THE JOURNAL.

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OSCAR.

AN AUTOBIOGRAPHICAL SYMPHONY IN GRASS-GREEN.

Comparatively few of the advance sheets of Oscar Wilde's still unfinished book about America have as yet found their way from London to New York. But it is pretty well understood in the knowing literary circles of England that the work will contain the following passionate metrical moan, and that the moan is founded upon fact. It was Shelley who long ago wrote of the race of bards:
"They learn in suffering what they teach in song."

The quotation will be apt to occur to many persons as, with eyes suffused with the divine dew of sympathy, they peruse the beautiful lines that follow:

I.

Ah me, as I brood in my boudoir here,
With its sumptuous dado half divine,
In thought I return to the time fell drear
Far away o'er the tame Atlantic brine.

II.

A-weary the vision comes and goes—
Like a man attending high-art lectures—
And I ask, with a blush like a crimson rose:
"Am I, then, such a flat as the world conjectures?"

III.

And what is the vision that moves me so
As I languid lunch on a lights-ome lily?
S'death, I'll confide to the world my wo,
Though they call me a calfskin, soft and silly.

IV.

Far away o'er the tame Atlantic brine—
Oh, the vision keeps growing clearer and clearer—
In the too high-colored autumnal time
I met him—my tameful banco-steerer!

V.

He wooed me with many a soft caress,
His smile was as bright as my lank, light hair;
In a moment I loved him, nothing less—
S'death that the false should be so fair!

VI.

As our souls commingled I told him true
That Niag'ra Falls were not to my taste,
And I saw that I thrilled him through and through
As I named it a fluid, howling waste.

VII.

And then, with the air of a guileless child—
Oh, that sweet bright smile and those eyes aflame—
He said: "If you'll let me, dear Mr. Wilde,
I'll show you a ravishing little game."

VIII.

His smile was as bright as my lank, light hair,
And his eyes they were full of a tender glee,
So I linked my arm to his own, right there,
And softly whispered: "I'll go with thee."

IX.

What more? 'Tis the story that's oft retold,
Of a trusting heart and its grief and shame
As it ponders the lesson so new so old—
"You never should bet on another man's game."

X.

We hied to his haunts in a Bowery bliss
(Oh, his tender, ethical, mobile face!)
And he made me acquaint with "some friends of his,"
Who hailed me with many a fond embrace.

XI.

And then—Oh, the picture I'll ne'er forget,
'Tis a tablet whose tracings naught efaces,
I ventured my pile on the King quartette—
But my friend held five consecutive Aces.

XII.

With a deep, keen sigh I fled from the room
With the flower mistrust enshrined in my heart,
With my pocket-book robbed of its opalent bloom,
And I muttered: "For England it's time to depart."

. . . . . .

XIII.

The volupt'ous sunflower ever tries
To bring me surcease of my gnawing pain,
My nun-like lilies respond with their sighs,
As into their bosoms my tears I rain.

XIV.

But they can not assuage this woe of mine,
For my sad, sear heart grows scarer and scarer,
As my thoughts fly over the tame, wide brine,
And light on that untamed banco-steerer.

—*N. Y. Tribune.*

THE DOCTOR'S SECOND WIFE.

Dr. Brinsley belongs to the noble army of martyrs and heroes known as "country doctors." He was the sort of man you could love if you loved him; otherwise you would probably dislike him, for he was very peculiar; everybody said so. Now there are several ways of being peculiar, and the doctor's ways were not always pleasant ways—unless you loved him. His wife had loved him, and to her he had seemed the most perfect of men. He suited her and she suited him, and they had been very happy. It must not be supposed that her love had been of the cooing kind. Perhaps the doctor would not have enjoyed that. Darling Becky rejoiced in making bright, spicy, impudent remarks to her husband. Remarks which made his big, brown eyes sparkle with delight then he would meet her half way, and they would fight the most interesting little duels, followed by the most affectionate reconciliations. But it was now three long weary years since poor Becky had been resting in her quiet grave, and the doctor's friends had decided that he needed some one to keep house for him.

After much persuading he had been particularly introduced to Miss Delia Swan. "What a name!" thought the doctor. But as he looked at her he saw that she was fair, gentle, healthy and twenty-six. "A good, sensible age; must be neat and orderly," was his verdict. In a moment of enthusiastic selfishness he had proposed to her, and in a moment of enthusiastic devotion she had accepted him.

They were married. She lived in his house, she poured out his tea and coffee, she entertained his friends, and everybody said: "Oh, how much nicer she was than that other woman!" She was very popular with everybody, but she was not at all popular with the doctor.

