THE JOURNAL.

ISSUED EVERY WEDNESDAY,

M. K. TURNER & CO.

Proprietors and Publishers.

OFFICE.—Eleventh St., up stairs n Journal Building.

TERMS:

Per year	$2 00
Six months	1 00
Three months	50
Single copies	05

The Columbus Journal.

VOL. XV.--NO. 29. COLUMBUS, NEB., WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 12, 1884. WHOLE NO. 757.

BUSINESS CARDS.

D. T. MARTYN, M. D. F. J. SCHUG, M. D.

Drs. MARTYN & SCHUG,

U. S. Examining Surgeons,

Local Surgeons, Union Pacific, O., N. & B. H. and B. & M. R. R's.

Consultations in German and English. Telephones at office and residences.

COLUMBUS, - NEBRASKA. 42-y

J. F. WILSON, M. D.,

PHYSICIAN & SURGEON.

Diseases of women and children a specialty. County physician. Office formerly occupied by Dr. Bonesteel. Telephone exchange. 39

OLLA ASHBAUGH, D. D. S.

DENTAL PARLOR,

On corner of Eleventh and North streets, over Ernst's hardware store.

CORNELIUS & SULLIVAN,

ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW,

Up-stairs in Gluck Building, 11th street, Above the New bank.

H. J. HUDSON,

NOTARY PUBLIC,

12th Street, 2 doors west of Hammond House, *Columbus, Neb.* 491-y

J. G. REEDER,

ATTORNEY AT LAW,

Office on Olive St., Columbus, Nebraska 24f

V. A. MACKEN,

DEALER IN

Foreign and Domestic Liquors and Cigars.

11th street, Columbus, Neb. 50-y

McALLISTER BROS.,

ATTORNEYS AT LAW,

Office up-stairs in McAllister's building, 11th St. W. A. McAllister, Notary Public.

JOHN TIMOTHY,

NOTARY PUBLIC AND CONVEYANCER.

Keeps a full line of stationery and school supplies, and all kinds of legal forms. Insures against fire, lightning, cyclone and tornadoes. Office in Powell's Block, Platte Center. 19-x

J. M. MACFARLAND, Attorney and Notary Pub'c. B. R. COWDERY, Collector.

LAW AND COLLECTION OFFICE

—OF—

MACFARLAND & COWDERY,

Columbus, : : : Nebraska.

F. F. RUNNER, M. D.,

(Successor to Dr. C. G. A. Hullhorst)

HOMEOPATHIC PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON.

Regular graduate of two medical colleges. Office Olive St., one-half block north of Hammond House. 2-1y

J. J. MAUGHAN,

Justice, County Surveyor, Notary, Land and Collection Agent.

Parties desiring surveying done can notify me by mail at Platte Centre, Neb. 51-6m

F. H. RUSCHE,

11th St., opposite Lindell Hotel.

Sells Harness, Saddles, Collars, Whips, Blankets, Curry Combs, Brushes, trunks, valises, buggy tops, cushions, carriage trimmings, &c., at the lowest possible prices. Repairs promptly attended to.

R. H. LAWRENCE,

DEPUTY CO. SURVEYOR.

Will do general surveying in Platte and adjoining counties. Office with S. C. Smith.

COLUMBUS, - - - NEBRASKA. 17-tf

$66 a week at home. $5.00 outfit free. Pay absolutely sure. No risk. Capital not required. Reader, if you want business at which persons of either sex, young or old, can make great pay all the time they work, with absolute certainty, write for particulars to H. HALLET & Co., Portland, Maine.

GEORGE SPOONER,

CONTRACTOR FOR ALL KINDS OF MASON WORK.

OFFICE,—Thirteenth St., between Olive and Nebraska Avenue. Residence on the corner of Eighth and Olive.

All Work Guaranteed. 48-tf

J. S. MURDOCK & SON,

Carpenters and Contractors.

Have had an extended experience, and will guarantee satisfaction in work. All kinds of repairing done on short notice. Our motto is, Good work and fair prices. Call and give us an opportunity to estimate for you. Shop on 13th St., one door west of Friedhof & Co's. store, Columbus, Nebr. 483-y

O. C. SHANNON,

MANUFACTURER OF

Tin and Sheet-Iron Ware!

Job-Work, Roofing and Guttering a Specialty.

Shop on Olive Street, 2 doors north of Brodfuehrer's Jewelry Store. 46-y

G. W. CLARK,

LAND AND INSURANCE AGENT, HUMPHREY, NEBR.

His lands comprise some fine tracts in the Shell Creek Valley, and the northern portion of Platte county.—Taxes paid for non-residents. Satisfaction guaranteed. 20 y

COLUMBUS PACKING CO.,

COLUMBUS, - NEB.,

Packers and Dealers in all kinds of Hog product, cash paid for Live or Dead Hogs or grease.

