great Britian. He has the perfect confidence of the practiced speaker, and that eloquence of manner, no less than of words, which proclaims the orator. He is by all odds the most admirable talker I have heard in England. He uses no notes, and, as soon as he has finished what he has to say, he slouches back upon the seat, apparently in that state of complete physical collapse which Charles Dickens ascribes to the old paralytic, who is always throwing his pillow at some one and immediately falling helpless in his chair.—*Lowlon Cor. Boston Herald.*

Economy and Philosophy.

As soon as the Limekiln Club had opened in due form Brother Gardner announced that the Hon. Catterangus Tompkins, of Montreal, was in the ante-room and desirous of addressing the meeting. The Visiting Commitee were instructed to bring him in, and after a short delay a broad-backed black man, with an eye like an eagle and a mouth betraying great decision of character, made his appearance and was given a general introduction. In taking the platform he announced that he had made the tour of the world three times, received the forty-seventh degree in the Sons of Malta, and would address the club for a few minutes on the subjects of economy and philosophy.

"What am economy?" he began, as he got a brace for his feet and looked Pickles Smith square in the left eye. "I answer dat economy am de art of extractin' de most walue fur de least money. Economy am de art of making time count. Take de plummer, fur instance. All he wants to begin life on am a solderin'-iron, a fire-pot an' a bar of solder. Economy does de rest. He gits pay fur de hours he sleeps as well as fur de hours he works. Likewise, moreober, fur his helper. Time am cash to him. Ebery five minutes gone while he am huntin' fur a leak am so much added to his capital. Take de house-painter. If he can kill fo' minits gwine up a ladder he knows he kin kill seben comin' down. Ebery minit he gains am dead cash. He would save ten cents a day by economizin' on cigars, but he doan' have to. He can save fifty by economizin' on de man who hires him half a day.

"Practice economy, but let philosophy enter into de practice. Doan' scold de ole woman fur parin' de pertaters so thick when you have just traded a grindstun, which eats nuffin' an' am allus on hand, fur a dog which eats all de time an' am missin' when a tramp comes along. A shot-gun may be worf mo' dan a watch, but when you git de gun you mus' buy fodder fur it.

"As fur philosophy, de mo' of it you have de less you feel de want of money. Philosophy buys green wood an' lets it season in de stove. Philosophy gives a hoss water jist befo' feedin' time to save oats. Philosophy puts three chillun in a bed to save kivers. Philosophy is in no hurry to pay debts. It reasons dat de man who has owed a bill fur six months receives a warmer welcome when he comes to pay up dan de chap who got trusted only yesterday. Use philosophy in your families. If de ole woman wants a new bonnet tell her dat she mus have a dress an' cloak an' parasol to match. By goin' widout de bonnet she saves de expense of all de rest. If de chillun cry fur maple sugar feed 'em wid fifty-cent syrup. De sweet am what dey cry fur. De same rain storm which stops your work in de garden will wash whitewash off de walls an' fences, so what you lose by de wet you make in de sunshine. True economy will adulterate castor ile wid kerosene, so dat de dose will act on de stomach an' cure a sore froat at de same time. True philosophy will nebber waste breath in statin de case arter de Judge has passed sentence. Wid dese few disaffected imprudences I will now expand.—*Detroit Free Press*

—A citizen of White Plains, Ga., has a curiosity in the shape of a cat. The head and half the body is that of a cat, while the remainder is rabbit. It eats peas like a rabbit and meat and bread like a cat.—*N. O. Picayune.*

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FACTS AND FIGURES.

—Large deposits of roofing slate have been discovered in Berks County, Pa., and would be opened immediately.

—It is estimated that in Great Britain 378,151 persons are engaged in underground work, conducted in galleries extending 58,744 miles.

—It is estimated that the total length of sub-marine telegraph cables in the world is 62,100 miles, having a money value of about $200,000,000.

—John H. Austin, of Clifton, Staten Island, has a record showing the sales made by his father and himself since 1798, as auctioneers. Since 1821, the sales have amounted to $104,518,775.80, of which sum $1,034,656.02 was paid to the State in duties.

—The emigration from Switzerland last year was the greatest on record, the number of emigrants who left the country in 1881 having been 10,935, against 7,255 in 1880, and 4,288 in 1879. By far the greater proportion of them were from German Switzerland.

—Last year the German wire mills supplied England with 30,000 tons of wire, and Russia with 40,000 tons. France received from Germany from 12,000 to 15,000 tons of steel wire for sofa springs, and America not less than 30,000 tons from the same source.

—There are fifty-seven oil mills now in operation or being constructed in the South and along the Mississippi River, distributed as follows: Ten in Tennessee; nine each in Mississippi, Louisiana and Texas; eight in Arkansas; six in Alabama; two in Georgia; two in Missouri, and one each in South Carolina and Illinois.

—According to its annual report to the stockholders, the net profits of the Paris *Figaro* for the year 1881 were $480,000. The catalogue of expenditures contains the following items: Type, $52,000; paper, printing, stamps, etc., $327,000; editorship, $117,000; carriage, $71,000; administration, $52,000.

—It is estimated that 100,000,000 feet of logs were cut on the head-waters of the Kennebec last winter, which, with the 15,000,000 feet of old logs "hung up" along the tributaries, will make a drive of 115,000,000 feet to be floated down the river. Last year the drive was the cleanest ever made, owing to the copious rains, and 150,000,000 feet of timber came down.

—There are many expensive bridges and trestles between Binghamton and Elmira on the Lackawanna Road. Near Waverly there is a bridge 1,000 feet long approached with 7,000 feet of trestle, which cost $150,000. About six miles west of that place is a bridge 600 feet long with 1,350 feet of trestle. There are two or three others about the same length within a short distance of each other.

—The importation of potatoes has become of great importance to dealers and consumers. The total receipts at New York in January, February and March were 742,842 barrels, or 2,228,527 bushels. At 70 cents per bushel (which is about the wholesale price received by the importers), the potatoes were worth $1,559,969, and the customs duty yielded a revenue to the Government of $334,279. A large proport