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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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The Columbus Journal.

VOL. XVI.--NO. 18. COLUMBUS, NEB., WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 26, 1885. WHOLE NO. 798.

OVER HER WORK.

Oh, I stood beside her and watched her sew—
'Twas a year, a month and a week ago;
But my memory holds with subtle power
The fallacious sweetness of that hour,
When with curious stitch the soft-eyed jilt
Wrought this heart of mine in her crazy-quilt.

While over the work was her head bent low,
And I watched the silken devices grow,
Then I wooed my love in such gentle speech
As I thought was surest her heart to reach;
And nobody knows the castles I built,
All for her and me and the crazy-quilt.

She raises those wonderful tender eyes
Now toward my face in a vague surprise,
On her cheek a flutter of softest pink;
And the scattered silks of the carpet sink,
Her lap is a tangle of gloss and gilt—
Oh it's all unheeded, the crazy-quilt!

And straightforward shines in that wistful way
The light of those wonderful eyes o' gray,
The sweet lips a-tremble, my heart beats fast;
The prize of my patient is come at last:
"When it's quit worn out," (I wither! I wilt!)
"May I have your cravat for my crazy-quilt?"
—*Ruth Hall in Puck.*

THE RIVAL PICNICS.

How an Accident Settled Opposition and Led to a Wedding.

THURSDAY, JULY 4TH.

GLORIOUS! ANNIVERSARY OF INDEPENDANCE.

The Methodist Congregation of Middleburg will hold a First Class picnic at Clapp's hill. Brass band. ice cream. poem. Orration and fire works. meet at Mason's 2 P. M. Tickets 75 cts! Children ½ price.

"There!" said Ed. Tully, as he affixed this notice to a post in Mason's store. "I bet that I'll fetch the hull village." Ed. was a muscular young wheelright of lively manners and social instincts.

Reuben Applegate, the best carpenter in Middleburg, stepped back to survey the placard, and remarked, with the shy conceit of the true artist: "It looks well, if I did do it."

"It's splendid," said Ed; "good as print. But mum's the word, for if Holloway's folks know we're expectin' to make anything for our preacher, not one of 'em will buy a ticket, while, as it is, the young fellers might find the picnic a good, cheap treat for their girls. Hello, Mason!"—as the store-keeper looked out through a little window and under the legend Postoffice—"don't let on to Holloway's folks that we're raisin' money for Mr. Dodd." Then the young men went down the village street.

Presently old Mrs. Crawford and her pretty niece Abby dropped into the store.

"Any letters for us, Mr. Mason? No? Why it seems as though somebody had ought to write. Got any dark blue paper muslin? Why, sakes alive, Abby" (as she spied the placard), "if Dodd's folks ain't going to give a picnic!"

The store-keeper's gossipy soul underwent a moment's struggle; then he compounded with conscience by saying, "Well, Miss Crawford, I'll tell you, *as a secret*, we're raisin' money to buy Mr. Dodd a horse and buggy."

Miss Crawford, who was a massively built and conscientious old lady, became at once very thoughtful, and in walking home she remarked:

"When we need an organ so bad, it don't seem right to help Dodd's folks to get a horse and buggy. Don't you go to that picnic, Abby."

"But, aunt," said Abby, "the picnic's no harm."

"Abby," Miss Crawford answered, turning upon her niece a large, solid countenance that seemed to open up the whole subject of architecture, "ever since a certain person has come to Middleburg I've noticed you don't take serious views of things."

Abby flung her little head away, and indulged in that pain and privilege of youth called blushing. The girl, having soft dark eyes, rich gold brown hair, and dainty skin, blushed uncommonly well, the pale rose of her cheek just deepening to a lovely carnation. "Oh, aunt!" she stammered, "you know I refused Dr. Worth, although I did love"—the aunt turned that study in masonry upon her again—"I did love his little daughter Mabel dearly."