Directors.—R. H. Henry, Prest.; John Wiggins, Sec. and Treas.; L. Gerrard, S. Cory.

JAMES SALMON,

CONTRACTOR AND BUILDER.

Plans and estimates supplied for either frame or brick buildings. Good work guaranteed. Shop on 13th Street, near St. Paul Lumber Yard, Columbus, Nebraska. 52 6mo.

NOTICE TO TEACHERS.

J. E. Moncrief, Co. Supt.,

Will be in his office at the Court House on the third Saturday of each month for the purpose of examining applicants for teacher's certificates, and for the transactton of any other business pertaining to schools. 567-y

GO TO

A. & M. TURNER'S

BOOK AND MUSIC STORE

—FOR THE—

BEST OF GOODS

—AT—

The Lowest Prices!

CONSULT THE FOLLOWING ALPHABETICAL LIST.

ALBUMS, Arithmetics, Arnold's Ink (genuine), Algebras, Autograph Albums, Alphabet Books, Author's Cards, Arks, Accordeons, Abstract Legal Cap.

BRUSHES, Baskets, Baby Toys, Books, Bibles, Bells for Toys, Blank Books, Birthday Cards, Basket Buggies, boy's Tool-chests, Balls, Banker's Cases, boy's Wagons, Sleds and Wheelbarrows, Butcher Books, Brass-edged Rulers, Bill-books, Book Straps, Base Balls and Bats.

CANDIES, Cards, Calling Cards, Card Cases Combs, Comb Cases, Cigar Cases, Checker Boards, Children's Chairs, Cups and Saucers (fancy) Circulating Library, Collar and Cuff Boxes, Copy Books, Christmas Cards, Chinese Toys, Crayons, Checkers, Chess-men, Croquet sets.

DOMESTIC Sewing Machines, Drawing Paper, Dressing Cases, Drums, Diaries, Drafts in books, Dolls, Dressed Dolls, Dominoes, Drawing books.

ENVELOPES, Elementary school books, Erasers (blackboard), Erasers (rubber).

FICTION Books, Floral Albums, Furniture polish.

GRAMMARS, Geographies, Geometries, Glove boxes, toy Guns, Gyroscopes (to illustrate the laws of motion).

HARPER'S Readers, handsome Holiday gifts, Hand-glasses, Hobby-horses, Hand-satchels, Histories.

INKS, (all good kinds and colors), Inkstands (common and fancy).

JEWEL Cases, Jews harps.

KEGS of ink, Kitchen sets.

LEDGERS, Ledger paper, Legal cap, Lunch baskets, Lookingglasses.

MASON & Hamlin Organs, Magnets, Music boxes, Magazines, Mustache cups, Mouth organs, Memorandums, Music books, Music holders, Machine oil, Mats, Moderator's records, Mucilage, Microscopes.

NEEDLES for sewing machines, Note paper.

ORGANS, Oil for sewing machines, Organ stools, Organ seats.

PERIODICALS, Pictures, Puzzle blocks, Presents, Picture books, Pianos, Pens, Papetries, Pencils, Purses, Polish for furniture, Pamphlet cases, Paper cutters, Paper fasteners, Picture puzzles, Picture frames, Pocket books, Perfumery and Perfumery cases, Paper racks, Pencil holders.

REWARD cards, Rubber balls, Rubber dolls.

SCHOOL books, Sewing stands, School Satchels, Slates, Stereoscopes and pictures, Scrap books, Scrap pictures, Sewing machine needles, Scholar's companions, Specie purses, Singing toy canaries, Sleds for boys, Shawl straps, Shell goods.

TELESCOPES, Toys of all kinds, children's Trunks, Thermometers, Tooth brushes (folding), Tea sets for girls, Tool chests for boys, Ten-pin sets for boys, Tooth picks, Tin toys.

VIOLINS and strings, Vases.

WOODBRIDGE Organs, Work baskets, Waste baskets, Whips (with case), Webster's dictionaries, Weather glasses, Work boxes, Whips for boys, Wagons for boys, What-nots, Wooden tooth picks.

Third Door North of "Clother House."

THE

COLUMBUS JOURNAL

—AND THE—

CHICAGO WEEKLY TRIBUNE

From now until after the Presidential Election, post-paid, to any address in the United States, for

75 CENTS.

To present subscribers of the JOURNAL, we will send the CAMPAIGN TRIBUNE, when requested, upon the payment of one year in advance for the JOURNAL.

Address,

M. K. TURNER & CO.,
Columbus, Neb.

Health is Wealth!

DR. E. C. WEST'S NERVE AND BRAIN TREATMENT, a guaranteed specific for Hysteria, Dizziness, Convulsions, Fits, Nervous Neuralgia, Headache, Nervous Prostration caused by the use of alcohol or tobacco, Wakefulness, Mental Depression, Softening of the Brain resulting in insanity and leading to misery, decay and death, Premature Old Age, Barrenness, Loss of power in either sex, Involuntary Losses and Spermatorrhœa caused by over-exertion of the brain, self-abuse or over-indulgence. Each box contains one month's treatment. $1.00 a box, or six boxes for $5.00, sent by mail prepaid on receipt of price.

