THE PRAISE OF GOOD DOCTORS. The best of all the pill-box crew, Since ever time began, Are the doctors who have most to do With the health of a hearty man. And so I count them up again And praise them as I can; There's Dr. Diet, And Dr. Quiet, And Dr. Merryman.

There's Dr. Diet, he tries my tongue. "I know you well," says he:
"Your stomach is poor and your liver sprung. We must make your food agree.'

And Dr. Quiet, he feels my wrist And he gravely shakes his head, Now, now, dear sir, I must insist That you go at ten to bed." But Dr. Merryman for me

Of all the pill-box crew! For he smiles and says, as he fobs his fee: So now I eat what I ought to eat,
And at ten I go to bed,
And I laugh in the face of cold or he

And so I count them up again. And praise them as I can: There's Dr. Diet, And Dr. Quiet, -S. W. Suffield, in N. Y. Independent.

AN ARK OF SAFETY. The Bell of St. John's-A Story of the

For many days the rain had fallen in ceaseless, heavy torrents, and from every direction came now the brooks and streams rushing with unwonted swift-ness, and sending up a deep, hoarse murmur, which was but as a musical echo to the voice of the mighty, swollen

In the little town of Chesterbrook there was every cause for the anxiety and alarm increasing hourly; already was the giant Mississippi, near which the village lay, at its greatest height known at that point, and stealthily encroaching nearer and nearer upon the main street, while the inhabitants dwelling farther back were thankful for the natural rise in the land placing them in a safer position.

"Is not the river very high, grand-father, asked Ruth Boynton, a timid accent faltering in her tone. She was a young girl of fifteen years, busied at the time with preparations for the evening meal, but pausing now as she spoke to look toward her grandfather

as he sat beside the window in his large chair, looking anxiously without. Ruth came nearer to him, laying her hand on his shoulder. "Does it not look very, very high?" she repeated, "and there seem to be so away." many timbers floating on the waves."

"It is, indeed, higher than I have ever seen it in my eighty years, Ruth," answered the old man in the voice grown feeble with age.

she spoke. "Not to-night, child, not to-night," old bell that help, I am sure, must

be answered, "and to-morrow may bring brighter skies; ave, to-morrow, who knows," he murmured softly to himself, as Ruth turned away to her work again, and the old man folded his perilous at this hour of darkness; but, hands and closed his eyes in silent prayer to the God who rules the storm and clouds.

Midnight had already passed in the thick darkness enshrouding the silent town, and even the most watchful and anxious were at last sleeping heavily, when suddenly-with a confused thunder of sound rising in crashing din above the voice of storm or river, and seeming to rend heaven and earth asunder, the village nestling so peacefully under the shadow of the hills was

roused to death and destruction. Restrained no longer by any former wildly sweeping away every tenement | below.

up, groping with the nervous tremor of moored high peered up the rushing age, blindly for a light. In that moment stream with wondering, awe-struck it seemed as though the old man, faces.

town is flooded, and everything is being ing for help! To the rescue, men; out

swept away!"

"My God, My God!"cried the old Five minutes more and strong, brave will save us, and what can I do!"

to be strong and trust to his help. But even as she spoke another fearful really sent help so soon?

"Come, grandfather," said she, "let ness of the night.

Ruth felt that they could never reach the ruins of Chesterbrook. - N. Y. Observer. far-off help. Only a small strip of land seemed left to them, the river behind and to the right of them, while on the left rose the high steep bank, up which her active feet might have climbed, but never the old man by her side; and not once did the thought of escape apart from him enter the brave girl's mind. With a heart beating wildly with fear. Ruth raised her eyes to the cloud-covered sky, half breathing a prayer for aid, while the trembling one beside her uttered a helpless groan. Suddenly a quire how—?" ray of hope quickened her senses. A dollar." little higher up on the left, somewhat elevated above the path before them, stood the old church untouched as yet askby the water, looking in silent pity upon the scene of destruction surrounding it. It was possible that safety might be

found there; even though the waves how far---should reach it, might not the strong Doan' you vhant some bantloons for foundation on which it had stood so long. twelve shillings?" prove invincible? "The church, grandfather, the church!" cried Ruth, in tones of hope and encouragement. "Surely we will be safe there;" and the next moment they were hurrying over the short space

intervening, and finding but a feeble resistance in the old lock, they soon stood within the silent church. Was it that the soothing spirit of prayer still hovered like incense about from Dan to Berthe place, or was it the thought of the ever-abiding presence of God in this his there with: house, that seemed to impart a sudden

