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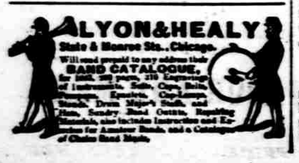

The Columbus Journal.

VOL. XVI.--NO. 19. COLUMBUS, NEB., WEDNESDAY SEPTEMBER 2, 1885. WHOLE NO. 799.

EDISON.

The Alleged Misfortunes Which Have Overtaken the Electric King.

Although the system of lighting New York houses with the incandescent electric light has made great strides during the last three years, and although we now have one whole district of nearly a square mile partially lighted by the Edison system, it can not be said that the business has been a bonanza for any one concerned, not even Edison himself. It has been generally supposed, however, that the wizard of Menlo Park has so managed things as to derive considerable personal profit out of his patents. Consequently I was somewhat surprised to day to learn upon good authority that Edison is now far from a rich man, and has very little authority even in the company of which he is supposed to be the head. Like all inventors, he believed that there were millions in his patents, and although he got enough ready money out of the company to enable him to live comfortably, he took most of his pay in stock. Now, while the Edison Company has done a tremendous amount of work in making the lamps, laying mains, and introducing its system, the expenses have been enormous. It is a new business, and every step was more or less of an experiment; much work had to be done over two or three times, and many costly blunders were made. The result has been that the stockholders have not seen much money in the shape of dividends, and Edison, relying largely upon his stock for reward, has practically nothing. Besides, there has been a good deal of disappointment in the company over this state of things and an attempt was made nearly six months ago to turn Edison out, at least, to render his position of no authority. It was claimed that he was no business man, which is probably true, and that the company could get on better without him, which is probably untrue. For a time Edison succeeded in beating his opponents. I hear now, however, that they are getting the upper hand, and that Edison's voice in the management of the concern which bears his name is seldom heard.

Out of the quadruplex apparatus for sending four messages along one wire at the same time Edison made the money with which he began his electric light experiments. He was sufficiently well known in 1877 to attract the attention of capitalists to his schemes, and the stock of the Edison Electric Light Company, after the tremendous newspaper advertising he got in 1878, rose to fabulous prices. I remember that early in 1879 Edison's stock was quoted at $2,000 for each one hundred dollar share. If Edison had not had faith in his own scheme, he might have sold out then and have been a rich man to-day. He kept his stock, and worked night and day in the service of the company. Like most new things, there were difficulties, delays and expenses of which no one dreamed. It took him a year more than he calculated to get his system in operation, and the cost was double the estimates. It had been announced that the new light would cost far less than gas. As a matter of fact it costs far more, and it was not long after the company got its works in operation that the stock fell in value and Edison found himself with a good deal of fame to show for his eight years' work, but with but very little money.

Since the first station was opened, two years ago this coming summer, very little money had been made, and the work of extending the business has been slow. In the way of putting in isolated plants some money has been made, but not by Edison personally. Of late matters have gone from bad to worse, and I am sorry to say that the famous inventor shows signs of being bitterly disappointed. He is no business man, and spends more money on experiments than would suffice to support five ordinary families; hence his present financial depression. Fortunately, he is likely at any moment to bring forth something new, and there are always plenty of men ready to put money into his schemes. He is now living quietly in a little flat off Broadway in Eighteenth street, for which he pays a thousand a year, and working hard at a device for telegraphing between a moving train and stations along the line. There is already one company with a similar project and an apparatus for achieving this result, but Edison thinks he can do better.—*N. Y. Cor. Charleston (S. C.) News and Courier.*

"WORTH WHILE."

Whatever Is Worth Doing at All, Is Worth Doing Well.

Prince Albert Victor, the prospective heir to the throne of England, made his maiden speech the other day to an assembly of lads of his own age. "Whatever is worth doing at all is worth doing accurately," he said: "whether you sharpen your pencil or black your boots, do it thoroughly and well."

A young lad who was a pupil at Rugby school was noted for his bad penmanship. When his teacher remonstrated, he replied: "Many men of genius have written worse scrawls than I do. It is not worth while to worry about so trivial a fault." Ten years later this lad was an officer in the English army, doing service in the Crimean war. An order he copied for transmission was so illegible that it was given incorrectly to the troops, and the result was the loss of a great many brave men.

