# THE JOURNAL.

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# The Columbus Journal.


VOL. XIII.--NO. 25. • COLUMBUS, NEB., WEDNESDAY OCTOBER 18, 1882. WHOLE NO. 649.


### CONGRESSIONAL DELEGATION.

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

STATE DIRECTORY:

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

JUDICIARY:

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

FOURTH JUDICIAL DISTRICT.

G. W. Post, Judge, York.
M. B. Reese, District Attorney, Wahoo.

LAND OFFICERS:

M. B. Hoxie, Register, Grand Island.
Wm. Anyan, Receiver, Grand Island.

LEGISLATIVE:

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

COUNTY DIRECTORY:

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

CITY DIRECTORY:

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

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

### Columbus Post Office.

Open on Sundays from 11 A. M. to 12 M. and from 4:30 to 6 P. M. Business hours except Sunday 6 A. M. to 8 P. M.
Eastern mails close at 11 A. M.
Western mails close at 4:15 P. M.
Mail leaves Columbus for Lost Creek, Genoa, St. Edwards, Albion, Platte Center, Humphrey, Madison and Norfolk, every day (except Sundays) at 4:35 p. m. Arrives at 10:55.
For Shell Creek and Creston, arrives at 12 M. Leaves 1 P. M., Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays.
For Alexis, Patron and David City, Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays, 1 P. M. Arrives at 12 M.
For Conkling Tuesdays and Saturdays 7 a. m. Arrives 6 p. m. same days.

### U. P. Time Table.

*Eastward Bound.*

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Emigrant, No. 6, leaves at | | | 6:25 a. m. |
| Passeng'r, " 4, | " | " | 10:55 a. m. |
| Freight, " 8, | " | " | 2:15 p. m. |
| Freight, " 10, | " | " | 4:30 a. m. |

*Westward Bound.*

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Freight, No. 5, leaves at | | | 2:00 p. m. |
| Passeng'r, " 3, | " | " | 4:27 p. m. |
| Freight, " 9, | " | " | 6:00 p. m. |
| Emigrant, " 7, | " | " | 1:30 a. m. |

Every day except Saturday the three lines leading to Chicago connect with U. P. trains at Omaha. On Saturdays there will be but one train a day, as shown by the following schedule:

B. & M. TIME TABLE.

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

Leaves Lincoln at 2:25 P. M. and arrives in Columbus 8:30 P. M.
Makes close connection at Lincoln for all points east, west and south.

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

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

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

ALBION BRANCH.

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


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—AND—

**Wagon Builders,**

New Brick Shop opposite Heintz's Drug Store.

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

*Eleventh Street, Columbus, Nebraska.* 50

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S. J. MARMOY, Prop'r.

**Nebraska Ave., South of Depot,**

COLUMBUS, NEB.

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

☞ Sets a First-Class Table. ☜

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☞ *Kentucky Whiskies a Specialty.* ☜

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CHICAGO BARBER SHOP! HENRY WOODS, PROP'R. ☞ Everything in first-class style. Also keep the best of cigars. 516-y

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

C. D. EVANS, M. D., *PHYSICIAN & SURGEON.* ☞ Front room, up-stairs in Gluck building, above the bank, 11th St. Calls answered night or day. 5-6m

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

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

CLARK & DREBERT, *LAND AND INSURANCE AGENTS, HUMPHREY, NEBR.* Their lands comprise some fine tracts in the Shell Creek Valley, and the northern portion of Platte county.—Taxes paid for non-residents. Satisfaction guaranteed. 20 y

BYRON MILLETT, Justice of the Peace and Notary Public. BYRON MILLETT, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Columbus Nebraska. N. B.—He will give close attention to all business entrusted to him. 248.

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

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

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

NOTICE TO TEACHERS. J. E. Moncrief, Co. Supt., Will be in his office at the Court House on the first Saturday of each month for the purpose of examining applicants for teacher's certificates, and for the transactton of any other business pertaining to schools. 567-y

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

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J. S. MURDOCK & SON, Carpenters and Contractors. Have had an extended experience, and will guarantee satisfaction in work. All kinds of repairing done on short notice. Our motto is, Good work and fair prices. Call and give us an opportunity to estimate for you. ☞ Shop on 13th St., one door west of Friedhof & Co's. store, Columbus, Nebr. 483-y


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I AM ALSO AGENT FOR THE CELEBRATED **COQUILLARD Farm and Spring Wagons,** of which I keep a constant supply on hand,—but few their equal in style and quality, second to none.