"Und call and oxamine my undercalm to the weary old man? Silently he shirts for forty cents!"-Detroit Free sank within one of the old-fashioned Press. pews; and here, ab, yes, here, he could die peacefully if such were God's will. The lantern gave but a feeble light in gland are again wearing their hair cut the great room; but thankful for even short and curled. The same style pre-

placed it near, and with loving, tender care knelt beside her grandfather, still bent on cheering and encouraging him. "I think we are surely safe here, grandpapa," said she, nestling close to him in her old childlike way, feeling

now, having done all that she could. a sudden longing for comfort and support. "I trust so, my child," answered the old man, in a tone so strong and calm that it surprised as much as it comforted the young girl. "God has surely guided and sustained you in this hour of danger, and we are now in His hands; he will save or take us to himself as he sees

A deep silence fell upon them, then, s trembling, prayerful silence on Ruth's part, for nearer and nearer came the sound of the rushing water, while a great sense of desolation crept over her. Suddefily a cold dampness seemed to pervade the room, and the next moment

a perceptible tremor passed over the building, causing the young girl to spring to her feet and clasp her arms about her grandfather, trembling violently.

Quickly and firmly he drew her closer to him, pressing her tenderly to his

"Be brave, my child," he said in a voice subdued, but calm; " the hour of danger has come, but God is with us

Again and again came that quiver through the old building, while around it could be distinctly heard the splash of waves; then came one convulsive throe, that seemed violently wrenching timber from timber, and with a rocking, reeling motion the old church, with its living inmates, was washed from its foundations, and floated away on the bosom of the angry stream.

Almost unconscious from fright, Ruth lay on her grandfather's breast; but as the movement became more regular and steady, she raised her pale face and

whispered: "Grandpapa, are we really floating?" "Yes, my child, like the ark of old." answered her grandfather. "We are adrift, and God only knows how long we may float, or what the end will be. Let us not murmur at his will; we will perhaps find many friends who have gone to-night into the other world."

The girl hid her face again for a moment, but suddenly a faint, as it were, far off sound broke the stillness-the sound of a bell feebly, slowly tolling. Ruth started up. "O, listen, grand-father!" she cried, "it is the bell, the

church bell, tolling with the motion of the waves!" The old man started, listening intently also, and a tear moistened his eye, trickling slowly down his furrowed cheek. "Aye, child, it is the old bell of St. John's, that has rung out many a chime.

It is tolling now its long last message— tolling its own knell, and the knell of the many that to-night have passed But to Ruth the familiar sound, solemn and sad as it was, seemed to bear a message of life and hope; and, with her

young face all aglow, she started once again to her feet, exclaiming: "Do you think the town is in danger, I will climb the belfry stair, and hang "Grandfather, I know what I will do! grandfather?" asked the young girl, a slight pallor creeping over her face as will send out such a peal from the good will send out such a peal from the good

> come.' Timid for her safety, where he was brave for his own, the old man anxiously tried to dissuade her from an effort so scarce waiting for permission, Ruth had already darted away with the lantern. leaving her grandfather in the solemn darkness, where he could only wait and pray, while she was cautiously but

> swiftly climbing the belfry stair. On through the gloom and silence the old church floated, when suddenly through the darkness a bright light sparkled like a beacon star from a lighthouse tower, and above the din of the rushing waters, a ringing peal came forth, awakening the startled echoes

slumbering on the river bank. "Clang! Clang! Clang!" the sound bounds, the relentless stream had broken seemed almost to dance along the waves, every barrier, and now amid the des- while the brave girl aloft clung to her pairing cries of fated human beings was frail support, and the old man prayed

or building in its widening pathway. . The river had now found a deeper, With the first wild alarm, Ruth Boyn- narrower channel, with high dry cliffs ton had started terrified and bewildered once more on either side, and as that from her bed and rushed into the ad- strange sound rang out amid the storm joining room to find her grandfather also and gloom, a group of men with skiffs

who had been strong for his eighty "Egad!" cried one, "it sounds like the years, was transformed into a weak and old bell of St. John's! Can it be the "Egad!" cried one, "it sounds like the timbers of little Chesterbrook that have "What is it, Ruthie?" he cried, with been floating by to-night?" On came an imploring, piteous glance at the girl the pealing sound, and now the starlike entering with a candle in her hand, light shone out upon them. "As I live!" "What can it be, and what, O what cried the same speaker, "it is the old shall we do!" "It is the river, grandfather," she ring like that from the motion of the answered, hurrying to the door; "the waves; there are living souls within call-

