Entered at the Portoffice, Columbus, Neb., as second-

- I HAVEN T TIME. I haven't time to scold and fret Because things don't go right, Nor mope around in sullen gloom; Life can't be always bright.
- I haven't time to waste, for oh!
- God keeps a strict account.

 And moments idled or misspent
 To days will soon amount.
- I haven't time my neighbor's fault To pick at and enlarge, For oh! I've many of my own That are a constant charge.
- I haven't time for unkind words-They leave so sharp a sting: Nor time to entertain bad thoughts That poison where they cling.
- I haven't time to circulate
- The stories that I hear,
 Nor listen to the venomed tongues
 Who'd make the slander clear.
- I haven't time to censure those Who've fallen on the way; Perhaps I'd make the same misstep If tempted just as they.
- I haven't time for these dread things, But oh! I sometimes fear We steal a moment now and then And lend them voice and ear -Burlington Hawk-Eye.

HELEN MANSFIELD'S FIGHT.

A True Story.

The sun was slowly sinking in the western sky as Steenie Burton came out of his cabin, and glanced down the gulch toward the mcsa-an elevated table land. The hills on both sides were golden in the light, while here and there dark shadows between the high points of rock gave a curiously arabesque effect to the Landscape

"Now, I wonder," said Steenie, reflec-

Steenie paused, glanced at his boots, and finding that he had, in a moment of abstraction, put on his spurs, resolved to saddle up and ride over to find out. It did not take many seconds before he was going slowly down the gulch on his mustang. Reaching the mesa, he struck to the south in a lope, and was soon lost to sight around the base of the hills.

Helen Mansfield stood at the door of northward. The day before she had come home, and that morning her father bad stated with the state of the cabin were firing at them. By the greatest good had started, with his wagon, to make a luck the bullet struck one of the redtrip through the mining towns, leaving Helen and her little brother, Tom, who was ten years old, alone on the ranch. Helen's anxiety was twofold. She had some months, and one of the chief obhouse. Tom came in soon afterwards, and Helen closed up the heavy windows and doors, put the bars into place, and began to think it was time to go to bed. About eight o'clock she heard cau-

tions footstens outside. Going to the door and looking through one of the small holes cut through it, she saw, to her horror, an Indian standing about forty feet away. She was a border women, born and raised on the outskirts of civilization, and she needed no man to tell her what the bright streaks of paint which stood out so plainly in the moon-light across the redskin's face meant. Hastily calling Tom, she pointed the

Indian out to him and told him to take down a rifle and watch the other side of the house. Then taking one of the long clouded barrels herself, she returned to her post and waited.

She did not have to wait long. A rap on the door and a summons to open, delivered in a mixture of broken English and Spanish, told her that the fight must be. Helen maintained a dead silence. Another rap, enforced by a strong kick. followed, and then she heard, with cars that were straining for the slightest sound, some quick, sharp orders given. A silence of a few minutes, and then Helen could see seven or eight Indians bringing up a heavy post to use as a battering-ram. Cautiously she put the muzzle of the rifle through the hole in in the door, and waiting until she got four of the savages in line, fired. The fall of three of them, and vells from the whole party, followed by a hasty dispersion, and a search for shelter, showed prevented it from sounding. The next the effects of the shot. The Indians day she got his bill. After charging for were genuinely surprised. They had the time lost in going to and from his supposed that the cabin was empty and shop (a legitimate charge enough), he that there was no danger in attempting had added to this item: "For looking

not an Indian to be seen, but the flight presented to a French lady whom I know of some score of arrows and the sound of three or four rifles, showed that they spring with typhoid fever, and was conwere still there. Helen knew that the fined to bed for some six weeks. Durcabin would stand all the firing at it that | ing all this time a female chiropodist, a far larger force could do, but she also whom she had sometimes employed. knew that Indians have many ways of testified the most touching interest in the aghting and that she could scarcely hope case. She was never admitted to the to keep them off for any length of time. Instinctively, too, her thoughts turned to Steenie and mingled with the wish of the invalid. Finally the patient bethat he was there, was the fearthat he came convalescent, and one day the would come and fall a victim to the red- chiropodist called and presented a bill

Tom had become wildly excited by the attack so gallantly repulsed by his sister. For years he had been wanting a chance to "fight Injuns," and he felt it was a shame that they should attempt the side of the cabin on which Helen was, rather than that on which he was posted, for he knew that unlike himself. Helen did not in the least want to take part in a diffi-

