THE JOURNAL.

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The Columbus Journal.

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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.

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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,	" "	10:53	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 rives in Columbus 8:30 P. M.
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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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NOTICE TO TEACHERS.

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32-vol-xiii-y

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Columbus, Dec. 5, 1882. 33-3m

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Teas, Coffees, Sugar, Syrups, Dried and Canned Fruits, and other Staples a Specialty.
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CALL AND LEARN PRICES.
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POETRY AND THE POET.

(Found on the Poet's desk.)

Weary, I open wide the antique pane,
I ope to the air
I ope to
I open to the air the antique pane
And gaze { beyond? across } the thrift-sown fields of wheat [commonplace?]
A-shimmering green in breezes born of heat;
And lo!
And high
And my soul's eyes behold { air the } billowy main
Whose further shore is Greece strain again vain
[Arcadia—mythological allusion. Mem: Lempriere.]
I see thee, Atalanta, vestal fleet,
And look! with doves low-fluttering round her feet,
Comes Venus through the golden { fields of bowing } grain

(Heard by the Poet's neighbor.)

Venus be bothered—it's Virginia Dix!

(Found on the Poet's door.)

Out on important business—back at 6.

[reported by]

—*H. C. Bunner, in The Century.*

A GOOD SWORD-STROKE;

Or, How Colonel De Malet Met His Match.

There was a high frolic going on in a small town in southern France one fine summer morning toward the end of the last century. The great local fair, which only came once in six months, was in full swing, and the queer little market-place of the town, with its old-fashioned fountain in the middle, and its tall, dark houses all round, was crowded to overflowing. Here was a juggler eating fire, or pulling ribbons out of his mouth by the yard, amid a ring of wondering peasants. There an acrobat was turning head over heels, and walking on his hands with his feet up in the air. A little farther on a show of dancing dogs had gathered a large crowd; and close by a sly-looking fellow in a striped frock, leaning over the front of a wagon, was recommending a certain cure for toothache, which, however, judging from the wry faces of those who ventured to try it, must have been almost as bad as the complaint itself.

The chief attraction of the fair, however, seemed to be a tall, gaunt man, with an unmistakably Italian face, who was standing on a low platform beside the fountain. He had been exhibiting some wonderful feats of swordsmanship, such as throwing an apple into the air and cutting it in two as it fell, tossing up his sword and catching it by the hilt, striking an egg with it so lightly as not even to break the shell, and others equally marvelous. At length, having collected a great throng around him, he stepped forward, and challenged any one present to try a sword bout with him, on the condition that whichever was first disarmed should forfeit to the other half a livre (ten cents).

Several troopers who were swaggering about the market-place, for there was a cavalry regiment quartered in the town, came up one after another to try their hand upon him. But to the great delight of the crowd they all got the worst of it; and one might have guessed from the eagerness with which the poor Italian snached up the money, as well as from his pale face and hollow cheeks, that he did not often earn so much in one day.

Suddenly the crowd parted from right to left as a handsome young man in a fine gold-laced coat and plumed hat, with a silver-hilted sword by his side, forced his way through the press, and confronted the successful swordsman.

"You handle your blade so well, my friend," cried he, "that I should like to try a bout with you myself, for I'm thought to be something of a swordsman. But before we begin, take these two livres and get yourself some food at the French Lily yonder, for you look so tired and hungry, and it's no fair match between a fasting man and a full one."

"Now may Heaven bless you, my lord, whoever you may be!" said the man, fervently; "for you're the first who has given me a kindly word this many a day. I can hardly expect to be a match for you, but if you will be pleased to wait but ten minutes, I'll gladly do my best."

The fencer was as good as his word, and the moment he was seen to remount the platform the lookers-on crowded eagerly around it, expecting a well fought bout; for they had all seen what he could do, and they now recognized his new opponent as the Marquis de Malet, who had the name of being the best swordsman in the whole district.

Their expectations were not disappointed. For the first minute or so the watching eyes around could hardly follow the swords, which flickered to and fro like flashes of lightning, feinting, warding, striking, parrying till they seemed to be everywhere at once. De Malet at first pressed his man vigorously but finding him more skillful than he had expected, he began to fight more cautiously, and to aim at tiring him out.