man, trembling in every limb, "who hands were out in the stream, all unknown to the two anxious ones within; Whether it was the sense of appalling heavy ropes were being securely fastdanger at their very door, or tender pity ened to the old building, and, with the even in this terrible moment for her bell still tolling, the old church was raphelpless companion, the young girl idly towed toward a haven-like break in seemed suddenly imbued with a new he- the cliffs. And suddenly, with a startroic strength, tingling in every nerve; hing shock, it stood still, and with a and with a voice almost steady, she said, frightened, beating heart, Ruth gazed anxiously from the little window. Could "God is still with us grandfather, and it be possible! Was that really the bank will surely make some way of escape; try on which they were safely moored? And the lights and moving figures-had God

crash, accompanied by piteous shrieks, Hastily, swiftly, she descended the told of a nearer catastrophe, and Ruth impulsively laid a trembling hand on the

saved! A sudden light in the doorway, and us hasten to the nearest house; they may the next moment kindly voices were be there making some plan for safety and breaking the silence. Lanterns held will help us; and waiting to exchange the high soon revealed the two lonely figures, flickering candle for a lantern, the two and guided by kindly, helpful hands, helpless ones hurried out into the dark- Ruth and the old man soon found them-But little were they prepared for the the hamlet a short distance back from selves by the hospitable firesides of a lit scene of desolation around them; only the dangerous river. And here they in the distance glimmered moving lights made new friends and a new home, as and with the slow progress alone possible did also more than one of the few who in the feeble condition of her companion were picked up and rescued from the

A Few Inquiries. Yesterday afternoon a stranger who was coming up from the Union depot stepped aside to ask of a man in the door of a clothing store: "My friend, can

you tell me how far ---?"

"Do you want to buy some clothing?" interrupted the other. "I guess not. I simply wanted to in-

"I sells you a spring oafercoat for tree "I never wear more than one spring overcoat at the same time. I wanted to

"I have some wests for a dollar." "That's cheap enough, but I don't care to invest. Will you let ask you

"Some stockings for ten cents?"

"Some suspenders for two shillings?" "No. I wanted to ask-"I sell vou a hat for sixty cents." The stanger picked up his satchel and

walked across the street. Then, facing about, he shouted out: "I wanted to ask you how far it was But the clothier drowned him out right

-Ladies of the highest rank in Enthis mitigation of the darkness, Ruth vails in Timbuctoo. - Chicago Journal.

This man, this weak, foolish vessel, went out to breakfast one morning at ten o'clock. Being a generous and forgiving person, he selected the place where he had dined the night before. Some of the shutters were still on the windows. He went in, however. The long narrow apartment was full of dust. the chairs were all piled upon the tables, and a man was sweeping the dry floor with a dry broom and the most bewildering energy. The prospect was not promising, but not altogether cheerless. It was clear proof that people did sometimes sweep in London. The dust was a little too thick for weak lungs, however, and the stranger went out. He walked to several other restaurants and couldn't get in at all. So he drifted back again, reflecting that it was probably a holiday of one kind or another. By this time the tables were partly covered, and one or two of the waiters had arrived. The stranger sat down and looked around. Nobody took the slightest notice of him, and after awhile he rapped for a waiter. Then one of them came, staring at him unpleasantly. The American said he would take breakfast. The waiter replied that they did not serve anything until twelve. Everybody breakfasted

at home. Well, yes, he would try and get something for the gentleman, but it was against the rules. He departed, having left this suggestion of an extra fee. By and by he came back with fried sole, eggs, coffee, rolls and a chop. The American ate voraciously, and called for the bill. His waiter reckoned it up rapidly in his head at seven shillings, or \$1.75, and the foolish stranger paid him a shilling besides. Two or three days later he discovered that he had been overcharged by three shillings. Thus it cost him just one dollar of stealings and fees to learn to eat breakfast at home. This same man made a nice row in a restaurant at dinner one night when he first arrived. He had been warned to keep on the lookout for overcharges, and by the time his meal was finished he was in a good mood for that sort of a thing. He had arrived in the restaurant at five o'clock, and had called for a bill of fare. It was printed on a sheet of paper just the size of a page of the Chicago News. Half the items were in red ink. This indicated that they were special dishes for that day. He had soup, and ordered boiled mutton in red ink. The waiter consulted with the cook, and said the mutton would be done in three minutes. The stranger waited. In ten minutes the waiter came back and said the cook had concluded not to serve any more mutton that day. The American said he would have a lamb chopalso in red ink. Another consultation.

The waiter looked rather ashamed as he came back this time. He had no need to speak. The truth was written on his face. There was no fillet. The American was angry, but calm. He said: "Bring me anything you've got in your measly old ranch. I don't care what it is. Only don't keep me in suspense. I don't want to make up my mouth for any more things and not get them. Get me anything you have got.

