THE JOURNAL.

WEDNESDAY, SEPT. 27, 1882.

Entered at the Postoffice, Columbus, Neb., as second class matter.

The Best Side.

Everybody has a best side, and everybody has an ugly side; some people have several ugly sides. There are those so amiable or so well trained, or so self-contained, that they rarely show jaggedness on any side. But these are rare. The ideal gentleman never forgets what is due to himself, never forgets what is due to others. So of the ideal lady. We do sometimes find these ideal personages in real life, but rarely. Ordinary people make up, or try to, for coarseness in the kitchen by refinement in the parlor, and are more courteous to their betters than is due, that they may atone for scant courtesy to their inferiors, or those they deem such. There are very few natures so purged, so disciplined, so chastened by religion, or any other force, that upon greater or less provocation the unhallowed passion within them will not glare forth from their eyes, crimson in their cheeks, tremble in their limbs, quiver in their voices or gnaw silently at their vitals. For within us all slumber or lie in ambush waiting a favorable opportunity to spring forth at least ten deadly sins forbidden in the Decalogue. However perfectly one may seem outwardly to conform to the requirements of high morality and lofty virtue, where lives the human being but daily needs to utter the petition, "Lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil," but needs to smite upon his breast and exclaim, "God be merciful to me, a sinner?"

Alike beneath the polished exterior of conventional courtesy and the rough exterior of "no manners at all" is the ceaseless conflict of passion, interest, duty, ambition, conscience, waging; in my lady's elegant boudoir, and in the attic devoted to menial servants. The conflict is one, though in different parts of the field, one under velvet and calico, under broadcloth and jeans.

No appetite or passion of the human mind or body is in itself wrong. Every one was planted there by the beneficent Creator for the good of the possessor, and, rightly indulged and exercised, results in good. But without the possibility of vice there can be no virtue. The greatest men that have lived have been men of large appetites and passions, who have brought them under control, who have harnessed them to the chariot of reason, subjugated them to the yoke, made them obedient to check and rein. We have inspired authority for the fact that even the Spotless One was "tempted in all parts like as we are."

It is not strange that hearts burning with hate, inflamed with resentment, torn by conflicting passion, or wearied by sorrow, by ill-health, by baffled hopes and disappointed expectations, should sometimes unconsciously or carelessly permit the gaze of the passer-by. With such hearts we are coming into more or less intimate contact all the time, and how to make that contact kindly and helpful is a question always important to the lover of his kind. We may exaggerate the woes of others by our bearing and manner, or we may soothe, restrain, heal the wounded heart. We are all our "brother's keeper," whether he accept the trust or not. If we reject it, we too may hear the voice of his blood crying to God from the ground.

The mother is continually called on to come into most intimate contact with the various members of her household, to compose disputes, to harmonize conflicting interests, to soothe perturbed spirits, to help them that have lost control of themselves to regain it, to help those who have never gained control of themselves to acquire it, to subdue the refractory, to guide the unruly, to disipline the disobedient, to distil from all the various complex elements thrown into her crucible that divine essence we call Home. She, and she only, who sedulously, from principle and by habit, cultivates that which is noblest and best in herself can call out that which is noblest and best in those around her. Only by repressing and overcoming that in herself which is evil can she compel and secure the repression and restraint of that which is evil in those under her guardian care. She is the mirror in which her household will glass themselves. As she is, such will they unconsciously shape themselves. The showing of her best side to them will infallibly compel them to show their best side to her. And how can she do those she loves and would serve a greater kindness than by habitually calling out the best there is in them?

It is wise to seek the companionship of individuals who put us on our best behavior, who call out the best impulses and aspirations and purposes within us, and to avoid those who kindle or quicken our consciousness of lower and baser impulses. Solitude is infinitely better than bad companionship. But with the multitude of cheap reprints of our best authors one never need be alone or in unworthy company. *—N. Y Tribune.*

* * *

Seven Hours in a Coffin.

"Seven hours in a coffin added ten years to my life," was the singular remark made to your correspondent on Thursday last, which resulted this morning in the unfolding of a most remarkable tale of adventure. Martin Strong, a shoemaker living—or rather dying—at his brother's house, on Twelfth street, told for the first time of a horrible experience through which he passed in the summer of 1868, when he was pronounced dead by his physician, and came within an ace of being buried alive. Strong has suffered for several years with an affection of the spine. He has been unable to attend to his business for several years because of the ailment, and now appears to be on the verge of the grave. "I will tell you all that I remember," said the shoemaker, as he gulped down a half-tumblerful of brandy and water, "but I object to having anything published in a newspaper, and I don't thank my old doctor for sending you here. In the month of June, 1868, I was taken violently ill with a terrible pain at the base of the brain, and a chilliness all the way down the spinal column. I then lived in a room on South street, and had a shop on Ridge avenue. About the middle of June, I took to bed and called in Dr. Harker (who died a few years ago, by the way), and afterward Dr. Cummings, now living, I believe, near Camden. Neither of them appeared to know what ailed me. I became delirious, and remained in that state from the 28th of June to the 4th of July. I remember distinctly awaking on that morning and hearing the noise of fireworks. In the afternoon the queer feeling in my backbone increased, and by sundown I felt as though I was paralyzed from the neck down. I remained in that state until nine o'clock the next morning, and then the chilly feeling began extending all over my body. I lost all power of motion, and could not even open my mouth or eyes. Still I heard everything going on about me. Dr. Cummings held my pulse, and I heard him tell my brother that I would probably live until noon.