This artful plan seemed likely to succeed, for the Italian at length lowered his weapon for a moment, as if his hand was growing wearied. But as De Malet made a rapid stroke at him, the other suddenly *changed the sword from his right hand to his left*, and catching the Marquis' blade in reverse, sent it flying among the crowd below.

"Well done!" cried the young man admiringly. "I thought I knew most tricks of fence, but I never saw one like that before"

"I could teach it to your lordship in a week," said the Italian. "For a man of your skill nothing is needed but practice."

"Say you so?" cried De Malet. "Then the sooner we begin, the better. Come home with me, and stay till you've taught me all you know. One doesn't meet a man like you every day."

And so for a month to come Antonio Spalatro was the guest of Henri de Malet; and the young Marquis learned to perform the feat which had excited his wonder quite as dexterously as the Italian himself.

White lay the snow upon the fields outside the blazing city of Moscow. The Russians had fired their own capital. The veteran bands of Napoleon were fleeing from fire to perish amid ice and snow.

"Down with the French dog!"
"Cut him to pieces!"
"Send a bullet through him!"

A dozen arms were raised at once against the solitary man, who, with his back against a wall, and one foot on the body of his horse, sternly confronted them. Henri de Malet (now Colonel De Malet, of the French Cuirassiers) was still the same dashing fellow as ever, though twenty-three years had passed since he took his first lesson in fencing from Spalatro, the Italian, of whom he had never heard a word all this while. But if Spalatro was gone, his teaching was not, and De Malet's sword seemed to be everywhere at once, keeping the swarming Russians at bay, as it had done many a time already during the terrible retreat which was now approaching its end.

"Leave him to me," cried a deep voice from behind; "he's a man worth fighting, this fellow!"

"Ay, leave him to the Colonel," chorussed the Russians. "*He'll* soon settle his fine fencing tricks."

A tall dark man, whose close-cropped black hair was just beginning to turn gray, stepped forward, and crossed swords with De Malet, who, feeling at once that he had met his match, stood warily on the defensive. The Russian grenadiers watched eagerly as the swords flashed and fell and rose again, while the combatants, breathing hard and setting their teeth, struck, parried, advanced and retreated by turns. At length De Malet, finding himself hard pressed, tried the blow taught him by Spalatro; but the stranger met him with a whirling back stroke that whisked the sword clean out of his hand. Instead of cutting him down, however, the Russian seized him by the hand with a cry of joy.

"There's but one man in the French army who knows that stroke," cried he, "and I am glad to see you remember so well what I taught you. Now at last Spalatro the officer can repay the kindness shown to Spalatro the vagabond. When I came over here with the Russian Prince to whom you so kindly recommended me, they soon found out that I could handle soldiers as well as swords, and gave me a commission in the army, and here I am, Colonel Spalatro, with the Cross of St. George, and a big estate in Central Russia. Now if you fall into the hands of our soldiers you'll be killed to a certainty, so you'd better come with me to headquarters, where I'll report you as my prisoner. You will be safe under my charge until there's a chance of sending you home, and then you are welcome to go as soon as you please."

And Colonel Spalatro was as good as his word.—*Harper's Young People.*

Earthworks and Iron-Clads.

The bombardment of Alexandria has furnished, and will continue to furnish, fruitful discussion for a long time on scientific and technical subjects. The long attack on Sebastapol, the numerous bombardments of the Malakoff and the Redan without any decisive effect, brought vividly before men's minds the value of earthworks, especially when the defenses are likely to be attacked by heavy guns. The artillery of the defenders was silenced over and over again, and the works became mere heaps of rubbish; but the silence of the pieces only meant that they were placed out of fire for the time, and the rubbish heaps bristled again with guns in a day or two, sometimes in one night. After rifled guns were introduced the same fact was observed, and became even more prominent, because the elongated shells had a far greater effect on masonry than the round projectiles of the old smooth-bore. The rifled guns of the Federals were very bad in the American civil war, but they were enough for masonry defenses; and in the Danish campaign of 1864, and in the great wars which followed, we find hardly anything done by guns against earthworks. The Italian fleet bombarded the defenses of the Island of Lissa before the sea fight of that name, and were driven off by the forts; but again in this case the few rifled guns possessed by the ships were of what would now be considered very inferior quality, and the batteries were on heights. Even in experimental practice at Shoeburyness and elsewhere, every target of masonry, or even iron, that could be erected was quickly disposed of by the guns, yet no one ever thought of destroying the butt which is used at Woolwich for the proof of guns. In fact, all artillery firing, great or small, experimental or in actual war, has told the same tale—the inferiority of masonry to earthworks as a means of defense.

