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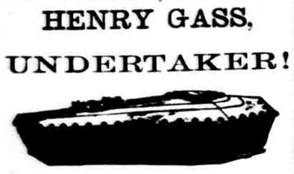

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FARMERS, stock raisers, and all other interested parties will do well to remember that the "Western Horse and Cattle Insurance Co." of Omaha is the only company doing business in this state that insures Horses, Mules and Cattle against loss by theft, 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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15-y Columbus, Neb.

The Columbus Journal.

VOL. XVI.--NO. 26. COLUMBUS, NEB., WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 21, 1885. WHOLE NO. 806.

MAN'S MORTALITY.

The following poem is considered a poetical gem of the first order. The original was found in an Irish MS. in Trinity College, Dublin. There is reason, says the *Interior*, to think that the poem was written by one of those primitive Christian bards in the reign of Diarmid, about the year 556, and was sung and chanted at the last grand assembly of kings, chieftains and lords, held in the famous halls of Tara.

Like a damask rose you see,
Or like a blossom on a tree;
Or like the dainty flower in May,
Or like the morning to the day,
Or like the sun, or like the shade,
Or like the gourd that Jonah made;
Even such is man whose thread is spun,
Drawn out and out and so is done.
The rose withers, the blossom blasteth,
The flower fades, the morning hasteth,
The sun sets, the shadow flies,
The gourd consumes, the man—he dies.

Like the grass that's newly sprung,
Or like the tale that's new begun,
Or like the bird that's here to-day,
Or like the pearled dew in May,
Or like an hour or like a span,
Or like the singing of a swan;
Even such is man, who lives by breath,
Is here, now there, in life and death.
The grass withers, the tale is ended,
The bird is flown, the dews ascended,
The hour is short, the span not long,
The swan's near death, man's life is done.

Like to the bubble in the brook,
Or like in a glass much like a look,
Or like the shuttle in weaver's hands,
Or like the writing on the sand,
Or like a thought, or like a dream,
Or like the gliding of a stream;
Even such is man, who lives by breath,
Is here, now there, in life and death.
The bubble's out, the look forgot,
The shuttle's flung, the writing's blot,
The thought is past, the dream is gone,
The waters glide, man's life is done.

Like an arrow from a bow,
Or like a swift course of water flow,
Or like the time 'twixt flood and ebb,
Or like the spider's tender web,
Or like a race, or like a goal,
Or like the dealing of the dole,
Even such is man, whose brittle state,
Is always subject unto fate.
The arrow shot, the flood soon spent,
The time no time, the web soon rent,
The race soon run, the goal soon won,
The dole soon dealt, man's life soon done.

Like the lightning from the sky,
Or like a post that quick doth hie,
Or like a quaver in a song,
Or like a journey three days long,
Or like snow when summer's come,
Or like a pear or like a plum;
Even such is man, who heaps up sorrow,
Lives but this day and dies to-morrow.
The lightning's past, the post must go,
The song is short, the journey so,
The pear doth rot, the plum doth fall,
The snow dissolves, and so must all.

BRONCHO BERTIE.

The Rangers' Adopted Child and Her Tragic Death.

From 1876 until after the Victoria raid in 1880 Northwestern Texas and Southern New Mexico were overrun by well-organized bands of desperadoes and "rustlers," and the State Rangers were kept busy night and day hunting them down.

In Presidio County, Tex., there was a particularly desperate and determined band of outlaws under command of Dave Anderson, who was ably assisted by his two brothers, Fred and Bob. They robbed the ranchman right and left, plundered stage coaches and private ambulances, and even attacked stores at some of the small villages.

In the spring of '79 the Rangers began a determined war on the desperate outlaw organization, and during the spring and summer had many battles with them. Several were killed, others were captured, and the gang finally broken up and driven from the State. The chief outlaw alone remained behind, and finding a hiding place in one of the deep canyons of the Prison Mountains he managed for several months to so effectually conceal himself that we finally began to believe that he, too, had fled the country.