He received a fair sort of a dinner. but he was out of sorts all the time. It is no laughing matter to work one's imagination up to one thing and get another. When it came to making out the bill you may image how carefully he watched his man putting down the items. As the waiter wrote, he talked.

This is how it ran: "One soup, one radishes and butter, one new potatoes, one turbot, one steak, one asparagus, one peas, one Bass'-how many breads?"

"What?" "How many breads?" "None of your business."

"Well, I'll have to charge for two." "Charge? You don't charge for

"Yes, sir. A penny for each bread." "Humph! Well, I had one." This

verv sulkily. "How many butters?" "Eh?"

"How many butters?" "Butters-Oh! You charge for butter? Ah! I see. Two butters. There's nothing mean about you. Oh, no. Hold on there. Don't add her up yet. You've seemed to conspire to hurl us to deforgotten the salt. I had some on my struction.'

"No charge for salt." charge for in this infernal country? Per- train dashed. I tugged at the lever and haps you want to tuck it on for that glass of water I had a mouthful out of. No? Well, this is simply paralyzing self. Then suddenly I remembered that

fully five hundred people dine every day. I know, because I have seen the man. I We were making more than a mile a see him in the mirror every morning minute. Little pieces of sand and dirt

The Mistake in Buying a Bonnet.

"Now, whoever saw an old-gold rose!" she cried, appealing to the mirror, "or black asters, or brown lilies of steam, and dust. the valley, or pea-green chrysanthemums? It's just like a man! Not the the throttle, hoping that the engine least idea of taste! And they'll put would throw herself from the track on anything on to him. Probably some old | the curve and save the train from destructhings they had left over from last year, and then stuck them together on a child's hat and told Jack it was the latest style! And he believed them, the ninny! It's just like him! Well, he may train, and people were crowding around wear it, if he wants to; I sha'n't!"

Jack arrived at this juncture, his face beaming like a bran-new tin pan in noonday sunshine. Seeing the millinery in the hands of his helpmate, he exclaimed, gleefully:

"So you've got it, Mary! A little hurt. - Denver Tribune. surprise, you know. It's a stunner, ain't

"I should say it was, Mr. Jack." It was the tone of these words rather than their intrinsic intelligence that caused Jack's face to elongate sud-

"Why, what's the matter, Mary?" he exclaimed, in alarm. "Matter, Mr. Jack!" returned Mary. ons-his fists-was unconsciously

holding the bonnet out at arm's length. as if it had been a recent occupant of the small-pox hospital. "Matter, Mr. Jack!" she repeated; "I should think you'd ask! Just look at it!" "Why," said Jack, beginning to lose confidence in his ideas on taste, "isn't it pretty?"

Pretty!" screeched Mrs. J.

With that she let the millinery fall from her grasp, and then dropped all in a heap on the nearest chair and fell to weeping like a force pump. It was hard on poor Jack. He had

self. "It will come so unexpected, too! And how she will admire my taste!" on the verge of hysterics!

of tears? net. There, dear, don't cry any more; Monthly. but put on your things and go right down to Plushington's and pick one out yourself. Now don't cry, dear. I've the gentleman that owns this house and

Mrs. Jack's tears gradually dried, though a great sob every now and then showed the terrible anguish which still | Well, every man has a skeleton in his rent her bosom. She deigned no an- | closet. - Boston Courier.

A Hungry Man's Experience in London. swer to her lord's entreaties, excepting something or other about that "horrid thing," and was about to break out again into fresh weeping, when Jack peat of the Spanish primate, stands in begged her again to go to the milliner's the first rank of cathedrals, and is inright off, kissed her hastily, and dis- vested with a ponderous gloom that has creetly left her alone with her grief. When the door was safely shut behind him-the truth must be told-he did royal power lavished their resources say something that rhymed with lamb, upon it, and its dusky chapels are load-

> Jack recovered from her sorrow. Hard- divide its five naves rise with a peculiar ly had the street door closed ere she was inward curve, which gives them an herself again. There was now a look' elastic look of growth. They are the of triumph on her face. Hastily put giant roots from which the rest has ting on her street garments, she shoved the despised bonnet into the band-box, and a minute later was on her way to Mendoza lies buried, with a number of Plushington's.

It is needless to follow her thither. If

shop; if a man, the less you know about a window in the arched ceiling, around such places the better for your peace of the pale radiance of which are mind.

bonnet of her own choice-she was su- altar, as if one were suddenly premely happy. And Jack was happy, too, to see his spouse in so heavenly a gels careering in a beam of real superframe of mind. "Well, I vum!"

