

THE MAN AND THE BIRD.

A FABLE.

Once a man was walking along, Among the trees;

He saw the birds and flowers, And then the bumble bees.

But looked he only at the birds, For one he wished to catch;

That it might lay some eggs, And for him some young birds to hatch.

And then he laid the net, And caught the poor bird;

It begged for freedom, And said of such cruelty never was heard.

But the man only answered, But then I want you;

In the woods and the air, What good can you do?

The bird said I can sing and chirp, And you can come into the grove;

And hear me sing the praise of God, And then of Him my love.

But after awhile The man himself was caught;

And for his liberty With all his might he fought.

But he was overpowered And into prison he was thrown;

Then of the poor bird's feelings Very much he knew.

But when he got home He let it fly away to its nest;

And now he always thinks for the best, And always thinks for the best.

—Charles D. Wilson.

School Examinations.

J. P. Sprecher, principal of the Norfolk schools, and one of the ablest workers in the state, has a very sensible article in the News, which we herewith reproduce. If promotions, upon merit shown, are made often that fact alone causes greater progress among the body of students striving to get forward.

"Examinations of some sort are necessary that the teacher may obtain information in regard to the mental improvement of pupils. While serving this purpose, they may also be made incidentally useful to pupils in stimulating them to greater exertions; by revealing their imperfect knowledge of a subject; or by aiding them to a fuller understanding. Some of the evils connected with them are that they may occupy too great a share of time and attention; may react injuriously on the pupil's physical health through nervous excitement and too long continued and intense application, or on his moral nature by inducing him to resort to trickery that he may rank high.

"With a view to securing the greatest benefit with the least of accompanying evil we propose the following system of examinations. There shall be no regular monthly, term, or yearly examinations excepting from a day to a week at a time. Promotions will not be made en masse at stated times as the result of a single exhaustive examination. Teachers who have had their schools subjected to such tests know that their best pupils sometimes utterly and unaccountably fall while a poor one may sustain. It is better to watch the daily work of pupils, and whenever it becomes evident that from an error in the original classification, inequality of mental capacity, irregular attendance, indolence, or any other cause a pupil ought to be promoted or dropped, let it be done. By this gradual readjustment there is no necessity for a final examination. The pupils who remain in a class at the end of the year will generally be able to go forward with the work of the course the next year, though some readjustment will usually take place at that time. No examination will continue longer than one-fourth of the day's session, at most about one hour and a quarter's work. Examinations in writing and spelling will not occupy over thirty minutes. If possible, no class will have examination in more than one branch on the same day. Examinations in writing, spelling and reading will occur on the second, third and fourth Fridays of the month. Examinations in other branches will occur whenever the class has finished the text-book work on some subject or division of a subject in that branch; and these may not occur regularly every month, but will mark intervals of progress. Thus a class will not spend more than about one day each month in this work, which is not an undue allowance of time for this test-work; and scattering it on different days throughout the month the vital energies of pupils will not be overtaxed, nor will their mental vigor be subjected to a strain through long continued effort that will prevent their putting forth their best endeavors. Thus we hope to make our examinations something to be looked forward to without dread; an incentive to higher efforts rather than a discouragement.

"The teacher's main object in examining is to obtain information. To this end there must be perfect honesty in the work on the part of pupils. The sentiment of honor must be cultivated in the pupils and measures taken to prevent and detect cheating. Again the questions must not be so difficult as to overreach the ability of the pupils nor so easy as to make the examination a farce. And since, by a comparison of results, we desire to ascertain the relative standing of classes and of different pupils in the same class, all lists on the same subject given to different classes should involve equal amounts of test-work and marking of answers should be done on a uniform plan; and all questions on the same list should involve equal mental tests or have a value assigned to it proportional to its difficulty. Further, a series of such lists on different subjects given to the same class must involve equal amounts of test-work or the results obtained by averaging the standing in different branches would not represent accurately the relative merits

of different pupils. Considering then the difficulties in the way of preparing proper questions; of assigning proper values to each question; of making equal tests in different branches and classes; and the difference in value that different teachers would put upon the same answer in marking, it will be seen that examinations require great care to make them serve their proper function; and that the figures on the examination rolls of different schools; of different rooms or classes in the same school, or of different pupils in the same class may give very erroneous ideas in regard to the relative merits of such schools, rooms, classes, or pupils."