To him "that other woman" was still all the world and the brightness thereof. So homeless did he feel in the presence of this much nicer woman that his visits to Becky's grave were the only happy hours of his new life. Afterwhile he became more accustomed to Delia, and then he began to give her free and frequent lectures on Becky. "She" used to say so and so, she used to do this and that; and as she had been right then, she must be right now and forever and in everything.

Delia had married "from a sense of duty," and deserved to be punished; but it seemed to her that her punishment was greater than she deserved. She would not have wished that her husband should forget the wife of his youth, but she had expected that he would have some regard for the woman whom he had invited to preside over his household, and she had hoped to make him comfortable; to "do her duty by him," as she expressed it. Part of that duty she had performed in the most admirable manner; never had the doctor's house been so clean; never had his shirt bosoms shone with such luster; but the heart which beat behind them she had been unable to conquer.

Was it her fault? Had she not tried to be kind, to be patient, to be meek? Yes, but it was the trying that spoiled it all, and she lacked the sweet boldness which love alone can give. She was almost afraid of that ungracious man, and she was jealous of Becky, much loved, happy Becky. At the end of six months of such a life the doctor noticed that Del looked pale and thin. "You need a little more fresh air," he prescribed, "and I shall take you out as often as can." Not without some inward fear, but attired in her very best, Delia sat in the buggy by the side of her lord. It was a balmy spring afternoon, nature looked so fresh, so bright, so happy, that a little of this happiness breathed itself into Delia's sad heart. The doctor must also have been touched by these benign influences, for never before had he been so kind, so attentive to her, so talkative. She smiled several times; twice she absolutely laughed. She sat a little nearer to him, her cheeks bloomed, and she was beginning to feel quite comfortable, when, as luck would have it, they happened to ride past a very small cottage, so very small that Delia said: "Oh, look! I wonder how many people live in such a tiny bit of a house?"

The doctor's brow grew dark. "In such a house as this," he said, in his most impressive manner, "in just such a house as this my wife and I lived in the greatest happiness when we were first married."

Had Delia been suddenly shifted from India's coral strand to Greenland's icy mountains the shock could hardly have been greater. "His wife!" she thought, "then, if she is his wife, what am I?" Peculiar reasoning, perhaps, but Delia knew very well what she meant. All that evening she sat silently sewing and answering the doctor's remarks with a primness of dignity that surprised him. But he asked no questions and took refuge in thoughts of the old days when Becky sat in that same chair, sewing, too, but with such bright, loving looks, such an interesting way of saying things. And now, what a difference! What, in truth, was this woman to him? Not a wife, not even a companion, only a housekeeper. And he gazed at her reflectively. It so happened that Delia, who had been making desperate efforts to overcome her sulky mood, looked up at that moment and caught the full meaning of the doctor's eyes. Had he slapped her face she could not have felt it more, but she gave no sign. With white fingers that trembled a little, she folded her work and said: "I am tired, I will go to my room."

Delia did not sleep much that night. "I must leave him," she decided at last. "I will not live with him unless I am really his wife. I cannot." Leave him; but how? She could not go back to her mother's house where questions would be asked which she was determined not to answer; and besides it was too near. Where could she go? A few hours afterwards that question was answered. She received a letter postmarked "Denver, Colorado;" it came from "dear Cousin Mamie," and as she read her letter Delia's face brightened "it is just what I wanted," she said to herself.

One evening, when the doctor came home, Bridget met him at the door and said: "Missus has gone, sir; she had to go a kind of sudden, but she said she would write and tell you." "All right," answered the doctor. "Gone to her mother's," he explained to himself. "I suppose there is some sort of a fandango going on there." He made himself very comfortable. It was a cool evening, and he smoked his cigar, and put his feet on the stove, with "no one nigh to hinder." But what the doctor really liked was to be hindered; he enjoyed watching the mild shadow of disapproval stealing over Delia's face; if she had frankly and briskly expressed her opinion, then taken it back prettily, he might have fallen in love with her; but Delia always relapsed into meekness, and all was lost. As the days passed the doctor began to miss his housekeeper. "Why does she not write? Cold-blooded creature."

The cold-blooded creature wrote. Her letter was dated from Denver. It said:

DEAR SIR: I thought you would be happier without me, so I came here. I am visiting Cousin Mamie. With best wishes for your happiness, I remain sincerely,

DELIA BRINSLEY.

"A pretty letter—and 'dear sir' to me! Gone to Denver! Who could have supposed she had spirit enough for that? Little goose! Gone to Denver, by Jove!"

The doctor laughed, he blessed himself, he was delighted. The next evening he was on his way to Colorado. That same evening, in far off, lovely Denver Delia and Cousin Mamie were comparing notes about their husbands. Delia had been very cautious and Mamie was enthusiastic about the doctor. "If he was my husband I would flirt with him and make him fall desperately in love with me," she declared.