"Abby," said the good woman, passionately dashing a tear from her honest eyes, "I'd rather see you dead and buried than married to a heathen, or, what's worse, an—an Armenian.

Miss Crawford's strange use of this last word was owing to a slight misunderstanding of Mr. Holloway, her pastor, when, in reference to the Methodist Church, he remarked mildly: "Mr. Dodd is rather too Arminian for me; rather—too—Arminian."

Some of the congregation, not vested in theological terms, heard this with awe and horror, and easily changing a vowel, the word "Armenian" had become a terrible cabalistic synonym for all heresy and schism. Middleburg possessed but two churches, and the villagers were pretty evenly divided between Mr. Holloway, Presbyterian, and Mr. Dodd, Methodist. The two gentlemen entertained respect for each other, and although, Mr. Holloway being dignified and scholarly and Mr. Dodd being free-spoken and familiar, there was no intimacy between them, neither suspected that their congregations were nourishing a bitter rivalry.

Miss Crawford, on recovering from her outburst against heterodoxy, chanced to meet the Sparks girls, and she told them the news.

"Picnic!" cried Mary Sparks, with proper spirit. "Horse and buggy for Mr. Dodd? Guess not. Let's have a picnic ourselves."

"A grand idea," said Miss Crawford; "but the horn is engaged, so is the drum. Why, what's left for us?"

"I'll call my brothers," said Mary Sparks. She did so promptly, and the whole party proceeded to the schoolhouse to consult Mr. Godfrey, the teacher, a rather weak-eyed and weak-kneed young man, but one who had undoubted erudition.

"We'll turn out with our choir," he at once decided, "and we'll have a barrel of root-beer, and I'll make a speech, and if Dr. Worth will let us have little Mabel, she can recite 'The Drummer Boy.'"

Miss Crawford, forgetting everything but her eagerness to further the glorious project, ordered her niece sharply, "Now, Abby, fly to Dr. Worth's and engage Mabel. Run, child, run!"

Dr. Worth's old housekeeper being away, the lonely widower was discussing such a cold meal as her bounty allowed him, when he heard a little knock at the front door. On opening it, he said, half sadly, half jocosely, "Well, Abby, have you changed your mind at last?"

"Oh!" answered Abby, her cheeks turning a shade that would bring the prize at a flower show, "aunt sent me."

"Well, come in, anyway," said the doctor.

"Where—where's the housekeeper?" faltered Abby, dismayed, as she found herself alone with her suitor.

"That reliable woman is visiting her cousin's step-father's grandmother in the next town," answered the doctor, gravely; "and this is my dinner"—pointing to the table—"cold pie, cold beans, cold ham, cold tea. Oh, Abby" (and catching both her hands, he held them tight), "don't you think I need a little wife to look after me?"

"Oh!" ejaculated Abby, "ain't you awful?"

"Yes, awfully in love, my dear," he answered, audaciously.

The doctor was a farmer's son, and a good natural understanding, with a few years of the medical school, had made him a clever man in his calling, without much disturbing the standard of taste that obtained upon the old farm; so a sweet country girl, without the repose of the Vere de Veres, was his ideal of womanhood.

"Abby," he went on, "once for all, will you marry me?"

"No," answered Abby, struggling to be firm; "for I can't—oh, I can't be wicked!"

"Wicked?" repeated Worth.

"You've never been to church but once since you came to Middleburg, and then you went to Dodd's and he's—he's" her voice sank to a horrified whisper—"he's an Armenian."

"Nonsense! he's a Yankee," said the doctor, looking puzzled. "But never mind. I'll sit under Holloway to please you, Abby. What's the difference?"

"That's worst of all," cried the poor girl, in genuine distress. "Aunt says everybody must have convictions."

"Then I'm all right," answered Worth, with the pertinacity of the rural lover, "for I have the conviction that I love you." At the word he impulsively stepped toward her, and she, with a scared look, shrank away from him.