One day, however, late in the fall, a Ranger discovered his camp in an almost inaccessable canyon on the head waters of Lone Cottonwood Creek, and at once hurried to camp and gave information. The commander of the E Company, Capt. Charles L. Neiull, at once ordered out a scout of twelve men under command of Corporal D. M. Goosley, with orders to either capture or kill the outlaw chief. Two days after leaving camp we reached the nighborhood of the bandit's stronghold, and three men were sent forward on foot to reconnoiter. We had a high mountain to climb, on the other side of which Dave had his camp. It had rough and rocky sides, but was a level mesa on top. We were walking across this plain when a shot rang out on the clear air, and the man on my right fell to the ground wounded through the left leg. The shot came from the direction of a loose pile of boulders on our right, and looking up quickly we saw the man we were searching for spring from behind the shelter with his Winchester in his hand. He raised it to his shoulder to shoot, but before his finger pressed the trigger Private Julius M. Bird, who was a little behind me and on my left side discharged his own weapon and the outlaw reeled and fell. We walked toward him and discovered that he was stone dead. Bird's bullet having penetrated his heart. The shooting had alarmed the rest of the party, and as we returned to our wounded companion they came pouring over the side of the mesa to assist us. The corporal was leading and I briefly informed him what had taken place. He sent two men back with the wounded Ranger to the place where we had left our horses, and the rest of us crossed the mesa and began the descent of the mountain on the other side, at the foot of which the dead man had his camp.

It was very cleverly concealed, and we were within one hundred yards of the spot before we saw the little tent and the two canvas-covered wagons, which comprised his equipment. At the head of the narrow pass down which we were marching was a rude cow-pen, and when we passed it we heard a childish voice singing a quaint rhyme. The whole party halted, and the man in advance peered around a huge boulder which naturally fenced one side of the pen.

"It's only a baby," he said, and went forward.

We followed him in single file. Under a rough brush shelter was seated the singer, rocking herself to and fro in a home-made chair, and busily engaged in dressing a dilapidated doll. She looked up as we approached, and we saw that her face was round and pretty, lit up by two great brown eyes that looked into ours unabashed. She was as brown as a berry, and a tangled mass of yellow curls fell down over her shoulders.

"Howdy!" she cried, and clutched her doll tightly.

"Howdy, little one?" said the corporal. "What's your name?"

"My prop'rest name is Annie Roberta Anderson," she answered, "but Dave calls me Broncho Bertie, 'cause I'm so wild."

"And who's Dave?" queried the corporal.

"Dave's my daddy. I've got two more, but they're up in the Territory. The Rangers driv' 'em out. Dave wouldn't run, and he says he'll git some on 'em yit."

"And how old are you?"

"I'm almost eight, but Dave says I'm powerful peart of my age. I kin ride and milk, and sometimes Dave lets me shoot his Winchester. Dave giv' me this doll. I call her Lucy. Ain't she pretty?"

And she held the disfigured manikin for our inspection.

"Very pretty, little one," was the corporal's comment.

"Be you all Dave's friends?" she said, sharply, and looking at us inquiringly.

"Oh, yes," answered the corporal, and I don't think that falsehood counted. "Where is Dave?"

"He left camp this morning," said the girl, "and said he mightn't be back 'fore to-morrow. You'd think a little girl like me 'ud be afraid to stay alone in camp, but I ain't. I 'muse myself with Dolly all day, and when night comes I cover up my head close and go to sleep and don't know no more till daylight. Dave says there's no bad varmints right 'round here, and if Injins or Rangers should come I don't reckon they'd hurt a little girl like me. Do you think they would?"

"No, little one," said the corporal, and his voice softened. He was silent a moment and then spoke again.

"Dave won't come back any more," he said. "He's—gone—gone up into the big territory, and—he sent us here to look after you."

"Did he? Well, that's good of Dave—but then he always was good to me. Where are you going to take me?"

"To our camp."

"How far is it from here?"

"A long ways."

"Can I take my dolly?"

"Certainly."

"Then I'll 'pare myself right away," she said, and walked towards one of the wagons hugging the doll to her heart.

The corporal sent two men up on the mesa to bury the dead outlaw, and others "rounded" up the cows and wagon stock. Our horses and the wounded Ranger were brought up, and in two hours' time we were ready to start. We followed the creek down to Borilla Spring and then took the Government road through Lympia and Mooskie Canyons to our camp. Broncho Bertie rode in one of the wagons, and when we reached camp and turned the outlaw's outfit over to the captain, the child was formally adopted by the men, and we pitched her a tent alongside the captain's.

Rangers, as a usual thing, are a rough lot, but the heart of every man in the company was warmed toward the little waif, and when she was ready to retire they all clustered around the tent to see her safely in bed. Before climbing in she knelt on the ground, and clasping her little hands raised her brown eyes heavenward. Instantly every hat was doffed and every head bowed, and the eyes of some of the men were swimming when the Broncho's simple petition to the Throne of Mercy was finished. She kissed each man good-night, and there was a hush unusual and solemn around the camp-fire that night.

