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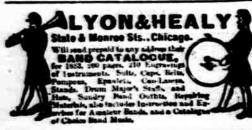
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Columbus



VOL. XVI.--NO. 28.

COLUMBUS, NEB., WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 4, 1885.

WHOLE NO. 808.

THE DREAMLAND SHEEP,

A Charm. When, tossing on your restless bed, You can not fall asleep, Just resolutely close your eyes,— See a field-path before you rise, And call the dreamland sheep.

They come, they come, a hurrying crowd, Swift-bounding, one by one; They reach the wall in eager chase; The leader finds the lowest place; They cross, and on they run.

Oh! many times on sleepless nights
I watch the endless throng.
Their pretty heads, their wooly backs:—
As crowding in each other's tracks

At the wall-gap, each plants its feet On one stone standing still; Makes its small leap like those before, Then with its mates, score after score, Goes scampering down hill.

I try to count them, but, each time, Lose reckoning at the wall.

They come from where the gray mists blend,
In the mist they vanish at the end,
With far, faint bleat and call.

Off drop the day-time cares. Away
The nervous fancies fali;
And peacefully I fall asleep,
Watching the pretty dreamland sheep Crowd through the dreamland wall.
-Mary L. B. Branch, in St Nicholas

A BOX LUNCH.

Collections Promptly Made on How it Smoothed the Path of a Persistent Wooer.

> "Looks if there might be beech-nuts over there in the grove, sonny," suggested Mr. Luther Varney, alighting from his wagon in front of a square, oldfashioned house at the entrance of Oak- the roof." land village. "You may run and gather some while I'm making my call.'

"Why can't I go in with you, father?" they've got apples."

"No, no, Willie; you'd be in the way. want to ask Miss Meserve about her father's last sickness, and-and so forth. o your sunt Bowen's.

The boy reluctantly climbed the fence, while his father hitched the horse-a proceeding as unusual as it was needess; but one must pardon a little irregularity in a two years' widower "looking around." Years ago, before he wooed Miss Pamela Giddings, Mr. Varney had cast vigorous love glances toward Dr. Meserve's pretty daughter—glances that filled shy Miss Olive with sweet confusion. Had he been less bashful, less awed by her superior worldly advantages, and had she been less cov, their earlier romance might have had a happier ending. But in that case, how would it have fared with the good old doctor, shortly after this stricken helpless with paralysis? No married daughter could have ever nursed him with the undivided care and tenderness

henceforth lavished upon him by Miss It was the subsequent year that Miss Giddings challenged Mr. Varney's atpated, he had not been the man to say derness. ft. He had faithfully ministered unto her in health and in sickness; he had smoothed her path to the grave with due regret. At her decease he had sincerely than her death. But time, the great father's eye. consoler, had now assuaged his grief church he often thought of her as a story while she deftly bound up the achhigh-voiced, somewhat uneasy angel in | ing finger. the heavenly choir, but he thought also. of his motherless boy. What would he dren, Olive?" remarked Mr. Varney, not do for this dear pledge of affection?
For Willie's sake he ought to marry again; and then, looking askance at trim, rosy Miss Olive in the adjoining the beyond man realized her. The responded she, with brisk irresponded she will be act of the sake of the pew, the bereaved man realized how smoothing Willie's ruffled hair. Then sweet might be self-sacrifice. He had she cast a despairing glance at the horse come to regard this silent Sunday prox- tethered at her gate, where all the world

imity as the crowning pleasure of the might see. Before sundown it would week, and abundant recompense for the be rumored from Dan to Beersheba that long ride and the longer sermon. He she and Mr. Varney were "making a for Miss Olive by sundry eloquent looks speech of people? and hand pressures, but until this golden October day he had not ventured to visit her. Spying him now from her sittingroom window, the timid little woman dr pped the rug she had been braiding. and sprang up in a flutter.
"Why will be? In broad daylight.

too! The whole village will be talking," ejaculated she, with an instinctive glance

A lady likes to look presentable in saying "No" as well as in saying "Yes," and because Miss Olive had fully made up her mind never to be a wife, was to remain an attractive spinster? Shrinking from appearing over-eager to admit a possible suitor, she dallied till the echo of Mr. Varney's knock had died away before opening the door.