Tom watched through his peep-holes with all his eyes, and in a few minutes was rewarded by seeing a crouching asked you to come?" "No one; it was form crawling towards the cabin. The boy leveled his weapon, but shook so with excitement that he could not aim. A whispered: "Steady, Tom?" from his sister seemed to bring him to himself, single cent for anything of the kind." and as he pulled the trigger the rifle was | So. despite the indignant protests of the as firm as a rock. A copper-colored chiropodist, my friend struck out every showed that Tom's bullet had struck. one of the charges for "Inquiries after Madame," which made up no less a

more. In about ten minutes Helen saw thus shorn of three-fourths of its proporan arrow, with some mesquit grass tions, was then paid, and the woman mesquit thatch and went out. Before such a move as this Helen was powerless. you any more." Whereupon she burst into tears and departed, declaring that such a move as this Helen was powerless. She could not see the Indians who were shooting the arrows, and so could not fire at them. She knew that she had no means of putting the fire out if it once eaught. Another and another arrow, with its blazing band of grass, went flying them.—Paris Cor. Philadelphia Telegraph. through the air, and at last a triumphant yell from the Indians told the anxious girl that the roof was on fire at last. trail towards the cabin where Helen omission of the regular appearance of lived, divided in his own mind whether our paper last week. We foolishly yield-

there, Steenie had started for a ten-mile thus plainly do we scknowledge our ride, with the prospect of ten more, if the deavors in the future to prevent any cabin was empty. The rapid change from daylight to further displays of a like nature. tark had taken place, and Steenie was

heard a rifle-shot. It banished any idea relieve are the drops of the teeth on the dentist's floor after a pull. about a mile from the cabin, when he

stantly. Riding cautiously within a quarter of a mile of the cabin, he dismounted, tied his horse, and scouted in the direction of the shots. Reaching a edge about a hundred yards from the back of the house he saw the cabin with the roof on fire, and the Indians gathered outside of rifle shot, waiting for the flames to do their work. Steenie did not hesitate a moment. Climbing down

a crevice in the ledge he ran quickly across the little space, being hidden from the savages by the walls. On his way, however, it was only Helen's quick eye that saved him from being shot, for Tom had leveled his rifle, and was just about to pull the trigger, when the girl struck the weapon and the bullet flew harmlessly over Steenie's head. To open the heavy wooden shutter and fairly drag Steenie into the house, was for the excited girl, but a moment' work. When he was inside, she, for a second, lost her coolness, but Steenie's hasty kiss brought her to.

"Steenie, the roof's on fire," broke in "I know it." O, Steenie, what must we do?" asked

"What's under the thatch?" said poles." answered Tom. "Reed "We've got to git out of this, then The reds is on that side, an' I reckon if

we make a dash we'll get to the rocks afore they kin see us. Here, Tom, go and fire your rifle off on that side." Tom did as he was bid, but the bullet fell short of the waiting group. " Now, then, Helen, get me some slow match; an', Tom, you load up an'

put your rifle out of that hole." So say-ing. Steenie hastily fixed two spare rifles in position, lashing them to a table which he dragged up to the side of the cabin on which the Indians were. Taking the slow match from Helen he wound i in succession around each rifle over the tively, "whether the gal has reached nipple, and then lighting the end, opened the window on the cliff side. "Tom. you go first. Run to the cliff and get in the crevice. Wait there for me." ting the boy out he waited until he saw him reach the cliff, and then getting out himself, ran across as rapidly as possible. He had scarcely reached the rocks when he saw Helen climbing out of the window and crossing the open space While she was doing so the first of the rifles went off, only to bring a loud yell from the Indians, who naturally sup-

