I go the patient crowd to join That round the tube my eyes discern The last new comer of the file, And wait and wait, a weary while, And gape, and stretch, and shrug, and smile (For each his place must fairly earn, Hindmost and foremost in his turn), Till hitching onward, pace by pace, I gain at last the envied place, And pay the white exiguous coin; The sun and I are face to face; He glares at me, I stare at him; And lc! my straining eye has found A little spot that, black and round, Lies near the crimsoned fire-orb's rim.

blessed, beauteous evening star Well named for her whom earth adores-The Lady of the dove-drawn car— I know thee in thy white simar; But veiled in black, a rayless spot, Blank as a careless scribbler's blot, Stripped of thy robe of silvery flame— The stolen robe that Night restores When Day has shut his golden doors— I see thee, yet I know thee not; And canst thou call thyself the same?

A black, round spot-and that is ali; And such a speck our earth would be If he who looks upon the stars Through the red atmosphere of Mars Could see our little creeping ball

And art thou, then, a world like ours, Flung from the orb that whirled our own A molten peoble from its zone? How must thy burning sands absorb Thy chain so short, thy path so near Thy flame-defying creatures hear The maelstroms of the photosphere! And is thy bosom decked with flowers That steal their bloom from scalding show And hast thou cities, domes and towers, And life, and love that makes it dear, And death that fills thy tribes with fear?

Lost in my dream, my spirit soars Through paths the wandering angels know; My all-pervading thought explores e azure ocean's lucent shores; The azure ocean is facent salves.

I leave my mortal self below.

As up the star-lit stairs I climb,

And still the widening view reveals

In endless rounds the circling wheels That build the horologe of time, New spheres, new suns, new systems gleam; he voice no earth-born echo hears Steals softly on my ravished ears; I hear them "singing as they shine"mortal's voice dissolves my dream; ly patient neighbor, next in line, lints gently there are those who wait. O guardian of the starry gate, What coin shall pay this debt of mine? Too slight the claim, too small the fee
That bids thee turn the potent key
The Tuscan's hand has placed in thine. Forgive my own the small affront, The insult of the proffered dime;
Take it, O friend, since this thy wont,
But still shall faithful memory be A bankrupt debtor unto thee And pay thee with a grateful rhyme.

-Oliver Wendell Holmes, in Atlantic Monthly.

TALBOT'S KIDS.

"That's just what Smally is, boys, I'm telling you; 'no good.' and nothing else goes; but that goes, even if he hears it." "But what started yer on old Smally, Zinc?" Mr. Reddy asked, cheerfully

to Zine the men around the bar drew all I have left. It's been rather expencloser together, and the players at the sive work, posing as a capitalist here son Talbot, down at the Bay, and has faro table half turned towards Zinc. chipping in four-bit pieces listlessly on the lay-out, the dealer making his turns every time. The whole hundred, Frank? slowly and picking up his winnings or paying his losses with an added profes-

"Well, I'll just tell you, Reddy," began Zine, meditatively kneading some plug smoking tobacco in the palm of same will win, his left hand with the right, "when I "All right,

Mr. Reddy and the crowd looked their we are.' inability to guess who, of all the people hand, "Parson Talbot!" It was some time before any one spoke.

Finally Reddy got his amazement-spread mouth sufficiently closed to exclaim: "Th-e-e deuce!"

"Heerd he'd gone back to the States." "Where's he prospectin' now?" "Old Parson Talbot; well, ver did strike it rich. Zinc.

"How's his folks? Don't ver remember them kids of his'n, and that smart little woman?' While this shower of remarks was

pattering down on Zinc, two young men Barnes. who had been talking quietly in one corner of the room, went over and joined the party at the bar.

other a little better, but not out of keep- as this. ing with his surroundings. The latter, addressing Barnes, said: "You don't mind my listening, I hope; I know Par-