Thus said Mrs. Jack, as she took her seat; for right in front of her in the mighty edifice; and this, with the ram-Bangupton pew, there sat Mrs. Bangupton-the recognized leader in the fash ionable world—with a bonnet the very counterpart of that "horrid thing" which Jack had sent home as a surprise to Mrs. J. This is what Mrs. J. "vummed"

about. There were the identical neutral strings; the nondescript roses, chrysanthemums, lilies and asters, were all py thing" was before her in every par-It is safe to say that Mrs. Jack got

little edification from the service that

morning. Mrs. Bangupton's bonnet was mixed up with the hymns; it was everywhere throughout the creed, collects, prayers: the morning lessons were entirely devoted to millinery; the sermon, from text to finish, was Bangupton and bonnet; and the benediction was made up of the same ubiquitous elements. On her way home Mrs. Jack was not so cheerful as when she started thence. On the contrary, she was taciturn, sad, not to say morose. Jack saw that something was wrong, but, being a discreet

sode fresh in his remembrance, he said nothing. It was, no doubt, the wiser Upon reaching home, Mrs. Jack flew up the stairs, but not until she was in and another disappointment. There the solitude of her own chamber did her were no lamb chops. Would be try a sorrow find words. Clutching convuldown the stone. Later on, the church fillet of beef, rare? Yes, he would sively at the strings of her new honnet. sively at the strings of her new bonnet,

she pulled it off and then sank into

husband, and having yesterday's epi-

chair and burst into tears. "I don't care, there!" This was her only exclamation. She continued to weep and sob for five minutes, perhaps. Then suddenly she dried her eyes, took up her bonnet, scanned it all over, and, with a look of satisfaction rather than of joy, ex-

claimed: "Well, I picked it out myself, at any rate! None of his buying! I'd a died rather than have him by my bonnets!" And no doubt she would.—Boston

Transcript.

A Strange Accident.

John Flarharity, an engineer on Denver & Rio Grande engine, was run-Leadville. He was ordered to go down the road and meet the incoming passenger at Eiler's. Just as he started out of the yards, the strap connected with the lever broke, and he lost all control of the engine. The engine was a new one and in good condition, and he says he never can explain just why or how it happened. Running at a tremendous speed down grade, he expected every moment to be dashed to

instant death. "It was an awful moment," said Flarharity, "when I found that the engine would not respond to the touch of the lever, and that she was beyond my control. The cylinder heads blew out, the steam blinded me, and everything

"How heavy was the grade?"
"One hundred and eighty-five feet to "What? Is there anything you don't the mile. Down the steep incline the brakes, but it was as if I had been tugging at the solid parts of the engine it was to meet the passenger-train at And he went out muttering. This Eiler's. My fireman jumped off early actually occurred in a restaurant where in the race, and I was left alone, thinkwhen I am dressing.—London Cor. Chi-flew against my face and stung like cago News.

flew against my face and stung like coals of fire. I yelled and screamed, for I knew that our only hope was to flag that train and get her on the sidetrack. I saw the operator, Woodward, running for the train as he saw me com-

ing, enveloped in a cloud of smoke, and "With one last effort I opened wide tion. Then I jumped, and unconsciousness overcame me. When I recovered I saw the engine lying on her side within forty feet of the passengerme bathing my head, and hoping I was not killed."

Flarharity escaped miraculously with only a few slight bruises. The accident was one of the strangest on record, and in it not a single person was seriously

How Weapons First Came to Be Employed.

The idea of employing weapons for assault or defense was a logical result of the first contests that took place between man and man. In these contests the strongest man with his native weapfather of all arms and all armed strength, for his weaker antagonist would early seek to restore the balance of power between them by the use of some sort of weapon. The shorterarmed man lengthened his striking power by the use of a stick, and found after a time, the help its leverage and weight afforded him. The first case in which the chance-selected, heavy-ended staft or club showed that weight or dish. hardness had its value, was a first step toward furnishing it with a strong head. Hence the blow of the fist was the promised himself no end of pleasure as the result of his little surprise. "Mary will be so happy!" he had said to himshaft, helped, as knowledge increased. by the bow or "throwing-stick," was Instead of this, that beautiful bonnet lay the precursor of the dart and arrow. neglected on the floor, and his wife was | The character of the first weapons was largely determined by the nature of the What was he to do under these dis- materials from which they were detressing circumstances? Do? What rived, and their shape partly from this would any husband do in the presence and partly by copying the forms of the weapons possessed by the animals the "Oh, well, Mary," he said, coaxing- primitive men slew. Hence arises the ly, "if it doesn't suit you, of course you general similarity in character and can change it. I ought to have known shape of the earliest tools from all that a man isn't fitted to pick out a bon- parts of the world. - Popular Science

-A city home: Inquirer-"Are you got to go to the office; but you'll go to lot? Citizen—"No, I don't own this Plushington's right away, won't you, house and lot. I only live here and pay the taxes on 'em."