skins, wounding him slightly, and the

party at once moved back some twenty yards farther. Steenie and his little party reached the heard her father talking with some men cliff safely without being seen, and struck who were prophesying an outbreak of down the rock to where the horse had the Huallapais, and she was wondering whether Steenie would come that day or Tom on the animal, and taking hold of not. The two had been engaged for the saddle with one hand, ran alongside jects of her visit to Los Angeles when Just as they started they heard another her father went on to buy goods for his rifle shot, and another yell from the trade, had been to purchase the neces-sary things with which to set up house-to which Steenie had resorted was doing keeping. She wanted to see Steenie on good work. Moving as rapidly as pos-general principals, and she wanted to sible for about a mile, they met a band show him what she had bought. Of her of men coming down with a train of two subjects of thought, I imagine that Steenie's coming occupied her the more, but as the evening shadows lengthened but as the evening shadows lengthened very good shelter behind which to fight. she gave up expecting a visit from him Leaving Tom and Helen in charge of that day, and turning went into the the men who remained with the wagons, Steenie joined a party of twelve and struck out for the burning cabin once more. He led the men to a place behind the Indians, from which they fired, kill ing seven and wounding two or three more. Then the white men dashed in, and a hand-to-hand fight took place, which resulted, before long, in a victory for the whites. Steenie received a slight wound in the shoulder from a flying knife, but was otherwise unhurt. That Indian raid ended within twenty-four hours after it began, for the signal victory over the thirty warriors who had inaugurated it discouraged the rest of the discontented redskins, and they stayed at home. Steenie and Helen were married within the week, and although another trip to Los Angeles had to be made before they could see their cabin nicely fitted up, they were none the less happy. The story of Helen's defense of

N. Y. Ledger. Some Typical Paris Charges.

I remember when I first came to

Paris being decidedly amused at the ex-

the cabin became widely known, and as

it is an example of what American

women have done upon the border, it is

worth the telling .- Alfred Balch, in

perience of an American lady who had an electric bell in her apartment. The bell refused to ring one day, so she sent for the man who had put it up to set it to rights. He showed her that there was nothing the matter with the bell. some mechanical interference having at the bell"-one dollar. But this bill was surpassed by one that was lately quite well. She was taken ill last sick-room, but she used to come to the door daily and inquire into the condition of startling dimensions. My friend was quite amazed at the amount, as she had only employed the woman occasionally. On investigating the items she found one -namely, "Inquiring for Madame," re-peated frequently, with a charge of one dollar each time. "What does this mean?" she inquired of the chiropodist. "Madame, those are the visits that I made while Madame was so ill." "What! you expect to be paid for calling to see how I was?" "Most certainly, Madame." "Who sent for you or Then there was a long silence once total than forty-two dollars. The bill,

-The following singular confession appears in a country newspaper: "An Steenie Burton loped slowly along the apology is due our subscribers for the his errand was not a foolish one. It was ed to a weakness which we would make any sacrifice to be rid of—an appetite needay, the 16th, would be the earliest for that which stands to-day the world' with the wild idea that she might be openly criticized the faults of others.

-The only toothache drops that will

Foot-Prints in the Rock. About twenty miles west of Nashville there is a place called "Narrows of Harpeth," one of the most picturesque landscapes to be found in Tennessee. At this point Harpeth River forms a horseshoe bend, making a circuit of six miles, and doubling back on itself to within eighty or ninety yards. In the heel of the shoe rises a ridge, forming almost a perpen-dicular bluff on both sides exterding about half a mile south in the direction of the toe of the shoe. It rises to the height of about four hundred feet, and at the highest point is not more than eight feet wide on the top, with a perpendicular face on the east side for one hundred feet or more—that is, a plumbline suspended from the edge of the precipice at the top would hang clear for one hundred feet or more before it would encounter any obstruction. The ridge at the bed of the river is some ninety yards wide, but the slope which brings it to that width at the bottom is mostly on the western side. At the highest point on the crest of this ridge is a flat surface rock, and on that rock are imprinted six and a half tracks of human feet These tracks are indented into the rock as much as a quarter of an inch. or in some places more. The tracks are of bare feet, the toes all pointing in the same direction-toward the east. Most of the tracks are as perfect as if they had been imprinted on moist sand or earth. They are in three pairs. The first or largest pair is furthest north. They are less than the average size man's foot, and larger than the average size woman's foot, one a little in advance of the other. The next pair is on the south side, but near to the first. In size and appearance they represent the tracks of a child of sixteen or eighteen months old. The track of the right foot of this pair is turned in a little at the

to avoid falling or slipping. The topo-graphical relation of these tracks to the large ones indicates that the child might have been holding to the finger or hand of the larger person. South of these little tracks, but is near to them, the third pair, indicating a child some four or six years old. These last were made by a beautiful pair of feet, and are as pretty tracks as a child ever made in the dust or soft earth. All of these tracks are within three or four feet of the edge of the precipice on the eastern side, as already described. But I have said there was half a track, which is the most interesting feature on the tablet. This half track is printed on the very edge of the precipice, and re-presents the heel and hinder half of the foot from the middle of the instep back, and would indicate that the toes and front part of the foot projected over the precipice or that the rock had broken off at that point. The half track is of he large size foot, or foot of the adult person, and is immediately in front of the large pair of tracks already men-

