The Columbus Journal.

VOL. XVI.--NO. 10. COLUMBUS, NEB., WEDNESDAY JULY 1, 1885. WHOLE NO. 790.

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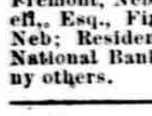

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A WORD OF WARNING.

FARMERS, stock raisers, and all other interested parties will do well to remember that the "Western Horse and Cattle Insurance Co." of Omaha is the only company doing business in this state that insures Horses, Mules and Cattle against loss by theft, accidents, diseases, or injury, (as also against loss by fire and lightning). All representations by agents of other Companies to the contrary notwithstanding.

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PRIVATE WIRES.

What It Costs to Establish Neighborhood Telegraph Lines.

In the State of Indiana there is a telegraph line in operation which places three or four farm-houses in communication with each other. The benefits thereby derived are of great value, and the young folks take great pleasure in this mode of communication. The *Free Press* some time ago mentioned a line which is in operation in the southern part of this State. It is several miles in length and places eighteen or twenty residences in communication with each other. The line runs to a village and is connected with a doctor's office there, thus giving each "office," or house, provided with an instrument direct connections with the doctor, a great advantage in case of sickness or an emergency. In case of fire or burglary, any family can summon and obtain assistance at once from their neighbors.

Farmers have no idea of the feasibility of a scheme of this kind, and the cost is very slight, compared with the benefits they may gain thereby.

We will suppose that there are four or five farmers, who wish to build a telegraph line and connect with the Post-office or telegraph office. Suppose the line is to be about one mile in length. Let us figure up the cost.

No. 12 galvanized iron wire is very well adapted for a line of this length, and one mile of it would cost about $15. The glass insulators, and brackets to fasten on poles and attach the wires to, will cost but a few dollars. The poles are a small item to farmers, as the wire need be carried only high enough to keep it out of easy reach of mischievous boys, except in passing over gates, roadways or anywhere that people are liable to drive under it. In such places it must be high enough to clear a man standing upon a load of hay. Your boys will be glad to have the privilege of cutting the poles, and to assist in building the line, because they are to have lots of fun in chatting over the wire, playing checkers by telegraph, etc., during the long winter evenings.

The "gravity battery," as it is called, is the best and cheapest kind to use for this purpose. You will need five "cells" or jars of this battery for the line and an additional "cell" for every instrument attached to the line, half of the battery to be attached to each end of the line, and none anywhere else. Thus if your line is connected with five buildings, you will want ten jars, which will cost you about seventy-five cents each.

The best instruments to use are those in which the "sounder" and "key" are on one base. In case you have children who are apt to meddle with it, you can make a cover to lock over it, after the fashion of a sewing-machine. The instruments will cost you about five dollars each. It will not pay to get the cheapest, neither will it be necessary to have the high-priced ones.

You will also need a "cut-out" and "lightning-arrester" combined, so that you can switch off the instrument during heavy thunder-storms, and effectually protect your property. There are several kinds of cheap ones which will answer very well, and cost about one dollar each.

During my five years' experience as telegraph operator on different lines, I know of only one instance wherein an office was damaged by lightning, and that was probably due to the operator's neglect in not "cutting" or switching out his instrument before going home in the evening.

To sum it up the expenses would be about as follows:

One mile of wire	$15 00
Insulators, about	3 60
Battery, 10 cells@75 cents	7 50
Instruments, 5@$5	25 00
Cut-outs, or switches, 5@$1	5 00
Total	$55 50

This sum divided by five leaves each farmer's expenses $11.10, a small sum to compare with the good you will get out of it.

After putting up the line and getting it in running order, the next thing to be done is to learn the Morse alphabet. The firms that manufacture instruments send cards with this alphabet printed on them, and a book of instructions with the instruments, so that a person of ordinary intelligence can put up a line and master the alphabet by following the directions given therein.