"Flirt with him" exclaimed Delia.

"Certainly, it would be all right, and so interesting! Now, John is so good-natured and always the same, I sometimes wish he would be a little bit cross, just for a change."

"What a sadly funny world this is," thought Delia when she was alone, "no one is really contented and happy." Then she became very homesick; not only did she miss the doctor, but she also missed herself: she had always been so prudent, so submissive, and now she had done such a wild, wicked thing! Had she not promised "for better and for worse?"

One morning there came a tremendous ring at the door. Delia knew that ring, she heard it all over her, and turned pale. "Bound to get in," said Mamie, as she hurried to the door. "Is Mrs. Brinsley in?" asked a big voice. Mrs. Brinsley was in. She came forward smiling, rosy-cheeked, collected, transformed. She held out her hand; she was glad to see the doctor; she presented him to Cousin Mamie. They sat down. "Where are you stopping?" asked Delia. "At the Windsor." And she became as deeply interested in the Windsor as if the doctor had come expressly for the purpose of ending his days there. But Dr. Brinsley was not altogether defenseless. "I came to ask if you would take a ride with me. The carriage is at the door. Come just as you are."

"Oh!" said Delia; and she went.

The mountains were "perfectly magnificent" as Delia remarked, but the doctor made quick work of them.

"How soon will you be ready to come home," he asked, quietly.

"I don't know, I intended to stay all summer, I think—I think—" But she could not tell him what she thought. She was glad he had come; she wanted to go back with him; she loved him, now. But did he love her? If he would only be a little more gentle, more lover-like. The doctor was not very gentle; his manner was clear-cut and decided, but—if she would only have looked at him!

"How soon will you come home?" he repeated. "I want you to come home."

Then, slowly, she lifted up her eyes to his. Was this the way he used to look at Becky? Not quite; no one should ever see that look again in the doctor's eyes. But Delia did not know that, and it seemed very good to her to be looked at in this way. "I will go whenever you like," she answered at last.

Then the doctor did say something gentle and lover like.

They were married already. Let us hope "they were happy ever afterwards."—"*Turquoise,*" *in Denver Inter-Ocean.*

Length of Hair.

It has been ascertained that the ordinary length of the hair, as shown by the measurement in women, ranges between twenty and thirty-six inches, and its weight from six to eight ounces. However, if the hair is closely shaved it becomes persistent, and also increases in bulk and strength. The hair grows at the rate of one line and a half per week, or six and a half inches per year, being twenty-seven feet if we live to be eighty. The shape of small hairs is cylindrical, and more or less oval for long hairs. The hairs of the head are never cylindrical, and those of the beard and eyebrows are somewhat oval. When left to their natural growth the end or tip is always conical and pointed. The surface of the scalp presents about 1.0 superficial inches, and the number of hairs on the entire head amounts to 30,000 in a thin head of hair, but in a thick head of hair the amount is much greater, for many of the pores give passages to two hairs. At its lower end the hair-tube terminates in a cul de sac, and this portion of its cavity is filled by an accumulation of cre hly-formed cells and granules, which constitute the root of the hair: above this point the little mass of cells separate into two parts; a central part of a cylindrical figure, which is the newly-formed hair, and a peripheral layer, which inclose the former and is continuous with and is the sheath of the scarf-skin which lines the tube.—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

A Fortunate Adventurer.

The recent dispatch announcing the discovery of gold on the Yukon River, in Alaska, recalls one of the romantic experiences of Western mining life. The Alaska discoverer, whose name should have been given as Scheiffelin, instead of Schuffelm—as was telegraphed—is the man who located the rich mines at Tombstone, A. T., and founded and named the town. The story of the "find" is a remarkable one. "Ed" Scheiffelin, with his brothers and one or two companions, was prospecting in Southern Arizona some four or five years ago, when the country contained comparatively few white men and was over-run by hostile Apaches. The party, in Western parlance, were "down on their luck." They had made no strikes, and their supplies were running low. It was a condition of affairs which Scheiffelin was inured to, for he had been so reduced as to live on meal and beans given him in camp as an act of charity. Finally they resolved, in desperation, to start across into what is now known as the Tombstone district. Other prospectors had kept away from fear of the Indians. The country was dry and desolate, and contained but little game. The few intruders had never returned.