"At eleven o'clock—for I heard the clock strike—a shiver seemed to go through me, and my brother lifted my head. I heard the doctor say: 'He's going now, I think.' I could not utter a sound nor move a muscle. Then I felt the doctor unbutton my night-shirt and place his ear above my heart. He raised his head in a moment and said: 'He's gone.' My God, how I did try to move at that moment, but it was no use; I couldn't even as much as wink. My body must have been cold, to give the idea of death, but I did not feel the cold, except in the region of my spine. My supposed dead body was covered with a sheet and placed in the middle of the bed. My brother then locked up the house and went out. Now, what happened almost immediately afterward is so very strange and incredible that I must ask you to believe it simply on my word alone, because I would not insult your intelligence by such a stupendous statement unless it were true. I lay there thinking of the awful agony I would endure should they bury me alive. I seemed to live a lifetime, and the mental torture was the most terrible you can imagine. My brother had been gone about ten minutes, I should judge, when suddenly I felt a new sensation. My back seemed as though it was being pricked by hundreds of needles, and I felt a warmth creeping down my backbone. This warmth extended gradually to other parts of the body, and involuntarily I gave a great sigh. That simple action brought back the suspended functions of life, and the next instant I had thrown the sheet off and was on my feet. I was still weak, and sat down in a chair to think. Then I knelt down and offered up a prayer of thankfulness. These feelings were now succeeded by the jolliest humor imaginable. I felt so good that I could hardly restrain myself from opening the window and shouting for joy, but I restrained myself and sat still. Then it occurred to me that it would be a harmless joke to surprise my brother, the doctor, and the world in general by suddenly rising out of the coffin, if I could maintain my equanimity long enough for them to put me in it. The more I thought of the scheme the more I liked it, and actually laughed aloud as I imagined the horror-stricken countenances of the people at seeing a dead man rise up and speak. My brother might return at any moment, so to carry out the plan successfully I lay down again and had the sheet ready to draw over my face the moment I heard him come in. I suppose I remained in that position for twenty minutes or more, when the front door opened and shut, and I heard footsteps ascending the stairs. I waited until he had nearly reached the top and then attempted to draw up the sheet, which covered me to the waist. Great heavens! I could not move a finger. Like a flash that same old chilly feeling came upon me, and I was, to all intents and purposes a dead man again. My ghastly joke nearly resulted in a horrible fate. My brother, the moment he entered the room, went to a closet and took out a Bible. 'When he sees the disarranged sheet,' I thought, 'he will suspect something, and take means to awaken me;' but he didn't seem to notice anything, but covered my face again, and then, sitting down, began to read. If the agony before my revival was horrible, this was superlative. My brain seemed on fire from the intensity of thinking. At five o'clock in the afternoon the door-bell rang, and my brother answered it. My horror was complete when I heard my brother say: 'I want the funeral to take place in the morning, so it will not be necessary to put him in ice, although the weather is warm. Just be kind enough to have everything arranged to-night.' Then he went down stairs, and the undertaker brought up a plain walnut coffin. I was washed, dressed and placed in the coffin without being able to even twitch an eyebrow in protest. I shall never forget that night. It was an eternity. I heard the State-house clock strike the midnight hour, and all the weird stories about ghosts and the dead chased through my almost frantic brain. It would fill a volume to tell how I suffered. On the following morning at nine o'clock my brother and a few friends were assembled in the front down-stairs room. I was in the coffin upstairs, when again did that feeling come over me as on the day before. Again I sighed and came back again to life, just as my brother entered the room. He seemed to take in the situation at a glance, and, closing the door after him, locked it. Of course he embraced me, and then, in his eccentric way, went out and told my half-dozen shoemaker friends that there would be no funeral, that I was not dead, and that he had summoned them merely to test their friendship. Knowing his oddities the men believed him and went away. The undertaker was sent for, and the doctor. While they were not pledged to secrecy, it was generally understood that nothing was to be said, for my brother's sake, who detests publicity in any form, so if you insist upon saying anything in the paper stick it away in some corner." Dr. Cummings corroborated the strange story fully, and the undertaker, while he rerefused to talk about it at all, would not deny it directly. The strangest part of the whole affair is the fact that it has never been brought to light before.— *—Philadelphia Cor. N. Y. News.*

* * *

Death to Flies in One-half Hour.

Heretofore one of the greatest of our trials in summer has been in the keeping of our dining room and kitchen free from flies. It is a rule with us that nets shall be in all opened windows and that the net doors must be kept closed, and there is no deviation from this. But careful as we might be the pests would get in. We have brushed until shoulders and arm were lame and hands blistered; have used various fly-catchers, sticky fly paper and poison fly paper, discarding the latter several times on account of its poisonous properties and disgusting effects, but returning to it because we did not know what else to do. We will say that our house is very sunny, light and airy—we have no blinds, and can not darken the rooms and so keep the flies out. A short time ago we became alive to the necessity of throwing away once for all the fly paper, having been convinced that it was impregnated with a solution of arsenic. Knowing the efficacy of Persian insect powder—Pyrethrum roseum or cinerariæfolium—in destroying insect life, we closed the windows and doors of the dining-room, sprinkled a large handful of this powder upon a few live coals and retired to await results. The smoke was quite dense for two hours, yet at the end of that time not one fly was dead, they were somewhat weak in the legs, but soon revived.