The Cathedral of Toledo, Spain. The cathedral of Toledo, long the something almost savage about it. For six centuries art, ecclesiasticism and but it is certain that "lamb" was not | ed with precious gems and metals, tawdry though the style of their ornamen-It was wonderful how quickly Mrs. tation often is. The huge pillars that the older Kings of Spain, in a grewsome sunless vault; but at the back of you are a woman, you know how a the altar there is contrived with the-woman disports herself in a millinery atrical effect a burst of white light from assembled painted figures, gradually The next day was Sunday, Easter Sunday, and as Mrs. Jack walked down the broad aisle in her new bonnet—the giving place to others in veritable relief, all sprawling, flying, falling down the wall inclosing the permitted to see a swarm of saints and annatural illumination. A private covered gallery leads above the street from the

archbishop's palace into one side of the bling, varied aspect of the exterior, in portions resembling a fortress, with a stone sentry-box on the roof, recalls the days of prelates who put themselves at the head of armies, leading in war as in everything else. A spacious adjoining cloister, full of climbing ivy and figs, Spanish cypress, the smooth-trunked laurel-tree, and many other growths, all bathed in opulent sunshine, marks the voices of children now ring out from | mour, 70. the upper rooms of the cloister building, where the widows and orphans of cathedral servants are given tree homes Through this "cloister of the great church" it was that Cervantes says be hurried with the MS. of Cid Hamete Benengeli, containing Don Quixote's history, after he had bought it for half a real-just two cents and a half. A temple of the barbaric and the barbarous, the cathedral dates from the

thirteenth century; but it was preceded by one which was built to the Virgin in her lifetime, tradition says; and she came down from heaven to visit her shrine. The identical slab on which she alighted is still preserved in one of the chapels. A former inscription said to believers: "Use yourselves to kiss it for your much consolation," and their obedient lips have in time greatly worn was used as a mosque by the infidel connuerors, and when they were driven out it was pulled down to be replaced by the present huge and solemn structure. But by a compromise with the subjugated Moors, a Muzarabic mass (a seeming mixture of Mohammedan ritual with Christian worship) was ordained to be said in a particular chapel; and there it is recited still, every morning in the year. I attended this weird, half-Eastern ceremony, which was conducted with an extraordinary, incessant babble of rapid prayer from the priests in the stalls, precisely like the inarticulate hum one imagines in a mosque. On the floor below and in front of the altar steps was placed a richly draped chest, perhaps meant to represent the tomb of Mohammed in the Caaba, and around it stood lighted candles. During the long ning a "pusher" in the yards at and involved mass one of the younger priests, in appearance almost an imbecile, had the prayer he was to read pointed out for him by an altar-boy with what looked like a long knife-blade used for the purpose. Soon after an incense-bearing acolyte nudged him energetically to let him know that his turn had now come. This was the only evidence I could discover of any progress in knowledge or goodness resulting from the Muzarabic mass .- George

P. Lathrop, in Harper's Magazine.

Easy Arithmetical Problems. If it costs a colored family eighty cents per week to keep four dogs and a goat, how much less will it cost if a policeman breaks the goat's neck and two of the dogs get in the way of a street

Six times seven girls are how many girls, and what on earth are they good

A lady bought a hat for twelve dollars, a set of frizzes for four dollars, a pair of shoes for six dollars, and a comb for three dollars. How much would all have cost her if the man hadn't told her that he had quit the trust system? A woman pays seventy-five cents for a shirt for her husband and nine dollars hear it. Possibly it was a pain in the for a pair of silk hose for herself. What was the cost of both?