CALL AND LEARN PRICES.

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


### *SUMMER NOON.*

The landscape steeped in drowsy languors lies;
A quiver in transparent waves, the air
Enamels all the scene; the sapphire skies
Are flecked with cloudlets floating here and there.

The sluggish pulse of life seems beating low;
The hour is strangely still, no bird-song floats
From stirless branches where a while ago
Warbled such music from such happy throats,

Only a bee-song, among clover sweets
Droned in the intervals of lazy flight,
A sound more silent still than silence greets
My dreamy senses, and there floats in sight,

Then out of sight, a gaudy butterfly;
And from beneath a weed an insect trills
His one heart-song, scarce louder than a sigh;
If a sigh or song, his little heart it fills.

Soft waves of shade, with rifts of light between,
In silent ripples like a baby's smile
In sleep, stray up and down the meadows green,
Dappled with daisies; and I muse the while

With songless, stirless lips and folded hands,
And dream the spirit of this regal time
Comes gayly tripping from fair tropic lands
With ardent whispers of the sunny clime.

O plenitude of sweets! O summer noon!
O'er bee and bird, o'er weed and flower and me,
A wizard spell is wrought, but all too soon
The hour is fled, but not its poetry.

—*Boston Transcript.*

### THE MERCHANT AND THE BEGGAR.

A SCRAP OF REAL LIFE.

The story was told to me me by an English gentleman, who could, and did, avouch for its truth.

At a convenient corner of one of the most popular thoroughfares of London a poorly-looking, sad-faced, ragged mendicant had for a long time daily taken his station seeking alms. A more woe-begone man it would be difficult to find. He was advanced in life—he must have been near three-score—had been once tall, and evidently of a commanding presence; but he was now bent and tremulous, and seemed near to his end. No jibes, no sneers, could move him to an unkind retort; though tears were often seen upon his cheeks when the finger of scorn had been pointed at him. He stood there, at his post, from early morning till late in the afternoon, craving of all who passed a few pence to aid him in sustaining his unhappy existence. And many were the small gifts that fell into his outstretched palm. His every look was a prayer, and his whole appearance, from top to toe was an earnest supplication.

There was one man—a young merchant doing a good business—a happy-faced, handsome man—who never passed the old beggar without giving him something; sometimes copper, but oftener silver. For more than a year, or, for almost two years, this gentleman had passed the mendicant's stand daily, and made his daily contribution. But the day came, at length, when the merchant passed without stopping—without bestowing his pittance of charity. He did it once; he did it again, and again—now turning his face away as he passed that corner; and that handsome face, which had been wont to beam upon the beggar with a warm smile, now wore a sad expression, with never a smile upon it.

At length, when this neglect on the part of the young merchant had been going on for a week or more, the mendicant, one day, when none others were near, stopped the gentleman as he was passing, and spoke with him.

"Good sir—you will pardon me the liberty I take; but your conduct of late, and your bearing, have puzzled me. You used to be generous. Of late you have failed to recognize me. Will you tell me why it is?"

"With pain I tell you; but willingly," returned the gentleman, trying to smile. "When I was prosperous, I allowed you to share in my prosperity. Now that misfortune has befallen me you must share that also."

"What is the misfortune?"

"The failure of an Indian house at Calcutta, which I had trusted heavily. The managers failed, owing me ten thousand pounds for money advanced, besides several thousand more for goods. They cannot pay a penny. I am trying to struggle up from the blow; but friends are scarce, and money hard to find. Yet I hope to weather the storm. At all events, I will try. And, my friend, you shall know when I have met with success, for I will then remember you."

The mendicant cast a furtive glance around, and then said to the merchant, in a low, musical tone, vastly different from his usual wail:

"Will you, this afternoon, at half-past six o'clock, call at Number—Little Barrington street? If you will do so, I think you will meet a friend there."

The merchant said he would do so if he could make it convenient, and then went his way.

At six o'clock he asked himself if he should go, as he had been bidden, to Little Barrington street, and, after a deal of anxious cogitation, he resolved to go.