After this failure we next purchased a small insect powder bellows for one dollar, half filled the receptacle with powder and blew it all around the room, making a fine dust. Soon a buzzing was heard, as when a fly is caught in a spider's web, only louder, and in one-half hour every fly in the room was dead. The fly season is now robbed of its terrors for us, for a few puffs of the bellows each morning before sweeping keeps our rooms free from flies. The powder costs 60 cents per pound at wholesale, but with care will last some time, for *gentle* puffs of the powder answer every purpose, as it is only necessary to blow it once where the flies can breath it.*—Cor. Rural New Yorker.*

* * *

—The great mortality resulting from the use of pistols by boys last Fourth of July has led to prohibitive ordinances in about half the cities of the country. The following, first enacted by Boston, is the form usually followed: "No person shall sell to any child under the age of sixteen years, without the written consent of a parent or guardian of such child, any cartridge of fixed ammunition of which any fulminate is a component part, or any gun, pistol or other mechanical contrivance arranged for the explosion of such cartridge or of any fulminate." The penalty varies from a light fine to a heavy one, with imprisonment.*—N. Y. Sun.*

Fashion Items.

Inflated skirts are looming up.

Persian mauve is a color which keeps its favor in the world of fashion.

Pink silk stockings and low-cut patent leather shoes are considered to be in high style with archery costumes.

Young ladies in Paris dress almost entirely in white costumes. When color is worn it is seen upon the sash, or in the floral garniture.

French evening dresses of soft white Victoria silk are sometimes arranged with a graceful scarf drapery of the silk crossing the bodice diagonally, and then forming a panier at one side, while at the other side brighter material of striped gauze, spangled tulle, or lace is also draped a panier.

Of all the modes of bonnets introduced in the beginning of the season, the one which has proved the most popular is the trim little French bonnet of last year, in various modifications; the capote, the jaunty little princess, and a shape much resembling the Marie Staurt bonnet, but not so pronounced in its pointed dent upon the brim.

Cashmere pattern bands are quite in favor, and are likely to be more so as the autumn approaches. Most of these imported Indian trimmings, with dress fabric *en suite*, are of sufficiently high price to add considerable value to the possession of a toilet of this kind. These rich Oriental trimmings are employed only on dark dresses, or those of neutral tint.

Black failles, satins, poplins, watered silk, and also thinner materials; such as grenadines, silk gauzes and tulle, are all in high fashion. Black silk skirts covered with grenadine *plisses* and *bouillonnes*, and accompanied by silk or satin casaques or Jacquettes trimmed with black Spanish lace and jet, make thoroughly elegant toilets, enabling the wearer to vary them by colored trimmings and floral garniture if desired.

Painted lace is very much employed on light dresses of one or more colors, such as pale blue merveilleux and pale pink *Moire*; the painted lace, colored to correspond with these two shades, would, however, only be used to trim the principal portions of the dress—the sleeves, bodice and edgings to the drapery. The flounces, panels, or anything requiring a large amount of garniture, would be of the same lace with the designs left uncovered.

The short skirts for the summer are trimmed at the edge with voluminous ruches, chicorees, shell plaits, coquilles and the like, either of the same or a different material. Many skirts are trimmed nearly to the waist all around alike, or have different arrangements for the front and back, separated by panels. Those trimmed all around are invariably accompanied by the Spanish scarf tied at the back and draped at the extreme edge of the pointed bodice, or just under the basque which fall over the skirt.

Sleeves are excessively short, and gloves correspondingly long. Dress skirts are shrinking upward, being short enough all around to display the handsome tinted and embroidered stocking, as well as the shoe. Boots are seldom worn with evening dress, and satin is the favorite material for the very fashionable Beatrice sandals' many of which have floral designs painted on the front, and occasionally along the sides as well. A pretty foot looks far better with a flat decoration than to be heaped up with bows, rosettes, and huge buckles. But when there is little or no instep, and the foot has no arch, the addition of these loops and clasps is, of course, an improvement.—*N. Y. Evening Post.*

Disposing of Poor Stock.

Poor stock is quite likely to accumulate on farms. There is always a demand for superior animals of every kind. Some horse-trader is certain "to have his eye on" a promising colt from the time it is first foaled. The local butcher will be tolerably sure to notice the earliest and best lambs in the flock and to "speak for them" as soon as they are large enough to be slaughtered. He will also ask the owner "to name the price" for the best steers, fat wethers and pigs. In nearly every part of the country dairymen go about "picking up" young cows that are known to be deep milkers, and they are generally willing to give high prices for very promising heifers. Often the price offered for good dairy stock is such that the farmers are tempted to dispose of their best cows and heifers and are left with very poor milkers to supply the family with dairy products. Dairymen have learned the difference in value between a cow that will give twenty quarts of milk in a day and one that will furnish only half that amount. They know that there is no profit in keeping cows that can not produce and maintain a large milking record. They are generally ready to offer what seems to be a very large price for cows that will give an uncommonly large amount of milk. If a horse raised on a farm develops remarkable speed under ordinary management, some fancier is quite likely to think that he can make money in buying it and training it for the turf. There is now a great demand for very heavy horses in cities, and those that can draw heavy burdens are quite likely to be bought by local dealers for shipping to cities and large towns where a large amount of heavy teaming is carried on. As a consequence, the best animals are sold to persons who come to the farm to buy them, and the most inferior ones remain.

Many farmers are prone to keep cattle, sheep, and sometimes hogs till the period when they have little value in any market. They accordingly continue to feed them long after they have "outlived their usefulness." When they become aware of the fact that they are no longer profitable they seek to sell them, but can find no purchaser. They then think about fattening them, but the season is so far advanced that the grass nearly is all gone, and they must be prepared for the butcher by feeding them grain or other expensive sorts of food. It is often the case that an animal fattened on corn and other expensive kinds of food will not bring as much as the food costs. It is not fed to them till the weather becomes cold and most of the fattening material it contained is consumed in generating heat or repairing the waste in the system. In many cases the teeth of the animals are poor and they are not able to chew their food properly. In other cases their digestive apparatus is impaired, and the grain they eat produces little fat or muscle.