toes, and the toes of that foot are turned

down, as we often see children when

first learning to walk seem to endeavor

to clutch the floor with their toes, as if

Just here some interesting questions arise. Who made those tracks? How were they made and when were they made? I was born within half a mile of the spot, and lived there until I was twenty years old. In my youth I often stood upon the rock to enjoy the wild, romantic and picturesque scenery surrounding, and at one time and another have spent many hours of my boyhood upon it, but never saw the tracks nor even heard of them being there. Some seven or eight weeks ago I was in the neighborhood, in company with my youngest son, and took him up to the rock to show him a spot that had been interesting to me in my boy-hood days. While sitting on the rock he discovered one of the small tracks. They had evidently been discovered before, for they were all covered with moss except that one, and it had been, but some one had manifestly been picking the moss out to make it more distinct. He called my attention to it. It excited our curiosity, and we then made a careful search for others, and found the six and a half tracks described. They were all covered in moss, except the one which had been partially revealed by picking the moss out. I then inquired of several of the surrounding neighbors, but could find no one who had ever seen or heard of them. If they were cut by a chisel, it must have been by an artist of no mean ability-such an artist as certainly never resided in that neighborhood. But why should an artist of such capacity have gone to the out-of-the-way place to amuse himself cutting tracks where they would not be discovered by a human being until they were overgrown with moss, and where the oldest inhabitants in the neighborhood have never heard of them; not even the owner of the land on which the rock is situated, and why cut the half track on the edge of the precipice? Under other circumstances it might be supposed the tracks were made by the tread of human feet, at a time when the surface was soft, and it afterwards hardened into rock and the impressions became fixed. But this theory is not plausible, from the fact that in this climate we have constant rains and winds. and in the winter time frost, and the place is so exposed that it is scarcely possible that tracks made in the soft earth or sand could have withstood the action of the weather long enough to have hardened into stone. But, if made in this way, when was it done and who did it? Doubtless it was in the long ages past, and the size of the tracks would suggest the possibility, if not the probability that they were the tracks of back upon the cow, for he lacks vinegar a mother and her two children; that she may have had the smaller one by the hand. They were all facing toward

(Tenn.) American. A Deep Mine.

The depest coal mine in America is the Pottsville, in Pennsylvania. The shaft is 1,576 feet deep. From its bottom, almost a third of a mile down, 200 means are incumbent in an eminent decars, holding four tons each, are lifted every day. They are run upon a plat-form, and the whole weight of six tons consist of aggregated items, insignifiis hoisted at a speed that makes the cant in themselves, individually considhead swim, the time occupied in lifting a full car being only a little more than in unity and as a whole ontemplated a minute. The hoisting and lowering preposterous. I shall not pay you a of men into coal mines is regulated by law in that State, and only ten can stand on a platform at once under penalty of a heavy fine. However, carelessness can not be prevented, and unaccustomed visitors are appalled by it. "A person of weak nerves," says a correspondent, "should not brave the wrapped around it and set on fire, fly into the air and fall short of the cabin, where it burned fiercely. Another and another were shot, until one struck the another were shot, until one struck the swindle me. and I shall never employ ordeal by descending the Pottsville seconds become weak and tremulous, the ears ring as the drums of these organs are forced inward by the air pressure and the eyes shut involuntarily as the beams of the shaft seem to dash upward only a foot or two away. As one leaves the light of the upper day the transition to darkness is fantastic. The light does not pass into gloom in the same fashion as our day merges into night, but there is a kind of phosphorescent glow, gradually becoming dimmer and dimmer. Half way down you pass, with a roar and sudden crash, the ascending car; and at last, after what seems several minutes, but is only a fraction of that time, the platform bedate at which she could return. Yet, greatest curse—and, as we have always gins to slow up, halts at a gate, and through it you step into a crowd of creatures with the shapes of men, but with the blackened faces, the glaring eyes, and wild physiognomies of fiends."

-Prof. Virehow has in his laboratory at Berlin a collection of six thousend skulls, representing all races and

The Use of Corn Fodder.