"How do you do, Mr. Varney?" said she, her voice slightly tremulous. In

"Never more rugged, and I hope you're well, Olive. I'm taking Willie to his aunt Bowen's to spend a week or I'd drop in and see how you were. Sister Bowen always likes to hear from

"Oh, my health is invariably good, wasn't round when he called." her guest into the spick-and-span parlor sacred to callers.

Establishing his tall person in the largest rocking-chair, Mr. Varnev crossed his right hand over his left, un-wittingly bringing into bold relief his Bowen's horse-trough. "Would Miss fraved right wristband.

"It seems sad to see that room deserted," said he, with a sympathetic nod home." toward the open-sitting room formerly devoted to Dr. Meserve. "But you can't wish your father back, Olive,' "No, not for his own sake," answered the daughter, with feeling. "After his mind failed, life was no enjoyment to the boys needing mothers, and did she him. But I do miss him so! He was not contribute to orphan asylums all she

thought of you a great deal lately-a great deal. It must be desolate for you of Luther's child as motherless. In her alone in the old house, and it's desolate loving sympathy so happy did she make for me in mine. Olive I've been the boy that he came the next day and

alarm. "But I don't feel so now. No. than once been known on the approach indeed. Of course I must mourn for my of callers to hustle the winsome little restore her to membership with the father, but I keep busy, and I make a lad into the kitchen to Climena. Descompanion of Climena, the orphan I pite her precautions, the villagers began

over his right. "You are first Selectman again this year, they say," chirped Miss Olive, of the next moon. skimming off to a safer topic. "The "I suppose it'll town is bound to retain you in office."

"On my boy's account, I regret it," said Mr. Varney, rallying his wits. "I have to be away from home more'n is suitable under present circumstances. The poor little fellow needs a mother." Miss Olive rose precipitately, and picked up a newspaper spread to shield her new carpet from the southern

"Father used to say it was thankless business to work for the town," said she, folding the paper with nervous energy, her cheeks aglow.

"It's remarkable how you keep your good looks, Olive," exclaimed the loung-ing widower, in irrepressible admiration. "You seem hardly a day older than you did fifteen years ago. I've changed outwardly more'n you have, but I've just as warm a place for you in my heart as I had then.' An uncomfortable warm place it must

have been, provided Mr. Varney's face at that moment truthfully registered its her pick of the men, and she knows it," thermal condition. "Thank you. I'm glad to keep all my old friends," quaived Miss Olive, with a cautious emphasis upon the pronomical

adjective. "But I want to be more than one of your friends, Olive, I want to be your husband," urged her lover, bolder than in the days of his bashful indoles-

"Don't, Luther-you musn't. I'm too old to change my mode of life."
"Old? How can you talk so, Olive?

I don't feel old at forty-five, and you're only forty. "Thirty-nine, corrected the lady, with noteworthy zeal for truth. "But den't ask me to marry; Luther. I'm wedded lar bill. to the old house, like the very moss on

"Do let me speak, Olive—do, I beg," pleaded Mr. Varney, in the soothing tone he habitually adopted with the fair sex, as if intimate companionship with queried the maladroit youth. "Maybe the departed Pamela had brought him dom. to regard woman as a being to be paci-

Thus gently entreated, Miss Olive could but listen to the tal 3 of his youthful love for her budding anew, and only You'll have apples enough when we get the more vigorous for its early nipping. She listened, not unmoved, though her prudish lips belied her.