When Scheiffelin's little party announced their determination it was generally predicted that they would meet death by Apache bullets or by starvation. "All you will find will be your tombstone," was the sarcastic farewell of a miner as the adventurous band started into the barren hills. They journeyed through cacti and mesquite, crossed arroyas and climbed hills, examining ledges and croppings, and scrutinizing every rock for signs of pay ore that might lead to the discovery of a vein. All the time they kept a keen outlook for Apaches. They slept rifles in hand while a faithful watch was kept throughout the night. But they found nothing. Footsore, weary and discouraged, they camped on the site of the present town of Tombstone. Their provisions were nearly exhausted. It was imperative for them to find food at once or give up their attempt and turn backward. One of the party, taking his rifle, went out to hunt for a deer. In his absence the others hopelessly began examining the rocky ground near their camp, and at last fortune proved kind. When the hunter returned he found that he and his comrades were millionaires. They had found a rich out-cropping of ore that hinted at the wealth beneath their feet. They "located" their claims, and after a period of waiting partially developed them.

In May, 1880, "Ed" Scheiffelin and his brother sold their share in these mines for a round million to a Philadelphia syndicate. Now a town of some 5,000 inhabitants stands on the ground where the penniless adventurers camped. When the news of the strike went out and the prospectors rushed in, Scheiffelin, as the "oldest inhabitant" and founder, was asked to name the town. He recalled the parting words of the miner when he started out, and said: "Call it Tombstone." The outcrop first discovered was supposed to be from a vein, but on exploration has proved to indicate a rich deposit, in place of which there is now an immense yawning gulf. Several claims were laid out, which have since been developed into mines, and some probably worked out; but they still bear the tuneful names of "Owl's Last Hoot," "Lucky Cuss," "Tough Nut," and "Good Enough," while one is named the "Tribune." But Scheiffelin was too thoroughly infected with the mining fever to be content with his suddenly acquired riches. Within the last year he fitted out a small steamer at San Francisco, gathered about him a party of adventurers, and started to seek the golden fleece in the frozen wilds of Alaska. Now, if the report be true, it appears that Fortune has again proved his friend.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

How to Use a Rifle.

One of the most important acquirements that the owner of a gun can possess is to know how to leave it alone. Many expert mechanics have been engaged in its construction; a crank can spoil it in one operation. We have no advice to offer regarding the choice of a gun, except that it be procured from some manufacturer with an established reputation. Do not expect to get a good weapon for little or nothing. Propositions to this effect, emanating from irresponsible parties, may be found in flashy advertisements; but it is always better to pay more for guns and less for accident policies.

Do not cobble your gun. The men who made it knew what they were about, and thus have a decided advantage of you. The worst foe of a painstaking manufacturer is the half-fledged amateur mechanic, who, spending half his time tampering with his gun, and most of the remainder in grumbling at the result, never succeeds in making his mark as a sharp-shooter. If any important changes or repairs are necessary, have them made by a competent mechanic. In the majority of cases poor shooting is due to want of skill in the alleged marksman; he either does not know how to shoot, or can not manage a gun or prepare ammunition properly.

It is easier to prevent rust than to remove it. It is also more important. After using, clean and oil your gun carefully and repeat this operation the succeeding day. Examine it carefully, allow no dust to gather anywhere, and do not neglect the working parts. A gun should never be left against an outside wall, nor in any other place where it is exposed to dampness, nor in a position that may have a tendency to warp the stock.

Safety is the most important requisite. It is better to shoot poorly or not at all, than to cause or be the victim of an accident. No one intends to be careless, nor will any one plead guilty to such a charge; yet on this point the majority of men are in need of admonition. With some there is a tendency to shoot when the danger signal or trap is up; markers have been injured, as a result of their own carelessness; and who hasn't made a bull on the wrong target? Have no powder near you when seating primers, and thus escape accident and subsequent ridicule.

Every rifleman has his own peculiar views regarding the preparation and use of ammunition. Effective shooting may be done by following any one of several methods; the best results, however, are only obtainable by the practice of what some may deem overcautiousness. Pay attention to the details. If, by extreme care in some seemingly unimportant particular, you can score one more point in a thousand shots, it is a matter you cannot afford to neglect; it may decide an important match. Let your motto be: Carelessness in nothing; uniformity in everything.

Every shell should have an even foundation for the primer to rest upon, in order that it may explode the instant it is struck. If the pocket of the shell is uneven the gas may escape, or a hang-fire be the result. The pocket should also be of even depth and diameter. Primers, when seated, should be entered straight and pressed carefully to the bottom of pocket, care being taken not to crush the fulminate. Improper seating of primers frequently causes either a hang or miss-fire. It is well to assort shells and lay aside those in which the primers seem to fit either too snug or loose, using them for warming shots or experimental shooting, but not in an important match. After priming, some assort the shells, using those with deepest pockets at the shortest range. Owing to a slight difference in thickness of metal, shells are of unequal capacity, some holding a few grains of powder more than others; but this does not seem to cause any variation in the flight of the bullet. It is customary to fill the extra space with an additional wad or two. A better elevation can be obtained by the use of shells that have been fired at least once, and are, by expansion, better fitted to the chamber.