Corn is the great American fodder, perfect substitute for roots it must be mestion is how can we grow it so as to

roduce the largest yield and the most nutritious quality. Much new evidence has been given in the recent "conventions" tending to reduce very much the exaggerated estimates and guesses of the first few sanguine ensilagists, and crops of ten or twelve tons per acre are now believed to be reasonably good products from fairly good fields. But this is not a profitable yield, nor is it anything near a possible one. It should be as easy to grow twenty-five tons of green corn here as it is to grow the same weight of roots in England. It will not always do to depend upon figures, but sometimes these may be trusted. And the following appear to speak the truth beyond a question: A hill of three stalks of corn ten feet high weighs eight pounds. Such a hill of corn, grown from Western seed—Ohio or Illinois dent corn—is very common. With the hills three feet apart each way, this would give 38,720 pounds to the acre; two stalks together, ighteen inches apart one way and three feet the other, and the two weighing five pounds, would yield 48,400 pounds. And this is well-known by many farmers who have grown corn in that way to be quite a possible yield. With such a crop there would be a large number of half-grown ears, and twenty-four tons of such fodder, with five to ten per cent. of grain upon it, (green, of course, is meant, and not dry,) would be worth more for feed than an equal weight of

bility of largely increasing the yield of corn grown for ensilage, may very well be decided favorably and nothing needs be done but to do it. The next question is in regard to the use of it. And this point is open to three considerations. First, is it best to dry the fodder and use it dry; second, or to dry the fodder and cut it up and feed it moist, and third, or to ensilage it? These questions are best settled by reference to common farm practice, and not by scientific experiments. A winter feeding in a working dairy is worth a thousand experiments in a college, and the evidence of a sensible, practical farmer upon the feeding value of fodder is worth far nore than that of a scientific experi-

The results so far of scientific experinents have been the clouding up, instead of the clearing, of the questions at issue; for by selecting a certain number of results given, of the kind wanted, almost any desired testimony could be gathered. It has been shown by one that ensilage is very valuable, and the results of feeding it have been far more profitable than feeding dry fodder; and again, another Professor has shown the very contrary. One has proved that whole corn is the most productive of fat and flesh in pigs; another that ground corn is; others have stated as positively that cooked corn is the best, and so on, until the farmer, who does not know his own mind, is reduced to despair. It s too much to expect unanimity. "Many nen, many minds," and the human mind is nothing if not partisan even in regard to so practical a matter as the attening of pigs or the feeding of cows in the dairy. And it might be observed in regard to ensilage, that those who pelieve its value is reduced by the fernentation it undergoes because alcohol s produced, do so on the ground that alcohol is not an ailment and is devoid of nutriment; and yet there are proofs that alcohol is food—that is, if it is given in small quantities at regular intervals the weight of the body will be increased. It it is not food then it produces the same result as food, although it may be directly absorbed by the blood and undergoes no process of digestion. But fats likewise are not digested, but are formed into emulsions in the intestines absorbed directly into the blood, and fats differ only in the ratio of their elements from alcohol. Indeed, all the carbo-hydrates, as fats, oils, starch, sugar, alcohol, and acids, are compounds of gases, oxygen, carbon, and hydrogen in varying proportions; and we do not know, and perhaps never will know, precisely what chemical changes the carbo-hydrates-proximate cow's stomach.

and ultimate-in the food undergo in a It is the case of digestion which principally gives the practical value to a kind of food, and in this inquiry a good deal may be left to the cow herself. It was the cow who first taught us how to grow corn fodder in the proper manner, because she declined to eat it, except under protest, when it was grown very thickly and broadcast and was white and devoid of flavor and substance. And now she says very plainly that she prefers ensilaged corn to dry corn fodder, in spite of the chemists who say it is not so good as this is because it is sour and contains alcohol. But the farmer will be apt to think most of the cow's verdict, especially when she issues her weekly bulletins giving the actual analyses of the food as containing so much per cent. of milk and cheese and butter, which, after all, is more to the purpose than so much carbon or oxygen and hydrogen and ash. And it certainly seems to be the case that the cow every time prefers the ensilage, although she may have to take a little alcohol or lactic acid, or even acetic acid, in her corn fodder when it is thus at times and does not object occasionally to take "a little alcohol in his'n," what is now a precipice.—Cor. Nashville for him.—N. Y. Times. and moreover believes these are good

Economy on the Farm.