A man who desires to move a cookstove weighing two hundred pounds calls in a neighbor to lift one hundred and eighty pounds of the infernal old A tramp has two hundred feet to go has three hundred feet to go to bite the tramp. The tramp travels at the rate of twelve miles an hour, and the dog at the rate of twenty. How near the gate

will the poor, discouraged sufferer be when the canine catches on? A man who gulps down a five-cent glass of beer and tells the saloon-keeper to charge it is obliged to pay a doctor two dollars and fifty cents for cementing a crack in his skull, while the saloonist is fined three dollars for doing such a cracking good business. How much money was involved altogether, and how much would have been saved if the beat had waited until a candidate came

along and asked him to take something? A housewife sold a coat to a peddler for a vase worth nine cents, a pair of boots for a china dog worth six cents terms. He was in constant correspondand a vest for a glass bottle worth four ence with Bret Harte, had lunched cents; how much did she receive for all, | with Tennyson, was in friendly relations and how much over six dollars clear with the Prince of Wales, and, in short,

profit did the peddler make? A grocer takes twenty-eight pounds length a quiet individual at the other of butter worth thirty-two cents per pound, and mixes it with fifty-six sation with the question: "My dear pounds of butter worth fourteen cents | sir, did you happen to know the Siamese per pound. He then hangs out a sign | twins when they were in this country?" "gilt-edged butter," and sells the whole for twenty-nine cents per pound. How much does he make?

NEW TABLE OF DRY MEASURE. Two schooners make one pint. Two pints make three drunks. One quart (of strawberries) makes One peck makes six quarts.

One bushel (of peddler's apples) is three pecks. - Detroit Free Press. Didn't Know His Own Language.

The deplorable ignorance of foreigners was conspicuously displayed the other day in a certain English village. The keeper of the principal shop has aspirations for his daughter, and sent her to several boarding and finishing schools till she was, in her fond father's eyes, brimful of knowledge of the most unimpeachable character. He believed her to be possessed of unlimited wisdom, and proudly told a friend how she played, sang, danced, and what a number of languages she spoke. "But how ignorant them foreigners is!" he observed. "Why, there was a Frenchman down here last week, and my gal was talking to him for an hour or more, and I tell you half the time he couldn't make out what she was saying! The man didn't know his own language!"

-- Sara Bernhardt is married at last. -Mrs. Sarah E. Shelton, of Richmond, was the "Annabel Lee" Poe's famous poem.

PERSONAL AND LITERARY.

-Albert Wolff, in an article published in Paris, argues that the influence of American wealth on French art is bad, tending to render it "low and mercenary.

-Just before the death of Mrs. L. A Mathews, of Lakewood, N. J., recently, her sight, of which she had been deprived several years, was restored. She was 103 years of age. - N. Y. Graphic, -The literary industry of the late Jacob Abbott was extraordinary. Dur-

ing his busy life he wrote 180 volumes. besides doing a vast amount of editorial work, and contributing many articles to Harper's Monthly. -Mr. Spurgeon, the London preacher, is a lover of birds, and he loves them in the only true fashion. He in-

ers of bread-crumbs, but never thinks Is the only positive one known, and to show what this remedy will do we give here -Representative Allen, of Missouri, had a life-long ambition to go to Congress. He was finally elected, but on reaching Washington was taken with the sickness which ended fatally, so that he attended but one day's session after all. - Detroit Post.

vites them to his lawn with daily show-

-George Dolby, the business agent of Dickens during his last tour through the United States, propises to issue a series of Dickens' letters to him. As many were written very quickly and at moments of intense excitement, it is probable that the volume will have

some sharp passages. -The following well-known persons are over 70 years of age: Ralph Waldo Emerson, 79; Charles O'Conor, 78; David Dudley Field, 77; Charles Francis Adams, John G. Whittier and Jefferson Davis, each 74; Oliver Wendell Holmes and Cornelius K. Garrison, 73; the site of an old Jewish market, which Jeremiah S. Black, Robert Toombs there; the "mean, scrimpy, night-cap- Archbishop Tenorio in 1389 incited a and Phineas T. Barnum, 72; Wendell mob to burn in order that he might | Phillips, 71; Judah P. Benjamin, Alexhave room for this sacred garden. But ander H. Stephens and Horatio Sey-

-John G. Saxe, the poet, who is so afflicted mentally in his old age, has a competency which was greatly increased some years ago by a fortunate speculation in Texas cattle-raising with his brother, Peter Saxe. The poet furnished some of the capital and his brother went to Texas to attend to the ranche. "My brother John." Peter said some years ago, "has made more money out of cattle in one year than he has made out of writing poetry in

twenty years." -Mrs. Nicholas Smith, formerly Ida Greeley, the eldest daughter of Horace Greeley, who died at Chappaqua, N. sole survivor of a family that a f-w I cannot express my feelings of delight. It has been a God send to me, may he years ago had a national prominence. A brother died sometime before the demise of Mr. Greelev. Mrs. Smith leaves three little children, one an infant only a few weeks old.-Chicago Journal.

HUMOROUS.