It takes from three to twelve months, according to the aptness of the learner, to become sufficiently proficient to get along on a railroad wire, but on a wire of this kind a few weeks' practice will enable you to converse slowly with your neighbors, and you will improve in proportion to the length of time you practice. Agree with your friends upon the hours to practice and let one in each house "send" in their turn about fifteen minutes at a time, and all the rest copy what he or she sends. It will be a pleasant pastime for the family and serve to keep your boys more at home.

If you can get an operator to instruct you a few times you will get a better idea of it to begin with, although it will not make much, if any, difference in the end.

In a great many localities the barb wire fence may be used, but it is not so reliable, as it is not very well insulated and will work badly in very damp or wet weather. In dry weather, and provided the posts are dry, it will do almost as well as an insulated wire. Be sure that the joints are scraped until bright before connecting the ends together. If the wire is well painted it will work tolerably well, even in wet weather.—*Cor. Detroit Free Press*

HOUSEHOLD WASTES.

Necessity of Watching and Saving the "Left-Overs."

While the well-known saying that a French family could live with elegance on what an American housewife throws away, is frequently illustrated in families where waste can be ill afforded, it is also true that, in eight cases out of ten, this relegation of cold bits to the offal pail or ash barrel is not caused so much by extravagance as by lack of knowledge of how to dispose of them in any other way. The dainty utilization of scraps is a subject that well repays the thoughtful study of any housewife, and even the least original cook can often "evolve from her inner consciousness" an appetizing dish from cold fragments that at first sight appear utterly unpromising. In this matter, however, the mistress must generally depend upon her own brains. Few hirelings have the keen interest in their employers' welfare that would urge them to save a couple of pennies here and five or six there. Fewer still, with the best intentions in the world, know how to do it or appreciate that it is in the minor economies that true saving consists. What difference does it make if those scraps of cold bacon left from breakfast are summarily disposed of in the swill barrel, or if that bit of corned beef, too small to appear upon the table again, is bestowed upon the first basket beggar who presents himself? And if these escape that fate from the extra conscientiousness of the housekeeper, they are too often converted into the ubiquitous hash. Hear how one careful housewife disposed of similar remnants: To the corned beef and bacon minced fine, she added half as much cold-mashed potato, one raw egg, a little chopped onion and parsley, and with croquettes made of these, rolled in flour and fried in nice dripping, provided an appetizing dish that was quite sufficient when accompanied by stewed potatoes and bread and butter, to make a lunch for three people. Another dainty dish which appeared upon a friend's table was formed from even less-promising materials. Her dinner the day before had been a stuffed chicken boiled with rice. Examination of the pantry revealed the carcass of the fowl, with one leg attached to it, and a couple of spoonfuls of the cold rice. Nothing daunted, however, the valiant housekeeper advanced to the charge, and with the aid of a small, sharp knife removed more meat from the bones than one would at first have believed possible. This was cut, not chopped, in small pieces and set aside with the rice and half of the dressing, while the bones, the rest of the stuffing and a little minced onion were put over the fire in two cups of cold water. When a slow, steady simmer of a couple of hours had reduced this one-half, it was cooled, strained, skimmed and slightly thickened with browned flour, then returned to the fire with the fragments of meat, rice, etc., brought to a boil, poured over crustless squares of fried bread laid in a hot platter, and garnished with parsley. The result was a savory salmi, whose scrappy origin no one would have suspected.

Many other instances of a similar nature could be given. Once, when an underdone loaf of brown bread, too heavy and sodden to appear on the table in its original form, was dried in the oven, grated and converted into a tempting pudding. Another, when an equally happy result was achieved by crushing into fine crumbs a quantity of stale, hard cookies, putting with them two cups of milk, an egg, a teaspoonful of butter, and the juice and grated peel of a lemon.