She remained with us nearly a year, and so potent was her influence that a curse was never heard about the camp, and Mad Milton hunted up an old Bible which had been a present when he left "the States," but which had never been opened since his arrival on the plains, and began to study its sacred pages during his odd moments of leisure. If a man visited the post and did not bring the Broncho a present when he returned he was considered guilty of high treason. Blackhawk Davis bought her a gentle pony and taught her to throw the lasso. We dressed her richly but fancifully, and the captain gave her a minature Winchester and a tiny six-shooter and belt. She was always in line at roll-call night and morning, and generally answered "present" when her name was called. The lieutenant taught her to read and write and "Happy Halmon" gave her lessons on the violin. She was a merry-hearted, generous-souled little elf, and the sunshine of her presence made our rude camp always bright. Her quaint observations and practical suggestions were a constant source of merriment among the men. Her favorite was "Reckless Jeff," probably because he was merely a boy in years with a smooth, fresh face and great blue eyes as large as her own brown orbs. Jeff was a good-hearted fellow, as generous as a King, and as chivalrous as an old knight-errant, but he had an unfortunate habit of taking aboard too much post whisky. The fiery liquor always inflamed his passions and brought out his worse traits of character. When "under the influence" he could be moved neither by threats nor entreaties, and his favorite amusement was "shooting 'em up" when his reckless but usually accurate marksmanship inspired universal terror in the hearts of his human targets, for he considered it nothing remarkable to cut the roll on a Mexican's sombrero with his bullets or shoot the buttons off a cowboy's jacket. The bottles and decanters on the bars of the casinos suffered whenever he "turned himself loose." One of his favorite feats, of which he was very proud, was to shoot a cork from the head of a man at a distance of twenty yards. In camp he was always practising with his six-shooter and the Broncho frequently became his target-holder. She seemed to have no fear—only unbounded confidence in the accuracy of her friend's aim, and she would laugh gleefully and clap her hands when a particularly close and dangerous shot was made.

It was the first and only Christmas the Broncho spent with us, and in her honor, ostensibly, and for her amusement, the boys extemporized a great variety of frontier sports and games. We had a big tub of egg-nogg, and several of the boys drank too much. Jeff was one of these, and before dinner he had taken aboard so much of the seductively intoxicating compound that his face was flushed, his gait unsteady and his manner loud and boisterous. We had been exhibiting our skill as marksmen, and Jeff had been a silent and scornful witness of our somewhat, to him, tame and uninteresting feats with the six-shooter. Finally he drew his own weapon.

"You fellows shoot very fair," he said, "but I'll show you something that *is* shooting."

He pulled the cork out of a flask which he drew from his pocket, and handed it to Broncho Bertie.

"Stand up, Broncho!" he said, and the child took a position about thirty paces distant, against the gnarled trunk of a live oak tree. She faced us with flashing eyes, and her cheeks crimsoned with excitement. Placing the little cork on top of the mass of tangled curls which covered her head she folded her arms and cried out that she was ready.

"Don't shoot, Jeff," cried one of the boys. "You're nervous; don't shoot!"

"Nonsense," cried the ranger. "You ain't afraid, Broncho, are you?"

"No!" she answered. "Not when you shoot!"

He cocked his weapon, threw it up and slowly lowered it until the tiny cork was in range. We watched him in breathless silence, and it seemed to me that his hand trembled. He threw up the pistol again, somewhat impatiently, and, dropping it quickly, pulled the trigger when his keen eye caught the bead over the bright barrel.

There was a flash, a loud report, a stifled scream, a chorus of horrified cries, the Broncho reeled and fell and we rushed toward her. The bullet had struck her curly head just below the hair line, making an ugly wound from which the blood and brains were oozing. We raised her up, but there was only a fluttering, tremulous gasp for breath and she was dead.

The murderer stood in the same position, staring straight forward. Suddenly he raised the smoking pistol, pressed the muzzle to his temple and fired before anyone could interfere to prevent him.

That night a group of tearful, sorrow-stricken men gathered around the wide grave which had been prepared for both. They had loved each other in life, and it was fitting that they should sleep together in death. Few words were spoken, but our mute grief was more eloquent than could have been the most glowing eulogy. To this day no man passes the little cairn of rocks which marks the double grave without reverently lifting his hat.—*Col. G. W. Symonds in Detroit Free Press.*

THE COLLEGE OF CARDINALS.