On the farm, and in all the various details of rural and domestic life, prugree. The earth itself is composed of in unity and as a whole. In the man agement of a farm, all needless expendsture should be systematically avoided. and the income made to exceed the outlay as far as possible. Pecuniary embarrassment should always be regarded as a contigency of evil boding, and if contended against with energy and persevering fortitude, it must soon be overcome. Debt, with but little hope of its removal, is a millstone dragging us down and crushing the life-blood out of us. Be careful, therefore, in incurring any pecuniary responsibility which does not present a clear deliverance with the advantages which a wise use of it ought

always to insure.

-Germanteum Telegraph.

A farmer who purchases a good farm fied by the engineers. There are, he and can pay down one third of the price, give a mortgage for the other twothirds, and possesses the heart and res-olution to work it faithfully and well, enters upon the true path to success. He will labor with the encouraging knowledge that each day's exertions will lessen his indebtedness and bring him nearer to the goal when he shall be disenthralled and becomes a freeholder in its most cheering sense. But without due economy in every department, in the dwelling as well as in the barns and in the fields, this gratifying achievement may not be reached until late in life, or may be indefinitely postponed. A prudent oversight, therefore, over all the operations of a farm, in order that every thing may be done that ought to be done and nothing be wasted, will exert a powerful influence in placing a family on the high road to an early independence.

A White Barbarian.

A gentleman from Hailey, Idaho, erop, just as roots are the great En- came to the Comstock the other day. glish feeding crop. Only to have it as a Having recently sold his claim he had plenty of money and went in for styleplug hat and a blue silk handkerchief with one corner sticking out of the pocket of his new diagonal coat. He walked into the International, and when the gong rang for dinner he sauntered into the dining-room with the rest of the fashionable throng. Everybody looked at him, but he didn't mind it, and went on eating the brandied peaches while waiting for his soup. When that came he bent so far over his plate to suck it in with the sound like the gurgle of a bathtub exhaust-pipe that his plug hat fell off head and rolled across the table against the plate of an Eastern lady tourist. With a grin of apology he half rose, reached over and recovered it, and placed it on the well-oiled and recently barbered head. He attacked the trout with his fingers, and despised the use of any other napkin than his mouth. Pending the arrival of the beef, the gentleman from Hailey placed both elbows on the table and surveyed the company with great affability and self-possession as he converted his fork into a toothpick. Then he lifted his plug hat an inch or two from his head and scratched the same gently with his four-pronged toothpick. When engaged on the beef his hat fell off again and rolled across to the Eastern lady, who had grown pale. Presently the gentleman from Idaho had need of a handkerchief, and made use of the only one which nature, and probably Hailey, provides. The plug hat fell on the floor this time, and when he had recovered and replaced it he sat alone at the table. He looked with surprise at the guests jostling one another

> Fire?" he asked of a transfixed "No," gasped the man.
> "No! What's the row, then?" "Had enough, I suppose," replied the waiter, with a withering look. "Mighty small eaters, 'pears to me, and cussed queer manners about gitten' outen a room. Give us another chunk o' beef-pooty fur from the horns, if yer Presently Landlord Hanak appeared with a colorless face and bulging eyes. He walked rapidly up and touched the

to get out of the door.

"You seem to be having a pretty good time," said the landlord, refraining from gnashing his teeth. "Well, that's so, boss. You sit down here and whack up a bottle o' wine at my expense. Oh, I've got a pocketful of rocks, and don't you forget it. Say, do you happen to know any likely gals that's on the marry? I'm here on that lay," and he grinned and once more difted his hat a little and scratched his

arrival from Hailey on the shoulder.

head with his fork. The landlord groaned and sat down with a thud. Then he gazed determinedly at the Wood River fashionable, and poached eggs which have been cooked "Do you know, my friend, what it

costs to stop at this house?" "No, an' I don't keer. I've got the tin. But what's yer figure, jist fur

"One-hundred-dollars-a-day." The jaw of the gentleman from Idaho dropped, and he fell back in his chair and gazed in fear and wonder at the landlord, who fixed him with his steady eye. Then huskily, as he struggled to an upright position on his chair, he

"How much a meal? This is my fust."