If convenient, it is well to throw the shells in water as fast as used. This softens the powder crust and renders their cleaning a comparatively easy task. A solution of cyanide of potassium will cleanse them quickly and effectively, but this is a deadly poison, and is also likely to injure the shells unless applied by one who understands its use. The safe way is to use a brush and water; let them be carefully cleaned and rinsed, and thoroughly dried. A good plan is to drive nails in a board and hang the shells thereon, or they may be tied in bundles and dried in a moderately warm oven, or by being left several hours in the hot sun. If the least moisture remains, good shooting can not be done. Before reloading rub the outside of the shell with a slightly oiled rag, and clean the inside of dust with a dry brush. Examine the pocket carefully, scraping out anything which may adhere to it, and see that the primer hole is unobstructed. Shells should be carefully scrutinized and any that show imperfections thrown aside. Sometimes a slight flaw will be visible; the shell can be rejected before bursting and a poor shot avoided. When you make an unaccountable shot examine the shell carefully, or mark and preserve it for future inspection; it may have been imperfect or improperly primed.—*Forest, Forge and Stream.*

New Refrigerating Apparatus.

The increase in the demand for cold-air machines has naturally stimulated improvements in old and the invention of new refrigerating appliances. Among the more recent of these is one employing sulphuric acid as an absorbent of the vapor of water in a vacuum causing the lowering of the temperature. The idea is not new, for it is the basis of familiar experiments in school laboratories, yet its application on a commercial scale appears to be both new and quite successful. The plant consists essentially of a freezer, in which the ice is formed, an acid tank, through which the vapor of the water is drawn, and an air-pump for creating a vacuum. There is also an apparatus for condensing the acid when it becomes too heavily loaded with water. The freezers, of which a number may be grouped together with one acid-tank, consist of cast-iron tanks of any convenient shape or size, according to the size of the blocks of ice that is required. There is a funnel closed by a stop-cock for admitting fresh water, and a hinged trap or door at the bottom for taking out the block of ice. The acid tank is a cylindrical vessel of iron, having a helix or stirrer inside for agitating the liquid whenever it is necessary. The tank is connected by pipes with the free ers, and over the top has a dome, which is connected with an air-pump. The operation of the machine is simple. The air-pump creates a vacuum in the dome over the acid, and indirectly, by means of the pipes, in the freezers. The water begins to evaporate, and the vapor pervading the pipes and tank is absorbed by the acid, the air partly freed from vapor being steadily drawn away by the air-pump. This evaporation and absorption of the vapor causes a lowering of the temperature of the remaining water, and it freezes into solid blocks in the freezers. The pump is then stopped, and the tanks are closed and again filled with water, when the process begins anew. The only pause in the work is the occasional removal of the saturated acid and the putting in a fresh supply. The acid is freed from water in a condenser, and may be used over again in the machine indefinitely. While this is the main idea of this refrigerating plant, it has many details, and requires a special kind of air-pump. Lead is used wherever it is necessary to protect the apparatus from the action of the acid, and ingenious appliances are added for preventing the ice from clogging the water-pipes that fill the freezers, and for releasing the blocks of ice when they are finished. In a small plant, demanding a six-horse-power engine and the services of two men besides the engineer, six blocks of ice, weighing six hundred weight each, can be made in one hour, or fifteen tons in twenty-four hours. The cost of production must depend on the price of coal and labor; but, so far as can be learned, it is as low as by many of the larger and more costly appliances now in use.—*Chicago Tribune.*

Snakes—A Trap Wanted.

The destruction of human life in India by venomous snakes is appalling, and the number of cattle killed by them is a serious drain upon the resources of the people. In Bengal alone about 10,000 persons are fatally bitten every year, and nearly as many more lives are lost by the same pests throughout British India. These are deaths officially registered. Sir Joseph Fayrer, the most competent living authority, believes that the reported deaths do not nearly include the whole number.

The cattle reported killed by snakes number between two and three thousand a year; also, in all probability, an under statement. Of late years considerable rewards have been offered for the killing of venomous snakes, and thousands have been destroyed, to the material lessening of the death rate of people and cattle still the country is overrun with the pests, and is likely to be until better means have been devised for taking and destroying them.

In 1880 the deaths reported as from snake bite were 19,060; and 212,776 snakes were killed at a cost of over $4,500, in rewards. The next year (1881) there were fatally bitten 18,610 people; and 254,968 snakes were destroyed at a cost of nearly $5,000.