Farmers, or the members of their families, often become attached to certain animals and keep them, not for the good they now do, or for any they are expected to do in the future, but for the good they have done. This sort of sentimentality is commendable, as it gives evidence of kindly feelings, but it is very expensive, and an indulgence in it to a considerable extent will be very certain to render a stock-raiser poor. With rare exceptions only quite young animals are profitable to keep. Every farm animal reaches an age when its value begins to steadily decline, no matter how well it may be fed and cared for. What is true of animals is also true of all kinds of fowls. All kinds of farm stock should be disposed of before this period of decline is reached. Only animals and fowls in good vigor can be fattened easily, and made to bring a fair price in the market.

Farmers would do well at this season of the year to carefully look over the live stock they have and determine what animals and fowls are profitable to keep over another winter. Meat of all kinds is high, and that afforded by inferior animals will probably sell for as much the coming fall and winter as it will at any future time. Farmers often winter animals and find that they are worth less in the spring than they were in the previous fall. They have eaten a large amount of hay and grain, and required a great amount of care, and have been subjected to many dangers, but are not able to command the price they would several months before. There is nothing to show for the food they have eaten except a few loads of manure. The record of the cows kept for giving milk should be carefully examined, and if it is not good the inferior animals should be prepared for the butcher. Few persons engaged in general farming keep good dairy stock. They have ordinarily several "general purpose" cows—that is, cows that will breed calves of fair quality as beef-producers, and which will give some milk for quite a limited period. They are not cows, however, which an intelligent dairyman would keep for a term of years, even if he could obtain them as a gift. These inferior milkers should be converted into beef, and their places supplied by cows that will give double the amount of milk. Most flock-masters agree in the opinion that it is not desirable to keep sheep that can be converted into mutton after they are four years old. They will produce large fleeces and drop good lambs after that time, but their value as meat-producing animals will begin to decline. It will require more food, and that of a better quality, to fatten them as they become old, and their flesh will be of less value. As to fowls, no one wishes to buy those that are old, however fat they may be.—*Chicago Times.*

Journalism and Women.

No work is more strangely and more curiously misunderstood than that required by journalism. It not only requires special talent of a high order, but the greatest amount of technical discipline, general information, adaptability, quickness of diction, and fertility of resources. With all this it requires, too, what is almost a sixth sense; the mental habit of keen analysis and swift combination. While these qualifications are, in their perfection, the result of experience, they must also be natural gifts. The journalist, even as the poet, is born, not made. The young woman who aspires to do "critical literary work" would, upon trial, probably be found incompetent to write a local paragraph satisfactorily. If she is earnest in her desire to enter journalism she must be content to begin at the beginning. She must realize the importance of that sympathetic perception, graphic delineation, and power of representation that characterize the able reporter. It is a department whose discipline is invaluable and whose scope it may well be a young woman's aspiration to ably fill, and there is not the slightest danger of her work being too good for it—the anxiety should be to have it sufficiently good. If the aspiring young woman is ready to begin in the simplest manner, and bring her best abilities to whatever she is set to do, she may, in time, grow to other work. That depends wholly on innate ability and her power of perseverance.

Again, the professional journalist is as often amazed as amused over the attitude taken by the young woman whose contribution he rejects. Now, it is an unwritten law well understood in journalism that no editor is under the slightest obligation to give a reason for his acceptance or non-acceptance of a manuscript. He is not called upon to write a private critique on the article to the author of it. His acceptance or rejection is an absolute and unquestionable fact. Among amateur writers this does not appear to be understood. "The article is hardly available for the columns of the *Daily Designer*," writes the editor of that journal. Now that is sufficient. That should end the matter. The article may be better in some respects than a dozen others he accepts, but if he be in any sense worthy of his place he has an innate intuition of subtle fitness and intellectual adjustments, which he could no more communicate than he could put his mental life on exhibition. Moreover, there is not the slightest necessity of his communicating them. But his contributor cannot let the matter rest. Perhaps she has written a book, and she is not gratified with his review of it. She must write him a letter deprecating his judgment. She wants to know if he has read her book carefully. She tells him the *Critical Connoisseur* gave two columns of extracts from it, and that she thinks it too bad, she does, that he referred to it so unkindly. She favors him with nine pages of her views on his conduct. She alludes touchingly to the fact that seven of her dearest lady friends each sent her a copy of the *Daily Designer* that contained his cruel allusion to her volume on "Transatlantic Hurricanes," and she begs him to devote one little half hour to her production and then write fairly of it. All sub-editors and reporters understand that it is an unjustifiable impertinence to ask the managing editor his reason for publishing or not publishing any matter submitted to his judgment. Outside writers and aspiring amateurs rarely seem to comprehend this truth, and their transgressions are largely from ignorance rather than from intention. The nature of editorial work requires absolute power of decision in order to preserve the unities of the journal the editor conducts, and the amateur contributor should not permit his amour propre to incite him to open any discussion regarding the justice of the editorial judgment.—*Boston Cor. Chicago Tribune.*

Brother Gardner on Politicians.

"Bewar' of de pollytishun! If he am black, go outer yer way to shun him. If he am white, lock yer doahs an' load yer shotguns."

The old man paused here to look into his desk for a piece of slippery-elm, and Waydown Beebe took advantage of the opportunity to rise and inquire:

"Does the chair refer to a white man named Seeker Jackson?"