"Any man's welcome to hear what stranger, for I ain't got nothing but a transaction as this." "I'm glad to hear it," the young man

said, smiling pleasantly. "But before you go on, take something with me." ered thief, at the nodded to the entire crowd in a in a pocket. manner perfectly understood, for everyone faced the bar, and Mr. Reddy produced a line of glasses which exhausted his stock, the faro-dealer and case-keeper being obliged to use one glass between

mony finished, Mr. Barnes continued: "Yes, Parson Talbot; and he looked a sight older than he did when he left five twenties, and pocketing both pa-Hangtown in the winter of '56, busted. pers, White left the cabin. These for-But ye asked me, Reddy, what started malities complied with the strictly ob- strels should have visited Washington me on old Smally, and that's what I'll served, though unwritten law, of that on the day that President Garfield was tell you. I ran right agin the parson class of mining-camp transactions. know him, only he braced up to me and the mouth of a tunnel. says, holdn' out his hand in that easy way of his: 'Ain't I speaking to Zine asked White. Barnes?' 'Ye are, stranger,' I said, 'Yes, the sweet creature is in gentle and then he smiled in that way ye re- repose, his lovely head resting on your member, whoever knew him, and I five twenties, already sewn up in his velled out, 'Parson Talbot, by—_' I pillow.''

The two men then threw off their was preachin' as a stiddy lay out.

'pears they don't pay much for preach- mouth of the tunnel. in', even from a regular parson, in some of these districts at the Bay. He seemed to be located pretty near the edge of the in a hoss car, and his little house didn't select dump. show no signs that he had struck it over rich. But the old lady didn't seem to stood near the face of the tunnel and mind it, for she was as chipper as ever, carefully surveyed their work. The and how she did enjoy talking about the face, and for several feet the sides and old times! Well, after dinner the parson crown of the tunnel were thickly studded had to go to the meetin'-house.

lady told the whole of the story about and loose broken piles of the same glitthat deal old Smally gave the parson in tering ore lay on the floor of the tunnel Hangtown in '55. I never heard the near the face, as though blown down by whole story before and never knew how the last blast. bad old Smally had played the parson. "It will do," Howard said, finally. I tell you, gentlemen, old Smally is no good. It seems that the parson had saved nearly \$20,000 out of all the rich will do, Howard said, hnally. "Now go home and prepare to be surprised soon after daylight."

He had not long to wait. Already

Smally, who was not old then, ran a vivid green was darting up from beacross the parson, and roped him into a tween the great, grand domes of the quartz claim. I reckon the claim was Sierra; darting up to meet the richer good enough, and worth what they paid hues of the eastern sky, and add its for it, which took all the parson had brightness to the gaudy carnival of color and some of Smally's coin too. They which ushered in that mountain day. struck it pretty rich one day, and had a The sun came and warmed into life the big offer to sell right away. That just little camp at Smally's Spur. Threads suited the parson, for he was aching to of smoke wound out from cabin stoveget aboard the steamer for the States. pipes; frowsy miners broke the thin ice Smally worked the sale, and to do it got on the stores of water in pails and bucksome kind of a paper from the parson, ets, and performed al fresco toilets in who knew no more about business than front of cabin doors, or sliced the unia Piute about whisky poker. Smally versal bacon wherewith the matutinal got the money and sloped. They meal was to be flavored.

brought him back, you remember, He didn't squeal; that wan't his kind; but he slipped quietly away, all the life gone out of his voice, and hardly the courage to dig up stakes and move, 'cept for that little wife of his-goin', Mr. Howard?" Barnes suddenly asked, for the young miner suddenly left the group surrounding Zinc. Howard was already at the door before answering, shortly, 'Yes: good night." When the door had

closed behind him, Reddy, addressing Barnes, said: "Guess he didn't like your picture of old Smally. "Who is he?" Barnes asked, looking

at the door which had just closed on "He came here about a month ago, just after you left for the Bay, an' struck up a great friendship for old Smally. He's cabining with the old man now, and has charge of the tunnel the old man is runnin' to tap the ledge of his claim.

He's no good. "Well' I ain't sorry he knows what kind of a pard he has," Barnes said. "Old Smally's no good, and it goes if he hears it, which I guess he will," and the prospect of some pistol practice with old

Smally which this reflection suggested caused Mr. Barnes to refill his pipe with of Mr. White, the young man who had

treated the crowd. "No; I only met him a few days ago. claim, which I was thinking of bonding lust cheated his eyes and the tiny specks or buying," the young man answered; of free gold danced before his uncertain a remark which instantly caused him sight a thousand-fold magnified. "It's to be regarded with intense interest by all a cheat! a fraud! The miners told every man in the room, nearly every him and he has swindled me. This i

either to bond or sell. In a few minutes White left the sa-

Old Smally was a "no good." No Then he walked quickly on for a short but he does not appreciate the strike as slang ever suited his case until Zinc distance, overtaking Howard, to whom be said, with a quiet laugh: "If any inoradum for a bonus of \$20,000." had picked up during a visit to the Bay. centive was needed, I think Mr. Zinc Barnes' story supplied it, Frank."