The principal objection urged against the preparation of these and similar dishes is the trouble it takes. It goes without saying that when a woman's time is so valuable that she loses money by spending an hour a day in her kitchen, she may feel that she can better afford to let the scraps go than take the trouble of saving them. But this is not often the case. With the average American housekeeper it is far easier to save a dollar than to earn one. These stoppages of the little leaks may not seem much separately, but, taken together at the end of the month or year, they mount up to a sum that is consoling if it has been saved, appalling if it has been wasted. To those who think this close watching and saving of "left-overs" has an appearance of meanness and stinginess, let it be said that, while sold roast and boiled may give an impression of plain, substantial comfort, the entrees and made dishes have a savoriness that can not be imparted to the regulation cuts of meat. Any one can go to the butcher and order a round of beef or a leg of mutton, but it takes judgment, taste and skill to prepare a ragout, a salmi or a really good scallop.—*Christine Terhune Herrick, in Good Housekeeping.*

A SOFT SNAP.

Where It Is Better to Be a Pauper Than a Millionaire.

Enfield, Conn., is the most conservative and most charitable town in the State. So when the State Board of Charities said she treated the poor the best of any in the State, it is not to be wondered at. Nineteen paupers live like princes now in that Poor-house and drive out behind a pair of fine steeds when they get a chance. Their quarters are on one of the pleasantest spots in the town. A house with every convenience gives them three square meals a day and furnished room and warm bed to every several one at night, while eighty acres of good land afford exercise for those who are able to take it. The men and women eat at separate tables food made from the best provisions in market, and each drinks a big bowl of coffee or tea at every meal. Most are too old to work, so they gather in different rooms, well heated and furnished, and gabble the hours away. Nearly all use tobacco in some form, and the town indulges this petty weakness by allowing each twenty cents' worth a month. They are all ducked in a bathtub once a week, too, and made to keep themselves tidy. No wonder their eyes gaze toward this haven, and that when one gets about so old, weary and neglected he seeks refuge there, where three sumptuous repasts each day are served, followed by a dreamy smoke and gurglings of reminiscences of eighty years or more of active life. Many who have money prefer this place to any other, and so give it to the town to support them.—*N. Y. Post.*

PORTIERES.

Room Draperies Which Every Year Gain in Popularity.

Each year portieres gain in popularity. They are not only graceful and pretty additions to the drapery of a room or hall, but they are so very useful that people who are loth to follow the (to them) "new-fangled ideas," stand ready to speak a word in their favor. There is an almost endless variety of material to use for this purpose, but those who must contrive and economize are glad of hints about these things. A comparatively cheap horse-blanket, if a good color is selected, makes a very nice drapery and is far handsomer than the Canton flannel so much used, that really does not look very well, and invariably collects all dust of a room. A dark gray or brown blanket will last much longer, a frieze can be added of large blocks of dark, rich, contrasting colors of cloth, plush or velveteen. These tacked on with ornamental stitches over the bright stripes of the blanket, give a really excellent effect, and your drapery has a nice look that a lighter material can not have. The expensive Mexican blankets are handsome enough without adding any borders, the bright colors making them very effective in an otherwise darkly finished room. Coarse bagging tacked over bright red wall paper and Japanese matting is a unique idea for wall decoration.—*Demorest's Monthly.*

—Better have method in your madness than madness in your method.

WEBSTER REMINISCENCES.

The Days of His Teaching in Fryeburg Academy.

The history of the academy is cherished with pride by the people of the town, especially in connection with one of the association's early teachers, the illustrious orator and statesman, Daniel Webster. To replenish his spare exchequer, Daniel mounted his horse in midwinter and plunged through the deep snows across the country from Salisbury, N. H., to this place, a distance of nearly a hundred miles. He taught here two quarters—from January, 1802, till the the following September—and the trustees were so well pleased with him that they passed the following special vote of thanks to him for his services as teacher:

Voted, That the secretary return the thanks of this board to Mr Daniel Webster for his faithful services while preceptor of Fryeburg Academy.

Webster was also made the recipient of a small pecuniary present in addition to his munificent salary of $350 a year. In his autobiography Webster thus refers to his salary as teacher at Fryeburg: "I was to be paid at the rate of $350 per annum. This was no small thing; for I compared it, not with what might be before me, but with what was absolutely behind me."