"Reflect upon it, Olive. Take time to consider." implored the wilv lover. with an appealing gesture injurious to his cause, for the upraised hand disclosed a ring that had been Pamela's gift. Could she, Olive Meserve, accept a bereaved husband--she who had vowed, in season and out of season, that she would never marry anybody, least of all a widower? Hymen forbid! What

a stir it would make? "No, no. Luther; let's not talk any more about it," she cried, as if forgiving an affront. "On no consideration-A wail from without cut short the sentence. Blood-stained and affrighted. Master Willie rushed wildly in, shrieking. "Oh, papa! papa! I've 'most cut my tinger off! Oh, papa! papa!"

"Dear, blessed little lamb!" exelaimed kind-hearted Miss Olive, heading the procession to the kitchen sink. "It's his seventh birthday, and I gave tention, so to speak, and he married her, him a jacknife. I might have bad more taking her for better or for worse. If judgment," said the remorseful parent, she proved worse than he had antici- bathing the ugly gash with clumsy ten-

"Oh, papa, you hurt," cried Willie, hopping on one foot. "Yes, yes, sonny. It's too bad, but papa can't help it," groaned Mr. Varmourned, not even to himself admitting ney, nearly as agitated as the child, sole that her life had chastened him more survivor of five, and the apple of his

Wincing at the man's awkwardness. and paved the way for a human com- Miss Olive quietly supplanted him, diforter. Not that he forgot Pamela. At verting the boy with a highly dramatic

"What a knack you have with chil-

had manifested his rekindling affection | bargain." Had he no regard for the "Let's go, papa. I'm hungry," cried the boy, opportunely. "Run right along, sonny; I'll follow in a minute," was the craft reply.

But as nimble - witted Miss Olive straightway speeded after the boy with three cookies, the discomfitted father

was forced to sav adieu in his presence. "I can't help hoping you'll change your mind yet, Olive," was his parting remark. "Sonny, can't you thank the

The untrained boy hung his head, but, as his mortified father secured the check that any reason why she should not wish | rein, shyly whispered in Miss Olive's ear: "I like you, lady."

Miss Olive was touched. What bonny blue eyes the engaging little fellow had! -just like his father's. Ah, if she were ounger, less set in her ways, how she could love him!-the child, of course. How she should enjoy making him balls Pamela's lifetime she had called him and kites, and teaching him to honor his father, the best man in the world! Poor Luther had had a sorry life of it. He deserved a well-ordered home, if ever mortal did. "But he might have two, and as I was passing, I thought known I wouldn't be so ridiculous as to marry at my time of life," mused she, going back to the empty sitting-room, you," he added, with embarrassment where the cat lay curled up on her un-

finished rug. "I'm thankful Climena leaned upon Miss Olive's pillow sobbing because "the lady had been naughty to his papa;" and the next morning he appeared in the flesh, his finger inflamed Olive do something to make it better? Oh dear! he wished papa had not gone

"Luther was right; the little waif does member.

But were there not, alas! hosts of lit-"I know, Olive—yes, I know. I've herself over this individual case? Still, it did seem especially forlorn to think every day, though his healing finger fur-"At first I felt as if I'd nothing to live nished no further pretext for the visits. for," interrupted Miss Olive, in quick Deprecating-gossip, Miss Olive had more to talk about herself and Mr. Varney.

"You always did have a cheerful disposition," remarked Mr. Varney, looking down with an air of reproach. Per- and Miss Meserve "had an understanding the manage of the manage of the manage of the district, they affirmed that Mr. Varney to Bovy. In the Scientific American and Miss Meserve "had an understanding the "weapon" is pronounced the smallceiving the dilapidated cuff, he artfully ing between them." Indeed, this halved est fire-arm in the world. It is comunderstanding formed the chief topic of conversation at the Parish Lunch Party with fulminate, and has power enough assembled in the Town Hall at the full to send them through an ordinary pane

mela's shoes," remarked Deacon Hale's wife, as she helped Mrs. Bowen arrange the coffee table. "Dreadful hard," sighed the widow, who had secretly hoped to fill them in

"However, you must have known Luther would marry again, being a man, Sister Bowen; and I should say he's chosen judiciously.