The snakes which do the mischief are, according to Fayrer, the cobra, the Bungarus cœruleus or krait, the echis, and the daboia or Russell's viper, all of which are most conspicuous snakes, and easily identified. There are others, such as Bungarus fasciatus, Ophiophagus elaps, which are dangerous, but comparatively rare, and seldom bite men, while the hydrophidæ, being confined to the sea or estuaries, are, though very poisonous, not so dangerous to man, and the trimeresuri, which are both uncommon and at the same time are not so deadly as to endanger life.

It is proposed that a corps of snake hunters shall be organized in every district, whose duty would be, under proper supervision, to seek out and destroy these pests. In several provinces gangs of paid snake hunters are already at work, with very encouraging results.

It appears that only kanjars of men of similar caste can be engaged in this work, the taking of life of any sort being a violation of the religious laws of most Hindoos. It is doubtful whether the snake killers will ever pursue their task, however well paid, with a degree of care and thoroughness likely to destroy the occupation. If the snakes are to be exterminated, it will have to be by other means.

Would it not be possible to devise traps in which could be taken alive (by members of castes who could not kill them) to be turned over to the proper authorities for destruction? Or traps might be made into which snakes could be enticed to their own destruction, traps which once set would go on performing their beneficent work endlessly, without the intervention of a caste-ridden people, and without putting upon any one but the trap setter responsibility for taking life.—*Scientific American.*

RELIGIOUS AND EDUCATIONAL.

—Evangelist Moody was greeted in Dublin recently by an audience of four thousand persons.

—Girl graduates in England wear gowns precisely like those worn by university men, and made by the same tailor.

—The Lutheran Church in the United States has: Ministers, 3,504, gain 197; churches, 6,171, gain 320; communicants, 801,486, gain 62,073.

—William H. Vanderbilt has just added $100,000 to his $1,000,000 endowment of Vanderbilt University. The late Mrs. Atkinson, of Memphis, left the same institution $50,000.

—Rev. Thomas B. Wood, Superintendent of South American Missions, and Rev. Charles D. Drees, Superintendent of Mexican Missions, have united in a memorial to the American Bible Society, asking that body to take steps to secure a new and standard version of the Scriptures in Spanish.

—Harvard has students from every State in the Union except Nebraska, Oregon and Virginia. Besides there are students from the District of Columbia, Idaho, Montana, Utah, Armenia, in Asia, Bahama Islands, Canada, France, Germany, Ireland, Italy, Japan, New Brunswick, Nova Scotia and Prussia.

—Aged Baptist ministers have reason to thank a wealthy Baptist, whose name ought to be known, for the gift of a sixteen-roomed house and an acre and a quarter of ground in the twenty-third ward. There they may find a home when their work is ended, and the evening of life has come.—*N. Y. Commercial Advertiser.*

—The Japanese Christians of San Francisco have a Japanese Gospel Society, whose aim is to extend the Gospel among the Japanese who are not Christians. They have also provided a temporary residence, at a cheap rate, for those of their countrymen who are out of employment, or are poor or sick.—*The Interior.*

—The thirty-seven Methodist colleges in this country have 2,786 students and $400,000 income; the thirty-one Baptist colleges 4,609 students, and $491,000 income; the twenty-six Congregational colleges 2,862 students, and $522,000 income, and the thirteen Presbyterian colleges 1,477 students, and $212,000 income.

—At a recent Washington reunion General Chamberlain indulged in a little glorification of Bowdoin College over which he presides. He reports a considerable relaxation of discipline, and finds the students "worthy of all the confidence which is reposed in them." That institution has "furnished to the Nation a President, twenty-two Senators and Representatives in Congress, fourteen Judges of high courts, nine Governors of States, eighteen college Presidents, a Longfellow a Hawthorne and an S. S. Prentiss."

—The "Brick Church," of Rochester (Presbyterian), introduced a new method of taking its annual collections about ten years ago. It decided to take plate collections each morning and evening and to divide the total among the several claims, according to a prearranged proportion. This arrangement has increased the benevolence of the congregation the total amount from 1873 to 1882, inclusive, being $23,163, besides $2,705 for the poor fund, and $9,755 raised from the Sunday-school classes.—*Rochester (N. Y.) Express.*

The "Chinese-American."

Speaking of the first Chinese paper ever published in New York, the first number of which recently made its appearance, the *Sun* says that Mr. Wong Ching Foo is the editor-in-chief, and the publishers, at 189 and 191 Chatham street, are Messrs. E. P. and L. P. Cole. The *Sun* says:

"The *Chinese-American* is to be a four-page weekly paper, somewhat smaller than the *Sun*. It is to publish the news, or so much of it as is likely to interest its readers. The matter it will contain is to be written or selected by Mr. Wong Ching Foo, who will dictate it to a Chinese scribe. He in turn will print or paint it with India ink and a pointed stick upon sheets of paper, from which it will be photo-lithographed, and then printed from the stone in the shape in which it is to appear. The publishers say that but for this process the publication would be impossible by reason of its cost. In the past it has been customary to engrave the whole of each Chinese work to be published, because the 60,000 word characters of the language are not represented by type.