"Yes, de Cha'r refers to dat werry pusson," replied the President. "Fur de las' fo' weeks he has bin de plague of my life. I understan' dat he kalkerlates to run fur State Senator nex' fall, and he am now tryin' to make hisself solid wid de cull'd element; an' I furder understan' dat he has petishuned dis club for membership; an' dat he am buyin' rattleboxes, tin whis'les un' mouth-organs fur cullud babies in order to gain de esteem of deir parients. Gem'len, I desiah——"

At that moment the sounds of a wrangle were heard in the ante-room, a struggle took place, and the voice of Seeker Jackson was heard crying out:

"Let go of my hair or I'll call the police. My platform is: 'Three dollars a barrel for flour, six hoops on a barrel, and a horse and carriage to take the laboring man to his daily toil?' "

At a signal from Brother Gardner Samuel Shin and Giveadam Jones passed out, and in two or three seconds after there were sounds of breaking glass, a bump! bump! on the stairs, and then a voice floated up from the dark alley, saying:

"You can throw me down stairs every night in the week if you want to! All I ask is that you vote solid for Seeker Jackson on election day."

"Pollyticks," softly observed the President, "means lyin', stealin', cheatin', swindlin'. It means degradashun. It means loss of self-respect. It means whisky, drunkenness, fightin', stabbin', an' rollin' in de mud. Keep out of pollyticks. Keep away from pollytishuns. If dis Seeker Jackson attempts to enter de sacred portals of dis hall agin de keeper of de pass-word am heah-by authorized to pulverize him an' sell de pulverizashun to de rag-man at two cents a pound."—*From Proceedings of Limekiln Club in Detroit Free Press.*

* * *

—Judge Rumsey, of Lyons, N. Y., has sentenced a murderer to be hung on Thursday instead of following the old-time superstition. He claims credit for breaking away from the custom.

Old Maids.

It is less than forty years since that courteous gallant and fopling of phrases, Mr. N. P. Willis, characterized the class of single women as "The Dried-ups." One can not imagine a writer of equal reputation, a gentleman of equal breeding committing such a discourtesy to-day. From his point of view it was as if a hunchback should be taunted with his bent spine, or a cross-eyed man with his obliquity of vision; for he assumed that unmarried women were celibate because they were so plain, so poor in charms, so unattractive, that no man would marry them.

If literature and society are better mannered now, regarding single women with courtesy and often with admiration, it is because our theories about them are made to square more nearly with our facts. It is matter of common observation that in every circle some of its most delightful members are maidens past their youth. They are cultivated, witty, gracious, hospitable, charmingly dressed, *dimpante*, from the ruff at their throats to the rosettes on their slippers. Are these the women whom men pass by? Or there are those others who do not choose society, but who are the *dea ex machina* in so many households, the power behind the throne greater than the throne itself; the incarnate judgment, wisdom, economy, liberality of the family. Are men so dull that they do not see how these bountiful ones hold happiness in their hands and scatter it broadcast?

Thackeray, that tenderest of cynics, that most serious of jesters, declared that any woman might marry any man, if she would. And it is certainly true that most old maids have declined to pay the price of marriage. The just cause and impediment which have withheld them from the holy estate of matrimony have been from within, not from without. They certainly do not hold themselves too good to marry. They concede that true marriage is the ideal state. But it has been their fortune not to find that other half and fulfillment of themselves, whose coming could alone justify the vowing of vows. They are too honest, too brave, and too pure to use marriage as a make-shift. And it is plain that there cannot be in existence more thoughtful, more large-hearted, more self-sacrificing, more modest, tender and truthful women than these.

As the world comes to see that a woman is as separate an entity, as distinct an individuality, as a man, it will pay less and less regard to her accidents and more to herself. It will not take it for granted that she has had a "disappointment" at a tender age, or buried her youthful lover, or been the victim of a "misunderstanding," if she write herself *Miss* at forty. Nor will it audibly wonder why a charming woman is unmarried after twenty-five. It will admire her for her admirableness, whether that has had the certificate of some man's expressed approbation or not. It will permit her to live her own life.

But though it was the old notion of feminine incompleteness and subjection which made the lot of single women a reproach to the unthinking, they themselves have not been blameless. Their patience has been too endless, their meekness too long-suffering, their submission too complete. Almost with one accord have they consented to efface themselves, as the French say, grieving the while in silence that married sisters and preoccupied brothers-in-law and gay young nieces—alas, that even disappointed parents—were so ready to efface them. For there is a certain sanction in acceptance. When they acquiesce in the general verdict that they are nobodies, they enter the final judgment.

Self-sacrifice is a virtue much misunderstood. To deny one's self for a great end, to help the weak, to relieve the burdened, that is heroic. But only to sew for the idle, to take steps for the inconsiderate, to pamper vanity and folly with endless services, to be an unpaid upper servant for inappreciative kindred, to make one's self of no account that selfishness may prosper, this is slavish, and perpetuates tyranny. This degrades and belittles her who ministers, as it inflates and misleads her who is ministered unto.

The single woman may maintain that precious dignity of bearing which commands respect. If her plate be below the salt, it is left her to prove that where MacGregor sits is the head of the table. Nor should she slight her dress, and put away from her the ornaments and graces of life. They are her armor and defense, her argument and appeal. For it is for her to show, in her own person, how much more is the woman than the wife, and how incontestable is her right to a place in the house, in society, and in the world.

All women love love. The hope of a home of her own, of a fond husband and the touch of baby hands stirs early in every maiden's heart. It is with a sense of loss and hardship that she sees that hope fade without fruition, when

"the God of bounds,
Who sets to seas a shore,
Comes to her in His silent rounds
And says: "No more."

But life is full of compensations. It is left her to enjoy, to labor, and to aspire. Perhaps it is left her to illustrate, as her more fettered married sister can not, the real capacity, the actual power of achievement, of her sex.—*Harper's Bazar*.

Exceptional Weather.