The doctor then turned a little pale, and said, coldly: "I shall never trouble you again—never." And when Abby hurriedly explained: "I wanted to ask if Mabel might come to our picnic on the Fourth," he answered civilly: "Certainly; she's playing in the wood-shed," and opening a door, he called: "Mabel!"

"Yes, father," answered a child's voice, and the sweetest, lightest, brightest little maid of seven years old came running in, and with a cry of joy sprang to Abby's arms.

"Oh, Abby!" she said, "have you come to live with us? Do come and live with us. We could send away the house-keeper and have such fun. I love you so much, Abby—I love you so much!"

When Abby, having easily won the child over to her plans, timidly asked Worth, "You will come to the picnic, too?" he refused.

"No; I'm not in the mood for such things," and he turned away from her.

* * *

Before night Mason's store saw elaborately lettered in colored inks, this notice:

THE BIRTHDAY OF OUR GREAT NATION

THURSDAY, JULY 4TH.

GRAND PICNIC, AT CLAPP'S HILL,

BY MR. HOLLOWAY'S CONGREGATION.

Glee was firing at a snipe. [illegible] Stra[illegible] firearms is so dangerous that it is thou[illegible] bidden within the city limits. Litt[illegible]

—We notice in the Genoa *Enterprise* that Miss Maggie Heimbach is visiting old acquaintances there; that Obj[illegible] James Pearsall put in the lowest bid for the [illegible] building the Methodist church; that kn[illegible] W. E. Walton has moved into the[illegible] new dwelling; that Hon. Horace exp[illegible] Chase of Peoria, Ill., lately ap[illegible] "ai[illegible]nted Sup't. of the Indian Industrial School, has made Genoa a visit, p'in[illegible] favorable impression to put up with an insult from Holloway's folks?"

"No," responded Rube. "Naw—not much," growled Dave Brown. And just then Godfrey's pallid, nervous face appeared in the doorway, flanked by the broad, freckled countenances of "the Sparks fellars."

"Hello!" shouted Brown. "I see a speak."

"Some young man must be looking in the glass," remarked Godfrey, while supporters raised a guffaw.

"Say!" demanded Tully, striding up to Godfrey, "did you write that thing?" and he pointed to the offensive paper.

"I did; and I spelled it too."

"Can you spell that?" asked Dave Brown, thrusting a brawny fist right under the school-master's nose.

"Yes, r-o-w-dy," answered Godfrey; but, thanks to the tardiness of Dave's mental processes, other villagers had interfered before the bitter retort had been fairly felt. The Dodd faction retired, but only to meditate vengeance.

Middleburg on the Fourth of July poured itself out in two streams, one setting toward the store, the other toward the school-house.

The processions—well, they were something to see as by different roads they started for Clapp's Hill. The Dodd party led by the great brass band, *i. e.*, one French horn blowing off "Yankee Doodle" in style, while the drum now and then struck in with an *Obligato*. Behind the music rode the orator of the day—Slocum, the shoemaker, mounted on farmer Day's old white mare, which, although a patient creature at the plow, was not friendly to a drum; so Slocum, being a careful man, kept one hand twisted in her mane. The orator wore a cocked hat, which was viciously inclined to settle upon the top of his nose; he wore also an Odd-Fellow's scarf of gorgeous design, and the oration—an enormous rell—stuck out of his breast pocket. Next strode Ed Tully and Rube Applegate, arrayed in the blue badges improvised in paper-muslin, but of generous proportions. Then came the ice-cream wagon, and, as a guard to it, Dave Brown's slouching strength, made conspicuous by a grand sash of the national colors. Behind him fell in a hundred of the village people two by two, old and young, hallooing boys and toddling babies, pretty girls and stocky, low-browed farmers.

At a certain cross-road the Holloway procession came up and struck into the turnpike. As neither party would give way, the two marched along side by side, scarcely a furrow's width between them.