A few years ago the keeper of a life-saving station on the Atlantic coast found that his supply of powder had given out. The nearest village was two or three miles distant, and the weather was inclement. He concluded that as it "was not worth while to go so far expressly for such a trifle," he would wait for a few days before sending for a supply. That night a vessel was wrecked within sight of the station. A line could have been given to the crew if he had been able to use the mortar, but he had no powder. He saw the drowning men perish one by one in sight, knowing that he alone was to blame. A few days afterward he was dismissed from the service.

The experience of every man will suggest similar instances that confirm the truth of the young Prince's advice to the lads of his own age.

Whatever is right to do should be done with our best care, strength and faithfulness of purpose. We have no scales by which we can weigh our duties or determine their relative importance in God's eyes. That which seems a trifle to us may be the secret spring which shall move the issues of life and death.—*Youth's Companion.*

—South Carolina people complain that they are unable to buy good strawberries in their markets for the reason that the best are shipped North for better prices.

A NERVOUS GROOM.

How the Practical Gall of a Chicago Justice Disconcerted Him.

Two friends chanced to meet on Grand Avenue the other day and each seemed to be glad to see the other. One was evidently a traveling man and the other, if one were to judge by the nervous twitching of his eyelids, and the way he constantly gazed about him, had the appearance of a person who had robbed a bank, or murdered some one, and was momentarily expecting to be nabbed.

"I say, Ned," said the commercial looking gent, "What have you been up to, that makes you size up every one so suspiciously?"

"Oh, nothing much," said the other, "but can you keep a secret, Jack?"

"Well, if there is one thing that I can keep better than another, it's a secret," replied the one addressed as Jack.

"All right, if that's the case, I don't mind telling you. The fact is, I am married."

"Oh! come off! You don't mean to say that you have gone and done it, do you, Ned?"

"That's just about the size of it, Jack You know the young lady that I have been ice-creaming and waiting upon for the last six months? Well, night before last, I went around as usual at eight o'clock to make her a call, and the old man lit on me with both feet. This sort of discouraged me, but Nellie made a sneak out of the back door and we held a council of war. It didn't take us more than fifteen short minutes to make up our mind to elope, and so before another sun had come and gone we were in Chicago before a Justice of the Peace, and Nellie and I were soldered together as tight as three dollars could make us."

"Is that all? Why, Ned, you are as nervous as a hen with its head cut off. If it has that effect upon people to get married, I dont want any of it in mine."

"Oh, it ain't the marrying part of it that makes me nervous; in fact, I rather enjoy it, but its the infernal gall of that justice that has unstrung my nerves. You know that when a young fellow embarks on a matrimonial voyage, no matter what the circumstances may be, if he loves the girl his only thought is of her and his future happiness. Everything looks as smooth and flowery to him as a good, healthy imagination is capable of seeing; and as for their ever being unhappy, why the thought never enters his head. Well, when the justice had rung down the curtain on the last act of our little matinee, and I had 'ponied up,' he called me one side and said:

"Young man, this getting married is a very serious thing, and should be looked upon as such. While there are hundreds of men getting married every day, and living happily with the women of their choice, there are, on the other hand, thousands, aye, I might say tens of thousands, who do not live happily together, and in consequence life is a burden to them, and they meet death with a smile. Now, young man, what I am getting at is this: I have some blank divorce papers here, and for the small sum of five dollars I will fill one out for you in such a way that in case you and your wife ever wish to dissolve partnership you will have the means right in the family, thus saving lots of trouble and expense.'

"That, Jack, is what has nearly given me St Vitus dance. The words of that old reprobate set me to thinking, and instead of looking forward to joy and happiness, I can think of nothing but burnt beefsteak, mother-in-law, and all sorts of unpleasant things. I am going home this afternoon to square Nellie and myself with the old man, and I suppose I will get another dose there. Say, Jack, if you should happen to run onto any young fellow who contemplates marriage, by eloping, tell him to go to a minister, and steer clear of a Chicago justice.—*Peck's Sun.*

THE GREAT PYRAMID.

Reasons Why the Egyptian Pyramid Should be Explored.