"Oh, I've nothing against Olive," snapped Mrs. Bowen, clattering the cups and saucers. "Some say she's courted Luther through his boy more's is becoming; but that sha'n't go from

"She's no occasion for courting anybody, fur as I see," responded the deacon's wife, bridling. "There's property there. For my part, I wonder at her taking up with a widower with a child "H-m! At her age Olive can't have

cried the widow, pouring coffee with a She but wasted breath. Seeing Mr. Varney approaching her own lunch ta-

ble, Mrs. Hale hastened thither to serve him. Several lunch boxes yet remained unsold, each containing supper for two, and the card of the lady who had furnished it. Their pasteboard exteriors gave no hint-of their contents. According to the rules of the festival each gentleman might purchase whatever box he pleased, but having purchased it, he must seek the lady whose card it inclosed and share the lunch with her. "Any crumbs left for me, Mrs. Hale?" queried Mr. Varney, handing her a dol-

"Help yourself," answered the deacon's wife in the same facetious tone. "The boxes are twenty-five cents apiece. "Let the change go into the parish

fund," said he, choosing a box at ran-

"Much obliged; and I hope you'll get your money's worth," said the deacon's wife, demurely, adroitly substituting another box for the one selected. She was a conscientious woman and a church member, but she saw no harm in helping her liberal customer to the lunch she happened to know had been prepared by the object of his affection. Were not all things fair in love and war? If upon reading Miss Olive's card Mr. Varney suspected it had reached him dishonestly, he neither then nor afterward upbraided Mrs. Hale; but

premptly seeking Miss Olive, he escorted her to a distant table, and rang for coffee for two. Thanks to Sister Bowen's agitation, it was muddy as the Tiber. Little did it matter. Mr. Varney was thinking: "What shall I say?" and Miss Olive: "What will the neighbors say?" "I'd give all I'm worth, Olive, if I

could prevail upon you to always sit at the head of my table," began the invincible suitor, muncing a delectable bis-"Have a pickle, Mr. Varney?" put in

Miss Olive, with a warning glance toward the nearest table, where sat the gray-haired minister, supping with the youngest lamb of his flock. "And I don't care who knows it," went on Mr. Varney, deliberately. "But that won't be Parson Drew. He's deaf

as a stone wall." "I think his deafness increases," said Miss Olive, catching at the topic. "Very likely," assented Mr. Varney, with painful indifference. "But not so much as yours does, Olive. I never had

such hard work to make anybody hear in all my life." "Try a change of subject," suggested the lady, with a nervous laugh. "I can't, Olive. If you tell me that I

am up and down disagreeble to you, I'll take myself off; otherwise-" "My papa isn't disagreeable, now is he, Miss Meserve?" cried Master Willie, running up to the table in advance of Mrs. Drew, his hostess for the evening. "Don't you like my papa?" persisted the boy, leaning familiarly on Miss

Olive's shoulder. "Yes, yes, Willie, of course," murmured she, strangling an impulse to shake him. "Leave children alone for asking troublesome questions," said the minister's wife, smiling down upon the cozy group. "But I assure you, Olive, Mr.

Varney and I shall not quarrel with Willie for making you blush so prettily. I embrace this opportunity to present my best wishesfor your future happi-"Oh. Mrs. Drew, I-you-you're very

kind, but-' "And, Brother Varney, I congratulate you with all my heart," shrilly cried the observant parson, who had read with delight the motions of his wife's lips. "'It is not good for man to be alone,' saith Scripture. I wish vourself and your bride every joy."