Mr. Wong Ching Foo is a Mongolian of rank, who has held office in China. He imbibed republican ideas in this country, was graduated from an American college, and upon returning to his native land found life there less agreeable than in America. He is best known here as a lecturer in English. The scribe who will act as his amanuensis is one of a number in this city who gain their livelihood in writing letters and communications of every sort for their countrymen. The publishers are obliged to pay forty dollars a week for his services and say that wherever they have turned by the pursuit of their business they have found similar proof of the lack of foundation for the belief that there is such a thing as "Chinese cheap labor." They could get a Caucasian office-boy for five dollars a week, but have to pay eight dollars for a China youth.

"They say that the leading men among the Chinese in this city are pleased with the prospect of possessing a paper that will convey to them the news of the week in the beloved hieroglyphs that Americans can be brought to think of only in connection with wash bills, firecracker labels and the literature of the tea trade. But the same Chinamen say that they cannot understand in what manner the enterprise can be made to pay. The publishers, on the other hand, point to the fact that there are in New York 8,000 Chinamen, 900 laundries and 30 Chinese groceries. Although they admit that but few Chinamen are educated up to the full possibilities of their alphabet, all can read those few hundred signs that express their simple ideas and wants. They like to read, yet at present have no other opportunity to do so than is afforded by the wall over the doorway to Tom Lee's grocery at Mott street and Chatham square. This wall has served as the only newspaper for years. Upon it are posted notices of the opening and closing of all laundries that are or have been maintained by members of the Long Ti Society—a secret organization about the nature of which no New Yorker has ever been able to learn more than that it is "Alle same Flee Mason." To the New Yorker the most interesting thing about Tom Lee's wall has been that the advertisements are painted on bits of paper of every hue, and make up a display as diverting to the eye as the contents of a dress-maker's rag-bag.

"But the publishers of the *Chinese-American* say that the fact that every Chinaman can read and wants to is a mere item in their estimates. A stronger desire is that on the part of those merchants who make soap and bluing and laundry apparatus and all sorts of things that they would like to have the means of presenting to the notice of Chinamen."

—A well-to-do business man died at Athens, Ga., some time since, from the bite of a spider. After being buried for three weeks it was decided to remove the body to a new cemetery. When the coffin was taken up the body was found lying face downwards. It was decided to say nothing to his young widow about it, but one of the party could not keep it, and she is now a raving maniac with hair as white as snow.—*Chicago Herald.*

TRAVEL ONLY VIA

—THE—

BURLINGTON & MO. RIV. RAILROAD

KNOWN AS

The BURLINGTON ROUTE!

FOR ALL POINTS

EAST AND WEST.

Daily Express Trains are now run to

Chicago, Omaha & Denver Via LINCOLN,

AND BETWEEN

Kansas City, Atchison & Denver.

2 EXPRESS TRAINS Daily —BETWEEN—

OMAHA AND LINCOLN.

All Through Trains are equipped with new and elegant

Pullman Palace Cars,

Day Coaches and Baggage and Express Cars of the latest designs.

Through Tickets at Lowest Rates

Are on sale at all principal Stations, where passengers can obtain information as to Routes, Rates and Connections, and can secure Sleeping-Car accommodations.

Quick Time, Sure Connections, No Delays,

As trains run to and from Union Depots at all principal points.

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

23y

1870. 1883.

—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.

Special Announcement!

REDUCTION IN PRICE.

We offer the JOURNAL in combination with the *American Agriculturist*, the best farmers' magazine in the world, for $3 a year, which includes postage on both. IN ADDITION, we will send *free* to every person who takes both papers, a Magnificent Plate Engraving of DUPRE'S last Great Painting, "IN THE MEADOW," now on exhibition in New York, and offered for sale at $5,000.

The eminent Artist, F. S. CHURCH, writing to a friend in the country last October, thus alludes to this Picture:

"....I was delighted this morning to see offered as a Premium a reproduction of a very beautiful Picture, "IN THE MEADOW," by Dupre. This Picture is an Educator....."

This superb engraving 17½ *by* 12 *inches, exclusive of wide border*, is worth more than the cost of both Journals. It is mounted on heavy Plate Paper, and sent securely packed in Tubes made expressly for the purpose. When to be mailed, 10 cents extra is required for Packing, Postage, etc.

☞ Subscriptions may begin at any time, and the *Agriculturist* furnished in German or English.