Now that Great Britain is dominant at Cairo, would it not be a good idea to clear away the sand and rubbish from the Great Pyramid, right down to its rocky foundation, and try to discover those vast corridors, halls and temple, containing priceless curiosities and treasures with which tradition in all ages has credited the Great Pyramid? This wonderful building, of such exquisite workmanship, was erected many years before any of the other pyramids, which are only humble imitations, built by another nation, and also for other purposes; for neither King Cheops nor anybody else was ever interred beneath this mighty mass of stone. The smallest pyramids also exhibit neither the nicety of proportion nor the exactness of measurement, both of which characterize the first pyramid. From internal evidence it seems to have been built about the year 2170 B. C., a short time before the birth of Abraham, more than 4,000 years ago. This—one of the seven wonders of the world in the days of ancient Greece—is the only one of them all still in existence. The base of this building covers more than thirteen square acres of ground. Its four sides face exactly north, south, east and west. It is situated in the geographical centre of the land surface of the globe. It was originally 485 feet high, and each of its sides measures 762 feet. It is computed to contain 5,000,000 tons of hewn stones beautifully fitted together with a mere film of cement. And these immense blocks of stone must have been brought from quarries 500 miles distant from the site of the building. The present well-known King and Queen chambers, with the various passages, might also be thoroughly examined by means of the electric or lime lights. The Astronomer Royal of Scotland some years since closely and laboriously examined all that is at present known of the interior of this enormous building. He states that the measurements in the chambers, etc., show the exact length of the cubit of the Bible—namely, twenty-five inches. This cubit was used in the building of Noah's Ark, Solomon's Temple, etc. He also maintains that the pyramid shows the distance of the sun from the earth to be 91,840,000 miles.—*Cor. St. James Gazette.*

—It is estimated that four thousand Danes will come to this country this year, most of whom will settle in the Northwest. Most of the immigrants from Denmark are farmers in good circumstances. The majority own farms, and when they come to this country they bring considerable money with them.—*Chicago Times.*

—A surgeon, who wished to compliment the heroism of a soldier who had just had his leg amputated, told him that he had stood it like a woman.—*N. Y. News.*

BEEF BRAINS.

They Are in Demand Just Now—How They Are Procured.

"These are the brains of Colorado cattle, just slaughtered and fresh," said a gray-haired man to the keeper of a restaurant on Madison street yesterday. "I've sold all but this dozen, and you can have 'em for $2." The restaurant-keeper showed a disposition to purchase and asked the man to disclose his wares. In a short time the brains were removed from a bucket and placed on a large platter. They were covered with coagulated blood and looked anything but palatable, but the seller said that a wash in warm water and salt would remove the objectionable features and impart to the brains a wholesome odor. He was given his price, and was told that the restaurant was a ready market for all such viands.

"Yes, the brains of cattle are a treat at this season of the year," said the caterer, "but we have difficulty in securing a supply. A great many people are infatuated with sweetbreads, especially those whose stomachs are of the weak sort. Now, the brains of cattle are in greater demand than sweetbreads, and when it becomes known that the dish can be secured here epicures from all parts of the city will pay me a visit. Moreover, the dish is a nutritious one, and when prepared by a French cook is fit for the gods. Yes, I'll sell those at sixty cents per order, and you can see that there is quite a profit in them. The cause of the small supply is attributed to the manner in which cattle are killed in Chicago. One would think that where thousands of cattle are slaughtered daily there would be an abundance of brains, but such is not the case. Some of the butchers slaughter their cattle by stoving in their skulls with a sledge-hammer. Others shoot them through the brains, and when cattle are killed that way the brains are unfit for food. The blood coagulates there, and besides the brains are smashed into a jelly. They have to be taken out whole and handled carefully in order to dispose of them to customers."

The little man who makes a living by supplying restaurants with brains was seen, and he agreed with the caterer. He said: "Packers have no use for the brains of cattle, and, in fact, it is the only part of the beef that is not used. As a dish it is the finest in the restaurant line, but it is hard to get 'em. When the butcher severs the head from the body and removes the tongue, I take the head one side and with a chisel remove the front of the skull. A couple of twists of a knife blade remove the little chords and out it drops. Without much difficulty I can get two dozen a day. I sell them for two dollars per dozen, so you see it's not a bad business."

"Do you have to pay anything for them?"

"Not anything to speak of. Maybe I buy half a dollar's worth of beer for the butchers at dinner time. I can well afford to do that."

"You en oy a monopoly of the business."

"A what?"

"You have the business all to yourself."

"Yes, kind of; there were some fellows who 'fished for brains' for a while, but they looked upon it as a dirty business and quit."

The men who entertained such opinions were correct. The "brain man," as he is called, was not attractive in appearance, his clothing being bespattered with blood from head to foot.—*Chicago Tribune.*

PERSIAN POETRY.

Its Characteristics Pointed Out and Their Relations.