WE GUARANTEE SIX BOXES

To cure any case. With each order received by us for six boxes, accompanied with $5.00, we will send the purchaser our written guarantee to refund the money if the treatment does not effect a cure. Guarantees issued only by

JOHN G. WEST & CO.,
862 W. MADISON ST., CHICAGO, ILLS.,
Sole Prop's West's Liver Pills.

W. A. THOMAS,

—AGENT FOR—

PEALE'S EDUCATOR,

COLUMBUS, NEB.

Office at Lindell Hotel. Call and examine and be convinced it is the best book published. Agents wanted to canvass in Nebraska. 14-3m

$500 REWARD!

WE will pay the above reward for any case of Liver Complaint, Dyspepsia, Sick Headache, Indigestion, Constipation or Costiveness, we cannot cure with West's Vegetable Liver Pills, when the directions are strictly complied with. They are purely vegetable, and never fail to give satisfaction. Sugar Coated. Large boxes, containing 30 pills, 25 cents. For sale by all druggists. Beware of counterfeits and imitations. The genuine manufactured only by JOHN G. WEST & CO., 181 & 183 W. Madison St., Chicago. Sent by mail prepaid on receipt of 4 3-cent stamps.

COLUMBUS

STATE BANK!

COLUMBUS, NEB.

CASH CAPITAL, - $75.000

—o—

DIRECTORS:

LEANDER GERRARD, *Pres't.*

GEO. W. HULST, *Vice Pres't.*

JULIUS A. REED.

R. H. HENRY.

J. E. TASKER, *Cashier.*

—o—

Bank of Deposit, Discount and Exchange.

Collections Promptly Made on all Points.

Pay Interest on Time Deposits. 274

D. J. DREHERT, Cashier. IRA B. BRIGGLE, Assistant Cashier.

—THE—

CITIZENS' BANK!

HUMPHREY, NEB.

—o—

Prompt attention given to Collections.

Pay Interest on time deposits.

Insurance, Passage Tickets and Real Estate Loans. 3-tf

LINDSAY & TREKELL,

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL

FLOUR AND FEED STORE!

OIL CAKE,

CHOPPED FEED,

Bran, Shorts,

BOLTED AND UNBOLTED CORN MEAL.

GRAHAM FLOUR,

AND FOUR KINDS OF THE BEST WHEAT FLOUR ALWAYS ON HAND.

All kinds of FRUITS in their season. Orders promptly filled.

11th Street, Columbus, Nebr. 47-6m

HENRY GASS,

UNDERTAKER!

COFFINS AND METALLIC CASES

AND DEALER IN

Furniture, Chairs, Bedsteads, Bureaus, Tables, Safes, Lounges, &c., Picture Frames and Mouldings.

Repairing of all kinds of Upholstery Goods.

6-tf COLUMBUS, NEB.

GOLD for the working class. Send 10 cents for postage, and we will mail you *free* a royal, valuable box of sample goods that will put you in the way of making more money in a few days than you ever thought possible at any business. Capital not required. We will start you. You can work all the time or in spare time only. The work is universally adapted to both sexes, young and old. You can easily earn from 50 cents to $5 every evening. That all who want work may test the business, we make this unparalleled offer; to all who are not well satisfied we will send $1 to pay for the trouble of writing us. Full particulars, directions, etc., sent free. Fortunes will be made by those who give their whole time to the work. Great success absolutely sure. Don't delay. Start now. Address STINSON & Co., Portland, Maine.

NO HUMBUG!

But a Grand Success.

R. P. BRIGHAM'S AUTOMATIC WATER Trough for stock. He refers to every man who has it in use. Call on or leave orders at George Yale's, opposite Oehlrich's grocery. 9-6m

J. WAGNER,

Livery and Feed Stable.

Is prepared to furnish the public with good teams, buggies and carriages for all occasions, especially for funerals. Also conducts a sale stable. 44

TRANSIT HOUSE,

PLATTE CENTER NEB.,

JOHN DUGGAN, - - - - Proprietor.

The best accommodation for the traveling public guaranteed. Food good, and plenty of it. Beds clean and comfortable, charges low, as the lowest. 13-y

ALYON & HEALY

State & Monroe Sts., Chicago.

Will send prepaid to any address their BAND CATALOGUE, for fall, 100 pages, 410 Engravings of Instruments, Band Caps, Belts, Pompons, Epaulets, Cap-Lamps, Stands, Drum Major's Staffs, and Hats, Sundry Band Outfits, Repairing Materials, also Instruction and Exercises for Amateur Bands, and a Catalogue of Choice Band Music.

FIRST

National Bank!

COLUMBUS, NEB.