John Brennan, the Irishman eloquent of Sioux City, spoke these forceful words in Fannell hall, Boston, before the election: My brothers: Under the roof tree of Fannell hall in the vicinity of Bunker Hill, amid the echoes of the voices of Sumner and of Wendell Phillips [loud cheers], I feel that I am standing on holy ground, and I deem it my first duty to offer up upon your behalf and upon behalf of the oppressed people of the world, the humble homage of our gratitude to the warriors and orators whose blood was shed and whose voices were lifted to heaven in the sublime cause of our common liberty. [Cheers and applause.] We are on the eve of a presidential battle, and this presidential battle is not a vulgar fight for spoils. The armies consist of 10,000,000 of men. They are the most numerous armies that were ever engaged in the history of the world in any moral or political combat. The issue in this combat is as to who shall control this government, whether it shall be controlled by Americans or by the power of England and the power of the English government. Let it go forth from Fannell hall to-night to all America, and to all the world, that whenever America is troubled by any foreign power, whether it comes from England or from France or from Rome, we Irish-Americans stand by the side of our adopted country. My home is in the far west, in the state of Iowa, the eldest sister of Massachusetts; in the state where, in the valleys, the corn grows twelve feet high, and where fat swine and cattle are grazing leisurely on sunny hills; where there is an army of school teachers disseminating thought throughout the land; where the popularity of James G. Blaine is such that when the book agent comes around to sell Blaine's "Twenty Years of Congress," the family bull dog comes out and opens the garden gate. [Laughter and applause.] We of Iowa are an agricultural people. We have there the finest crops that the hand of God ever gave the children of men. Our granaries are bursting with wealth. We have everything that an abundant harvest could give us. You of Massachusetts are manufacturing people, who live by the labor of your hands, and whose labor is protected by the policy of protection to American industries, and I of the west am here to-night to ask you of Massachusetts whether you are willing that the good things raised in Iowa shall feed the pauper mouths of Europe, or shall be eaten by the free laborers of Massachusetts. [Cheers.]

We see that the atrocity of voting gold headed canes to public men continues. This is a relic of barbarism. It is wrong to induce people to vote at ten cents a ballot for a choice as to whom the cane shall be inflicted upon. But the cruelty does not stop here. It goes on and appoints a committee to solemnly approach the recipient and stuff him full of lies about how popular he is and how his friends have ached for several years for a chance to show how much they thought of him and how they all hope the cane will be a comfort and support to him through many years of old age. And then the victim informs the committee that he is overcome with emotion, that he is deeply touched and that he never forgets, and all that. And the victim wears the cane around for a day or two, feeling like a fool. He then throws it into the back end of the deepest closet in the house, and the miserable affair gradually fades from the memory of men.—State Journal.

The Horse Creek murder mystery, so far as developments here are concerned, remains just as it did when the coroner's jury returned its verdict; any reports published in papers of the State to the contrary notwithstanding. Sheriff Zibble started somewhere the latter part of last week in response to telegrams which gave him encouragement that Farnival had been arrested, but whether he went to Springfield, Mo., or to the interior of Mississippi, as the diverse accounts published in the Omaha Bee, Lincoln Journal and St. Louis Globe-Democrat, is not generally known here. Indeed, it is difficult to put much credence in the accounts alluded to, so long as they contain so much purporting to be the statements of Mr. Zibble of the facts of the case and the probable action of the people here. It is more likely that much of such accounts are the imaginings of enterprising reporters than that Mr. Zibble is so excessively communicative abroad and so reticent about the matter at home.—Fullerton Telescope.