The masonry forts of Paris were breached and set on fire by the German guns, while the earthen German batteries suffered or escaped just in proportion as they were built with ordinary well-shaped parapets, or consisted of guns sunk in the slopes of mounds of earth. The works of Plevna were fortified hill tops and sides, only earth and wood were employed in their formation; yet they resisted the fire of many guns for a long time, and remained serviceable to the last. There is nothing really new in the information telegraphed to us by our correspondent that the earthworks of Alexandria resisted better than the masonry; but one more argument is added to the many which already exist on the subject. It may be that there must be some masonry in the works of the great fortresses; but it is now plainer than ever that it should be got rid of as much as possible, and so arranged that in time of war it can be protected with earth.

Is an iron-clad fleet likely to have the best of it in an engagement with works on the shore, or is it not? On this point we can only say that nothing that has occurred at Alexandria has given the occasion to alter the opinion which most scientific officers have formed. Of course, you may have iron-clads so weak and forts so strong (or the reverse) as to give no opportunity for fair comparison, and this, to some extent, is what occurred at Alexandria. The Egyptian gunners were possessed of some excellent rifled guns, but they knew not how to make the best use of them; they had not, for instance, any of the modern means for ascertaining with certainty, moment by moment, the exact distance of a moving object, and without such knowledge all fire must be wild. For one reason or another, it is certain that their fire was comparatively weak and inaccurate. The ships were struck chiefly by smooth-bore guns only, and these have little effect upon modern iron-clads. If, on the contrary, the Egyptians had possessed some of the hundred-ton guns which are to be mounted at Malta and Gibraltar, and had also possessed gunners skilled enough to work them with effect, each single projectile could have crashed through the thickest armor of any of our iron-clads, and we must have heard of sunken ships. The only fair conclusion to be drawn from the bombardment is that, supposing that ships and forts possessed of equally powerful armaments, equally well-trained gunners, and generally with scientific means equally abreast of the knowledge of the day, the ships must get the worst of the encounter. The practice of their guns cannot be as good, and the fort can continue firing so long as it has one piece of ordnance remaining mounted; while ships equally battered must have sunk long before.

This has long been the opinion of the best-informed military men, and we believe that the bombardment of Alexandria has done nothing to change it.—*London Standard.*

—The Boston *Post* knows of twelve Senators who have Presidential aspirations. That's nothing. Any citizen can have that complaint.—*Detroit Free Press.*

Lawful and Unlawful Warfare.

It is curious to notice distinctions in naval warfare between lawful and unlawful methods, similar to those conspicuous on land. Such projectiles as bits of iron-ore, pointed stones, nails or glass, are excluded from the list of things that may be used in good war, and the declaration of St. Petersburg condemns explosive bullets as much on one element as on the other. Unfounded charges of one belligerent against another are, however, always liable to bring the illicit method into actual use on both sides under the pretext of reprisals, as we see in the following order of the day, issued at Brest by the French Vice Admiral, Marshal Conflans, (Nov. 8, 1759:) "It is absolutely contrary to the law of nations to make bad war, and to shoot shells at the enemy, who must always be fought according to the rules of honor, with the arms generally employed by polite nations. Yet some captains have complained that the English have used such weapons against them. It is, therefore, only on these complaints, and with an extreme reluctance, that it has been resolved to embark hollow shells on vessels of the line, but it is expressly forbidden to use them unless the enemy begin." So the English in their turn charged the French with making bad war. The wound received by Nelson at Aboukir, on the forehead, was attributed to a piece of iron or a langridge shot. And the wounds that the crew of the Brunswick received from the Vengeur in the famous battle between the French and English fleets in June, 1794, are said to have been peculiarly distressing, owing to the French employing langridge shot of raw ore and old nails, and to throwing stinkpots into the portholes, which caused most painful burnings and scaldings. It is safest to discredit such accusations altogether, for there is no limit to the barbarities that may come into play in consequence of too ready a credulity. Red-hot shot, legitimate for the defense of land forts against ships, used not to be considered good war in the contests of ships with one another.