Arrived at the number designated, he pulled the bell-knob, and shortly a well-dressed, polite servant came to the door, and, upon having received his name, ushered him into the hall, and thence into a spacious and elegantly furnished drawing room, and there he met a gentleman, tall and handsome, dressed in velvet and fine linen, who might have been a general or an earl—so far as outward appearance went, and the visitor would not have recognized him—not a single familiar feature would he have been able to discover, had he not on that very day, met that same smile, and that same friendly beaming of the eye, in the old mendicant of the street corner! Yes, it was the beggar himself,—now *in propria persona*—and a really grand and handsome person he was.

They shook hands; the salutions were brief; the vistor was too much of a gentleman to express great surprise, or to ask impatient questions; but the host did not leave him long in doubt. The first salutations over, and the recognition complete and acknowledged, they sat down, and the old gentleman spoke:

"You wonder to find me in this comfortable house; and you may wonder still more when I tell you that it belongs to me—not only it, but six others like it in this street. You will see I am trusting you. In my youth I was poor enough, yet well educated. My father was a poor curate in the north of Yorkshire, who educated me in his own study, and at the age of eighteen sent me out to gain my living. I entered into trade, and for a little time flourished. I had married young. Many years ago—more than a score—I came to London, and my very first experience here was misfortune. A friend whom I had trusted ran away, carrying with him not only every penny of my money, but robbing me of my wardrobe. An old beggar who, twenty years ago, stood on that very corner where you have of late seen me, saw my dejected look, and took pity on me. I had given him generously when I had it to give, and he had marked me. He hailed me as I hailed you to-day, and asked me why I was so sad and down-hearted. I told him my story. I will not tell you all the conversation that passed between us. He took me to his home, and took me in hand to make a beggar of me. I had seen my father—an honest, Christian, humble, God-serving man—absolutely suffering for the necessaries of life, and I resolved that the world should give me a living. I would not—because I could not—rob, but I could—and did—beg. Ere long my teacher gave up to me the old corner, and there I have been ever since."

"And now, sir, will you tell me what sum you require to place you substantially—firmly—on your feet?"

"Ah!" replied the young man, shaking his head dubiously—for he fancied that the old man might have thought of helping him—"it would require at least five thousand pounds."

The host smiled. Said he:

"Mr. B——, I have confidence in you. Stop and dine with me, and I will let you have the money. You shall have it while you want it, and on your own terms. Do not think I am wild. I have made sure of your character; and I know you to be an honorable, right-minded, true-hearted man."

The young merchant, happier than he had been for a long time, at length sat at the old man's table, where he was introduced to the wife and an only daughter. The host had told his guest that during his years of misfortune four children had died. This daughter, now nineteen, was his youngest, and had been spared to him. She knew not her father's business; and the guest had been warned not to expose it in her hearing.

After dinner the young lady sat down at the piano-forte; and in the course of the evening Mr. B—— joined his voice with hers in a duet. Before he left, with a check for five thousand pounds in his pocket, he had promised that he would call again.

In one month from that time the young merchant asked the old mendicant for the hand of his daughter; and it would be hard to tell which was the happier of the two—the supplicant, when he had been answered in the affirmative, or the father, when he knew that his beloved child had secured for a life companion a man in whom he had, from the very first, felt a trust and confidence which had grown stronger day by day.

On the day that the nuptial contract was signed the old beggar on the street corner settled upon his daughter fifty thousand pounds; and put away his rags and his bent shoulders forever! And the merchant, through a long and prosperous career, found new cause, day after day, and year after year, to bless the fortunate misfortune that had led him to an acquaintance with the street beggar!—*N. Y. Ledger.*