Authorized Capital,	$250,000
Paid In Capital,	50,000
Surplus and Profits,	6,000

OFFICERS AND DIRECTORS.

A. ANDERSON, *Pres't.*
SAM'L C. SMITH, *Vice Pres't.*
O. T. ROEN, *Cashier.*
J. W. EARLY,
HERMAN OEHLRICH,
W. A. McALLISTER,
G. ANDERSON,
P. ANDERSON.

Foreign and Inland Exchange, Passage Tickets, and Real Estate Loans. 29-vol-13-1y

COAL AND LIME!

—o—

J. E. NORTH & CO.,

—DEALERS IN—

Coal,

Lime,

Hair,

Cement.

—o—

Rock Sping Coal,	$7.00 per ton
Carbon (Wyoming) Coal	6.00 "
Eldon (Iowa) Coal	3.50 "

—o—

Blacksmith Coal of best quality always on hand at lowest prices.

—o—

North Side Eleventh St.,

COLUMBUS, NEB. 14-3m

UNION PACIFIC

LAND OFFICE.

Improved and Unimproved Farms, Hay and Grazing Lands and City Property for Sale Cheap

—AT THE—

Union Pacific Land Office,

On Long Time and low rate of Interest.

Final proof made on Timber Claims, Homesteads and Pre-emptions.

All wishing to buy lands of any description will please call and examine my list of lands before looking elsewhere

All having lands to sell will please call and give me a description, term, prices, etc.

I am so am prepared to insure property, as I have the agency of several first-class Fire insurance companies.

F. W. OTT, Solicitor, speaks German.

SAMUEL C. SMITH,
30-tf Columbus, Nebraska.

BECKER & WELCH,

PROPRIETORS OF

SHELL CREEK MILLS.

MANUFACTURERS AND WHOLESALE DEALERS IN

FLOUR AND MEAL.

OFFICE,—COLUMBUS, NEB.

SPEICE & NORTH,

General Agents for the Sale of

REAL ESTATE.

Union Pacific, and Midland Pacific R. R. Lands for sale at from $3.00 to $10.00 per acre for cash, or on five or ten years time, in annual payments to suit purchasers. We have also a large and choice lot of other lands, improved and unimproved, for sale at low price and on reasonable terms. Also business and residence lots in the city. We keep a complete abstract of title to all real estate in Platte County.

621 COLUMBUS, NEB.

LOUIS SCHREIBER,

Blacksmith and Wagon Maker.

All kinds of Repairing done on Short Notice. Buggies, Wagons, etc., made to order, and all work Guaranteed.

Also sell the world-famous Walter A. Wood Mowers, Reapers, Combined Machines, Harvesters, and Self-binders—the best made.

Shop opposite the "Tattersall," on Olive St., COLUMBUS. 26-m

A YEAR'S WOOING.

'Twas autumn when first they stood on the bridge;
Ripe pears on the pear- tree, ripe corn on the ridge;
The swallows flew swiftly far up in the blue.
And speeding still southward, were lost to the view.
Said he: "Can you love me, as I can love you!"
She said, quite demurely: "Already I do?"

'Twas winter when next they met on the bridge;
The pear-trees were brown and white was the ridge;
The swallows were feathering their nests in Algiers.
She looked in his face, and she burst into tears!
His nose it was pinched, and his lips they were blue.
Said she: "I can't love you!" Said he: "Nor I you!"

'Twas spring-time when next they stood on the bridge;
And white was the pear-tree, and green was the ridge;
The swallows had thoughts of a speedy return;
And the midges were dancing a-down the brown burn.
He said: "Pretty maiden, let by-gones go by—
Can you love me again?" She said: "I can try."

'Twas summer when next they stood on the bridge;
There were pears on the pear-tree, tall corn on the ridge;
The swallows wheeled round them, far up in the blue,
Then swooped down and snapped up a midgelet or two.
Said he: "Lest some trifle should come in the way,
And part us again, will you mention the day?"
She stood, looking down on the fast-flowing rill,
Then answered, demurely: "As soon as you will!"

—*Chamber's Journal.*

OUR NATIONAL TREASURY.

A Tomb and a Prison—Curious Things Found in the Basement—the Carpenter Cabinet and Blacksmith Shops and the Treasury Studio and Printing Office—the Store-Room—Restaurant Etc.