"Thank you, sir-thank you," shouted the unscrupulous lover, with a bold glance at his confused partner. "I can't explain, you see, without making a scene," he added to her in a roguish whisper. "Let us make the best of it." Attracted by the parson's loud words, a score of people had gathered about to offer congratulations to the interesting pair. Speech would have been more embarrassing than silence. Miss Olive mutely accepted the situation and her. lover, and from that day to this has never been sorry. But she still dwells under the old roof-tree. It was Mohammed that came to the mountain. Mohammed with one devoted little follower .- Penn Shirley, in Harper's Bazar.

-The first ascent of the Aiguille Blanche de Penterie, that unoccupied peak of the Mont Blanc range, which two years ago cost the life of Professor Balfour and his guide, has been successfully accomplished by Mr. H. S. King, of London, and three guides. The climb from Courmayeur occupied seven hours. Hitherto it had been questioned whether the unfortunate professor had scaled the need a mother," thought pitving Miss olive, skillfully dressing the throbbing peak before his fatal fall, but as no trace of his success was found by Mr. King's party, he evidently perished in the

> -The Journal of Chemistry relates that a celebrated Parisian belle who made a profuse use of cosmetics, from the soles of her feet to the roots of her hair, one day took a medicated bath, and on emerging from it was horrified to find herself as black as an Ethiopian. The transformation was complete; not a vestige of the "supreme Caucasian race" was left. It took some time to

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In

WHY THEY DON'T MARRY.

"She is a nice-looking girl, a very nice-looking girl," and the speaker threw his head on one side and assumed the gravely reflective air of a connoisseur. The person thus criticised tripped along through the corridor of one of the department buildings, appar-

ently not only indifferent to any possible criticism, but unconscious that she was being looked at. She wore a dainty summer dress, and looked as feminine and sweet as a young, happy girl can look, and consequently the Star representative could not forbear remarking to the watchman, as he loitered near the door for a moment, that she was a pretty girl. This official glanced at the fair vision, at first in a perfunctory sort of way, and then, as the influence of this feminine beauty penetrated his goul, he relaxed from his official indifference and uttered the above as his solemn if not enthusiastic conviction. The young lady, however, was not aware that she had been officially stamped, as it were, as far as the influence and authority of the watch force

desk where the Government claimed "There are a good many pretty girls employed in this department," observed the Star man as the watchman's eyes returned from following the retreating form, and as his countenance resumed the gravity of official position.
"Yes, there are," was the rather brief answer, as if the matter was hardly worthy of further consideration. "I suppose that they all marry and

matter-of-course tone of voice. "Indeed they don't," replied the watchman, with returning animation. 'It is very seldom any of them get mar-"Why, how is that?" asked the

man, with great interest. "I don't know that I can explain it," was the response, "but at any rate that goes. I have been in the Government employment for thirteen or fourteen years, and I don't recollect in all that time of more than four or five of the ladies employed in this department getting married. You evidently think that because that young lady is pretty that she will be married, but in a Government department the fair and plain

seem to have about the same fate.' "Why aren't they married?" persisted the listener, as he thought of the absurdity of such fair flowers being allowed to waste their fragrance in solitude. "They have opportunities. They are thrown continually in contact with men, and you know that department clerks get married, and they seldom

marry rich wives.' "As I told you," answered the watchman, with some irritation at the attempt to draw him into an argument. "I don't know the reason why, but I know the fact, because it is the result of my own personal observation. When the clerks grief or worry. - Christian Union. marry they choose a wife outside of the department, an I they may not be rich or half as pretty and smart as the ladies he meets in the department, but nevertheless that is what the depart-

since I have been here." As he concluded with the above, the watchman took up a newspaper, and was evident that the discussion was a an end as far as he was concerned. The Star man, however, was not sat istied with his conclusion, and the more convinced that the watchman was wrong. The matter began to grow in

ment clerk does, and has always done

interest, and the Star man, as he met with people who would be likely to throw light on the subject, consulted One of these persons said: "I think that it is true but few ladies in the departments marry, and the reason for it, in my opinion, is that they have acquired an independence and they don't care about relinquishing it. Of course, if an opportunity should be presented of making a brilliant marriage and acquiring social position and wealth, I think that in a majority of cases the ladies would accept it. But when a woman is earning her own living and has an income which she can use as she pleases an average marriage does not present the inducements that it does to woman who is differently situated. Besides, such a woman's ideas are more practical and her appreciation of the size of a dollar in every-day life does not need the experience of marriage on

a small income.