Webster sold the horse which bore him to Pequaket to the late James Walker. When on a visit to Fryeburg in 1831, Webster made special inquiry for Mr. Walker and sent him his particular compliments. Webster's store account while here your correspondent has been permitted to examine on the ledger of John and Richard Bradley. The first charge, January 19th, 1802, is for "soap, one and sixpence;" followed by "a comb, sixpence;" "quills, one and sixpence;" "pencil, sevenpence;" "a ring, five shillings;" "a book, four and sixpence," etc Afterward he charged "one pair silk hose, fourteen and sixpence," a rather extravagant article one would suppose for a country pedagogue. The hose were probably worn at the famous balls of which Fryeburg boasted at those times and at the select social gatherings which distinguished Fryeburg's early days. This extravagant purchase of hose, by the way, was in harmony with Webster's well-known indifference in after life to the value of money and the cost of living.

Amos Jones Cook, who succeeded Webster as preceptor of the academy, and who had charge of the institution over thirty years, was a fellow-student at Dartmouth College with Webster, and was introduced to his subsequent wife, Miss Elizabeth McMillan, by him. Tradition has it that Webster had a partiality for Miss McMillan, and that she was his partner in the first dance in Osgood's famous ball in the Oxford house. At Webster's visit to Fryeburg in 1831, above referred to, he called upon "Brother Cook," as he was in the habit of calling him. Rapping at the door he assumed an incog. appearance by drawing his slouch hat down over his eyes. "Brother Cook" came to the door, and, not immediately recognizing him, took the liberty of lifting his hat. On the discovery of Webster's large black eyes, however, he at once recognized his old friend. On a subsequent occasion "Brother Cook" visited Webster at his office in Boston and tried the same joke on him, but to no avail: Webster recognized him immediately.

At his 1831 visit Webster was invited to tea at one of the well-known families of the village, and, conversation turning upon the beauties of the town and its surroundings, Webster remarked: "The scenery of your town is striking, grand and beautiful; I was never so impressed with it as I have been on this visit. When I was here as a teacher I suppose I was ambitious and did not notice it." To appreciate the point of the last remark, it must be borne in mind that it was uttered the year after Webster's great speech in the United States Senate in reply to Hayne, when Webster was at the zenith of his fame, and when his renown as an orator was world-wide. The people of Fryeburg deem it a happy circumstance that the Fourth of July oration which Webster pronounced here while teaching in the academy was recently rescued from oblivion and given to the world in the "Fryeburg Webster Memorial." For a youth of twenty the oration has no equal in ancient or modern times. its closing sentence being the same as that of the last speech Webster made in the United States Senate half a century later. According to a description of Webster by an old lady who was one of his pupils here, "he was all eyes." The above-mentioned "memorial" contains an engraving of him in early manhood and his piercing eyes, as then given, will bear out the old lady's graphic characterization.—*Fryeburg (Me.) Cor. Oxford (Me.) Democrat.*

Small Economies.

There was a time when farmers were forced to study the small economies of the farm and household, and to provide for domestic use all those small things which were needed, as wool for yarn and yarn for hose, broomcorn for their own brooms, maple syrup and fat beef, bacon, wheat for flour and bread, not forgetting at times some flax, which, home prepared and spun and woven, made the everlasting grain bags and the sheets and towels. Then a visit to the store was a rare event, and the long, yearly bills which now amaze the careless farmer when the New Year comes around were happily unknown. And then came a time of wealth and waste; when farm produce brought enormous prices, and money which easily came as easily went, and the household industries were cast aside. Then, too, followed in due time the Sheriff, and the homestead, dear to the family, went into the hands of strangers. But the new habits were hard to break, until a reign of low prices has come which enforces the most rigid economy and seems to bring us face to face with these conditions which prevailed thirty years ago when there was fully as much domestic comfort and more real happiness than there is now, when the farmer buys more than he sells.—*N. Y. Times.*

—One secret of the decline of the Southern cotton-mills, which the New Orleans *Picayune* admits and deplores, is that there was too great a "boom" in these enterprises. Those that were earliest in the field made heavy dividends, which induced others to crowd in until the production of the coarser grades of goods, to which these mills are chiefly devoted, was pushed beyond the demands of the market.