Just below the White House, shutting off the view of the city, rises the great dreary pile known as the National Treasury. It is a massive building made of great blocks of stone originally white, but now gray with age, and black and dirty with smoke and rain. The thick stone roof, flat and heavy, is held up by many a long row of dirty sandstone columns, which seemed to stand as guards against the sunlight and cheerfulness to the people within. If it were not for the windows whose sad, bleary eyes peep out from the gloom behind the pillars one might take the building for a grand national sarcophagus, in which were sealed the great dead of the Nation, one on top of the other in a series of chambers as in a noted cemetery at Geneva. As it is, it looks like a prison, and the thick walls, the iron grated windows of the first story, and the doors cut from the street, as it were, through solid rock, carry out the illusion. The Treasury is both a tomb and a prison. In it are buried thousands of hopes, ambitions and lives, which otherwise might have brought forth good fruits. In it to-day are imprisoned thousands of young men and old men, pretty girls and grayhaired old women, whom it will grind to powder as it has done the thousands in the past. Wait until four o'clock this afternoon and you may see them pour fourth from those cave-like doors, over which should be written as over Dante's hell: "All hope abandon ye who enter here." Such a crowd. They represent every class of humanity, on every grade of life's pathway, young and old, cleanly and dirty, soured and cheerful, jaunty and despairing, but over all a sad look as that which might accompany the intelligence of a lost soul. "They did not use their souls and hence they lost them." The food of the Government departments is the souls of its employes. The copyist who day by day follows the same routine becomes at last a very machine, satisfied to be a cog in the wheels of the Government and good for nothing else. His other faculties disappear, and the blooming cheek withers, the glossy hair turns to gray, while day by day imprisoned here he is digging the grave for his better nature. The walls of this Treasury are saturated with such souls and the great giant rats on to-day are as hungrily as ever.

The Treasury building is a world in itself. From its attic to the sub-basement it teems with life, and with the exception of food it produces nearly everything necessary to its existence. Many people have the idea that the Government runs itself, and that no one thinks of economy in its purchases and management. The Treasury is a fit answer to such charges. Everything in it is bought by contract, and Uncle Sam gets the lowest rates. All the carpets for the offices of the Government all over the United States are bought by the department here, and are cut and made in this Treasury building. This work is done in the attic. The same principle runs through every room down to the basement.

THE BASEMENT OF THE TREASURY

is a place which few people visit. But it is full of curious things. Entering the central one of thoses cave-like doors you come into a long, low whitewashed vaulted corridor, lighted with gas and growing smaller and smaller as it loses itself in the distance. From this branch oft other like corridors, and the whole looks like one of the subterranean tombs in the desert near Cairo. Go along this corridor and you will pass a carpenter shop. Here all the carpentering of the building is done. Next is a cabinet shop, connected with a small saw and plaining mill, where a dozen men work continuously making and repairing the furniture for the hundreds offices above. Elegant work they do, too, and mahogany bookcases and beautiful office desks lie all around. A little further on is a blacksmith shop, and the bellows and anvil hammer and blow as Uncle Sam's iron work and locks are repaired. Here, too, is

A PRINTING OFFICE,

a branch of the Government Printing Office. The Treasury does its own printing, and the corridor entering this office is stacked full of forms standing ready for the press. "No printing office in the world," says the foreman, "keeps so many forms standing as we do. We have now more than 1,400 forms standing, and we annually keep that number. This is done for the printing of eight copies of the confidential report as to the interest on the National debt. We print it four times a year, and we can print on one press from one hundred and twenty to one hundred and forty forms in a day. We consider one hundred and twenty forms an average day's work.' I took a glance into the

TREASURY RESTAURANT

as I went by. It is in a low vaulted room, with an opening bar into the hall, where a girl deals out coffee and pie. The dining room was filled by a long table on which a cloth—not the whitest—was spread, and at which a little fat man with a gray head as round as a bullet was eating. I recognized in him Mr. Elliot, the Actuary of the Treasury, but the smell of the viands was not appetizing, and the table turned my stomach.

THE BASEMENT STORE-ROOM

is where the furniture, towels, soap and glasses are given out to the various offices. It is a little vaulted cell facing the avenue, with two cubic inches of gloom to every inch of space. The storekeeper stands behind a counter and keeps close account of everything. A pile of towels lies at one side. They are of white linen with a red band on each end, on which is printed "U. S. Treasury." It takes five hundred towels a day to supply the Department, and last month 13,440 were used. The washing of these towels is done by two gangs of women, one washing them during the first half and the other the last half of the month. They are paid thirty cents a dozen, and are charged with any towels they cannot account for. Their wages average twelve dollars a month. The Treasury uses about two thousand cakes of soap a month, and it takes three hundred dollar's worth of ice to cool its drinking water.

THE WASTE-PAPER ROOM.

All the old envelopes, newspaper wrappers and scraps of paper which accumulate in the Treasury are carefully saved, and taken to a room in the basement called the waste-paper room. It looks like a division of a great country cellar. The walls are whitewashed and vaulted, and one-half of the room is divided into three great bins, which are filled with different grades of paper. The waste baskets are brought daily to this room and emptied on the floor in a big pile, behind which three women are constantly at work sorting it out into baskets. They separate the white paper from the colored, tear the sealing wax off of envelopes, and then throw the assorted paper into these great bins, whence it is baled up and sent off to New York for sale. The receipts amount to quite an item, and one firm buys all.

THE TREASURY STUDIO.