Little Mabel Worth, carrying a blue silk banner, headed the Holloway party. She was dressed in a white frock, and although the wreath in her hair was designed by the village milliner, so stubbornly lovely is childhood that the small creature, wide-eyed and serious with the importance of the occasion, looked like some holy martyr child stepped out from an old picture. Even the Doddites remarked her beauty, and Ed. Tully, in pure jealousy, directed the horn-blower: "Toot up now, first-class."

But the Holloway merry-makers had a surprise in reserve. A dozen gayly-dressed girls, and a dozen young fellows with knots of ribbon in their hats, struck up the "Red, White, and Blue." Schoolmaster Godfrey whipped out a flute, a boy wielded an accordion powerfully and a stalwart youth beat a large tin kettle with superb effect.

Dave Brown, of the opposition, turned purple with rage, and yelled down the line of his command: "Sing, yer fools! why don't yer sing?" But as this had not been laid down in the programme, people only looked at each other sheepishly, and nobody liked to begin. The whole Holloway line was now one great choir. Everybody sang at the top of his lungs. Godfrey, mounted astride the barrel of root-beer, which was made fast upon a buckboard wagon, led off the tunes with his shrill flute, while the colors of freedom streamed from his hat, and his heart rose high in triumph and pride.

On went the two armies, exactly abreast until, just before reaching Clapp's River, that white mare took a notion to show her mettle. So the Dodd procession was delayed, and fully a dozen yards ahead of its van little Mabel put her foot upon the first plank of Clapp's Bridge. Over this bridge was the only way of reaching Clapp's Hill, and the structure was hardly wide enough to take in the rival columns abreast. Finding his party so far in advance, Godfrey, from his perch on the beer barrel, yelled: "We've got the right of way. Hurrah!"

"No yer hain't," answered Dave Brown, urging his friends forward.

"Say!" shouted Godfey, as the excited enemy neared him, "keep back, won't you? I don't believe in this bridge much."

"Yah!" howled Brown in a fury. "Yah! No you don't!" and encouraged his army with: "Don't let Holloway's folks beat us." "Don't give in, boys," and other battle-cries.

"Keep back!" cried Goodfrey again. "The old bridge is rotten."

"Think we're green, don't yer?" Dave flung the defiant answer, and with a spurt the lagging company came alongside. The white mare kicked and trampled bravely, the horn blared, the young men of the opposing factions elbowed each other, the girls exchanged "Oh, you horrid thing!" and such feminine small-shot. The buck-board and barrel had reached the center of the bridge: the ice-cream cart struggled along to the same point, and desperately tried to pass; the wheels of the two vehicles became locked. Godfrey shouted, Brown jeered, the people pressed madly forward, and suddenly—hark! a strange cracking sound, then a sickening, swaying motion, a crash, and—Clapp's Bridge with its burden of humanity has given away.

There were wild cries, vain struggles, selfish graspings that dragged those at the edges into the pit which had opened; another and another support fell in, until both gallant companies lay in the shallow river-bed. Except in the channel, which had a swift current, but was at this season only a few feet wide, the water was hardly knee-deep. Then the bridge was luckily a very low one; so, though bedraggled, scared, and bruised, the people soon stood up in great numbers, and began running about and calling for their friends and relations. The [illegible]ry answers, "Here we are!" and [illegible] right!" came faster and faster, and [illegible]ne was so efficient in helping as big [illegible] Brown, who had done most to [illegible] causing the disaster. At last he [illegible]bed out of the water with Abby, [illegible]her first cry was: "Mabel!—where's [illegible]?"

[illegible]mebody had seen the child go down [illegible] the crash, carrying with her the [illegible]er; but though men and boys did [illegible]ters among the timbers, and though [illegible] &c., [illegible] one else was accounted for, there [illegible] no trace of little Mabel.