An Element of Ecclesiastical Power and Security.

The College of Cardinals is ostensibly recruited from persons who pretend to the honor of its membership on the strength of extraordinary virtues, piety, learning, or spiritual achievement; and the Council of Trent, in addition to demanding from candidates for the Cardinalate the same religious distinctions and ecclesiastical qualities which were desiderated in the occupants of the episcopate, made it an instruction to the Pope that they should be chosen, so far as possible, from among the most capable persons in all parts of Catholic Christendom. Gifts of birth and of rank presently came, however, to count for eligibility as if they were gifts of the spirit; and even Kings sought for the relatives of Kings a distinction which only by the attraction of mundane accidents of pomp and splendor could be considered as at all belonging to this world. For every Cardinal was a potential Pope; and every Pope was a potential partisan or arbitrator in cases where sovereigns disputed with each other. In former times, indeed, Kings had a right of presentation, and Cardinals who had been created in accordance with such royal nominations were known as Crown Cardinals. The family pride and social pretensions of the Popes themselves tended to aggravate this abuse of selection; and the result was nepotism and other favorism. 'Paul V., for instance, is described as having had a particular aim throughout the whole course of his Popedom, 1605-21, to ennoble the *Corte Romana*, to impart a new and singular majesty into the sacred college, and to select such persons as were proper by their own grandeur to defend the honor of the church. Accordingly in those promotions, he advanced five Princes "of very great quality" to the Cardinalate—Maurizio, son of the Duke of Savoy, who renounced it afterward in favor of amarriage which better suited his ideas of the eternal fitness of things; Ferdinando and Viscenzo Gonsaga, both sons of the Duke of Modena; Carlo di Medici, son of the Duke of Tuscany, and Ferdinando, Infante di Spagna, who, as historians report, immortalized the honor of the Cardinalate by fighting for the faith of Christ. Still, the grander the *entourage* the less the relative glory of the Supreme Pontift; and other Popes made it a matter of principle and practice to keep Princes and nobles aloof from a dignity to which, judging by the debased standard of expediency, they seemed entitled for at least the secular ease, influence, and prosperity of the church. That the native and hereditary nobility or royalty of the members of the Sacred College was an element of ecclesiastical power and security was recognized even by reforming writers within the Roman communion, who were keen to espy the abuses of the Papal system. And this recognition has taken place to such an extent that the exclusion of noble and princely candidates from the Cardinalate has been brought forward as a kind of petty treason against the church, over which they had been called to rule, on the part of pontiffs who grudged that the shadow of their throne should be relieved or irritated by the glory of too near a rival.—*London Society.*

YOUNG CALVES.

Considerations with Respect to their Feed and General Condition.

The feeding of young calves is now a timely subject for consideration. Full feeding up to the point of perfect digestion and assimilation should be the aim. It is easy to discover when this point is reached. The condition of the bowel discharge is an accurate test. As soon as the dung has an offensive odor digestion is impaired, and either the food is given to excess or the character of it is not healthful. As a rule sour food is not wholesome for calves. If one goes to the cattle markets and visits the calf pens, the "buttermilk calves" are readily found by their filthy odor. The calves may be plump and appear all right, but the contrary will soon appear when a purchaser gets them home. The fasting will soon affect injuriously the soft, flaccid, unhealthy flesh, and the calves will fail in a serious manner, and time and food will be wasted in bringing them into condition again. This experience should warn the owners of calves to study carefully the feeding, and to use only the best of food. It is easy to have sweet milk for the calves, and it will pay to warm this to 90°. At this time calves are sufficiently advanced to take a considerable ration of the meal, but the full feeding of this should be cautiously reached by gradual increase of the ration from a small and safe quantity. The moment diarrhea occurs feeding should stop for forty-eight hours, and then small doses of hot sweet milk only should be given.—*N. Y. Times.*

—On a certain occasion, says the New York *Baptist*, Mr. W. K. Travers was in a stage going up Fifth avenue, and his son, W. R. Jr., who was then a very small boy, was sitting on his knee, the stage being very crowded. A lady got in and there was no seat for her. Mr. Travers, with his usual display of gallantry, said to his son: "B-Billy, g-get up and give this l-lady your seat."