A season of unusual character is sure to call forth, even from persons of much experience, the observation that they remember nothing like it before. In truth, the power of accurately recalling past weather is excessively rare; and, in the absence of precise records, the memories even of the oldest inhabitant must be received with doubt. The weather which is fine we accept as a matter of course, and forget it as soon as it is over: while that which is the reverse of fine scarcely produces a more permanent impression. It is said, by those who have studied such subjects, that no effort of memory can recall a vivid impression of past pain, and there is probably much truth in the statement. The power of appealing correctly to experience, which superficial people regard as an elementary gift of nature, is, in fact, a product of the highest intellectual cultivation, and is simply impossible to the illiterate or the untaught. There may be no intention to deceive, but there is an incapacity to observe or record with accuracy. Astronomers tell us that the regions of the earth which now enjoy a temperate climate will at some remote future pass once more through a glacial epoch; but it is a favorite assertion with the aged that the climate of these islands is manifestly diminishing in severity. There are no such winters now, we hear, as those of the "good old times," when scarcely a December passed in which the Squire's horses were not requisitioned in order to assist in dragging the mail coach out of the snowdrifts, or the able-bodied men of the parish to cut a passage for it with their picks and spades. Two years ago the snow in Oxford Street might have rivaled, even if it did not surpass, the best achievements of Salisbury Plain in the days of our grandfathers; and the truth probably is that the seasons move very much in cycles, the causes of which we may hope that meteorology will some day unravel.—*London Times*.

* * *

—"What have you been doing since I last saw you?" "I've been attending a course of free lectures." "A course of free lectures?" "Yes, I was married a week after we parted."—*Brooklyn Eagle*.

* * *

—The Albany (N. Y.) *Journal* declares that a lovely young rosebud of a cadet at West Point is "the owner of 120 pair of white duck trousers."

The Chloral Habit.

The very extensive and habitual use of seductive drowsy drugs bearing Government passports—particularly chloral—in the unobserved undercurrents of the domestic life of our times is, perhaps, little generally known, but that it is a very extensive and daily increasing evil, much encouraged and greatly facilitated by the present condition of the medicine stamp and medicine license acts, is beyond doubt or question, and a custom and habit known to medical men as the "chloral habit" is thus engendered, more enslaving and more fraught with sad results than the habits of alcohol-drinking or opium-eating. The first dose may perhaps be prescribed in the ordinary course of a physician's attendance, and the prescription is carefully treasured; more frequently, however, the weary, the wakeful and heavy laden are allured by tempting advertisements of the miraculous effects of government-stamped bottles, to be obtained of all grocers and chemists, etc. The effect of the first dose is probably charming: another dose on the next occasion is equally satisfactory. No dangerous effects being indicated on the label, no particular danger is suspected, and by degrees the habitue resorts to it until it becomes a nightly necessity. After a time the customary result is not experienced, and not unfrequently in the middle of the night, by familiarity become bold, the habitue, after hours of weary tossing, with trembling hand pours out another half-teaspoonful or a few more drops, as the label directs, and drinks it off. The desired effect and more is not produced; coma ensues for sixteen, twenty, or even more hours, greatly to the alarm of surrounding friends, and not unfrequently the consequences are such as to necessitate the services of the Coroner. From the happy, united family circle of yesternight one is absent from the breakfast table the following morning. A sudden change comes over the wonted cheerfulness of the home. The bright morning sunlight is dimmed, the tread of every step is altered and every voice is subdued, and anon the festive chamber of the house is converted into a court of inquiry, with all its solemn and somber paraphernalia, and after a short and tender deliberation the final and soothing verdict of "Misadventure by an overdose of chloral" is entered.—*MacMillan's Magazine*.

The Last of Ira Fletcher.

Forty years ago, **Ira Fletcher**, a young man of twenty-one years, was disappointed in a love affair with a young girl residing between Skowhegan, Me., and Norridge Neck. He was of a proud sensitive nature, and took his rejection to heart with a greater degree of regret than the average masculine is apt to feel. He packed his few effects, and, bidding good bye to his family, departed out into the world, they knew not where. For a time he was remembered and expected, but, as the lapse of time brought no tidings, he was at length given up as among the dead. Finally, a few days ago, a time worn wanderer appeared at the old homestead in Skowhegan. He told his story, and was recognized as the long-lost Ira. A brother settled in New London N. H., was at once notified and preparation was made for the family reunion Meanwhile Ira Fletcher revisited the once familiar scenes of his boyhood only to find them changed. His favorite hill top in the vicinity was obscured by a dense growth of timber and in the depressed state of his mind, excited by the other changes he witnessed, even this little circumstance gave him additional trouble. After the second day of his return he began to be uneasy, and his depression deepened. His friends endeavored in vain to cheer him. Suddenly, and without saying farewell, he departed as mysteriously as he came. When the brother arrived at New London, the object of his search was gone. It now transpires that in a fit of uncontrollable feeling he walked to Norridgewock and then took a train for Waterville. The following night he appeared at East Greenville, R. I., and finding that life no longer possessed charm his philosophy was no longer proof against the chrushing weight of the events of the last few days, and he placed the pistol to his breast with the muttered farewell, "Here is the last of old Ira Fletcher," and entered that vague and misty unknown "something after death," men "ken not of."—*Providence Press*.

Destruction of Salmon.