—An inmate of a Vermont jail swallowed forty-eight pennies the other day hoping they would produce death. But the odd suicidal attempt did not succeed.

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BABY ESQUIMAUX.

How They Are Taught to Become Sharp-Shooters.

One of the first toys that a little Esquimau has is a small bow of whalebone or light wood; and sitting on the end of the snow bed he shoots his toy arrows, under the direction of his father or mother or some one who cares to play with him, at something on the other side of the snow house. This is usually a small piece of boiled meat, of which he is very fond, stuck in a crack, between the snow blocks; and if he hits it, he is entitled to eat it as a reward, although the little fellow seldom needs such encouragement to stimulate him in his plays, so lonesome and long are the dreary winter days in which he lives buried beneath the snow.

These toy arrows are pointed with pins; but he is also furnished with blunt arrows, and whenever some inquisitive dog pokes his head in the *igloo* door, looking around for a stray piece of meat or blubber to steal, the little Esquimau, if he shoots straight, will hit him upon the nose or head with one of the blunt arrows, and the dog will beat a hasty retreat. In this sense, the little Esquimau boy has plenty of targets to shoot at, for the *igloo* door is nearly always filled with the heads of two or three dogs watching the baby's mother closely; and if she turns her head or back for a moment, they will make a rush to steal something, and to get out as soon as possible before she can pound them on the head.

In these exciting raids of a half dozen hungry dogs, the little marksman is liable to get, by all odds, the worst of the encounter. He is too small to be noticed, and the first big dog that rushes by him knocks him over; the next probably rolls him off the bed to the floor; another upsets the lamp full of oil on him; and while he is reeking with oil, another big dog, taking him for a sealskin full of blubber, tries to drag him out, when his mother happens to rescue him after she has accidentally pommeled him two or three times with the club with which she is striking at the dogs; and if it were not for his hideous yelling and crying, one would hardly know what he is, so covered is he with dirt, grease and snow. Thus the dogs occasionally have their revenge on the young sharp-shooter.—*Lieutenant Frederick Schwatka, in St. Nicholas.*

HERAT.

One of the Most Important Places on the Map of the World.

But the eyes of the civilized world are now directed to Central Asia. Within the last ten years the Russian armies have over-run the vast plateau from which issued the Aryan race, the same mighty breed of men which has from time to time repeatedly conquered the rest of the world. A study of language has proved that the Hindoo and the European have come from one common stock, whose birthplace to-day is controlled by the forces of the Czar. From its base on the Caspian Sea the Russian armies have marched steadily southward, until now its outposts are within striking distance of Herat. This is one of the most important places on the map of the world. It was contended for by mighty armies long before the beginning of recorded history. This is shown by its defensive works which are of great extent and magnitude, but of the construction of which no record has come down to us. When various waves of Aryan invasion moved southward, Herat was first seized, as it was the key to the military possession of India. Should it fall into the hands of Russia, that event would mark the beginning of the end of the British rule over Hindostan. Weak as she is in a military sense compared with other nations, Great Britain would risk a war with any other power against heavy odds rather than allow Herat to come into the possession of the Muscovite. The war may be postponed, but come it will, for Herat is of vital importance to Russia from a trade point of view. That city is now the gateway through which pours the commerce of Great Britain with Central Asia. British goods worth thirty million dollars are annually distributed to those parts of the Asiatic continent now under the dominion of Russia. This great trade the Muscovite authorities would like to secure for their own manufacturers. Hence every consideration of power and interest impels Russia to obtain possession of the gateway to the Indies. The country about Herat too is exceedingly fertile, and would support an army of a hundred thousand men.—*Demorest's Monthly.*

NO FOOLING.