The last words of a pressman of a Boston paper who was crushed in his press recently were: "Go ahead with the press, boys. Get the edition off and don't lose any bundles." The sentiment expressed by the humble pressman in the dingy press room, amid the clatter of the ponderous presses, is just as noble as that of the gallant Lawrence of the American Navy, whose last words, "Don't give up the ship," have become historic.—Rochester Union.

Diplomatic Secretary Fish.

Governor Hamilton Fish was noted for his deportment, and he took great pride in sending the courts of Europe in a diplomatic capacity gentlemen whose dress and manner would not excite comment. He was much concerned, however, when it became his duty to commission Horace Maynard, of Tennessee, as Minister to Turkey, and Godlove S. Orth, of Indiana, as Minister to Austria. Neither one was remarkable for his observance of the social proprieties, and it was some time before Governor Fish could devise to give them a lesson in dress. At last, so the story goes, an idea struck him, and sending for Orth he said something like this to the Indiana statesman: "Mr. Orth, I have a favor to ask you."

"Anything I can do for you, Mr. Secretary, I'll be glad to."

"Thank you, Mr. Orth, thank you, sir, you are very good. Mr. Maynard, you know, is an excellent gentleman, but he is not accustomed to the ways of society as you or I are," and the Secretary smiled pleasantly at the guileless Orth, who had on a sky-blue necktie and a black coat. After having clinched his point he continued: "I am afraid he will invent some startling innovation on the costume usual among gentlemen when they are out in society. He may startle the foreign courts with a red necktie and a sack coat, and now what I want to ask you, Mr. Orth, is to give him a hint, as you are both going over on the same steamer, about what you and I should wear on social occasions—the dress coat, black trousers and waistcoat and the simple white tie. You will know precisely how to do it, and you will oblige me greatly by attending to the matter of so much importance, as you, as a member of polite society, know."

The hint was taken, and Mr. Orth was noted among the diplomatists at Vienna for his faultless attire. Mr. Maynard, with his long black hair and Indian features was not so apt a scholar.—Ben. Perley Poore in Boston.

Feeding "Store" Cattle.

One great specialty of agriculture is the breeding and feeding of beef cattle for market. The expert in this business has learned that there must be, for the highest profit, no standstill in the life of the beef animal. Where there is no growth, the food eaten is lost. All growth comes from the extra food; if only enough is given to support the animal, it must remain stationary, without any increase in weight or in value. A numerous class of farmers keep what they call "store" cattle, through the cold season, in a standstill condition; and they do not seem to realize that they have been throwing away all the food consumed through the winter, because they have not given food enough to produce any growth. This ought to be so plain to them as not to need explanation. The store animal, that makes no growth, is actually becoming less valuable, because its capacity for digesting food becomes impaired, and it often takes a month, on good grass, to get the store cattle in a thrifty condition again. If these farmers would study this storing system carefully, they certainly would not repeat it. As we have often shown, it takes two-thirds of a full ration to keep the animal alive, without growth, and this is lost unless the other third is added, to produce a vigorous growth. It costs from \$10 to \$15 to store a steer through the winter, and if the farmer has ten head, his loss will be from \$100 to \$150; while had he fed \$50 to \$75 worth more of feed, the growth would have paid a profit on the whole feed. This system, then, shows a great want of foresight.—National Live-Stock Journal.

Nebraska Schools at the Exposition.

Superintendent Jones has issued a circular in respect to Nebraska's showing in public school work at the world's fair at New Orleans. He says: The work of the children of the state is of the highest importance, and should occupy the most prominent place. The teachers and the state are especially requested to make this department most creditable. Examination, daily written work, map-drawing, free-hand drawing, compositions, specimens of penmanship, which may be copies of several lines of prose or poetry, specimens of handiwork in or out of school, in fact anything that shows what our children are doing in an educational way. Ungraded, graded and high school work will be included in this department. The county superintendents, teachers and principals are earnestly requested to lend their assistance and urged to co-operate in making this department all it should be. All pupils' work should be upon one paper of uniform size, 8 1/2 x 11 inches, with a margin of one inch, written only on one side and neatly bound for preservation. This department will be in the hands of Superintendent J. J. Points, of Omaha.