In the three hours' action between the Lively and the Tourterelle, a French privateer, the use by the latter of hot shot, "not usually deemed honorable warfare," was considered to be wrong, but a wrong on the part of those who equipped her for sea more than on the part of the captain who fired them. The English assailing batteries that fired red-hot shot against Gluckstadt, in 1813, are said to have resorted to a "mode of warfare very unusual with us since the siege of Gibraltar." The "Treatise on Tactics," by the Emperor Leo VI., carries back the record of the means employed against an enemy in naval warfare to the ninth century. The things he recommends as most effective are: Cranes, to let fall heavy weights on the enemy's decks; caltrops, with iron spikes to wound his feet; jars full of quicklime, to suffocate him; jars containing combustibles, to burn; jars containing poisonous reptiles, to bite him, and Greek fire, with its noise like thunder, to frighten as well as burn him. Many of the methods were of immemorial usage, for Scipio knew the merits of jars full of pitch, and Hannibal of jars full of vipers. Nothing was too bad for use in those days, nor can it be ascertained when or why they ceased to be used. Greek fire was used with great effect in the sea battles between the Saracens and Christians, but it is a fair cause of wonder that the invention of gunpowder should have so entirely superseded it as to cause its very manufacture to have been forgotten. Neither does history record the date of, nor the reason for, the disuse of quicklime, which, in the famous fight off Dover in 1217, between the French and English, contributed so greatly to the victory of the latter.—*Gentleman's Magazine.*

French Madhouses and Their Victims.

The sensation of the hour in Paris is the case of Jean Mistral, who has been forty-two years in the private lunatic asylum of St. Remy, in Provence. He was, it is now admitted all round, of sound mind when his father, on a doctor's certificate and in virtue of the law of 1838, locked him up there. His reason for incarcerating his son was to prevent his remarrying a Polish lady whom, in good faith he had married abroad. The marriage ceremony, on the petition of the elder Mistral, had been set aside by a French tribunal because there had been insufficient publication, and other formalities prescribed by the code had not been observed. Old Mistral was a very wealthy manufacturer of jet and beads. He wanted his only son to heap fortune upon fortune in marrying the heiress of a Marseilles shipowner. The Polish lady was very beautiful, of honorable life, but poor, and she had been obliged to turn an enthralling voice to mercantile account by singing in theatres and at concerts. Jean Mistral was taking steps to marry her according to French law, when his father one day ran against him in the high street of Tarascon in the year 1840, and cried out to a couple of policemen who were with him to arrest the madman.

The son made a desperate fight for his liberty, and soldiers were called in. He was subjugated, and sent off manacled to an asylum near Montpellier, where he still is. The fact that he resisted *la force publique* was taken as confirmation of the doctor's *lettre de cachet* or certificate, and he was treated for raging lunacy. Old Mistral died soon after. The fortune that he made in glass trinkets went equally to the captive at Montpellier and to his sister Mme. Barnard. As it was a great one, the Barnards kept the alleged madman in durance. His wife (the Polish woman, who in law was no wife) died when he had been a score of years locked up. Her daughter, after an interval of six months, followed her to the grave. Old Mistral had caused the former to be expelled from France on the ground that she was a bad character, was disturbing the peace of a respectable and rich family, and had no visible means of existence. Technically she was a vagabond, as she was reduced to go from one small town to another to sing in cafes. Soon after she was turned out of France she gave birth to a daughter in Switzerland. Mother and child died in extreme poverty some years later.