"Nothing for a little lunch like this," answered Hanak. With a long sigh of returning life the flush marrying man from Hailey got his feet and made unsteadily for the door. He sat the remainder of the day in the waiting-room of the depot with his hand behind him as if on a pistol, and fled on the evening train .- Virginia

Digging the Panama Canal.

The largest dredging machine ever constructed will be launched in this city within a few weeks. This immense mud digger is one of the three being constructed by Slaven Bros., of Califor-nia, at Petty's Island, for the Panama Canal Company, the aggregate cost of which will be over \$300,000. The one now so near completion is 100 feet long, 60 feet wide, and 12 feet deep. When all the machinery is in place it will contain 350 tons of iron. On each of the three monster dredges there will be eight separate engines, the pair of high-pressure engines which run the dredge being of 250-horse power each. The dredges are of a new patent and work with a series of buckets on an endless chain. There are eighteen of the buckets to each machine which can dig and dispose of 1,620 cubic yards of dirt in an hour, or a combined capacity per hour for the three dredges of 4,860 cubic vards. Thus in four months, working twelve hours a day, they would dig out 9,290,000 cubic feet, or a canal eighty feet wide, twelve feet deep, and nearly fifty miles long. After the dirt is scooped up in the buckets it is run up the long arm of the dredger fifteen or twenty feet below. The hopper is made of iron, and weighs five and a half tons. From the hopper the dirt is forced by machinery into and through a huge pipe, three feet in diameter and 150 long to its place of deposit. The pipe has a fall of eighteen feet, and to insure the easy passage of the dirt through it, a heavy stream of water is constantly forced through. The stoppage in the work of digging is never very long. The dredger rests upon a

"spud" or pin, upon which it can be re-volved without stopping the dredging buckets, thus enabling the operators to dig from side to side at will. The machinery for the first dredger, which was manufactured in California, is now here, and as soon as the hull is launched will be placed on board. Before taking the big digger to Aspinwall a number of preliminary tests will be made with it in the Delaware River. The second dredger will be commenced as soon as the first is launched, and work on the

third will be started as soon as the second is finished. The Canal Construction and Banking Company, of which the Messrs. Slaven the dredgers, have a contract with the Panama Canal Company to dig out ten miles of the canal, for which they are to distended with blood, and thus press be paid \$2,000,000. Mr. L. Ward, who upon and irritate the neighboring is the Superintendent of Construction in | nerves. connection with the building of the dredgers in this city, has just arrived here from the Isthmus of Panama, where he has put up sixty-eight buildings along the route of the proposed canal in con-nection with this \$2,000,000 contract. He says the work preparatory to the commencement of digging out the great the latter in hot water, may be seen in their exceeding redness, every one of their millions of capillaries being distended and crowded with blood. be completed within the ten years speci-

states, about 5,000 men at work.—Philadelphia Record. -Editor Logan, of the Montreal Star, was dying of typhoid fever. Speaking at intervals in his delirium, he said: "I the sea: "For over two hours everyhave a brother at sea." "A storm is coming on." "Will the vessel be able to weather the storm?" "The waves are dashing over the ship." "Oh that he were safe on land." His mind wandered to other matters, but always re tips of the fingers, from the nose and turned to his brother, who, as it was from the hair. The anemometer on top afterward learned, was at that very time of the building spat fire at every revolu-drowning in a storm. Every rock on the summit was

-Louis Althoff owned a line of baggage-wagons in St. Louis. He was ar-rested on the charge of systematically robbing an elevator. He gave bail. He went to his home. He blew out his broken. Bt. Louis Globe.

HOME AND PARM.

-A poultice of fresh tea leaves moist-ened with water will cure a stye on the -Black corn has been raised in Livngston County, N. Y. It is described

is being as black as an African, as sweet as sugar, and retains all the attributes when cooked. -Bread Pie: Two cups of bread rumbs, one cup of water, one cup of sugar, one teaspoonful of tartaric acid.