[illegible]e distracted father came rushing [illegible] spot, and plunged into the narrow channel. He risked his life madly; he raised every fallen beam in the search; and after hours of vain labor he crawled up the bank, so white, so despairingly, that people, in every awe of such grief, fell back. Abby alone came to him, saying, between bitter sobs:

"You trusted her to me. Oh! can you ever forgive me?"

"My poor Abby!" said the doctor, tender and kind even in all his great sorrow. And as the mournful train moved away from the fatal spot, Abby clung to his arm.

The two ministers coming to meet their congregations, Mr. Dodd wrung Mr. Holloway's hand, and said, "My poor people have not understood me; I never dreamed of this wicked rivalry."

Mr. Holloway returned, earnestly: "Over this innocent child's body, when that cruel river gives it up, we must join hands, and teach plainly that brotherly love stands as the first article of our belief."

But, oh! what was to heal that father's broken heart? With a poor weeping girl clinging to him, the stricken man bent his steps towards his desolate home. With vacant, unseeing eyes he slowly passed by each familiar landmark—the mill, the brook, the apple orchard, the wicker gate that led to Brown's farm-house, then—

But just here a cry was heard of "Doctor! doctor!"

Mrs. Brown came tearing down the garden walk, and dragged him with her to the house, and into the darkened best parlor. From the sofa came a faint voice: "Father!" and lying there, pale but safe and warm, was Mabel.

Abby, with one great outburst of joy, clasped the child, and the persevering little maid asked at once: "Won't you come and live at our house, Abby?"

"Dave saved her," Mrs. Brown explained, volubly. "He spied a bit of the blue silk banner floatin' a'most out of sight 'way down that river channel. He made for it, got a holt of the child, just cut across lots, and brought her up here. Dear sus! she's only just come to, I couldn't leave her alone to come and tell you, and Dave he wouldn't show himself nohow, and—"

"Where is Dave?" interrupted the doctor.

"Dear sus! he's in the barn a-cryin,' he feels himself such a villain," said the excited mother.

With great rejoicing the whole company went to hunt up the hero of the hour. He lay in an empty stall, face down, upon a pile of hay, and could just manage to jerk out, "I won't—never put—the fellers up to no more mischief, if—if—them as is hurt—can forgive me." Then the village bully shed tears copiously on the barn floor, and bellowed aloud, until by main force he was picked up and comforted; so there have been known to history villains of much deeper dye than Dave Brown.

Though there were several broken bones and a great many bruises, on the whole the experience of the rival picnics was worth a library of sermons, and it led to a famous wedding, at which little Mabel wept about proclaiming, "Abby's coming to live at our house."—*Fanny Foster Clark, in Harper's Bazar.*

—Tea culture in Ceylon is making headway. The crop this year is estimated at 3,500,000 pounds.

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TAKEN DOWN.

How the Old Gentleman Took the Starch out of a Self-Sufficient Youngster.

The youth had been patronizing the young ladies by vouchsafing choice bits of his superior wisdom. "You remember what Cæsar said when he was about to cross the Rubicon?" said the old gentleman. "Certainly," replied the youth, with a careless glance of pity at the young ladies, who of course could not be expected to know everything that a man knows. "And of course you are equally familiar with the life of Peter the Hermit?" continued the old gentleman. "I should say that I was," replied the young man quickly, but not without a slightly troubled look in his face. "And Semiramide," the old gentleman went on, "you recall his famous saying?" "Yes," gasped the youth, wishing that the old gentleman might be struck with apoplexy as soon as convenient. "I'm glad you remember it," said the old gentleman, with animation, "for I've clean forgotten it. Now, if you'll be kind enough, and no doubt the the ladies would be glad to hear it also." The youth by this time wished that the old gentleman had died in infancy, and as for the young ladies, he couldn't help thinking how much better it would have been had they never been born. "By the way," pursued the old gentleman, seeing the youth hesitate, "who was Semiramide? He had something to do with the last Franco-Prussian war, hadn't he?" "Yes, oh yes," replied the youth, catching at the bait with eagerness, while something like a giggle was passed around among the young ladies, as if it were a paper of caramels. "And Peter the Hermit was instrumental in bringing about a peace at the close of that struggle?" "Yes." The youth said this very faintly. "But Cæsar held out and marched his shattered force into the Wallachian principality?" "That's the way I remember it," replied the youth, with a desperation born of despair. Then the old gentleman looked at the young ladies, who were engaged in stuffing their mouths full of pocket handkerchief, and then he looked at the youth and exclaimed: "Ah, sir, how I envy you your stores of knowledge! What a comfort you must be to your parents!" Then the youth got up and went out into the cheerless night, and cussed the old gentleman behind his back. And the young ladies laughed in unison, but the noise of their laughter was overborne by the merry peals of the old gentleman.—*Boston Transcript.*