The news of their death threw the prisoner in the asylum into a state of frenzy. The fortune inherited by Jean Mistral from his father has gone on accumulating at a simple and compound interest, and has been very carefully nursed by the Barnards, who are his heirs apparent. M. Fournier, who has been exerting himself to get the lunatic released from the asylum, is his first cousin. According to an article in the Civil Code, a rich madman or madwoman is not to be confined in a madhouse, but placed under treatment at home, and is to be provided with a domestic establishment corresponding with his or her yearly revenue. Mistral is an ordinary boarder at the asylum, where he has passed nearly half a century, and is allowed one man-servant, whose business is not to minister to his comfort, but to prevent him escaping.—*Pall Mall Gazette.*

OF GENERAL INTEREST.

—The wealthiest city in the United States, in proportion to population, is Portland, Ore.

—According to the Louisville *Courier-Journal's* Saratoga Springs correspondent, Vanderbilt's income is $1,290,000 a month, or $43,000 a day.

—A man near Newnan, Ga., has been working an alleged gold mine forty years, and has never made a cent. He is still confident that there's "millions in it."

—An English Judge has characterized the disagreement of a jury which stood eleven to one after eight hours' confinement, as lamentable and sad.

The Boston papers proudly record the fact that an umbrella was left at the lady's package-room of the Old Colony station in that city for six weeks, without being checked, but was returned to the owner when called for.

—George Holyoake, the English philanthropist, has arrived in New York, his object being to try to induce our Government to issue a trustworthy guide-book for immigrants, giving facts in regard to the resources of each State.—*Chicago Tribune.*

—A real estate dealer advertises in a Dakota newspaper: "I can be found at the Gold Mine playing 'freeze out,' at Mitchell's Exchange betting on the age of 'old hosses' with Brown, or at my residence on Oak street, perusing the Scriptures."—*N. Y. Sun.*

—According to the official estimates for 1881, just published, the population of Scotland it 3,744,685—of whom 1,802,901 are males and 1,941,784 females. About 32 per cent of the 3,744,000 live in the eight principal towns. The total number of births was 126,214, last year.

—A Polish woman, who recently arrived in Pittsburgh from London, has had her husband arrested there for desertion. She had tracked him to St. Petersburg, London, Paris, back to London, to New York, and then to Pittsburgh, where she discovered him at work.—*Chicago Times.*

—A Kansas City paper estimates the corn crop of Kansas and Missouri at 440,000,000 bushels. Just think for a moment of the husking bees out there, and the number of red ears that must certainly exist in that pile. The girls of Kansas and Missouri are sure to have a good time this winter.—*Chicago Inter-Ocean.*

—Fifteen lives are lost on the British coasts each week on an average; and thus in twenty-six years about 20,000 have perished, chiefly in the occupation of fishing. These losses have generally been regarded as inevitable, but a society has been formed for providing places of refuge on the coast for fisherman and other mariners. Convict labor is to be used in the construction of these harbors.

—A recent decision of the Treasury has stopped Canadian tugs from towing United States vessels between United States ports. They may tow from a Canadian to a United States port, but may not continue from that to another United States port. A Kingston paper is torn up by it, and says that similar privileges on the other side have been used by United States tugmen, which will now be cut off.—*Chicago Journal.*

—The operator at the Mobile office of the Mobile and Gulf Telegraph Company was recently surprised by hearing over his wire through messages from New Orleans and New York. An investigation showed that an unfortunate frog had found its way into a cable-box, and its body burned almost to a crisp, formed a sufficient connection between the Western Union and the Mobile and Gulf wires.

—The centennial anniversary of Mrs. Joseph Harris, at Wheeler End, England, was the occasion of a jubilee in which the whole village joined. A triumphal arch was erected, under which the old lady rode in an open carriage drawn by over 200 men and women, all of whom were her lineal descendants. She has been the mother of sixteen children. The eldest now living is eighty-one years old, and the youngest fifty.