There is a sculptor-shop in the Treasury basement. In rooms facing the South, off of one of its gloomiest corridors, Italian and American artists continually work modeling in clay and casting into plaster. They design the beautiful columns and allegorical pieces which are being put into the Government buildings all over the country, and the work is sent from here out in every direction. To-day one long-haired Roman was working on a great relief for some city post-office; another was fixing the broken acanthus leaves in a plaster cast of a great Corinthian column, and the massive head of a goddess, surrounded by a wreath, stared out from a table near by. The Treasury sculptor-shop turns out some beautiful work, and it saves the Government many thousands yearly.

THE STATIONERY DEPARTMENT

of the Treasury is an enormous machine which feeds the Government offices under the department extending from Maine to Alaska. It has its store-rooms in the basement, and it uses an almost incredible amount of material. In company with Mr. Bickford I went through the various rooms. Some were devoted entirely to blank paper, and ream was piled on ream until the rooms were filled to the vaulted ceiling. Others were all envelopes, and these had a dry, headachy air, as close and stifling as a drying room. The least dampness would moisten the mucilage and millions of envelopes would be stuck together. Here were bales of sponges, and there were great bins filled with ink bottles. In one room waste paper baskets formed the chief contents. In another, store boxes filled with ink in bottles. There was sealing-wax by the hundreds of pounds, large bins of wrapping twine, millions of pen-holders and millions of pencils, pins in half-pound boxes innumerable, and mucilage enough to fill an artesian well. Several great rooms were filled with thousands of blank books piled in shelves like a great library, and of all shapes and sizes. Among them is the

BIGGEST BLANK BOOK

used by the Government, weighing as much as six babies, and costing forty dollars to make. It is the ledger of the Assistant United States Treasurer at New York. It is nineteen inches long, thirteen inches wide, and contains twelve hundred and fifty pages. It is made of the best paper and one is used every year. There are some big envelopes here, yellow manila fellows, costing twenty-one dollars and twenty-nine cents a thousand, and being seventeen and three-fourths inches long by fourteen and three-fourths inches wide.

The wrapping paper here would make a good sized hay stack. It is of the best quality and made of the manila rope used in digging oil wells. This gives it a smell of petroleum, but it is very strong, and makes excellent money straps, and is good for sampling sugar. It is so strong that the damp sugar cannot melt it.

WHERE THE BRAINS GO.

But the blank paper and the blank books are the more wonderful, and by them one can gain some idea of the immense business of the Government. These millions upon millions of sheets of paper, these hundreds of thousands of blank books will, ere a year has passed, have been used. Upon them will go the brains and muscle of the thousands of Government employes from Portland, Me., to Portland, Ore. Now, they represent only the muscle and the machine power necessary to make them. A year from this they will represent the lives of thousands. How many men will worry over that sheet of paper? Will some mind go crazy over that ledger? A year and these barrels of ink, these tons of pens will have served their purpose, and will be cast away. The brain and muscle that used them will also have passed away. This paper and these books will alone remain.

All this store is

UNCLE SAM'S,

and I know of no uncle who manages his affairs more closely. With these millions of pencils and these stacks of paper, the men who have charge of them must render an account for every sheet. If they want a pencil they make a requisition for it; if a sponge is missing, the whole system of books is gone over until it is found. All is bought by contract, and you and I pay twice the prices for everything that our dear uncle pays. I could give you the cost of things that would surprise you, but it is enough to say that dealers coming here to make their bids go away in despair at learning how close-fisted Uncle Sam is, and how he will split a cent in making a bargain.—*Washington Cor. Cleveland Leader.*

—Susan B. Anthony says that one great hindrance to the suffrage movement is women's lack of education in money matters. They have had no experience in earning money or in knowing how far it will go.—*N. Y. Post.*

—Fifteen widows of soldiers of the war of 1812 are living now in York County, South Carolina.

Canton Prisons.

There are two principal prisons in Canton, the Nam Hoi and the Pun U, district jails analagous to our county or State prisons. The main part of the building is called the Great Prison, where are confined those convicted of capital crimes. It is surrounded by thick adobe walls, and the corridors and cells are approached through the single entrance of the keeper's lodge. Through a hole in the crazy door is presented the grimy paw of the keeper, which we touch with a Hongkong ten-cent piece and are immediately admitted. We enter a dark, dismal den, black with sooty cobwebs and full of dense fumes of gray smoke. A spluttering of opium pipes comes from a corner where the sickly yellow light falls upon the withered faces of two or three turnkeys in recumbent posture curled round the lamp, with opium pipes in their hands. A few more ten-cent pieces are needed to gratify, not satisfy, the cupidity of a half-dozen hungry-looking, greasy, smutty, down-at-heeled petty officers, who demand exorbitant fees before we can proceed.