Not According to Bro. Boass.

A man from the outside world of realities describes the life of Arkansas as follows: Long days of doing nothing, a little energy, a little food is needed, and less new clothing. In the fall and winter the crops are gathered and turned over to the merchant, who holds a mortgage. To sum up the labor of the year: I was on the place yesterday and found an old double log house, so nearly rotted down that it was propped up all around; the windows were without glass, the door frames were without doors, the children could not get in, between the logs in any direction, the lady and a friend were sitting in a "gallery," a space between the two cabins, on splint chairs, contentedly "dipping" snuff, while the lord and master, in dirty, begrimed clothes, sat under a tree doing nothing, but looking happy as the day is long. Fences rotted down, and lean pigs with "pokes" on them, two sorry looking horses trying to nick a living from short grass, and little children, half a dozen or more, with but a single garment on, were listlessly playing in the shade. The land, originally poor, with but two or three inches of soil on the prairie, was worn out and abandoned.—Rising Independent.

The board of managers of the state fair met last night and audited bills incurred at the late exhibition. The expenses were about \$19,000, and receipts \$20,000, leaving a profit of \$1,000. The expenses were swelled this year by the high rent charged by the driving park association. The goods which were instructed to advertise in the Omaha and Lincoln dailies for locating the state fair for the next five years, beginning with the exhibition next year; bids to be received up to Jan. 1st.—Lincoln Journal.

Mutual Tolerance.

"My dear," said a wife to her husband, "I know that I am dreadfully cross with you at times, that I am not as patient as I should be, and I think the same can be said of you."

"Yes, certainly," he frankly acknowledged; "I am almost as bad as you are."

"What's that?" "I—I say that I am just as much to blame as you are."

"I think," went on the lady, "that we ought to cultivate a mutual tolerance of each other's faults, and I see bent over him fondly and kissed him."

"You are not looking well to-night, my dear," he said, stroking her hair.

"No," she replied; "my feet pain me dreadfully."

"That's because you wear shoes two sizes too small for you."

Then the trouble began once more.

The Next Legislature.

Among the specific things promised by candidates for the legislature we find the following. It will be well enough for the people and press to bring forward the work needed to be done by the next legislature. Much demands in having bills ready for introduction and discussion early in the session:

1st. Change the time for assessments from April to January 1st, so that stock owned in the county can be assessed before they go to market.

2nd. Make taxes become due March 1st, instead of Jan. 1st, so that farmers and others will not be required to pay taxes when all other bills become due, and produce is forced on the market at the lowest price.

3d. A bill regulating R. R. traffic, which shall do equal justice to all parties.

A farmer out in Harlan county (says the Lincoln News), is a terrible mad. He had a big pumpkin that he intended to send for exhibition among Nebraska products at New Orleans, but he missed his cows recently, and after two days search he found them penned up inside the pumpkin. Some of the boys had cut a door through the side, put the cows in and fastened the piece in again. He might not have found the cows at all, but the vine was still growing, and it dragged the pumpkin around over the ground so fast that the piece jolted out.

"No," said Mrs. Briny to an inquiring stranger, "we don't have malaria here, I admit, but it's the best boarding-house on the bay shore, and my daughter Sally makes lemon pies that can't be beat 'round these parts." When the visitor had gone Mrs. Briny said to her daughter: "Well, Jane, I guess we'll have to lay in a stock of that malaria, for all of 'em as comes here keep askin' if we've got it."

"I lost my dog," said Mrs. Rarity. "Why don't your husband look for him?" some one asked. "Who, Jim? Why, you know Jim's on the detective force. He can't find anything."

In the whole universe there are no agents to work out the misery of the soul like its own fell passions. Not the fire, the darkness, the flood, or the tempest.—Dr. Dewey.

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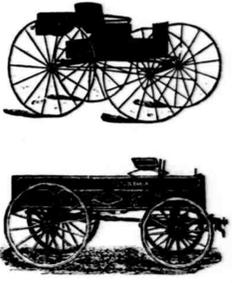
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