The salmon fishery on the Pacific coast, which, at one time, was a source of large profit and a vocation which afforded employment to a large number of persons, is threatened with partial destruction. The salmon is one of the noblest of fishes, and a country whose waters abound in them is highly favored; but the insatiable American greed which has destroyed millions of acres of noble timber and almost annihilated the once mighty herds of game on the Western plains, has subjected the Pacific coast fisheries to the same ruinous process. Ten years ago the pack of canned salmon was 43,000 cases; last year it was 961,000 cases, worth $5,000,000. This year the catch is very short, not more than one-half that of last year, and the canners are growing serious at the sudden decline in a business which they have pursued with such destructive avidity. In spite of the State laws passed to preserve the fish during the spawning season, the Sacramento and Columbia Rivers are dragged so incessantly night and day that the fish have the greatest difficulty in reaching their spawning grounds. In places where once boatloads were the fruit of a day's work, only a dozen fish now reward the labor of a fisherman, and the exhaustion of the California and Oregon fisheries is seen to be an inevitable event if thorough and vigorous measures be not taken to avert it. The salmon have been driven northward, and Frazer River in British America and the waters of Alaska now abound in the fish that once entered the Columbia and Sacramento. A few years of assiduous and judicious cultivation would suffice to restore the fisheries to their former condition; but it is difficult to enforce this cultivation against the rapacious demands of the canneries.—*St. Louis Republican*.

A Boy's Hand Nailed to a Board.

A boy named Alexander Watson, aged fourteen, met with a painful accident last evening at Levigne's cabinet works, where he was employed among the machinery. He was engaged on a machine worked by steam used for driving a number of nails at a stroke, and had placed a cluster of the latter and the board into which they were to be driven in the requisite order. Incautiously placing his hand on the board to ascertain if all was ready, the machine started before he expected, descending upon his hand and driving some dozen nails completely through it. The hand was fairly pinned to the board for a second, but as the machine can draw out the same lot of nails that it drives in with almost the same speed, it was only for a second. The lad was taken to Notre Dame Hospital, where the wound was dressed. It is not certain whether or not amputation will have to be performed.—*Montreal Witness*.

* * *

—In Arizona, the other day, laborers excavating for the Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe railroad, six miles south of Crittenden Station, discovered three pottery ollas filled with human bones. The ollas were imbedded three feet in solid lava rock, and appearances indicate that the lava had flowed around them. In one of the ollas were found three Spanish coins bearing the date 1543. The pottery was painted inside like that found in all the old ruins of Arizona.—*Chicago Times*.

KENDALL'S SPAVIN CURE!

THE MOST SUCCESSFUL REMEDY EVER DISCOVERED; AS IT IS CERTAIN IN ITS EFFECTS, AND DOES NOT BLISTER.

ALSO EXCELLENT FOR HUMAN *FLESH!*
☞READ PROOF BELOW ☜

From COL. L. T. FOSTER.

Youngstown, Ohio, May 10th, 1880.

B. J. Kendall & Co., Gents:—I had a very valuable Hambletonian colt which I prized very highly, he had a large bone spavin on one joint and a small one on the other which made him very lame; I had him under the charge of two veterinary surgeons who failed to cure him. I was one day reading the advertisement of Kendall's Spavin Cure in the Chicago *Express*, I determined at once to try it, and got our druggists here to send for it, they ordered three bottles, I took them all and thought I would give it a thorough trial, I used it according to directions and the fourth day the colt ceased to be lame, and the lumps had disappeared. I used but one bottle and the colts' limbs are as free from lumps and as smooth as any horse in the State. He is entirely cured. The cure was so remarkable that I let two of my neighbors have the remaining two bottles who are now using it.

Very respectfully, L. T. FOSTER.

FROM THE ONEONTA PRESS, N. Y.

Oneonta, New York, Jan. 6th, 1881.

Early last summer Messrs. B. J. Kendall & Co., of Enosburgh Falls, Vt., made a contract with the publishers of the *Press* for a half column advertisement for one year setting forth the merits of Kendall's Spavin Cure. At the same time we secured from them a quantity of books, entitled Dr. Kendall's Treatise on the Horse and his Diseases, which we are giving to advance paying subscribers to the *Press* as a premium.

About the time the advertisement first appeared in this paper Mr. P. G. Schermerhorn, who resides near Colliers, had a spavined horse. He read the advertisement and concluded to test the efficacy of the remedy, although his friends laughed at his credulity. He bought a bottle of Kendall's Spavin Cure and commenced using it on the horse in accordance with the directions, and he informed us this week that it effected such a complete cure that an expert horseman, who examined the animal recently could find no trace of the spavin or the place where it had been located. Mr. Schermerhorn has since secured a copy of Kendall's Treatise on the Horse and his Diseases, which he prizes very highly and would be loth to part with at any price, provided he could not obtain another copy. So much for advertising reliable articles.

KENDALL'S SPAVIN CURE.

Columbiana, Ohio, Dec. 17th, 1880.

B. J. Kendall & Co., Gents:—You will find below a recommendation from our expressman. We sell Kendall's Spavin Cure and find all who use it are pleased with it. You may send us more advertising matter, and a few nice cards with our names on them.

CONLEY & KING.

B. J. Kendall & Co., Gents:—I am using your Spavin Cure for a bone spavin, (bought of Conley & King, Druggists, Columbiana, Ohio.) I find it just the thing to cure a spavin; the lameness has all left my mare, and by further use of the cure I look for the lump to leave. The one bottle was worth to me ten times the cost.

Yours truly, FRANK BELL.

KENDALL'S SPAVIN CURE.

Rochester, Ind., Nov. 30th, 1880.

B. J. Kendall & Co., Gents:—Please send us a supply of advertising matter for Kendall's Spavin Cure. It has a good sale here & gives the best of satisfaction. Of all we have sold we have yet to learn the first unfavorable report.

Very respectfully, J. DAWSON & SON.

Winthrop, Iowa, Nov. 23d, 1880.