### Suggestions for Making War More Destructive.

Are not discoveries possible which should radically alter all the conditions of fighting, and either render war impossible or give certain victory to those who dare face such destructive machines? It is most improbable. The human race has been studying the art of war for four thousand years, and has discovered exceedingly little, except the fact that an explosive in a confined space will drive a missile a long way. They have learned to throw stones scientifically. Since Agincourt, man has improved on the discovery of gunpowder, but has invented nothing absolutely original. For thirty years the most learned chemists, the most inventive mechanicians, the most scientific soldiers, have devoted their minds to the subject, with a kind of fury of eagerness prompted at once by the love of fame, by patriotism, and by the hope of rewards which, to some of them, like Mr. Whitworth, Sir W. Armstrong, and Herr Krupp, have been granted with a lavish hand, and they have discovered nothing. They have made bigger guns, and better shells, and more explosive powder, and have devised clever ways of keeping the shells out, but that is all. The way of killing soldiers is to fire little bullets through a small barrel; the way of destroying works is to fire big bullets through a big barrel—and this is all. New explosives have been discovered, but no new way of throwing them for the required distance. If ships ever touched, or nearly touched, as in Nelson's time, we suppose a catapult might throw a barrel of nitro-glycerine which, exploding downward, would annihilate the enemy's vessel; but the experiment has never been tried. A ship which approached so close could ram; and such a barrel, not being driven by an explosive, could be kept off by a wire netting.

The only two directions in which even dreamers can see a probability of much change are the use of electricity or the use of balloons, and of either the prospect is very slight. We can do a great deal with the lightning, but we can not throw it, nor is it easy to conceive how it could be darted, except through a conductor. Mr. Urquhart's dream of the quiet savant who fought the capitalists' army without weapons was original, but was only a dream. The capitalists had mastered the world, and the Proletariat rose in revolt, resolved to die rather than be pillaged longer. They had no weapons, the capitalists owning all; but as the capitalists' army approached electricity shot from unseen batteries, struck every particle of metal used by the soldiers, and the army perished as suddenly and silently as that of Sennacherib. That is a mere dream. It is just conceivable that some Mr. Edison might manage so as to establish a wire connection with an iron-clad that the whole structure should be full of death-giving electricity—be, in fact, a huge wire charged by a dynamo. But it is only conceivable, as in the similar dream which has greatly interested some able mechanicians, if so arranging mirrors as to concentrate intolerable heat—heat that would pulvarise a diamond, at a considerable distance. The thing could be done, we believe, so effectually that the very ribs of an iron ship would dissolve into molten metal, but not at any distance. In balloons there is a little, and a very little, more hope. It is always a possibility that immense electric force may be concentrated in such a small space that a machine, supported in the air by balloons, could be guided at will; and if that were achieved, the conditions of war would, of course, be finally altered. No cities could be defended against a machine showering dynamite shells, armies might be destroyed in a few minutes, and all fortresses must be subterranean structures. In practice, battles would have to be fought in the air, and the survivors would be accepted as irresistible masters. But the more experienced a man of science is, the more he doubts the possibility of making an aerial machine independent of the wind, or of using balloons in war, except as he would use steeples or other high points of observation.—*London Spectator.*

—Baron Hirsch, the manager and virtual owner of the Turkish railways, is sending 5,000 Russian Jews at his own cost to the United States. It is a generous deed, and he can afford it. He admits having made $25,000,000 in five years by the Turkish railways.—*N. Y. Sun.*

### Cyrus W. Field's Pluck.

The boy, Cyrus W. Field, was not studious or meditative—not languid or dreamy. He didn't want to go to college. He was active, shrewd, cunning, commercial. He is known to have whittled out a willow whistle that wouldn't go and traded it for a good jack-knife. "He won't do for the ministry," said his father, "I'll put him in a store." As an infant he was an invalid—so weak and frail that his little body had to be supported in a frame, in which he managed to roll himself around the room; but he recovered, and then he made up for the time he had lost, in preternatural activity and vivacity. When he was fifteen he went to New York and entered A. T. Stewart's store as a clerk. Six years of this was enough for him. When he was twenty-one he set up as a paper manufacturer. He had not learned the trade, he had no experience in it, and he had no capital, but he had pluck and restless industry, and he succeeded.