joinder. They walked on for a white Francisco. I'll not give it; I'll fight in silence, and then White said: "Do you really think I ought to offer the old rascal one hundred dollars,

for a week with Reddy's vile whisky been talking about him. There was two bits a glass, and every one drinking "I tell you yes, Henry," Frank replied, with some impatience. "You do well. Besides you say the mine is worth

sional indifference, that allowed him not know what an influence the sight of a million." equal chances with his patrons to listen gold has on the miserly old reprobate. Those precious five twenty-dollar gold pieces will turn his head nearly. Follow the programme I've laid out and the his hands and thus rocked himself and

"All right, my dear boy; but if it was down to the Bay who'd yer think I don't we walk back to San Francisco, not have it. I must buy him off. A or borrow from the ruddy Reddy. Here

As he spoke they reached a cabin. in San Francisco, it had been Mr. Entering, they were met by old Smally, Barnes' peculiar happiness to see, whose small, closely set eyes and un- and from that a draft for \$20,000. Not and waited in perfect silence commonly long, smooth upper lip gave while he emptied the tobacco from his him a most unlovely appearance. He it to Howard, saying: hand into his pipe. Carefully lighting greeted White with a cringing attempt the latter, Zinc sent forth a big ring of at cheerfulness and received from that smoke, took a speculative squint through young man such a grip of the hand as it, and then said, with the satisfaction of a man who knows he has a sensation on lip twitch with pain. "I have concluded walk to him. Twenty thousand—a to close with the terms you proposed million!" through Howard, and have brought the after releasing the old man's cramped

> the morning will do quite as well," old Smally said, his cunning suggesting some show of reluctance.

"Excuse me, but the morning will not do. You must sign the papers to-night or the trade is off, and I will accept another favorable offer I have from Mr.

"Well, if you insist upon it, I've no objection to signing to-night. But you education. I guess we'll let father use know that some little coin, just as as a it to take mother back to the States."-One was dressed in the rough miner's guarantee of good faith, you know, Detroit Free Press. garb worn by most of the crowd; the generally passes at such a transaction White threw five twenties on the table

with the remark: "That's all the gold I happen to have in my pockets.' Old Smally's eyes gleamed as he clutched the gold, and droned over and Zinc Barnes says about Parson Talbot, over, "such a transaction as this, such

> White and Howard glanced at each other significantly. When White spoke again, old Smally started like a discovered thief, and hastily buried the gold dren were all born on Sunday, has been

He laid on the table a carefully drawn form of memorandum of sale, by the terms of which old Smally bound himself to deed a certain mining claim, duly case of Mrs. William Minning, of Mount This important and imposing cere- described, to White, for the sum of

\$20,000. Then, after taking a receipt for his

"Is the dear man sele

parson didn't run no chances, seein' as how he knew my way, and chipped in reversed the usual order of mining, for before I finished. Well, he asked me five or six hours carrying ore into the out to his house, sayin' I would meet tunnel instead of out of it. The ore the old lady, and have dinner with him they carried in they took from nuthat evening. I found out the parson merous small piles scattered about, but "Well, I went out to his house, and it the thick growth of sagebrush near the where it had carefully been hidden in

camp, for we were an hour getting there packing it up here from old Smith's

with pieces of rich free gold quartz, "When the parson was gone, the old firmly set into every crevice and crack,

The Smally cabin, of all that dotted Reddy, but when they come to law him the hollow at the foot of the spur, alone about it, it turned out the parson had showed no signs of life. Old Smally signed a paper agen which he had no still slept, his gold-lined pillow giving show in court. They had to let him go, color to his dreams. Suddenly he awoke and any man who was in Hangtown with a startled cry; hugged the pillow then knows he saved his neck gettin' out in his shaking arms, and glared in conof sight quicker'n he had before. Well, fused unreasoning terror at Howard, the parson was kinder broken-hearted. who stood before him, dishevelled. panting, and apparently laboring under

the most intense excitement. "What is it man! Can't you speak! Does White refuse to pay? Refuse to give me the \$20,000! I'll have it from him, I tell you!" shrieked the old man, jumping from his bed and feebly stamping the floor.