We finally pass into a narrow, dirty alley, flanked by the main wall and leading to the wards and cells. There are six wards, each ward containing four cells, the walls of which are in parallel sections. Each ward consists of an open quadrangle of execrable filth, about forty feet square, with cells on the east and west sides. In the center of this area is a shrine containing the image of a god, supposed to have the power of melting the most obdurate heart, causing penitential tears to flow from eyes that have only gloated over deeds of blood and shame. Very little homage does this idol receive from the Cantonese jail-bird, except on the birthday of the god, when the prisoners are regaled with an extra bowl of rice, a piece of pork and perhaps a cup of wine, 'provided at the expense of the Governor of the jail. This disinterested official takes care to amply refund himself by a careful manipulation of the funds for prison maintenance which the prisoners know to their sorrow the next few days.

The cells are separated from each other by upright beams and are divided off from the outer courtyard by a wooden palisading, giving them the appearance of cattle-pens, in which are herded together as many as thirty human beings in each pen, with hardly sufficient space to lie down. In each cell is a raised wooden floor, full of vermin, covering nearly the whole area of the space. Here the prisoners sleep and eat their food, and are permitted to lounge about the open yard during the daytime. A few pots, an earthenware furnace where they cook their rice, and a stool or two are the only furniture, except a large tub in each cell to receive the excreta. As this tub is usually left open and stands in a crowded den where the prisoners sleep, the stench on a hot summer's night can be better imagined than described. We have now passed through labyrinthian passages reeking with vile odors, past a group of women and children, perhaps, vainly wailing for husbands and fathers whom they will see no more. Door after door is locked behind us as we penetrate the recesses grim and dark and drear of this horrible place, while the awful thought of being seized and forcibly detained among these demons haunts us with a shuddering dread.

We now come to the quadrangle described above. As the door opens we hear again the clanking of chains. A prisioner sees a stranger at the door and announces in shrill tones the arrival of a "foreign devil." We are immediately surrounded by a crowd of ragged, unshorn, squalid, emaciated, cut-throat-looking wretches, whose savor is anything but that of "Araby the Blest." They crowd uncomfortably near us, a hundred hands are held out, ferocious eyes glare upon us beneath their shaggy locks and a chorus of voices demand kamshaws. We look appealingly to the keeper, who comes to the rescue with a mouthful of untranslatable curses, delivered in stentorian tones, upon which they disperse. We see them next squatting down on the bare earth in merry, garrulous groupes, as if oblivious of their impending doom. They are mostly half-naked, or dressed in tattered garments filled with insect life, their long disheveled locks matted together and their bodies corroded with two or three strata of filth.

Water and soap, brush and broom, razor and comb are scarce commodities in a Chinese prison, and hundreds of these wretches live year after year without touching water till the executioner's knife turns them faster into clay. They spend their time gambling and singing lewd songs, or occupy themselves in entomological pursuits, such as picking the vermin out of their clothes or from each other's heads, which, when caught, are popped into the mouth for safe-keeping. This last item is no fiction, but an every-day common-place fact. During one of the five or six visits made by the writer of this sketch to these prisons he was accosted by a prisoner of the most villainous type in broken English. He had been captured in Hongkong and had tasted the sweets of Victoria prison fare before his rendition. He said with the utmost naivete: "Hongkong prison welly good place. He pay good chow chow, good clothes, good bed, good dlink. S'pose hair get long, have got barber makee shave. S'pose me get sick, have got doctor makee well. Hongkong prison welly clean, all ploper. My no likee dis place. Here all too muchee louzee, too muchee muck, too muchee hungly, too muchee thin, too muchee die." This is mentioned to show how strongly the Chinese jail-bird appreciates the comforts and luxuries of Hongkong prison life compared with his native prison hells.—*San Francisco Chronicle.*

—The Toronto *Mail* tells this story: "A resident of Collinsby objected to a young man paying his respects to his daughter, and set a large rat-trap at the spot over which the lover would surely pass. The parent did not know that his wife was visiting when he set the trap. About eleven o'clock at night he was aroused by the screams of his wife, who had one of her feet caught in the trap, but she was released by the lover, who was in the parlor at the time, before the husband arrived. The young man is now a welcome visitor at the house."

—Celestin Collet, King of the Chiffoniers, who died the other day at Neuilly, aged eighty-one, was in receipt of a pension for the last twenty-five years of $125 a year from the Empress Eugenie. In 1858 the Empress lost a valuable diamond bracelet, which he found in a dust heap and carried to police headquarters. The next morning he was sent for and thanked, and the pension conferred, which the Empress has expressed a desire to continue to his family while she lives.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

Business and professional cards of five lines or less, per annum, five dollars.

For time advertisements, apply at this office.

Legal advertisements at statute rates

For transient advertising, see rates on third page.

All advertisements payable monthly.

OF GENERAL INTEREST.