Cyrus W. Field had a boyish theory that $250,000 was enough for any man, and so he registered various vows in various places that when he had made that he would absolutely retire from business. When he was thirty-three he had reached the prescribed goal, and he said to his friends: "Now, behold how virtuous a man can be!" He retired—at any rate he began to taper off by a six months' tour to South America, in company with the distinguished artist, Church. When he came back he settled down as a retired merchant for a week or two, and then his empty hands began to be uneasy. He suddenly got hold of the Atlantic cable idea, or rather A. C. I., got hold of him, and it shook him over the gulf of disaster and despair for twelve years. He subscribed $10,000 to it, then $20,000, and finally had to pay out 200,000, and Peter Cooper, Marshall O. Roberts and Moses Taylor each as much more, merely to get the cable to New Foundland. Then he raised $3,000,000 in England for the Atlantic cable. The cable broke in mid ocean, carrying all his fortune with it, and he came home and went into the paper business again. He made another fortune and put it at once into the imperiled scheme that so many other friends were deserting sick at heart. In 1865 the cable broke again. Still he persisted, raised $3,000,000 more in England, making $6,000,000 in all and at last succeeded. I think he never went out of business after that, and he soon found that ten times the "sufficient fortune" of his youth was not enough.—*Chicago Herald.*

### The Red Deer.

To see the red deer to perfection, with all his instincts sharpened and his keen sense of danger quickened by the lonely existence which he leads on the mountains, the sportsman must visit the highlands. Much of their wild country is reserved for deer-stalking; vast moors leading up to high ranges of mountains, intersected by streams and "correls," (the sheltered grassy valleys by streams,) and often bordered by deep lochs, are wholly given over to the red deer. A strict supervision is exercised over these immense tracts of land by a good staff of keepers; strangers and visitors are discouraged; sheep are kept away; every precaution is taken that the deer may not be disturbed by the presence of many people, and by noise, shouting and the like. For if disturbed frequently, the deer may, and often do, desert a whole stretch of country for a neighboring march, where their tastes are more carefully consulted. Miles of fencing, occasional lodges, and a distant peep at deer on the sky-line beyond, are all that ordinary travelers see of most of the Scotch deer forests. In others, especially in the extreme north of the country, the lessees are more liberal, and the public may pass through at will on certain leading tracks. In this case the deer may often be seen at no great distance, they are remarkably sensible animals, and soon know when a man is to be feared or merely tolerated. Few more beautiful sights can be discerned in these northern deer forests than the behavior of the little herds which run sportively along the hills, or browse on the underwood, while some grand-headed stag, or the presence of a few hinds, with their fawns, lends additional interest to the charms of wild moorland and mountain scenery. Sometimes the deer condescend to mix with ordinary red and black cattle of the country; but they cannot abide sheep any more than horses care to be near camels. We remember a fine stag which evening after evening used to come down to the grassy end of Loch Assynt, where the river Loanan runs into it at a place known appropriately enough as Inchnadamph (the cattle meadow.) The boys and gillies of the neighboring hamlet amused themselves with stalking it, each one trying to get nearer it undiscovered than his friend. This was a very fearless animal. As a rule, however, little can be seen of the peculiar habits and instincts of the red deer even in Scotland, unless the visitor have access to and a keeper's guidance through a regular forest.—*Gentleman's Magazine.*

### No Key-Note.

A venerable colored man invested in a watermelon at the Central Market, and was walking off to find a retired spot in an alley when a brother of color hailed him with:

"See here, Uncle Joe!"

"Ize in a hurry," replied the melon-man.

"But we boaf wote de same ticket, you know!"

"Yes, I know, but watermellyons and politicks doan' run togeder."

"I belong to your church, too."

"Dat may all be, but dis am no gineral love-feast."

"Say, Uncle," continued the other, as his mouth continued to water, "we am of de same race?"

"Sposin' we am. Does de white folkses whack up kase dey am all white?"

"I lent you half a dollar once."

"dat s so, but I paid it."

"Won't you divide on de groun' of charity?"

"Look a-heah, sah!" said the old man, as he turned around, "you can't strike de key-note, no way you can fix it—not on dis watermellyon! If you'll see me later—catch on sometime when Ize luggin' home a mushmelon wid one side caved in—sunthin' werry cheap an' soft—an' you'll put it on de groun' of your oid wife havin' de whoopin' cough an' my ole wife havin' de measles at de same time, we'll sot down an' devour de bizness in company. Go back, sah—go right back!"—*Detroit Free Press.*

—Frank L. Gould, of Portland, Me., aged 22, died the other day of starvation. He had a mother and three brothers and sisters to support, and as he could get no work, went without food to keep them from starving. The sad case was discovered too late to save young Gould, for he was attacked by gastric fever, and died in great suffering.—*Boston Post*

### PERSONAL AND IMPERSONAL.

—Judge Tourgee is said to have cleared the comfortable sum of $30,000 from the sale of "The Fool's Errand."