"Why don't you speak? I tell you he must pay! I'll tear it from his heart. but I'll have it!" and the wretched old miser fell back upon the bed in impotent rage, rocking the gold-lined pillow

and moaning. Howard let him recover somewhat before he said in a low tone, speaking "Wish rather that he will reslowly: "What!" cried the old man, jumping up again. "Have we struck it?"

last blast the men fired last evening after we left has thrown down. "They struck it rich and told him and he came here and cheated me into signing the papers. It's a fraud! I won't be bound by it! It's fraud, I tell

"Go up and see for yourself what the

Cursing and crying, old Smally hurried on some clothes and went with Howard to the tunnel. When the light "Friend of yours?" he suddenly asked of the lantern fell on the glittering masses of ore he almost sobbed out 'No, no, no! he can't have it! See! the face is almost solid gold!" In his I've been asking him about old Smally's rage and terror and despair, his insane one of whom had a claim he was willing all mine! It's worth a million, a mil-

lion! He can't have it!" Howard did not interrupt his ravings. loon, after treating once more, and but silently returned with him to the wishing every one a pleasant "good cabin. There old Smally finally became rational enough to beg Howard When he walked out into the dark to go and see what could be done with street he stopped a moment, as if assur- White. He returned in about an hour ing himself that none of his late com- from his mission and simply said:

"Twenty thousand dollars!" cried the old man. "That is all I have-just "Rather," was Frank's short, dry re- all I have. It is in the bank in San this out."

"Do you think Zinc Barnes and the rest of the men would stand by you?" When Reddy put this leading question Frank? It happened to be just about Howard asked. "It seems that Barnes saw an old acquaintance of yours, Parsomething about twenty thousand dollars in that story, too, and if this goes the same way you might not fare so

> At the mention of Parson Talbot's name old Smally, after a quick, frightened look at Howard, buried his face in moaned and trembled miserably. "A million-twenty thousand. He must million, a million, million!" He became perfectly quiet after a long while. and then, at last, without a word, muttering no more, he cut open the pillow, even trembling he indorsed it, and gave

"When White gives you back that memorandum give him this; it's payable in gold at Wells-Fargo's bank in San An hour after the stage rolled down

necessary papers," White said, briskly, the steep grade from the Spur Zinc Barnes took old Smally a letter and the nemorandum. The letter read:

"It strikes me, Frank," Henry remarked as the old stage jolted along the Carson road, "it strikes me father won't have to use this to 'eddicate the kids.' "No; in the light of recent events, we do not appear to be in great need of an

Strange Coincidences. In the small town of Zeitz, in Prussian Saxony, lived two women, Frau Schmidt and Frau Feustel, occupying adjoining rooms in the same house. In February, 1881; each was made on the same day the mother of triplets, all boys. This was a decidedly curious coincidence in births. Rev. Mr. Busch. of Winona, Minn., whose five five chilthe subject of some newspaper para-graphs, but his case is less noteworthy han that of a resident of Middletown, Conn., three of whose children have the same birthday, November 16. A less remarkable coincidence is noted in the Auburn, O., who celebrated on one day the anniversary of her birth, of her wedding and of the birth of a grandchild. Why should accident have ordained that the same company of mininaugurated, on the day that his repronounced upon him by Mr. Blaine. fire destroyed the city of Kingston, Jathe fire, three months ago, in the same place, the present Aaron de Cordova was the first man who erected a building. It was a curious fate which or-Baron Carl von Hofer, and Andreas Hofer's great-grandson, should perish by a bullet discharged during a riflematch, being the fifth member of this distinguished family slain by such wound. Three years ago one Louis Hiltz, of Independence, Mo., killed Joseph Melody, but was acquitted on the ground of insanity. Two years later, on the same day and at the same hour, he received a fatal sunstroke on the same spot where he committed the crime. Coincidences relative to deaths are numerous if not always very noteworthy. On the 19th of April, 1882, Edward Goss was buried at Troy, in this State, from the same house at which in 1870 the same clergyman had buried his brother James. Both brothers died on the same day of the month at the same hour.—N. Y. World.

A Week's Trance.