Another person, in discussing the same matter, said: "I think that while great many ladies in the departments do not desire to marry unless they can better their condition, still it may be laid down as a general principle that they are apt to lose their attractiveness in the eyes of men. Their constant association with men every day, their occupation, which is not, strictly speaking, feminine, causes them to lose that feminine grace and charm which is so intangible that it is felt rather than expressed. Men are attracted to women because they are so different. It is what we mean when we speak of a womanly woman, and it is those qualities of mind and heart that tind their best development in the doguaranteed. Shop on 13th Street, near sticity of a happy home. Women St. Paul Lumber Yard, Columbus, Ne- are apt to lose the delicacy and charm of nature when thrown in daily contact with men, and they are apt to become masculine. I do not think that men are attracted by wishy-washy women and pretty doll faces, and that in order to be womanly it is necessary to be impractical and siny. But still I imagine that most men, and the best men. like feminine women; and while it is not always the case, still I think the majority of women in the departments gradually lose this quality of their nat-

The Star man did not pursue his inquiries any further, for, while not exactly satisfied, still it was realized that the old adage, "Many men, many

The Watertown (N. Y.) Times gives

Contagion by Mail.

the case of a little girl who was dying with scarlet-fever. She sent a "dying k'ss" to a little friend, which was imprinted on a letter and a circle drawn around the kissed spot. The "little friend" kissed the spot when the letter was received and shortly afterward became a victim to the disease. It was the only case in the place, and her physician believes the affection was communicated through the mails.

-Peter Large, a well-known citi-

sen of Wheeling, was attacked by a dog

some time ago, and it is thought he will

WRINKLES. If Scientifically Considered a Man's Iffe tory Can Be Written from Them. An Italian scientist, M. Mantegasza, has recently written a study on the science of wrinkles. He believes that a man's history can be written from his wrinkles. Entering into a description of the different varieties and their meanings, he says that those across the forehead are found even in children who are rickety or idiots, Going in the sun with the face insufficiently covered brings them on prematurely. But they are in every case normal at forty, or even earlier. Verticle wrinkles be-

tween the eyes come quickly to men

who study or who worry themselves. This can readily be imagined; the eyebrows contract naturally when in deep thought; grief or worry produces the same action, which, when repeated frequently, produces a fold in the skin, marking emotion undergone many times. One of the rules of the Jesuits was that the evebrows were not to be contracted. This was excellent from a gether. moral point of view, and it was also excellent to prevent wrinkles between the eyes. Between these and the went, but continued on her way to the straight lines on the forehead already mentioned, come the arched wrinkles of the forehead, found above the roof of the nose. These often tell of long and cruel physical suffering, or of still more painful mental torture. They arise from a great development of the vertical wrinkles and the resistance of the skin above. The crow's-feet mark the fortieth year. They are especially detested by ladies, says M. Mantegazza; and he forthwith relates an anecdote of a lady who succeeded in keeping off the dreaded visitation long after it was due train on the Leweckley branch of the leave you?" said the Star man, in a