The Detroit Widow Who Was Indisposed to Stand Any Nonsense.

"Can you tell me where I can find a Justice of the Peace?" she asked of a pedestrian on Michigan avenue yesterday.

"Yes'm. Down Griswold street one block, and then turn into the alley."

"Thanks. A marriage by a Justice is legal, isn't it?"

"Oh, yes."

"Just as legal outside his office as in?"

"Certainly."

She was evidently a widow. She weighed about one hundred and fifteen pounds, bit off her words like a straw-cutter at work, and when she walked her heels clicked on the pavement in a way that talked of business. In ten minutes she had a Justice in tow, and in ten more the two entered a shoe factory where thirty or forty men were at work. While the Justice took a chair in the office the woman entered the room where the operators were at work, and as she halted before a man of forty who was running a pegger, she said:

"William, I've got a Justice of the Peace in the office. Come!"

He turned whiter than flour made by the patent roller process, and she took him by the sleeve and continued:

"No fooling. William—come right along!"

He followed her without a word, and as they reached the office she clasped his hand and said to the Justice:

"Go ahead and marry us."

He went ahead, and in two minutes the pair were man and wife. The woman handed the official a two dollar bill, kissed William on the chin, and said, as she started to go:

"Now run along to your work. If you should forget where I live, and not happen around to-night, I'll drop in on you early to-morrow—very early! Tra-la! good-bye, all!"—*Detroit Free Press.*

—It is reported by manufacturers that the United States produces nearly fifty thousand lawn mowers annually, and exports to every civilized country on the globe.

A SUCCESS.

One School of Journalism That Is Unqualifiedly Successful.

One of the schools of journalism has become a great success. During a number of years many attempts to teach the art of journalism were made, but the results were so far from being satisfactory that with one exception they have all been failures. This one college, realizing the impracticability of the curriculum previously adopted, threw it aside, employed a man who had, during many years, been engaged in active newspaper work, and introduced a course of study, the achievements of which have proved that journalism can be taught in colleges. The following is a report of the exercises through which a graduating class was conducted:

"What is a law student?"

"A rising young lawyer."

"What is a medical student?"

"A promising young doctor."

"What is a young member of the Legislature?"

"A silvery-tongued orator."

"If a man should marry an ugly woman, how would you write up the affair?"

"I should speak of the beautiful and accomplished bride."

"How would you speak of a loafer?"

"I should refer to him as our enterprising fellow townsman."

"What is a drummer?"

"The handsome and popular So and So."

"In writing up the commencement exercises of the female college what would you say?"

"I would say that the beautiful young girls, soon to become ornaments of society, were charming in their feathery array!"

"If a countryman were to bring you a lot of hard apples what would you say?"

"Our farmer friend, Colonel So and So, honored us with a call yesterday. Aside from giving us the pleasure of his own genial self, he laid upon our table a collection of the most choice apples we have ever seen. Come again, Colonel, when you have longer to stay."

"Correct. How would you speak of a little girl?"

"Would call her a fairy."

"What would you say of a boy?"

"Would speak of his bright, intelligent face."

"What would you say of the man who keeps a few bolts of calico?"

"I would speak of him as one of the most successful merchants in the State."

Yes, this school of journalism is a success. It defines the true position of the local newspaper. It makes the business so clear that the student, though a fool, need not err therein. It attempts no revolution; makes no mistakes.—*Arkansaw Traveler.*

CANNIBALISM.

The Danger of Being Eaten by the Natives of West Africa.

I could call to mind about fifty cases of traders being robbed when conveying produce to their factories or returning to their trading stations. I will only give two recent cases.

In one instance an educated Bakelli brought up at one of the missions on the coast, and in the employ of Mr. Joao Viegas, a Portuguese gentleman, was coming down with his produce; his three assistants were with him. They were attacked; some saved themselves by jumping into the water, but one poor fellow was caught, killed and eaten, and the produce robbed.