-A Missouri girl wrote 2,378 words on a postal card, and then mailed it without any address. The family didn't

-The paragraphers are making fun of the way Alyce Carlysle, a Western wryter of verses, spelis her name. But the gyrl has a ryght to spell it in that y-se if she wants to. - Syracuse Herald. -Teaching the young idea: "Grandoa, the sun is brighter in summer than in winter, is it not?" "Yes, and it's

"Why does it enjoy better health?" Because it gets up earlier. -When reprimanded by his employer or absenting himself from the office for two entire days, Fogg very calmly re-plied that he believed in the office seekng the man, and not the man seeking

warmer and enjoys better health.'

the office. - Boston Transcript. -When Filkinsbury moved away from town he was asked if he received anything in the way of a keepsake from the citizens. "No," he replied "nothing; though I believe there was something said about my receiving the congratulations of the people on my change

of residence." -Her lips were like the leaves, he said, By autumn's crimson tinted: By autumn's crimson tinted;
Some people autumn leaves preserve
By pressing them, she hinted.
The meaning of the gentle hint
The lover did disc-rn,
And so he clasped her round the neck,
And glued his lips to her'n.

—Our Continent.

-"When I came to town," said a rich broker, "I hadn't a penny of my own." "And have you now, sir?" asked a quiet-faced man in the far corner of the room. The broker didn't answer the question. Perhaps he didn't stomach that drew his face down so suddenly.

-"See here," said a fault-finding husband to his wife, "we must have things arranged in this house so we and eighty pounds of the infernal old thing, while he gets away with the remainder. What is the remainder?

A transplace two hundred fact to get sweetly answered; "and let us begin to reach a gate, while the farmer's dog dearly like to know where they are with your late hours, my love; I should kept." He lets things run on as usual. -Waif.

-This is an amateur. He knows all about music, and he tells all he knows Upon to his friends. How good of him. But it does not take him very long to tell it. He likes the modern school and considers Bach one of its best men. He does not like the tempo of the conductors. This pains the conductors and the musicians. The horn-player weeps into his instrument. But we like the amateur. We had sooner go to the funeral of one musical amateur than to that of ten conductors. - The Score.

-The other day a pompous little fellow at a dinner-table was boasting of the great men with whom he was on intimate knew everything and everybody. At end of the room broke in on the conver-Our hero, who evidently had a talent for lying, but no real genius, at once replied: "The Siamese twins, sir? Yes, sir, I became very intimate with one of them, but I never had the good fortune to meet the other. - Chicago Times.

Growth of the Telephone Business.

The success of the telephone business

in the short period of its existence is in remarkable contrast with the early his-Company, for the year ending February 28, 1882, just compiled, shows an increase in the number of instruments rented to subordinate companies from 132,592 to 189,374 (over 4,700 a month): exchanges in operation, 408, to 592; subscribers, 47,880 to 70,525; miles of wire, 28,316 to 49,168. An item in the account illustrative of the rapid progress in telephonic appliances is 54,229 instruments destroyed, or to be destroyed, because defective. The gross earnings for the year are reported at \$1,001,924, of which \$885,312 came from the rental

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as a sample of cases cured by it, a statement which was

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R. A. GAINES. Enosburgh Valls, Vt., Feb. 25, '79. Sworn and subscribed to before me this 25th day of Feb., A. D. 1879.

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Read below of its wonderful effects as a liniment for the hurs an family. HEMATITE, MISSOURI, August 20, 1880. B. J. KENDALL & Co., GENTS:-1 am so overjoyed in view of the result of an ap plication of your Kendall's Spavin Cure that I feel that I ought for Humanities' sake publish it to the world. About thirty-five years ago while riding a young ugly horse, I was injured in one of my testicles, and from that time to three weeks ago a slow but constant enlargement has been the result, giving me a great amount of trouble, almost entirely preventing me from horseback riding, which was my usual way of traveling. I saw a notice of your Kendall's Spavin t'ure, never once thought of it for anything except for horses, but after receiving he medicine and reading over what it was good for, feeling terribly exercised about my difficulty, for Y., recently, of diphtheria, was a lady be endured no longer to remove it with the knife. I applied your Kendall's Spavin of culture and of unusual force of char- Cure as an experiment, and it was so painful in its application that I concluded acter. After her father's death, she not to repeat it and thought no more about it until near a week, and lo and be old traveled some in Europe. A younger unmarried sister, Gabrielle, is now the

> d to others with like troubles, Paster of Hematite Congregational Church. P. S. You are at liberty to put this in any shape you may please. I am not

KENDALL'S SPAVIN CURE!

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