and one teaspoonful of essence of lemon. Boil together. Bake two crusts and mixture between .- The House--Indian Meal Gruel: Use the finest and best quality of meal. Wet two

spoonfuls in cold water and beat till there are no lumps; then stir it into a pint and a half of boiling water, and let t boil half an hour, stirring constantly. Season as liked best.—Country Gentle--A son of Rev. J. R. Battle, of Thom-

asville, Ga., has won a prize of twenty dollars in gold offered by a Southern agricultural paper to the boy under sixteen years of age who would report the best yield of any crop on a half acre of land. Master Battle's crop was 250 bushels of sweet potatoes to the half -Fruit Cake: One egg, one cup of sugar, one and a half cups of flour, half

a cup of butter, two-thirds of a cup of currants, one cup of raisins, half a teaspoonful of baking powder, three teaspoonfuls of sour cream or milk, one teaspoonful each of cinnamon, clove and nutmeg; in place of baking powder and sour milk you may use, if you choose, two teaspoonfuls of yeast; in this case it will not need to stand in the tin to rise for an hour. - Detroit Post. -Ammonia is very useful in the kitchen. A few drops mixed in the water will take off any grease from plates, dishes, etc., better than soda, and does not injure the skin of the washer as the constant use of soda does. Ladies will find this a useful hint when they find themselves in the capacity of impromptu maids-of-all-work. Sponges. hair-brushes, etc., are best cleaned with diluted ammonia-in fact, it is a very useful thing for many purposes in the house.-N. Y. Herald.

-Sheep should have airy, well-lit-tered sheds, with plenty of sunshine, and protected from snow. One great advantage of keeping sheep is to convert straw into manure. Hence much litter is usually strewn in sheep sheds, to the distress of the sheep, unless they have hard places to lie upon, because their feet and legs get so hot. A few platforms, like old doors, which can be shifted about every few days by turning over, will be greatly enjoyed, and will promote both health and comfort.—Ex-

-A nice addition to beef soup just before sending to the table is to drop in in salted water and neatly trimmed, one for each person. Some add slices of lemon or yelks of hard boiled eggs, one for each plate, just before sending to the table. Bread dice is also a very nice addition to soup and should be prepared in the following manner: Cut bread into dice an inch square and fry a handsome brown in butter. They should be prepared several hours before dinner and left near the fire to crisp and dry. -The Housekeeper.

A Maine Potato Country.

To see the Aroostook when most attractive, one should travel through it early in July, when the grass is just ready to cut, and the grain and potato crop growing. No section this side of the great West can show such fields of wheat and oats. But potatoes are the leading crop, and, no matter where you are, in the cars, stores, or hotels, everybody talks potatoes. Buyers from Boston have store-houses at the different railroad stations, where they collect and ship them in large quantities. Thousands of dollars are at this season paid out here every day, and many farmers are giving nearly all their attention to this interest. Several in this vicinity have from twenty-five to fifty acres plowed al-ready, which will be planted next spring. The soil seems particularly adapted to this crop, and four or five hundred bushels from an acre is not an unusual yield. My attention was called yesterday to a young man, formerly clerk in one of the village stores, with hardly pay enough for board and clothes, who last spring leased a piece of land, planted it with potatoes, paid out \$325 for seed, labor, and rent, and raised \$1,300 worth. By this little investment he made more money than he could have saved as clerk in ten years, and to-day is really more of a man than he ever before expected to be, having gained that independence and freedom that comes with self-reliance and suc-

Hot Water.

cess. If other young men from the older towns where the farms are rocky and

the soil poor would just come up here

instead of flocking to the overcrowded

cities, where they are pretty certain to

work hard and remain poor all their

days, how much better it would be for

them and the State.—Cor. Boston Jour-

nul.

The application of hot water to the surface for the relief of pain is an old and well-tried remedy. The medical profession now universally recognizes its

At the commencement of a cold the mucous membrane of the nostrils often so swells as to prevent the passage of air through them, and the person is compelled to breathe through his mouth. The discomfort may be often removed by holding the feet in quite hot water. Many a severe headache can be relieved in the same way.

Pains in the bowels may be mitigated or removed by applying to them rubber bags of hot water, or folds of woolen cloths wrung out from water as hot as can be borne. The same thing is true of face-aches, ear-aches and of most aches and pains. The principle on which the relief de-

pends is known by the name of counterdue to a congested state of the bloodvessels. That is, the vessels are unduly

The hot water, by getting up an irritation at a distance, enlarges the capillaries in that part and thus turns the blood thither, relieving the pressure at the points of pain. The quantity of blood diverted, say Three mouths, \$1.50. One month or from the head to the feet, by plunging

Youth's Companion. -A correspondent of the New York Evening Post gives the following ac-

covered with ame." -Verily, when a full grown man will place a dynamite cartridge in the oven of his cook-stove to thaw it out it is evident that we need idict asylums as

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