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

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Republican County Convention.

The largest and most enthusiastic convention that ever assembled in the city convened yesterday (Oct. 13th) at the Mænnerchor Hall.

J. E. Moncrief, chairman of the central committee, called the convention to order, and M. K. Turner was, on motion, selected as temporary chairman, and J. J. Truman as temporary secretary.

On motion, J. M. McFarland, W. H. Selsor, W. A. McAllister, John Wurdemann, C. W. Hollingshead and S. J. Wheeler were appointed a committee on credentials, who reported the following as entitled, *prima facie*, to seats in the convention:

Granville Twp.,—J I Bobinson, W H Selsor, G W Clark.

Humphrey Twp.,—M C Bloedorn, F H Geer, E D Graham.

Sherman Twp.,—Henry Bargenbarg, Herman Bakehus, Henry Wurdemann.

Monroe Twp.,—J J Truman, J J Judd, J E Dack, R E Wiley by proxy E R Hall, S J Alexander, C W Hollingshead.

Loup Twp.—Jno. Eisenman, Fred. Meedel.

Creston Twp.,—C Heitsman, N Olson, S J Wheeler, Silas Fleming.

Columbus Twp.,—J H Reed, L Gerrard, Geo W Wescott, W T Walker.

Bismark Twp.,—Jno Wurdemann, Herman Wilken, Henry Ricketts.

Walker Twp.,--Ole Oleson, N D Anderson, J P Johnson, Neils Olson, A A Linnegran, A E Pinson, John Newman.

Columbus City, 1st Ward,--E Pohl, H P Coolidge, J W Early, W A McAllister; 2d Ward,—H Ragatz, B R Cowdery, M. K. Turner, S S McAllister, John McMahon; 3d Ward,--M Whitmoyer, G W Clother, J S Murdock, Carl Kramer, W B Backus, by proxy J M McFarland, J Rasmussen.

Lost Creek Twp.,—Wm Loseke, Peter Kettleson, L H Jewell, Wm Wilson, Wm Steinbaugh, Ed Hoare.

Woodville Twp.,—D L Conard, W J Irwin, H Guiles, Edward Irwin, Robt Gillespie.

On motion of Gerrard, report was received and committee discharged.

The motion to adopt the report of the committee, was objected to by W J Irwin as to the proxy of R E Wiley by E B Hall, and on motion of Geer, E B Hall's name was stricken off the roll of delegates, and the report adopted as to the rest.

On motion of W. A. McAllister, the delegates present were empowered to cast the full vote of the delegation.

On motion of Hollingshead the temporary organization was made permanent.

On motion of Hoar, Chris Meedel was admitted to represent Butler Twp.

The convention then proceeded to the nomination of a candidate for County Judge.

FIRST BALLOT.

W. M. Cornelius	37
J. C. Martin	22
S. S. McAllister	4

Cornelius was declared the nominee, and the same was made unanimous, by acclamation.

On motion of Gerrard, M. J. Hogan and J. J. Sullivan were admitted as delegates from Shell Creek Twp.

For County Treasurer, E. Pohl was the unanimous choice, by acclamation of the convention.

For Sheriff,

FIRST BALLOT.

C. C. Miller	3
Dan. Condon	20
Herman Pieper	21
M. C. Bloedorn	2
J. C. Tiffany	9
Chas. Heitsman	6

SECOND BALLOT.

Condon	23
Pieper	19
Bloedorn	13
Tiffany	5
Heitsman	5

THIRD BALLOT.

Condon	23
Pieper	18
Bloedorn	17
Heitsman	5

FOURTH BALLOT.

Condon	23
Pieper	14
Bloedorn	26

FIFTH BALLOT.

Condon	31
Pieper	8
Bloedorn	26

SIXTH BALLOT.

Condon	34
Bloedorn	31

On the sixth ballot 69 votes having been cast, 3 more than were entitled to vote, on motion, the ballot was set aside, and another vote taken.

Condon's nomination was afterwards, on motion of Hoare, made unanimous by acclammation.

For County Superintendent of Schools, J. E. Moncrief was nominated, by acclamation, and unanimously.

For County Clerk, the convention did the same by M. J. Hogan.

For County Surveyor, the sam action was taken for R. H. Lawrence

For Coroner, the same action fo Dr. F. H. Geer.

The delegates selected to the state convention were: B R Cowdery, Ed Hoare, S S McAllister, S J Alexander, Wm Steinbaugh, L Gerrard and Carl Kramer.