A case of suspended animation, which in many respects is one of the most remarkable known to science, has occurred in this city within the past ten days. A young lady, Miss Annie -, whose full name, at the request of her parents, is withheld, went into a trance on the 15th inst., and did not regain insciousness until last Sunday at seven clock p. m .- a week afterward. At that time she awoke, and, recognizing the ringing of the bells of a neighboring church, remarked that it was Sunday, and since then she has been gradually

The particulars of the case are highly interesting. Miss Annie is an attractive young lady, about twenty years old, residing on Lower Madison street, and, with the exception of a severe attack of St. Vitus' dance about two or three years since, has always been ordinarily healthy. About two weeks ago, however, she began to complain of neuralgic troubles, accompanied by cerebral and spinal irritation. She was quite unwell until the following Sunday, when, about seven p. m., she subsided into a trance from which she has not yet recovered. . There was, however, nothing alarming about her condition, and to all appearances she was simply in a deep imber. Her breathing, temperature, and pulsation maintained their normal condition, and at times, without appearing at all conscious, she was induced to take nourishment. Her family were, of course, very much alarmed at her preternatural situation, and summoned Dr. R. H. Porter, who endeavored to srouse her, but without success. Ordinary stimulants failing, he resorted to the use of an electric battery, but met with no better success. For several days longer she remained in this somnambulistic state, and awoke to consciousness for

the first time Sunday. Even then, however, she did not recognize anyone, and, without regaining the use of her faculties, she relapsed again into her seeming slumber, her eyes being closed and her breathing regular and peaceful. The following day she rallied a little, and became acutely sensitive to noises and touch, and recognized the family, but was unable to say more than "yes" or "no."

In company with Dr. Porter, a Courier-Journalist paid a visit to his interestang patient yesterday evening. Throughout the day she had manifested consciousness, to a limited extent, shrinking from noise or contact, and evincing a morbid dread even of the pillows on her bed. At the time of the visit she was lying in an apparently pleasant slumber, her head turned to one side, her eyes closed, and a half smile just parting her lips. When the physician spoke she roused up a little, and, by slow degrees, for the first time regained the full possession of her faculties. Upon his inquiry as to whether she felt any pain, coaxing said that it was in her forehead. After saving this, she relaysed into insensibility, but was easily aroused again, and answered a few questions with some effort, but intelligibly. The mental pro-cesses evidently cost her considerable effort, but she unquestionably was fully conscious. The presence of a stranger excited her curiosity, and she was manifestly puzzled over his identity. Her condition was extremely favorable, and she will most likely be fully recovered

by the end of the week. In the opinion of Dr. Porter, who has made nervous diseases a specialty, the case is a most remarkable and interesting one. The majority of trances result from some injury, generally of the head, but this can not be traced to any such cause. In the course of a short conversation on this class of diseases, he remarked that he had met with two other queer cases, though none so interesting. One was a boy who formerly resided on Ninth street near Broadway, who was subject to occasional trances, lasting for three days and nights at a time. During these he was entirely unconscious, and when he recovered had not the slightest recollection of what had occurred. He recovered permanently; and for two years has not had an attack of his old malady. The other case was more remarkaale, being one of complete double consciousness in a young lady. When in one of her trances she was able at times to go about her usual household duties, and even converse intelligibly, but was unable to remember anything that had occurred when in her normal condition. More singular still, when in another trance she recalled what had happened in previous ones, though still ignorant of what transpired at other times. Under a treatment of tonics and stimulants she was also restored to perfect health .-Louisville Courier-Journal.

They Played Poker.

There is rather a good story current, n a sub-rosa way, in certain well informed business and society (male) circles, respecting the brilliant achievements in New York of a party of London aristocrats, whose names were recently chronicled in so called society journals. Two airy, ostentations and somewhat aspirateless cockneys and their wives arrived by the Canard steamer a few weeks since and put up at a fashionable hotel on Madison square. The ladies were of the order described as stylish. They were tall and statuesque, beaming and gracious. They had neither of them been long married. On the second day after their arrival they went out riding on horseback in the park. The ladies were graceful equestrians. Although they were high-bred they were condescending. Well-known New Yorkers, all of the male persuasion, however, were introduced to the distinguished party. Wine flowed in their parlors. The fair Britons had no objection to cigar smoke; nay, they rather liked it. Sometimes the ladies were discovered amusing themselves with a game of short whist or casino. Their New York visitors spoke of euchre and poker, the favorite games of the American eagle. The fair English women were not acone morning at the Bay, but wouldn't know him, only he braced up to me and the mouth of a tunnel.

Class of mining-camp transactions.

An hour later the young men met at know him, only he braced up to me and the mouth of a tunnel.