B. J. Kendall & Co., Gents:—Enclosed please find 25 cents for your treatise on the Horse and his Diseases. I have been using your Spavin Cure on one of my horses for bone spavin. One bottle entirely cured the lameness and removed most all the bunch.

Yours respectfully, LEEROY M. GRAHAM.

Milwaukee, Wis., Jan. 8th, 1881.

B. J. Kendall & Co., Gents:—I have the highest opinion of Kendall's Spavin Cure. I find it equally good for many other troubles named by you, and particularly for removing enlargements.

Yours very truly, C. F. BRADLEY.

KENDALL'S SPAVIN CURE.

Kendall's Spavin Cure is sure in its effects, mild in its action as it does not blister, yet it is penetrating and powerful to reach any deep seated pain or to remove any bony growth or any other enlargement if used for several days, such as spavins, splints, callous, sprains, swelling, any lameness and all enlargements of the joints or limbs, or rheumatism in man and for any purpose for which a liniment is used for man or beast. It is now known to be the best liniment for man ever used, acting mild yet certain in its effects. It is used in full strength with perfect safety at all seasons of the year.

Send address for Illustrated Circular, which we think gives positive proof of its virtues. No remedy has met with such unqualified success to our knowledge, for beast as well as man. Price $1 per bottle, or six bottles for $5.

ALL DRUGGISTS have it or can get it for you, or it will be sent to any address on receipt of price, by the proprietors,

18 Dr. B. J. KENDALL & CO. Enosburg Falls, Vermont.

SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

WHEN YOU TRAVEL

ALWAYS TAKE THE

B. & M. R. R.

Examine map and time tables carefully
It will be seen that this line connects
with C. B. & Q. R. R.; in fact they
are under one management,
and taken together form
what is called

The BURLINGTON ROUTE!

Shortest and Quickest Line to

CHICAGO, ST. LOUIS, PEORIA,

DES MOINES, ROCK ISLAND,

And Especially to all Points

—IN—

IOWA, WISCONSIN, INDIANA, ILLINOIS, MICHIGAN, OHIO.

PRINCIPAL ADVANTAGES ARE

Through coaches from destination on C. B. & Q. R. R. No transfers; changes from C. B. & Q. R. R. to connecting lines all made in Union Depots.

THROUGH TICKETS

—AT—

LOWEST RATES

—CAN BE HAD —

Upon application at any station on the road. Agents are also prepared to check baggage through; give all information as to rates, routes, time connections, etc., and to secure sleeping car accomodations.

This company is engaged on an extention which will open a

NEW LINE TO DENVER

And all points in Colorado. This extention will be completed and ready for business in a few months, and the public can then enjoy all the advantages of a through line between Denver and Chicago, all under one management.

P. S. Eustis.
Gen'l T'k't A'gt,
43y OMAHA, NEB.

LAND, FARMS,

— AND —

CITY PROPERTY FOR SALE,

—AT THE —

Union Pacific Land Office,

On Long Time and low rate of Interest.

All wishing to buy Rail Road Lands or Improved Farms will find it to their advantage to call at the U. P. Land Office before lookin elsewhere as I make a specialty of buying and selling lands on commission; all persons wishing to sell farms or unimproved land will find it to their advantage to leave their lands with me for sale, as my facilities for affecting sales are unsurpassed. I am prepared to make final proof for all parties wishing to get a patent for their homesteads.

☞Henry Cordes, Clerk, writes and speaks German.

SAMUEL C. SMITH,
Agt. U. P. Land Department,
621-y COLUMBUS, NEB

$66 a week in your own town. $5 Outfit free. No risk. Everything new. Capital not required. We will furnish you everything. Many are making fortunes Ladies make as much as men, and boys and girls make great pay. Reader, if you want a business at which you can make great pay all the time you work, write for particulars to H. HALLETT & Co., Portland, Maine. 4jan-y

---

1870. 1882.

— THE —

Columbus Journal

Is conducted as a

FAMILY NEWSPAPER,

Devoted to the best mutual interests of its readers and its publishers. Published at Columbus, Platte county, the centre of the agricultural portion of Nebraska, it is read by hundreds of people east who are looking towards Nebraska as their future home. Its subscribers in Nebraska are the staunch, solid portion of the community, as is evidenced by the fact that the JOURNAL has never contained a "dun" against them, and by the other fact that

ADVERTISING

In its columns always brings its reward. Business is business, and those who wish to reach the solid people of Central Nebraska will find the columns of the JOURNAL a splendid medium.

JOB WORK

Of all kinds neatly and quickly done, at fair prices. This species of printing is nearly always wanted in a hurry, and, knowing this fact, we have so provided for it that we can furnish envelopes, letter heads, bill heads, circulars, posters, etc., etc., on very short notice, and promptly on time as we promise.

SUBSCRIPTION.

1 copy per annum	$2 00
" Six months	1 00
" Three months,	50

Single copy sent to any address in the United States for 5 cts.

M. K. TURNER & CO.,
Columbus, Nebraska.

EVERYBODY

Can now afford

A CHICAGO DAILY.

THE

CHICAGO HERALD,

All the News every day on four large pages of seven columns each. The Hon. Frank W. Palmer (Postmaster of Chicago), Editor-in-Chief. A Republican Daily for

$5 per Year,

Three months, $1.50. One month on trial 50 cents.

CHICAGO

"WEEKLY HERALD"

Acknowledged by everybody who has read it to be the best eight-page paper ever published, at the low price of

$1 PER YEAR,

Postage Free.

Contains correct market reports, all the news, and general reading interesting to the farmer and his family. Special terms to agents and clubs. Sample Copies free. Address,

CHICAGO HERALD COMP'Y
120 and 122 Fifth-av.,
40-tf CHICAGO, ILL