LARGE WAISTS.

Compressure a Sin Against Humanity and Its Maker.

Women who have the livings to earn must encounter severe competition, and they will never receive consideration because they are women. They must excel in order to be successful. Excellence implies strength—not spasmodic, nervous strength, which makes an effort once in a while, under extraordinary pressure, but the strength which can turn off daily work without excessive fatigue—the strength which leaves the eye still bright and the step elastic after a long day behind the counter, over the sewing-machine, at the desk, at the easel, in the kitchen, in the school-room. Such strength as this does not go with a small waist. From the nature of things, it can never—unless it has been pointed out in exceptional cases—be found in women with small waists. Strong back and abdominal muscles—muscles which can do their work without the deadly props of steel and whalebone now so universally worn—a large digestive capacity, a rapid and utterly unobstructed flow of the blood in the veins and the arteries—these are some of the requirements of health and strength. And these things take up room. In most women God has given room for these organs and their processes, but it is reduced and contracted in order to make the waist appear small. In the name of honorable labor; of healthy and happy infancy and childhood; of intelligent, high-minded womanhood; of everything that is beautiful and worth having for women in this world, we plead for the scorned, the condemned large waist. Give your body room. It is a sin against humanity and its Maker to compress your waist.—*Philadelphia Press.*

A Cat's Head.

The Connecticut cat is continually doing queer things. A few nights ago a Norwich (Conn.) young man dreamed that he was struggling with burglars and awoke in a cold perspiration. He listened and thought he heard a stealthy step coming along the veranda roof under his window. The foot-fall suddenly stopped, and was followed by a sharp clinking sound, accompanied by sneezing and spluttering. Silently the young man slipped out of bed, got his revolver from the bureau, cocked it, and went to the window. Suddenly throwing open the blinds he thrust his weapon out, prepared to kill a burglar. Instead of a midnight robber he saw a black animal crouching on the roof, one end terminating in a stiff, erect tail and the other in something that looked like a small stove-pipe. It was a cat with an empty condensed meat can on her head. She had found it in the yard, put it on, and she couldn't get it off. During the night she had awakened half the families in the village thumping the can against doors and windows and veranda roofs. Each family supposed they had to do with burglars.—*Norwich Bulletin.*

Old Beliefs.

A remarkable instance of the tenacity of old beliefs among an ignorant class lately occurred not very far from Calcutta. The idea that the British Government always began every good work with human sacrifice was long current among the lower orders of the Indian people, but it might be supposed that it had died out long ago. It appears, however, to be as strong as ever. The boatmen on the Ganges near Rajmehal somehow came to believe that the Government required 100,000 human heads as the foundation for a great bridge, and that Government officers were going about the river in search of heads. A hunting party, consisting of four Europeans, happening to pass in a boat, were set upon by 120 boatmen, with the cry of "Gulla Katta," or cut-throats, and only escaped with their lives after the greatest difficulty. The men were arrested, and thirty-one of them sentenced to terms of from one to three months' imprisonment.