The central committee so far selected, are Granville, J I Robinson; Humphrey, M C Bloedorn; Bismark, Henry Rickerts; Sherman, Henry Wurdeman; Creston, William Ellerath; Grand Prairie, Peter Larsen; Columbus, J H Reed; Walker, John Newman; Woodville, J L Truman; Butler, Chris Meedel; Loup, John Eisenmann; Monroe, C W Hollingshead; Lost Creek, J R Smith. First Ward Columbus, H P Coolidge, 2d, Henry Ragatz, 3d, Carl Kramer. Henry Ragatz was elected chairman of the committee, and the convention adjourned.

J. J. TRUMAN, Secretary. M. K. TURNER, Chairman.

PARENTS AND TEACHERS.

The Necessity of Hearty Co-Operation Between Them.

The fact is conceded by those who properly understand or appreciate the laboriousness of a teacher's position that his remuneration is frequently incommensurate with the amount of work required of him, and no rightly thinking man will, I believe, dispute the assertion that so long as the teacher can command little more for his service than is paid to an ordinary laborer, just so long will the cause of education be retarded, and no one will have the right to complain if our schools are conducted in a negligent and unsatisfactory manner.

However, in an effort to correct the evils existing in our systems of instruction, there is something else to be considered besides dollars and cents.

The conscientious instructor, be he "college professor" or "country pedagogue," is not an automaton that drags listlessly through six hours of labor per day, after the fashion of a horse in a treadmill, contented merely to draw his salary and to retain his place; he is a man of *noble principles*, who realizes the responsibility of his position; his interest are identical with those of his pupils, and he will bend every energy for their advancement.

To such a man the business of teaching is fraught with many cares, for, being in thorough sympathy with his pupils, he not only rejoices over their successes, but also grieves with them when they fail; thus does he continually alternate between pleasure and sorrow. Where is the individual who can contemplate this veritable hero and not deeply sympathize with his praiseworthy endeavors? Justly does he deserve both adequate pecuniary compensation for his labors and the *hearty* encouragement and co-operation of his patrons. There exists in the minds of many parents the erroneous idea that they have no part to perform in their children's education, save to pay for their tuition, while the teacher is expected to do the rest. He is required to bear the brunt of pupils' irregular attendance, he must make up for lack of home training and instruction, and yet, in the face of these obstacles, if he, by the end of the session, shall not have carried the child through two or three sets of text-books, he is considered derelict in the discharge of duty and much dissatisfaction is felt. I do not advocate parental dictation either in the discipline or mode of instruction in schools, for this would be an unwarranted assumption of authority, and no teacher of spirit will ever brook such interference.

However, private suggestions from patrons, if kindly given, are always in order and would be gratefully received.

Moreover, a parent ought to manifest a genuine interest in the studies and progress of his child. Just here I would say to all parents if in the preparation of lessons at home your children should encounter obstacles that they cannot surmount, and should come to you for assistance, do not tell them you have no time to be bothered and that they must carry their difficulties to the teacher, who is paid to attend to their wants; but cheerfully help them out of the trouble, talk to them about their studies, incite them to more diligent application, and let them feel that you are concerned in their intellectual as well as physical welfare. Above all, impress upon them the vital importance of punctual attendance at school and the necessity of strict obedience to the teacher's commands.

A little time thus employed will not only greatly facilitate the teacher's labors and conduce to their success, but it will yield you a rich dividend in the more rapid advancement of your child.

May the day be not far distant when parents and teachers, throughout the country, shall learn the importance of greater co-operation.—*W. G. Fog in Current.*

Grant's Unostentatiousness.

"I saw a good deal of General Grant while I was Adjutant-General of the Fifth Army Corps," said Colonel Fred T. Locke. "I was aboard General Grant's own steamboat after the battle of Vicksburg, when the Congressional Committee came down from Washington and gave him the gold medal voted by Congress, together with resolutions of thanks to himself and his officers. He showed great modesty on the occasion. He wouldn't trust himself to make any extraordinary reply. He took a piece of paper from his pocket, and read that he accepted the medal and thanks of Congress, and would take the earliest opportunity to convey them to the officers under his command. I saw him frequently on the battlefield, but he was just as unassuming there as everywhere else. I saw him once sitting on a rail-fence, with a soldier's overcoat on, calmly smoking a cigar and listening to the talk of his corps officers who were around him. No one would have taken him for the commander of the armies of the United States."—*N. Y. Sun.*

The Dead Prince Consort's Room.