In the other case a trader named Yanga, a good, trustworthy man, employed by Messrs. Hatton & Cookson, was killed and eaten, one of his legs being sent to a neighboring village of the same tribe to feast on. Both these horrible cases were immediately reported to the Government with the usual result—nothing was done; nor would there be if to-morrow I myself were hacked and eaten.

Such a thing is quite likely to occur at any time; in fact, the natives openly say they will kill and eat the white men because of the treacherous conduct of Lieutenant Guibout, commander of the gunboat Marabout. This officer invited the chief of the village, Douguila N'Como, aboard his vessel, and made him some small presents of tobacco, rum, etc. He told him to bring the chief of a neighboring village, Bumba. He accordingly set off and returned with him. The officer professed his desire to cement the friendship existing between these people and the Government, and, having given some small presents to the chief of the second village told him to bring the people who accompanied him aboard, as they still remained in their canoes; he wanted to give them some rum and tobacco.

These unsuspecting men came on board, when orders were immediately given to set upon them. The two chiefs were caught, and one hung at each end of a yardarm. The others were hacked with sabres. Some jumped into the water to try and save themselves from such strange tokens of friendship, but the boats were lowered, and they were cut and mutilated in every direction, no less than fourteen being killed in addition to the two chiefs—sixteen in all. This terrible tragedy hangs over our heads; at any minute we may be attacked and our lives sacrificed for the treacherous conduct of the Government in this matter. Still we must not have rifles to defend ourselves or we may go to jail for two years, while when we are robbed and ill treated nothing is done.—*Cor. London Times.*

The Ant and the Lion.

The Ant having heard that the Lion had killed a Hunter and picked his Bones, set out and journeyed through the Forest until she met the King of Beasts. After stating what she had heard the Ant continued:

"It fills me with Sadness and Sorrow to know that of you. I shall proceed to make your Future conduct my Special Mission."

At the Desire of the Ant the Lion accompanied her Home. The young Ants annoyed him and he killed them by the score. The Beetles, who were Friends of the Ants, came on a visit to be snapped up. Wishing to see how the Ant Hill was constructed, the Lion in one moment made a wreck of the Labor of Weeks. Finally, when the Philanthropic Ant had several times Narrowly escaped with her Life she felt to exclaim:

"Begone with you back to your Haunts! As a Wicked Lion you may now and then Slay a Hunter, but as a Reformed Beast you will certainly be the Death of this Whole Colony."

MORAL:

The Tramp who is taken in for the Night causes more anxiety than the Dozen sleeping in the fence-corners.—*Detroit Free Press.*

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OF GENERAL INTEREST.

—He that calls a man ungrateful sums up all the evils a man can be guilty of.—*Swift.*

—People live to a greater age on the average in New Hampshire than in any other State in the Union.—*N. Y. Herald.*

—Texas will soon abound with cotton mills, says a San Antonio paper, which also chronicles the erection of a mill at Riverside at a cost of thirty thousand dollars.

—A Connecticut woman, with nothing more useful to do, has made a list of two thousand two hundred and forty-eight words from the letter in the word "incomprehensibility."

—A veteran of the waves who is devoting his old age to the amelioration of the condition of seamen, says that "Poor Jack" now receives worse treatment on the water, if not on the land, than he did forty years ago.—*Boston Journal.*

—An old and respected citizen of Southold, L. I., fell from a load of cornstalks two months ago and broke his hip and leg. Recently, while crossing the room, he fell, by the slipping of one of his crutches, and broke both his arms.—*N. Y. Mail.*

—At Smolensk, Russia, a small volcano has developed itself, and the peasants have been trying to put it out by drenching the ground with water. According to the latest accounts the volcano will continue for some time to afford excellent practice for the local fire brigade.