DR. FISHBLATT,

OF THE

OMAHA MEDICAL DISPENSARY,

ON ACCOUNT OF HIS

Immense Practice in Columbus, Nebraska,

WILL MAKE HIS NEXT VISIT

On Saturday, April 14th, 1883.

AND WILL REMAIN ONE DAY AT THE CLOTHIER HOUSE, WHERE HE CAN BE CONSULTED ON

THE THROAT, and LUNGS, CATARRH, KIDNEY

AND BLADDER AND FEMALE DISEASES, AS WELL AS ALL CHRONIC AND NERVOUS DISEASES.

DR. FISHBLATT

Has discovered the greatest cure in the world for weakness of the back and limbs, involuntary discharges, impotency, general debility, nervousness, languor, confusion of ideas, palpitation of the heart, timidity, trembling, dimness of sight or giddiness, diseases of the head, throat, nose, or skin, affections of the liver, lungs, stomach or bowels—those terrible disorders arising from solitary habits of youth, and secret practices more fatal to the victims than the songs of Syrens to the mariners of Ulysses, blighting their most radiant hopes or anticipations, rendering marriage impossible.

Those that are suffering from the evil practices, which destroy their mental and physical systems causing

NERVOUS DEBILITY,

the symptoms of which are a dull, distressed mind, which unfits them from performing their business and social duties, makes happy marriage impossible, distresses the action of the heart, causing flushes of heat, depression of spirits, evil forebodings, cowardice, fears, dreams, restless nights, dizziness, forgetfulness, unnatural discharges, pain in the back and hips, short breathing, melancholy, tire easily of company and have preference to be alone, feeling as tired in the morning as when retiring, seminal weakness, lost manhood, white bone deposit in the urine, nervousness, confusion of thought, trembling, watery and weak eyes, dyspepsia, constipation, paleness, pain and weakness in the limbs, etc., should consult me immediately and be restored to perfect health.

YOUNG MEN

Who have become victims of solitary vice, that dreadful and destructive habit which annually sweeps to an untimely grave thousands of young men of exalted talent and brilliant intellect who might otherwise entrance listening senators with the thunders of their eloquence or wake to ecstacy the living lyre, may call with full confidence.

MARRIAGE.

Married persons or young men contemplating marriage, be aware of physical weakness, loss of procreative power, impotency, or any other disqualification speedily relieved. He who places himself under the care of Dr. Fishblatt may religiously confide in his honor as a gentleman, and confidently rely upon his skill as a physician.

ORGANAL WEAKNESS

immediately cured and full vigor restored. This distressing affliction—which renders life a burden and marriage impossible, is the penalty paid by the victim for improper indulgence. Young people are apt to commit excesses from not being aware of the dreadful consequences that may ensue. Now who that understands this subject will deny that procreation is lost sooner by those falling into improper habits than by prudent? Besides being deprived of the pleasure of healthy offsprings, the most serious and destructive symptoms of both mind and body arise. The system becomes deranged the physical and mental functions weaken. Loss of procreative powers, nervous irritability, dyspepsia, palpitation of the heart, indigestion, constitutional debility, wasting of the frame, cough, consumption and death.

A CURE WARRANTED.

Persons ruined in health by unlearned pretenders who keep them trifling month after month taking poisonous and injurious compounds, should apply immediately.

DR. FISHBLATT

graduate of one of the most eminent colleges of the United States, has effected some of the most astonishing cures that were ever known; many troubled with ringing in the ears and head when asleep, great nervousness, being alarmed at certain events, with frequent blushing, attended sometimes with derangement of the mind were cured immediately.

TAKE PARTICULAR NOTICE.

Dr. F. addresses all those who have injured themselves by improper indulgence and solitary habits which ruin both mind and body, unfitting them for business, study, society or marriage.

These are some of the sad, melancholy effects produced by the early habits of youth, viz: Weakness of the back and limbs, pains in the head and dimness of sight, loss of muscular power, palpitation of the heart, dyspepsia, nervous irritability, derangement of digestive functions, debility, consumption, etc.

Private Offices, over Omaha National Bank, Omaha, Neb.

CONSULTATION FREE. Charges moderate and within the reach of all who need Scientific Medical Treatment. Those who reside at a distance and cannot call, will receive prompt attention through mail by simply sending their symptoms with postage. Address Lock Box 34, Omaha, Neb. 44

NOTICE!

Chicago Weekly News.

—AND THE—

COLUMBUS, NEB., JOURNAL

—FOR—

$2.50 a Year Postage Included.

The CHICAGO WEEKLY NEWS is recognized as a paper unsurpassed in all the requirements of American Journalism. It stands conspicuous among the metropolitan journals of the country as a complete News-paper. In the matter of telegraphic service, having the advantage of connection with the *