—Mrs. Lincoln died in the same house, and within ten feet of the spot where she stood November 2d, 1842 and was married to Abraham Lideoln.

—The name of the Rev. L. W. Bacon appears in the list of contestants in a recent tub race at Norwich, Conn., his craft crossing the line last and bottom up. *Detroit Post.*

—The death of Bishop Scott makes Matthew Simpson the senior Bishop of the Methodist Episcopal Church, with William L. Harris, elected but ten years ago, next on the list.

—Grace Greenwood says that Garibaldi left a sadly divided family. "The children of Anita do not harmonize well with the children of the peasant woman, Francesca, still less with the widow, herself."

—A portrait of Benjamin Franklin, painted in Paris, when he was ambassador there, and brought to this country by the first Mayor of San Francisco, Capt. Bartlett, is owned by Mrs. Dr. Ditson, of Malden, Mass.

—Jack Slater and Philip Mann, sailors on Lake Erie, leaped from their vessels at the same time at Erie to make fast the hawsers. They were brought face to face, and exchange of greetings took place after a separation of thirty years. They are Englishmen, and were separated during the Sepoy war.—*Chicago Times.*

—Miss Grundy: One lady tells of a stunning engagement ring given by a wealthy young German to his betrothed, whose stepmother is a New Yorker. It was no less than his first tooth set in diamonds. They have been married recently with great eclat in Germany.

—An amateur of statistics has discovered that the smallest sovereign in the world is the Emperor of China, who measures only four feet three inches. The tallest men are in the Hohenzollern family. The Emperor William is five feet ten inches; the German Prince Imperial, five feet six inches; Prince Frederick Charles, five feet seven inches; Prince Charles, brother of the Emperor, five feet nine inches, and Prince Albert, nephew of the Emperor, six feet four inches.—*N. Y. Graphic.*

—Christian Girardin, a German, about forty-five years old, who has been leading the life of a tramp in this country for several years, has become heir to an estate worth $80,000 by the death of his father and mother in Germany. He was traced through the efforts of Mayor White, of Baltimore, and found a few days ago on a farm about nine miles from that city. He says he left home on account of family troubles. He had in his possession pictures of his father and mother and a letter.—*Chicago Journal.*

—Mrs. Margaret Sanderson, relict of the late Col. Henry S. Sanderson, and the lady who made the flag which inspired Francis Scott Key to write "The Star Spangled Banner," died in New York recently, aged eighty-five years. At the time of the bombardment of Fort McHenry in 1812 Mrs. Sanderson, who was only fifteen years old, made the flag out of costly silk with her own hands and presented it to Col. George Armstead, the commandant of the fort, just before the British appeared in the bay. During the subsequent engagement the flag floated over the fort and was seen by Key while confined in the British man-of-war. After the war the flag was returned to its maker, and the original star-spangled banner is now one of the treasures of the Sanderson family—*N. Y. Herald.*

### "A LITTLE NONSENSE."

—Will the coming man shut the door behind him? is the latest inquiry. It is to be hoped that he will; for the going man seldom does.

—It is said the war in Egypt will raise the price of mummies. People who have not yet bought their winter stock of mummies will regret to learn this.—*Norristown Herald.*

—Unhappy Thought: Tommy—"I mean to be an astronomer when I grow up!" Effie—"What on earth will you do with yourself all day long?"

—Up in Missouri they are just beginning to break themselves of the habit of holding up their hands every time a stranger enters the car.—*Texas Siftings.*

—Sharks on the Atlantic coast are unusually stupid this year. They grab at an old suit stuffed with hay when a school ma'am is not two rods off.—*Detroit Free Press.*

—Very few counts are now coming to this country with hand-organs. Rich American girls abroad catch them before they can secure passage money enough to leave home.—*New Haven Register.*

—A lady at Long Branch has had such luck in bringing about engagements between young people that it is generally believed she has worked in a match factory at some time in her life.