Inaugurated, on the day that the Cap willing to learn both. They were not once a month, let it go into winterinapt scholars. Their husbands were quarters with little or no prospect of its An odd coincidence was reported not admitted to Gotham's educational adlong ago in these columns. In 1862 a vantages. Pretty soon the ladies declared that euchre was the nicest game maica. On the day of the fire Aaron de at cards that ever was invented; while Cordova was born. Aaron de Cordova's as for draw poker, it was a heavenly grandfather was the first man on the siland who erected a building. After to see the American games in this light, as they seldom took a hand when their wives and their guests sat down to a quiet game, on which a little money was always staked, just to make it ininteresting. Unless current reports greatly lie, several of the guests found it a good deal more interesting than they care to acknowledge. The four cockneys were sharpers of the darkest and oiliest kind. Several club men were very severely shorn, and a promi-nent ex-official is also reported among the victims. But for the good offices and intercession of the latter, who dreaded exposure, the four sharpers would have been handed over to the authorities and perhaps compelled to diagorge their ample spoils. The party bid their New York friends "ta ta" yet, is rapidly increasing. The Australast week, and will return to the society

-Chinese labor is about to be introduced into Brazil. Twenty thousand

merit than domestic manufactures as

yet. But there are rapid strides being

Artificial Flowers. What a wonderful trade this is beoming! In New York alone there are 150 manufacturies, in Philadelphia a large number, while as far west as Chicago they are making an experiment in the same direction. One of the leading flower stores relies entirely upon French goods, which are of course more carefully prepared and of higher artistic

made, and one of the largest houses on Broadway boasts of not having a single foreign hand. Now that Dame Fashion has decreed in the most autocratic manner that an abundance of artificial flowers shall be used, not only for bonnets and corsage bouquets, but as trimmings for dresses, both dinner and evening toilets, the question arises how and where to get the prettiest, cheapest and most appropriate flowers. Modjeska was the first to set the fashion in favor of flower garniture. The white flowers are all made during the long dark days of winter, as white is more easily worked on than any other color. It must cheer the hearts of those steady workers to feel that in spite of rain and snow and cold there are brighter days coming, a week maybe of rest, when they can go away and seek the very flowers their nimble fingers fashion. But the water lily is not the only white flower; there are lilacs, and violets, and carnations, and apple-blossoms, and "fancy" flowers-meaning a flower that may or may not be in nature, but is pretty and marketable. The flowers are chiefly made from two ma'rials-bishop's lawn and heavy quality of mull muslin. The latter is used in the soft, loose-leaved roses and drooping flowers; the former for violets, pansies, daisies and flowers that have more "body," if such a word be admissible in flowers. This white muslin is laid in one or two thicknesses on a piece of lead, then an iron instrument, finished at one end with the shape of a flower, is pounded down by a heavy hammer, and one or two flowers are cut. They are then given a bath-that is, dipped in pink or yellow or blue, as the case may be-and while wet the deeper or lighter tints are added with a brush. Then they are put aside to dry. This work is done by the men. The women afterward take them in hand and they are crimped, other leaves turned by pincers, or if buttercups or bells they are piaced on a small pillow and rounded into cup-shape by a small in-strument with a leaden ball at one end. They are made in much the same manner; those with the brilliant dust over them are dipped in melted wax and

the dust powdered on while the wax is still warm. The leaves and flowers are wired and put together by other hands, and for grouping they go into a new department. With the large amount of hand-work on artificial flowers it is woncially as the labor commands a fair price. The forewomen get \$25 and \$30 a week, and the others \$8 and \$10 and \$12. It is a pretty tableau, the long tables piled high with flowers, each girl with a mound of color before her, some of them giving life and completeness to the blossoms by the addition of green leaves. Whether it is that the manufacture of artificial flowers has been left exclusively to women, and they have not as a rule inventive minds, or that so much hand-work is required as to make machinery a secondary consideration, is a question. But the fact remains that of all machinery most inadequate to the work required is the machinery used in making artificial flowers. It is crude and cumbrous, and in many years there has been only one improvement, and that in a French machine, which has force enough to cut a dozen flowers instead of one. With our Yankee aptness and ingenuity in machinery here is a large and undeveloped field .- N. Y.

Bee-Keeping for Farmers.