Persian poetry had its birth in a country conspicuous for natural advantages; a country distinguished for the mildness of its climate, the clearness of its streams and the perpetual verdure of its plains; a country of lofty mountains, inland seas and rolling rivers; the land of the gazelle, the camel and the caravan; a land abounding in fruits and flowers, full of pleasant gardens and enlivened with the songs of innumerable birds; a land where millions of butterflies of the richest colors were wafted through the summer air. In this land of the olive, the date, the pomegranate and the fig, where the palms of the South met the pines of the North, was reared a race of men combining in a rare degree ingenuity, vivacity, intellectual force, subtlety and refinement of manners. The Persians early acquired repute as a people of taste, invention and artistic skill. The finest silks, the richest velvets, the costliest brocades, the softest and rarest carpets and the most splendid tissues were of Persian origin. The art newly discovered in America and Europe, how to combine great variety of colors with perfect harmony, and to delight the eye with soft and pleasing gradations, producing a rich composite effect from the simplest elements, was original with the Persians centuries ago. The very figures of floor cloth on which the Shah Mahmoud walked in the tenth century, the shawl patterns that adorned the heroines of Jamind of Hafiz are imitated in the looms of England and the United States to-day. In architecture and the fine arts, as in decorative art, the Persians of the middle ages achieved a notable success. Their chief cities showed spendid palaces, filled with gems of art and sparkling with jewels, and stately mosques with white or azure domes.—*North American Review.*

A Traveler's Return.

An Indian explorer, known as the Pundit A—K—, in the employ of the Indian survey, has just returned from journeyings in Thibet, during which he spent a year in Lhasa, the capital of Thibet, and the Rome of Buddhism. Before this traveler only four Europeans of this century have visited Lhasa. Huc and Gabet, the French missionaries, were driven from the city forty years ago, after living there a few months. Moorcroft was killed after he left the city, and another traveler was permitted to remain there only a few days. He says the city is crowded with temples, and has its vatican in the monastery at Potola, where the Dalai Lama lives, who is regarded as the incarnation of Buddha. This building is surmounted by five gilded cupolas, which, when sparkling in the sunlight, present a dazzling spectacle. It contains numerous images, one of which is seventy feet high. During the festivals in the middle of February the Thibetans gathered to Lhasa, from all over the country to pay homage to all the gods and godesses who are supposed to be present. These ceremonies last about a month, at the end of which all the citizens are considered to have become purified for another year.—*London Times.*

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BIG MONKEYS.

A Good Story on Adam Forepaugh—A Chip of the Old Block.

The boys tell a good many jokes on Uncle Adam Forepaugh, the circus man. Adam is an old Pennsylvania Dutchman, rich, but a little "near." That is, he looks after the dollars pretty well, and wants ever dollar to go as far as it can. His son, young Adam, or "Addy," as the boys call him, is a chip of the old block, or in other words there is a good deal of the old Adam in the young Adam. The old man has great confidence in "Addy," who is one of the greatest trainers of wild animals in the world, but the young man is full of jokes, and the old man comes in for his share, though he never believes that he is being made game of until it is all over. Last year "Addy" was in Europe looking up curiosities, and one day his father received a cablegram saying, "I have bought two monkeys that weigh nine hundred pounds each. Cable me twenty-five hundred dollars." Adam read the message and handed it to his manager, saying:

"I told you dot boy find something in Europe dot make you hair stand up straight. Dem is the biggest monkeys ever vos."

"But, Mr. Forepaugh," said the manager, "you are not going to send the money, are you? There are no such monkeys, weighing as much as a horse. There is some mistake."

"I send de money," said Adam. "Dot boy has struck a lead of monkeys and don't you forget it. You can't tell vot kind of monkeys dey get from the interior of Africa. Ven we get dere small monkeys, ve get just in de edge of Africa. Now dey get clear in de inside of Africa dey get monkeys de full size. You wouldn't believe it ven dey got gorillas first, neider," and old Adam began to arrange to cable the money to Addy.

"Well, if Addy has got a nine-hundred pound monkey, I will eat him," said the manager. "It is unreasonable, and I wouldn't pay the money till I saw the monkeys, if I was you."

"Vell, vat's de use my seeing 'em," said the old man a little vexed. "Addy, he seen 'em, and dat settles it. If dat boy cable me he got a dwarf eighteen feet high, he got him, dot's all. You can't fool dot boy on monkeys. He knows more about monkeys dan all de other showmen. Vot do we know about big monkeys tree four tousand miles avay? Dere might be monkeys big as elephants for all we know. I send de money to-night," and he did. The next day the old man got a cable from "Addy" as follows:

"Money received—monkeys dead."