—The Concord School of Philosophy has come to the conclusion that man has existed in his perfect state for the last 10,000 years. Don't try to improve your looks by wearing baboon whishers.—*Detroit Free Press.*

—An Austin couple were discussing what name to give their recently arrived infant. Let us name him after your uncle who went to Kansas last year for his health," suggested the mother. "I'd like to name the boy after him, but how are we to find out what name he goes by now?"—*Texas Siftings.*

—"Now, my son," said a West Side cabinet maker to his little boy, "you must remember that sins are like nails driven into a post. Repentance is merely pulling the nails out, but the scars—the holes remain." "But, I say," interrupted the youth, "can't we kinder putty 'em up, as you do the worm holes in the rotten bass-wood that you use to make real English oak bed-room sets?"—*Chicago Check.*

—In the course of a lecture at New Haven, the other evening, upon the customs and religion of his race, Rev. Thomas S. Dana, an educated Indian, made this singular statement: "The Indians never cook anything in the house where they live. They cook outside, and they give as a reason that if they cook inside the steam collects in their clothing and draws the lightning. Whether this is so or not I do not know, but I know that an Indian wigmam is never struck by lightning, and no Indian has been killed in a hundred years." It is quite possible that wigwams are seldom or never struck by lightning; but why a whole race should be exempt wherever they may roam simply because their low habitations don't attract destruction is, to say the least, hard to explain.—*New Haven Register.*

—The Dallas *Times* rejoices over the fact that the penny is to be the currency in use in Texas.

### RATES OF ADVERTISING.

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

☞ For time advertisements, apply at this office.

☞ Legal advertisements at statute rates.

☞ For transient advertising, see rates on third page.

☞ All advertisements payable monthly.

### OF GENERAL INTEREST.

—Drinking rum was prohibited by law in Georgia as long ago as 1783.

—A Montreal boy, while overheated, drank ice-water which brought on lock-jaw and killed him in eighteen hours.

—Bertha Morgan, nine years of age, of Wawa Farm, near Philadelphia, was sold, actually sold, last week for $2,500. P. S.—The charming Bertha is a cow.

—They have got one of the First Napoleon's veterans in jail at Portland, and every effort will now be made to run down Washington's last body-servant and chain him to a post.

—Henry Delecnack and wife quarreled while driving from Port Henry to their home, near Essex, N. Y., the other afternoon. Delecnack finally shot his wife, killing her instantly. They have been married only eight weeks and had not lived happily. He had been drinking.

—Laten Kendall, living at Corinth, Saratoga county, N. Y., has eloped with his former wife, from whom he was divorced sixteen years ago. She leaves two children whom she has had by a subsequent marriage, and takes two with her. He leaves a wife and a son of 15.

—The fireman at a fire in Philadelphia came across several kegs in a closet which had nearly been reached by the flames. They were supposed to be empty, but one man took the precaution to examine them and found them full of powder. The men ran out, but bravely carried the explosive along.

—A large number of Southern States—notably Texas, North Caroilna and Kentucky—have local option laws whereby any county or community can submit the question of prohibition to the popular vote, while others prohibit the sale of liquors outside of the towns.

—The Fort Edward (N. Y.) Board of Health, wishing recently to remove large quantities of saw-dust and drift-wood that covered the river channel and extended far out of the water, poured kerosene oil on the rubbish, last week, and set it on fire. The conflagration burned briskly for two days, and presented the novel and impressive spectacle of a river on fire.

—James Generals, the oldest colored man in Wilkesbarre, was honored not many months ago by the attentions of a lot of ghouls who insured his life in a number of the "death-rattle" insurance companies to the amount of $200,000. James was so old that no one can tell his age, but had enough vitality to outlive all the companies in which he was insured.

—William Kegle, a farmer near Huntsville, Ala., while going through the woods in search of his cow, the other day, was struck on the head by a large striped snake which swung down from a limb in his path. The fangs of the reptile tore out a piece of the cheek, and before Kegle got home his face was terribly swolen, and he died in a few hours. The variety of the snake is unknown.

—"Talk about your ice machines," said a New Haven woman to her neighbor over the fence, "why, if Mrs. Robinson, round the corner, didn't treat me cool enough to freeze ice cream this morning." "Why, what did she say?" "Say? She didn't say anything, and thats just what's the matter, and after I had taken pains to send her word that she was an impudent hussy."

—Mrs. J