—Sometimes a man is able to carry a high head simply because there is nothing in it.—*N. Y. Times.*

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RELIGIOUS AND EDUCATIONAL.

—Brooklyn has only one church to every 2,624 inhabitants—less than any other city in the United States.

—The late Robert Treat Paine, of Boston, bequeathed $50,000 for the endowment of a chair of practical astronomy at Harvard college.

—Nineteen Sunday-schools are connected with the London Church, of which the Rev Newman Hall is pastor, and these schools at present contain in all 5,000 children.

—There are three Presbyteries in South Carolina, composed almost exclusively of colored people, and in connection with the Northern Assembly. It is thought that the erection of a synod in South Carolina must shortly be the result.

—The Presbyterians, according to a correspondent of the *Scottish-American Journal*, have determined to establish a church in every New England city where there is a sufficient element which has been educated in the Presbyterian faith.

—The first five or "star" graduates at West Point this year were: Kuhn, Kentucky; Craighill, at large; O'Brien, Massachusetts; Willcox, Georgia; and Cole, Illinois. This class numbers thirty-nine. The original number was ninety-seven. The class of 1886 numbers eighty-two.

—"For an obvious reason I will dismiss the congregation and dispense with the communion service," said Rev. Dr. Leonard, rector of the Episcopal Church at Fairfield, Conn., on Sunday last, as, at the first sounds of the organ, thousands of bees swarmed out of the roof, where they had gone into the honey-making business.

—Haverford College, near Philadelphia, an institution under the care of the Orthodox Friends, is made the residuary legatee of the estate of the late Jacob P. Jones, of Philadelphia. The bequest will amount to half, and perhaps three-quarters of a million. It is made in memory of an only son, who was a graduate of the college.

—In the death of Rev. Daniel D. Whedon, D. D., at Atlantic Highlands, N. J., the Methodist Episcopal Church loses one of its brightest ornaments. An accomplished scholar, a good writer, an able Biblical commentator, he was more than all a devout and humble Christian. The world is better because he lived and labored in it; and surely no higher eulogy could be passed on any man than that.

—The latest declaration of independence has been made in the Friendly Islands, where the King, the Court and 11,000 adherents of the Wesleyan Methodist Church, have severed themselves from the New South Wales Conference and formed the Independent or Free Church of Tonga. The grievance is that the New South Wales Conference would not consent to transfer them to the New Zealand Conference.

WIT AND WISDOM.

—Timid buyer—Is the horse shy or timid? Ardent seller—Not a bit of it. Why, he sleeps all alone in his stable.—*Boston Beacon.*

—It is the fashion to name children after flowers in Virginia. That is probably because they all start out as Virginia creepers.—*Pittsburgh Chronicle-Telegraph.*

—One of wise Dr. Franklin's wise sayings was: "It is the eyes of others that ruin us." It is a good thought to "chew on"—and also to act on—in these hard times.—*N. Y. Independent.*

—Teacher—Of what is the ocean composed? Boy—Of salt water. Teacher—Why is the water of the ocean salt? Boy—Because so many salt codfish swim about in it, I suppose."—*Texas Siftings.*

—"I have here a letter directed to the prettiest woman in the house," announced the presidentess of a woman's convention. Four reporters on the front seat were trampled to death in the rush for the speaker's stand.—*Merchant Traveler.*

—We judge others by their faults and ourselves by our virtues. This is not righteous judgment, perhaps; but without some such arrangement, it would be difficult to discover, as we now do, that we are ever so much better than our neighbors.—*Boston Herald.*

—"Do you know a man by the name of Legion?" inquired Dumley of a friend. "Legion? No. I never heard of him." "Jenkins told me last night that I had been called the biggest fool-jackass on earth, and when I demanded the man's name he said it was Legion. I'm looking for him."—*Puck.*

—A lady who has been abroad was describing some of the sights of her trip to her friends. "But what pleased