Upon looking over one of our bee publications not long ago, I noted these words: "There are very few farmers who do not keep hogs, sheep, cattle, horses and poultry. All these seem necessary to use up the products of the farm and to make the occupation safe and certain. The addition of the apiary s just as important as the keeping of the varieties of stock mentioned, and the farm is hardly complete without it.' If the above is the truth-and I believe it is—the question arises why is it that not one farmer in twenty keeps even one colony of bees to secure the honey allowed to go to waste from not having the bees to gather it. Is it not just as bad to let this honey, secreted by the abundant flora of the farm, go to waste, as it would be to allow a field of pasture to thus waste for want of stock to consume it? I believe it is so to be, vet how eagerly we see the farmer gathering every ear of grain, securing stock enough to consume the grass from his pasture, and husbanding all the products accruing from the farm, except the honey which is allowed to go to waste as far as he is concerned. Each farmer might keep bees enough at least to supply his own table with this luscious sweet, but there are very few who do it. The reason of all this neglect in my opinion, is that farmers as a class are not willing to bestow upon the bees the time they require; hence a failure is almost certain. These failures being known in the neighborhood, others are deterred from making

How patiently we see the average farmer care for his stock, feeding his cows three times a day for seven months out of the year, and milking the same twice a day for nearly ten months, getting little more for his butter and milk than he could have got for the produce the cow consumed if it had been disposed of in the shape of hay and grain sold or pasture rented. But let this same person buy a swarm of bees which s capable of giving as good as, if not greater returns than a cow, if given the same care and attention, and ten chances to one he will put it in some surviving, and then declare bee-keeping does not pay. Others who have a little more thought regarding them will partially attend to their wants till the hurry of harvest comes on, and then, just when the bees need the most care. neglect them entirely, allowing swarms to go to the woods and the bees to lie idle for want of surplus receptacles in which to store the honey which is being secreted plentifully at the time. But no matter how much the hurry or how great the pressure of business, the hogs are fed, and the cows are milked, while the poor bees are left to care for themselves. I wish we might see a new era dawning among our farmers regarding this branch of rural industry, seeing it placed where it should be upon an equal footing with any other branch of farming .- Cor. Rural New Yorker.

-According to English trade papers, yet, is rapidly increasing. The Austra-lians prefer certain kinds of American a warm appreciation of Uncle Sam's currency and perhaps a poor opinion of Gotham sagacity.—Philadelphia Item. and are made with especial reference to the market for which they are intended.

saved nearly \$20,000 out of all the rich strikes he had made, and was goin' back to the States with it and settle down, for how was awfully dead set on bringin' up those two boys of his back East, and eddicating them where he went to school be well. It was just then that the state of the western herizon.

The first baby peaks were peeping as policy, it is a mean thing for you to go to heaven while they (your family) gointe the poor house."—N. T. Graphic.

The first baby peaks were peeping without repetition or circumlocution.

From under their bedelothes of mow."

Along the line of the western herizon.

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From under their backles of mow."

Along the line of the western herizon.

The first baby peaks were peeping with the insurance offices, by reason of a cost of little over \$2 a head.

They will be paid seventeen be beaut at close study of the best news
as each of little over \$2 a head.

They will be paid seventeen be backles at a cost of little over \$2 a head.

They will be paid seventeen be backles at a cost of little over \$2 a head.

They will be paid seventeen be backles at a cost of little over \$2 a head.

They will be paid seventeen beath at close study of the best news
as policy, it is a mean thi -Senator Vance, of North Carolina,

PITH AND POINT.

-The Boston Post is mad because Eastern folks are so easily swindled. It's too late now to go at it and mold 'em all over. - Detroit Free Press. -A man who can't excite envy and

iealousy needn't expect to excite admiration and respect. The man who has no enemies can not boast that he has any friends. -One ounce of powder will lift twenty-five pounds weight five feet

high. Get your exact weight, figure by progression and then sit down on a keg of powder to smoke. -If you meet a lion just right he will drop his tail and flee, but there are so many chances that he will drop you in-

postponed as long as possible. -Busy Editor (to troublesome applicant, who persists in calling): "To-day is Thursday and I'm very busy. Suppose you call next Thursday, and then I'll tell you when to call again."

-Prof. Felix Adler said recently that a man has as much right to cane the President of the United States as to whip an unruly youngster. Wonder Felix his children when they deserve it? -Austria has got hold of a torpedo which will defend a pass one fourth of a mile long. After she gets it planted it will be just like her enemies to go by some other road .- Norristown Herald. -A Michigan man who retused to become a candidate for constable, suffered a fatal stroke of apoplexy within

has become necessary to good health .--Some one wants the tax taken off whisky and put on cranks, in order to increase the revenue. But that would be a bad move. If tacks were put on eranks editors couldn't "sit down on

eighteen hours. It seems that politics

'em."-Burlington Hawkeye. -A lady at Columbus, O., sent for a piano tuner to come and see what gave the instrument such a sad tone. He removed four marbles, two spools, six buttons, two coppers and a dozen hairpins from the instrument, and the sadness went away.