—A whole row of dwellings in Montreal have been vacated because the tenants believed them haunted.—*Montreal Witness.*

—Tobacco raising in North Carolina beats gold mining. A Warrenton farmer refused $1,000 for his crop on seven acres.—*Chicago Herald.*

—A Cincinnati bunko steerer of great skill in his profession boasts that he has made a handsome living off of Kentucky suckers for ten years. — *Cincinnati Times.*

—An old stager in Wall street attributes Gould's success to his spending his evenings at home and coming to the office in the morning with a clear head. —*N. Y. Herald.*

John Doyle is in the Bellvue Hospital in New York suffering from a self inflicted pistol wound. During the last thirteen years he has made twenty-nine attempts to kill himself.—*N. Y. Mail.*

—"No, don't go yet," said the Buffalo girl at midnight, as her lover rose to leave. "Don't go yet, it isn't late. Remember that the clocks in the city have been shoved ahead sixteen minutes."—*Buffalo News.*

—The Earl of Aylesford, who at one time was the greatest spendthrift in Europe, is living on a 27,000 acre farm in Texas with his brother. They spend their time riding, hunting, and having fun with the cowboys, who call the Earl "the judge" and his brother "the kid."—*Chicago Times.*

—Three dining-room girls of a Sidney, Neb., hotel recently packed their trunks and silently departed—leaving a letter. The letter disclosed that they were dissatisfied with their pay; that they had heard a rumor that their places were to be filled by negroes, and they thought it real mean that they could not have their company in the parlor.—*Chicago Times.*

—The *Floral Cabinet* characterizes that economy which feeds the body well at the expense of starving the mind as wretchedly short-sighted. It is this economy that builds mansions indicative of wealth and power, without furnishing the endearments of home culture and refinement. This economy has gaudy flowers on the lawn as an external evidence of wealth, but none of them ever find their way into the sick room.

—One of the stories told to show the value of presence of mind in times of excitement and danger, is concerning some of the recent riots in New Orleans. The mob was threatening and increasing, and the local militia was called out. At a crisis in the affair one of the citizen-soldiers leveled his musket at a prominent opponent, when the man next to him struck up the gun exclaiming, "Don't shoot that man—his life is insured in our office!"—*N. O. Times.*

—A Paris correspondent says that at a grand dinner not long ago he saw several ladies who, instead of taking off their mousquetaire gloves, slipped the hand through the opening made for the three buttons, rolled the glove and stuck it in the lengthy part covering the arm, thus baring the hand to eat and not the arm. After dinner they slipped their gloves on again. A young lady who afterwad was asked to play on the piano did the same thing.

—Probably the smallest and most unique post-office in the world is a barrel which swings from the outermost rock of the mountains overhanging the Straits of Magellan, opposite Terre del Fuego. Every passing ship opens it to place letters in it or take them out. Every ship undertakes to forward all letters in it that it is possible for it to transmit. The barrel hangs by its iron chain, beaten and battered by the winds and storms, but no locked or barred office on land is more secure.—*Boston Herald.*

—Henry F. Millward shot himself after participating in a mock tragedy at Springfield, O. Some weeks ago Millward, assisted by a number of friends, constructed a dummy out of a bundle of towels and pillows and laid it on a bed in the Arcade Hotel in that city. The room was carefully darkened, and the dummy covered with a sheet. A pasteboard head with grotesquely painted features was attached to the body, so as to be in plain sight when the sheet should be removed. When all was ready the report was circulated through the city by the jokers that a drummer had committed suicide at the hotel. The report attracted hundreds of citizens, including the Coroner, who were piloted up to the room one by one. Millward killed himself in the same room.—*Cleveland Leader.*

Andy Johnson's Last Letter.

There was found on the desk of the late ex-President Andrew Johnson a letter which he was engaged in writing when he was stricken with paralysis. His death came soon afterward, and the letter was left lying where it was found until sent by the family to the late Judge John M. Carmack, of West Tennessee, to whom it was addressed. The letter was exhibited at the *American* office, yesterday, and reads as follows:

"GREENVILLE, TENN., June 6, 1875.—John M. Carmack, Esq.: DEAR SIR—Your letter of the 9th ult. has been received and read. I confess I was somewhat surprised when I received your account of Vice-President Wilson's conversation with Governor Isham Harris and others in regard to what would have been the policy of President Lincoln, if he had lived, etc. In your letter you state that H. Wilson, Vice President"

Here came the fatal stroke. The word "President" was the last ever written by the hand of Andrew Johnson.

The letter was written with a lead pencil on ordinary printing paper, such as is generally used for "copy" in newspaper offices, and the ex-President was evidently preparing it with the expectation that it would be published. What an interesting chapter of the history of that exciting time it would have been. Anything he might have said as to the probable policy of the Administration, if Mr. Lincoln had not been assassinated, would have been of the greatest value. A few moments more and it would have been given to the world. But it was not to be.

By Judge Carmack, who naturally regarded it as a historical relic of great interest, the letter was left to his nephew, Mr. John T. Miller, of Jackson, and the latter will have it deposited