—The loss of cattle in Southwest Florida the past winter is reported greater than in any other previous year, one stock raiser estimating his loss at two thousand head. Pneumonia, a Georgia paper says, seems to have been the disease that played such havoc.—*Chicago Times.*

—The practice of scalping is not a monopoly of American aborigines. In his "Recent Origin of Man" Southard quotes from Heredotus to show that the Scythians used to scalp their fallen enemies. In the present time the wild tribes of Northeastern Bengal use the scalping knife.—*Chicago Herald.*

—A Pennsylvania jury recently got up and said that their time was too valuable to allow them to sit quietly and listen to the trifling impertinence and foolish witticisms of members of the bar. Sarcasms on "the intelligent jury" should be suspended for a few weeks in honor of this one.—*Philadelphia Press.*

—Gum arabic is rapidly rising in price. The average annual consumption is nine million pounds; the amount in market is only four million pounds, and even if the war in the Soudan should be over in a few months no part of the new crop could be received in Alexandria until next December.—*Philadelphia Press.*

—A Kentuckian gives the following glowing description of his trip abroad: "I landed in Liverpool at night, went to bed, had a good rest, got up in the morning, found the bar, called for an American cocktail, got it, took one taste, and—returned home in the next steamer. This country is good enough for me."—*N. Y. Sun.*

—The Japanese language is called "the Italian of the Orient." An American in Tokio has learned that the Japanese for "Do me the honor of dining with me to-day," is, "Anata-wa watakushito go yeshone hiru mashe wo tabe nyee yukatay kudazaye ma sainka." What do our Italian fellow-citizens think of oriental Italian?

—At Harpswell, Me., those engaged in digging clams the past winter have received seven dollars per barrel for them. It takes eight or ten bushels of the shell fish to fill a barrel when the shells are removed, that is, at full moon. But according to the Bath *Independent*, it takes twelve bushels if the clams are dug when the moon is in its first quarter.

—Mr. J. M. Rodgers, of Sumpter City, Ga., has two curiosities on his farm. One is a horse which takes its fodder to the water trough and wets it before eating. The other is a mule that can outkick anybody's mule, and when he is turned in the stockade and fails to find corn in his feed trough to kick at, he gets revenge by kicking the trough.—*Boston Globe.*

—The gypsies are averse to alliances outside of their own race, and when one of their young women married the Englishman Isaac Jowles, who afterward was known as king of the gypsies, her two daughters, very beautiful girls, refused to be married except to gypsy men. Their children were in every respect like gypsies; the introduction of alien blood seemed to have no appreciable effect.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

—From a census that has just been taken of the persons visiting public houses in London between the hours of nine and twelve on a Saturday night, it seems that two hundred houses were thus visited by 48,805 men, 30,784 women and 7,019 children—in all, by 86,608 persons. It was also found that on a Monday morning 1,250 women entered twelve public houses in St. Pancras between the hours of ten and twelve.

—The telegraph wire between Macon, Ga., and Chalen recently ceased working, and a search was made for the cause. The cable passed through the cellars of the excise office at Macon, and it was discovered that it lay over a rat hole and disturbed the rodent in its movements. The little animal had gnawed through the covering of the cable and bitten through the copper threads, thus breaking the connection.—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

—About a year ago a traveler in Germany came across an officer employed in superintending some details of military railroad transport. He had been a captain during the Franco-German war, and had allowed his company to be surprised. After being imprisoned for eighteen months he was placed in the military railroad transport service, and told that he was never to receive promotion. Being surprised by an enemy is regarded as the one unpardonable sin by the Germans.

—A pepper famine is said to be imminent. For the past two years the average consumption of the world has been 22,300 tons, almost the whole of which came from Malabar, Lampang, the Straits and other points of the East. During the coming year the supply available will not exceed 20,500 tons, or, if account be taken of the probable result of the blockade by the Dutch Government of the Acheen coast, it will not exceed from 15,500 to 17,500 tons. The prediction that Singapore black pepper will sell at nineteen cents is made, and there can be little doubt that the pepper-box will, for the next twelve months, require an extra shake.—*Pittsburgh Post.*