A long time ago I went over the house and came to a room which had been religiously closed for years. It was opened by special order and there issued from it a certain hallowed odor which exhales on opening a long-closed sanctuary. The blinds were drawn and semi-darkness prevailed. We drew near a table and my guide explained that this was the late Prince Consort's room, and everything was to-day just as he had left it when he died. The dust was nearly a inch thick on his writing-desk; a half-used quill was lying crosswise where it had fallen from his hand or its rack; there were several articles about a paper-weight, a book, and to the right near the abandoned quill, a little carved frame, and in this frame a portrait. I think I can see it now—the youthful Victoria painted by Winterhalter. Her majesty has a sweet, fair face, and rosebud mouth, and she wears an apple-green gown, the tint just glimmering through some folds of lace. This picture was always by the Prince Consort's side, and when this sanctum was vacated forever no one dared to touch it or even the smallest object in the room. By the Queen's orders it stands to-day as it stood then. The dust is a little thicker on tapestry, chair, and table, the quill still lies in its old place, and the little royal picture smiles as sweetly as of yore from its half-dimmed frame. I need not say that this chamber is never opened on a revel night, but I could not help thinking of it as we walked once more through other lovely but less sacred apartments.—*London Cor. Charleston (S. C.) News.*

—Hot wood ashes applied to a stove when cold will remove grease. Cover the spot entirely; do not be sparing of the ashes.—*Indianapolis Journal.*

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

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

☞ For time advertisements, apply at this office.

☞ Legal advertisements at statute rates.

☞ For transient advertising, see rates on third page.

☞ All advertisements payable monthly.

OF GENERAL INTEREST.

—Fifth avenue, New York, is the richest street in the world.—*N. Y. Sun.*

—Lightning struck a Chinaman in Montana and changed his complexion from yellow to black.—*Denver Tribune.*

—The Governor of Massachusetts gets a salary of five thousand dollars a year, and the Mayor of Boston ten thousand dollars.—*Boston Post.*

—The cigar tester in the New York Custom House says that a simple way to ease heartburn from smoking is to touch some of the ashes to the tongue.

—How many women know that in the revised version, Psalm lviii. 11, reads: "The Lord giveth the word: The women that publish the tidings are a great host!"

—The writer and the schoolmaster might find it advantageous to go to Abyssinia hand and hand, as the present literature of the country consists of only one hundred volumes.—*Current.*

—When a man offers to sell chickens for ten cents each in Southwest Georgia he is suspected of theft. When a man asks more than that in Northwest Georgia he is suspected of lunacy.—*Augusta (Ga.) Chronicle.*

—Over seven thousand cigars were found by revenue officers aboard a steamer which arrived in New York a few days ago. The cigars were found in the ice-boxes, the water tanks, under the coal and other out-of-the-way places.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

—A philosophic farmer in New Jersey says "there ain't no cause for a deal of frettin' in the world. It always evens up about so. When the grass is thin, the winter is open, so that when the hay crop is poor we don't need nigh so much firewood."

—A lady living in Naugatuck, Mass., while looking over the old family Bible recently, found an old Colonial sixpound note, dated 1758. The note was good for seventeen ounces ten pennyweights of silver in New Jersey. On one side was printed: "To counfeit this is death."—*Boston Journal.*

—A prominent Mexican says that "Mexico owes less per capita than any other nation on the globe—only about $117 per head." In this country Government officials are paid monthly; in Mexico, every fifteen days, and the Treasury is behind now only one and one-half payments, or three weeks.

—The Atlanta (Ga.) *Constitution* says: "The first coffee ever produced in the United States was grown by Madame Atzeroth, near Manatee, Fla., in 1880. Madame is now seventy-eight years old. She has twenty-five coffee trees on her plantation, and has successfully demonstrated the fact that under proper culture coffee may be made to flourish in the latitude of Florida."

—A Texas man, already aware that his boy was dull of apprehension, observed during a heavy shower that the youngster actually did not know enough to come in when it rained. Much impressed with the result of this proverbial test, he applied to the court to have the little fellow adjudged idiotic and committed to an asylum. The motion was denied, however, no other evidence being presented to sustain it.—*Chicago Times.*

—A scientist states as a net result of a number of observations that there is an exhileration of the pulse rate and a slight elevating of temperature from