Old Adam was pondering over the message when the manager came in. He handed the message to the manager and said:

"Vot you tink?"

The manager said he knew all the time there was no such monkeys, and it was his opinion Addy wanted some money pretty bad, and took that way to deceive his poor old trusting father, and get the money. The old man thought a minute and then said.

"Vell, vot is it your business? Vot you kicking about? Addy vant de money, and he got it, ain't it. *Dot vos my boy,*" and he went out laughing and slapping his sides at the joke Addy had played on him.—*Peck's Sun.*

Texas.

An Englishman, writing home from Texas says: There are no game laws except as to close seasons, which are little regarded in that vast wild country. For protection a six-shooter may be carried, except in the towns; but should never be shown unless for immediate use, when "'t were well 't were done quickly," or the other fellow will get the drop on you. But if a stranger avoids saloons and speaks civilly, he need never get into a "muss;" and if you treat the boys "white," they will treat you "right square, you bet your sweet life," and "will dearly love to make you comfortable," as a Texan landlady remarked to us. They will share their "chuck" (food) and their last quid of tobacco, and they may accept ammunition or tobacco or a shooter in return for services rendered, but do not offer them money unless you wish to have your hair parted; and, above all, remember that in Texas, as throughout America, Jack is as good as his master. A person who cannot help swaggering about British superiority had much better keep the broad Atlantic between himself and Texas; while another person with his mouth shut and his eyes open will thoroughly enjoy that country.

Roman Remains in Bavaria.

The remains of a large Roman villa fitted with extensive baths have been recently discovered at Eining, near Abensberg—supposed to be the ancient Abusina—a town in Bavaria on the Abens River, near the Danube. The heating apparatus has been found in very perfect condition, together with many curious and interesting architectural details. But what is perhaps of more interest still, the skeleton of a woman has been found, having by her side a jug, a glass urn, and tear-bottles—the last usual offering to the dead. In addition to this, there was the apparatus of her toilet, including hair-pins, pearl necklace, and bracelets. Some sculpture was also brought to light, though in a very broken state; but one piece, a woman's head in marble, was very well executed indeed. A "votive" stone was also found with an inscription of four lines, dedicated, as an offering, in honor of "Dea Fortuna Augusta Faustina." A large number of Roman weapons, coins, spoons, rings, and fibulæ, and many other articles, with Roman bricks, tiles, and stamps in considerable numbers, were also discovered among the foundations of this interesting villa.—*N. Y. Evening Post.*

—The other day some Denver doctors killed a terrier by cutting its throat and withdrawing its blood. They let it remain dead for something more than three hours, when they proceeded to force into its system fresh blood drawn from a large Newfoundland mastiff. In twenty minutes from the time the first warm blood was injected the terrier sneezed, and in another half hour was sleeping in a warm blanket, apparently recovering from an illness. In two days it was running about, and is now a well and hearty terrier. The truth of this story is vouched for by the Denver *News.*

—Lignum vitæ stands first among our native woods in power to resist "indentation," which means in the census tests compression in a line perpendicular to the fiber.

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.

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PERSONAL AND IMPERSONAL.

—Clarence A. Freeman, the checker champion of America, is twenty-six years old. He claims direct descent from the Pequot Indians.

—The widow of Barries had the reputation of being the most beautiful girl in Guatemala when the General stole her from a convent.

—Laceyville, Bradford County, boasts of a fourteen-year-old boy who weighs two hundred and thirty-two pounds, and is yet growing. He expects to pass his mother, who turns the scales at four hundred pounds.

—The Earl of Selkirk, whose title has become extinct by his death lately at St. Mary's Isle, Scotland, was son of the founder of the Selkirk settlement in Canada. Paul Jones once dropped down on St. Mary's Isle and carried off the family plate while the Earl was away. It was recovered, and the family have it to-day.