-Why is it that a young man and a young woman will sit for hours and hours together in a parlor without saying a word: and then, when it is time for him to leave, stand an hour talking earnestly on the front stoop in the still pneumoniae air?—Puck.

-A bachelor and a spinster who had been schoolmates in youth and were about the same age met in after years, and, the lady chancing to remark that "men live a great deal faster than women," the bacheior returned: "Yes, Maria. The last time we met we were each twenty-four years old. Now I'm wer forty, and I hear you haven't reached thirty yet." They never met

SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY.

-From ten to twelve thousand tons of salt have been gathered along the shores of Great Salt Lake this season. There is a large surplus of common salt left over from last year, and this caused a gathering of a less amount than usual. -The blood of crabs and other crustaceans has been proved by M. Frederica to have the same saline constitution and the same strong and bitter taste as the waters they inhabit. But the blood of sea fishes is very different. It has not

the same constitution as the water, and

thus shows a marked superiority over -M. Gley, a French physiologist, has attempted to answer by experiments made upon himself the question: What are the effects of intellectual work upon the cerebral circulation? When he applied himself to a subject which he had a difficulty in understanding thoroughly and had therefore to concentrate all his energies upon it, the rhymth of the heart was far more accelerated than when he took up some matter with

which he was well acquainted. -To copper or brass objects with silver without difficulty or loss of time, the following process is given: Mix two parts of chloride of silver with twenty parts of powdered cream of tartar and fifteen parts of powdered common salt. Moisten a suitable quantity of the mixture with water, and rub it with a piece of blotting paper upon the metallic object, which must be thoroughly clean. The latter is afterward rubbed with a piece of cotton upon which precipitated chalk is dusted, then washed with water, and polished with a dry cloth .- Prairie

Farmer. -A cheap black paint or varnish for iron work is prepared as follows: Clear, solid wood tar, ten pounds; lamp black or mineral black, one and one-half pounds; oil of turpentine, five and onehalf quarts. The tar is first heated in a large iron pot to boiling, or nearly so, and the heat is continued for about four hours. The pot is then removed from the fire out of doors, and while still warm (not hot) the turpentine, mixed with the black, stirred in. If the varnish is too thick to dry quickly, add more turpentine. Benzine can be used instead of turpentine, but the results are not as good. Asphaltum is preferable to cheap tar .- Chicago Times.

-At the Mrntch Electrical Exhibition one of the chrosities was a telephone transmitting music performed at Ober-Ammergau, over a distance of sixtythree miles. At the palace a huge telephonic arrangement brought over music from the English Cafe, so that the whole immense sudience could hear the pieces quite disfiactly. But perhaps the most significant exhibit was a single wire which conveyed electrical energy a distance of therty-seven miles from the coal mines of Miesbach, where it was generated. This augurs a future for the economical use of labor which may have far-reaching results.

A Shark Caught by a Clam. Among the discoveries recently made cording to an exchange, were some gigantic oyster shells more than six feet long, each pair of which once contained an animal that the average boy could not lift. To-day the only really large shell-fish is of the clam family. It is named Tridaena gigas, a contemporary tells us, and is found in the Pacific or seventy years. It grows imbedded in the coral and is fastened to the rocks by a cord called the byssus, which is so Frank W. Palmer (Postmaster of Chitough that it can be cut only with an ax. The shells themselves are six feet Daily for long, each valve weighing more than 250 pounds, while the animal part often weighs thirty or forty pounds. When alive the tridaena lies with its great valves ajar, capturing any food that may pass within its scalloped edges. A shark was once caught in this way. Swimming along in search of food, he unwarily passed in the door of the great clam's house, his tail rudely striking the animal. Like a flash the tremendous jaws snapped together, squeezing the man-eater as if he were in a vise and rendering him utterly powerless. As the tide went down the shark's head appeared above water, dashing about attracted the attention of some thieves, who soon captured both shark and clam.

-A Memphis magistrate lately fined young man twenty dollars who got drunk at a fancy ball while personating George Washington. The Justice said that if he had not thus disgraced himself while personating that august character the fine would only have been five

Speaking from personal knowledge, evidently, the Boston Revald says that there is no reduction in the wages of



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