—It is related as a remarkable circumstance connected with the unfortunate Miss Blair, who committed suicide at Camden, S. C., that only a few days before her death she had been sketching points of interest around her home, having acquired considerable skill in that line, and one of the sketches was a faithful delineation of the gully, in which she was afterward found, with the dead body of a young girl lying in it. This furnishes a strong presumption that the act of self-destruction was premeditated by her for some time before its consummation.—*Chicago Times.*

—The Alexandria correspondent of the London *Standard* relates a humorous story. A gentleman wrote to the Admiral complaining that there was a shell belonging to the Inflexible in his drawing room, and requesting its removal. The Admiral passed the letter to the captain of the Inflexible, and he sent on shore a boatswain and half a dozen seamen, who found the great shell lying unexploded in the drawing room as described. As it would have been dangerous to bump it about, a device was, after some consideration, hit upon for conveying it to the shore. A feather bed was procured, and the shell was firmly enveloped in it. It was then carefully rolled down stairs, and so back to the ship.

The Mouse and the Lion.

A lion who had lived for several years in a certain neighborhood and gained general respect for the manner in which he had conducted himself, was suddenly made the object of slanders and abuse. When he came to trace these stories back he found that they had been started by a mouse.

"Why have you slandered me?" demanded the lion.

"Because the people will only accept me as a mouse," was the reply.

"But am I to blame for that?"

"Perhaps not, but why should you be a lion, able to strike down the ox, while I am but a puny mouse, able only to frighten women and children? What grieves me is the fact that nature made a mistake."

"Very well, said the king of beasts; "you go forth and roar and kill, and I will become a mouse."

The mouse stalked into the forest and began to growl and roar, but his efforts were received with laughter. After he had tried it again and again the owl dropped down beside him and observed:

"Instead of making me afraid, you only disturb my slumbers and annoy my friends. Come inside, out of the malaria."

MORAL.

The mouse who nibbles at crumbs is doing all that is expected of him.

Secondly—He who looks for the mistakes of others shows the world his envious feelings.—*Detroit Free Press.*

—Ninety-three thousand acres of trees, it is said, have been planted in Kansas within three years.

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 statue rates.

For transient advertising, see rates on third page.

All advertisements payable monthly.

PERSONAL AND IMPESONAL.

—Henry Villard, President of the North Pacific Railway, has given the employes a library of 2,000 volumes.—*Chicago Inter-Ocean.*

—Miss Ida Lewis, now forty years of age, still keeps the Lime Rock lighthouse, Newport, which has been under her charge for twenty years.

—Blondin, the rope-walking hero of Niagara, in spite of his fifty-eight years, has again made his appearance on the tight-rope in the "Neue Welt" at Berlin, greatly to the delight of the Berliners.

—Madame de Remusat, granddaughter of General Lafayette, and widow of the academician and statesman who was Thier's friend and Minister of Foreign Affairs, recently died at the age of seventy-five.

—J. C. Whitin, in Whitinville, Mass., bequeathed $20,000 to home and $25,000 to foreign missions, $5,000 to the Church Erection Society of New York, and $5,000 to the University of New Mexico. His will was unsigned, but the family carried out his wishes.—*Boston Post.*

—"Aunt" Jennie Roots, a negress, who has reached the advanced age of 120 years or more, died at Col. William Duke's residence, Boyle county, Kentucky, recently. She related many incidents of the revolutionary period, and says that when she came to Kentucky the country was "full of Indians."—*Chicago Times.*

—J. H. Lester, who lives near McDonough, Ga., is 113 years old, having been born in Rockingham, N. C., December 7, 1769. He distinctly remembers the Revolutionary War, and when eleven years old he was detailed with other boys to defend the women and children from the Tories. He served under General Floyd during the war of 1812. Mr. Lester is old enough to vote.

—Mr. Gray, lately condemned in Dublin for contempt of court, personally is a genial host, a pleasant talker and always in command of himself. He lives in what is probably the most luxurious home in Dublin. He attends closely to his paper, and by means of a telephone between house and office is hourly in communication with his editors. Mrs. Gray is popular in society, and her entertainments are the most agreeable and brilliant given in Dublin.—*Detroit Post.*

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