—Captain Ephraim D. Ellsworth and wife, the parents of Colonel E. E. Ellsworth, who lost his life in that famous staircase at Alexandria at the outbreak of the war, are living at Mechanicsville, N. Y., in a comfortable little cottage adorned with numerous mementos sacred to the memory of their gallant son, whose monument can be seen from one of the windows.—*Troy Times.*

—Mrs. Lovey Glover, of Canterbury, N. H., who died recently, aged one hundred and eight years, had for more than twenty years prayed every morning and night that God would not allow her to become a pauper or be buried as one, and the intelligence of her death had no sooner got abroad in the town than the good people contributed a generous sum, which paid all the burial expenses.—*Boston Post.*

—The mortal remains of Beethoven and Schubert are to be transferred from their present resting place to the new Central Cemetery in Vienna. It is a melancholy fact that the remains of Mozart have been mislaid, and there is no sign to indicate where he was interred. It was to avoid such a contingency that Wagner prepared his own tomb in advance, and had it inscribed with the solitary words, "Richard Wagner."

—The announcement that Mrs. Morgan, of Kentucky, mother of the late Confederate cavalry General, has been left property worth one million dollars by a deceased relative in Paris is true. Ex-Congressman Thompson arranged all the papers in the case of E. T. Halsey, of Louisville, who has gone to Europe to settle up the estate. The late Baroness who bequeathed the property to Mrs. Morgan was a niece of the latter without direct descendants.—*Chicago Herald.*

—The versatile Ellen Terry, the actress, first married Mr. Watts, the artist. That gentleman, having obtained a divorce, was succeeded by Mr. Wardell. Not satisfied with her second choice, Miss Terry divorced him, and, settling her affections upon Charles Kelly, became his wife. Incompatibility soon separated them, and now death, by the removal of Mr. Kelly, has severed all entangling alliances. The London papers are saying that Mr. Irving will marry Miss Terry now that she is free again.

"A LITTLE NONSENSE."

—He was just lighting his cigar, before leaving for the night. "Do you like wax matches?" he asked. "No, I prefer live ones," she answered. They are engaged.—*Norristown Herald.*

—"I wish I were a muff," said a disgusted poker player. "Why so?" inquired his astonished friend. "Because then I might have a chance of holding a fair hand once in a while."—*N. Y. Herald.*

—One McLeod, of Baltimore, has been killed by a pine board hurled against him by the wind. Paste it up on the outer wall, ye editors!—bored to death by wind.—*Binghamton Republican.*

—"What's that man doing there, waving that little stick?" said a countryman who was at the theater for the first time. "That is the leader of the orchestra," replied his city cousin. "The leader! O, yes. As a musician, I suppose, he beats all the others." "No; he beats time."—*Boston Courier.*

—The same old attract on:

"You've come from the rink," said the maiden fair
To the youth who was on her waiting;
"Pray tell me what's the attraction there
To-night—is it fancy skating?"

He rubbed his spine, and his face betrayed
His bosom's agitation:
"The same old attraction is there," he said,
"The attraction of gravitation."
—*Boston Courier.*

—Belkins to his friend Cobbleton—"Say, I hear that you have married your washer-woman." Cobbleton—"Yes." B.—"What on earth prompted you to so lower yourself?" C.—"Well, it was this way: I owed her for washing. Said that if I didn't pay her she would sue me. Married her to prevent litigation. Now she'll never get a cent."—*Arkansaw Traveler.*

—The widow Flapjack, recently of Austin avenue, got two new gentlemen boarders. "Are those two gentlemen married?" she asked of Gilhooly, who is a regular boarder. "No, and they are rich. One of them owns a goat ranch." "You don't say so," said Mrs. Flapjack, and tripping out into the kitchen, she whispered to the cook: "Put three extra beans in the coffee-mill when you grind the coffee this afternoon."—*Texas Siftings.*

Two Women.

Did you ever hear two married women take leave of each other at the gate on a mild evening? This is how they do it: "Good-bye! Good-bye! Come down and see us soon." "I will. Good-bye! Good-bye! Don't forget to come soon." "No, I won't. Don't you forget to come up." "I won't. Be sure and bring Sarah Jane with you next time." "I will. I'd have brought her up this time, but she wasn't very well. She wanted to come awfully." "Did she now? That was too bad! Be sure and bring her next time." "I will; and you be sure and bring baby." "I will. I forgot to tell you he's cut another tooth." "You don't say so! How many has he now?" "Five. It makes him awfully cross." "I dare say it does this hot weather." "Well, good-bye! Don't forget to come down." "No, I won't. Don't you forget to come up. Good-bye." And they separate.—*Exchange.*

—The day is not distant when it will everywhere be considered a duty to plant a tree for every one that is felled. If civilization can not show its superiority over savagery in ways like these it will have much to answer for.—*Chicago Herald.*