by the expedient of using springs Pennsylvania Railroad Friday, the pasat the corners of the eyes. These was running at a rapid rate of speed wrinkles are characterized by furrows during the ceremony. — Pittsburgh Post. at the corners of the eyes. These which diverge from the external angles of the eve in all directions, like the claws of the bird from which they are Ga, has for thirty-five years lived a named. The wrinkles of the nose are hermit life in a log cabin near Fayetteless frequent and less noticeable, and ville, Ga., because of a disappointment scend from the nostrils down each side and the night of the wedding the groom of the mouth (the rides naso labiales) are perhaps the first to appear. The reason is simple. These furrows are created in laughing or mastication; a simple smile is sufficient to produce them; so it is not surprising the repetibe graven on the face. They are also hereditary. M. Mantegazza had them when he was twenty-two years of age. and his children had them from their earliest years. The wrinkles of the cheeks and chin follow the oval of the face, and are caused by a diminution of the fatty substance under the skin, which then falls into folds. The smallthe lower part of the cheeks near the ears have the same origin, and only apupper eyelids, and sometimes in the lower, which give the eyes an air of fatigue, are the results of hard living, magazines and newspapers. Hartford

COUNTERFEITS.

How They Are Detected by the Fair Em ployes of the Redemption Division. There is a very large amount of counterfeit paper affoat, and some of it finds its way to the Treasury, when it is discovered in the Redemption Division. It is here that all the money sent in from outside sources is confitted and examined. The counting and sorting are he thought about it the more he was done by ladies, and they are the most expert in the country. They can tell a counterfeit instinctively, with eyes open or shut, and there is not a bank cashier in the United States, or even among the large contingent now sojourning in anada, who could compete with them in the matter of determining counterfeits. They can tell a spurious bill as far as they can see it, and the mere handling of the paper is enough for them to decide upon its genuineness. The silk paper upon which Treasury notes are printed can only be made by expensive machinery, and it is a felony to even manufacture the blank paper without due authority. Under the circumstances all counterfeits are printed upon inferior paper, which lends this great facility in the matter of detection. A guide was once taking a party of visitors through the Redemption Division. and was expatiating upon the expertness of the fair money handlers in this respect. He solemnly assured the party that one of the girls had detected a counterfeit in the middle of a pile of money six inches thick, by merely seeing the thin edge of it. This imaginative public servant his been dis-

> than the possession of trained vision and a delicate sense of touch in the detection of counterfeits. These female experts receive seventyfive dollars a month for their services. They do nothing but count from nine in the morning until four in the afternoon, and their hands move with a | a lighted match to the crevice." "But rapidity seldom acquired by the most it might explode and blow me up." expert bank clerks. But they make no mistakes. A miscount or a counterfeit overlooked comes out of the wages of the one making the error, and two or three mistakes a month would wipe out | hood?" inquired a tourist as he was a girl's salary, as some of the bills about to register at a Lake George hohandled are very large. The great tel. "Quads." said the proprietor with drawback of the position is the poison absorbed by the continuous handling of | be a nuisance. The cook compenies money. The backs of all Treasury | that he can't throw a piece of refuse notes are printed with a pigment which | toast out of the back window but what consists chiefly of Paris green. Small particles of this substance are absorbed. one shall lie down on it. Here, Front, and in a year or two the girl who may have entered the Treasury smooth Y. Sun. skinned and healthy finds herself a victim of lassitude, and with her hands and face broken out in malignant sores. | next day the patient complained that it Each employe is furnished with a made him sick. "Why minister," sponge to mosten the fingers while said the doctor. "I'll ty the tea counting. A new one is supplied every myself." So, putting some in a morning, and by evening its color will skillet, he warmed t and told the have changed to a dull black by the ac- minister it was excellent. "Men," tion of the poison. Notwithstanding said the minister, visithat the way ye this drawback there is never any diffi- sup it?" "What ither way should it be

charged, but after all it was only an ex-

aggeration of a demonstrated fact To.

a stranger it seems more like diablery

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trod the stage.

-Edward Everett Hale thinks newsaper men should eat five meals a day. -Sarah Bernhardt is said to have earned 13,000,000 francs since she first

-Five daily papers in New York have suspended publication since the 1st of last January. - N. Y. Sun. -A solid family is that of the Measrs. Gilbert, in Pottstown, Ps., where the four brothers' united weight is 1,100

-"Extra Billy" Smith, ex-Governor of Virginia, is ninety years old. He lives in happiness upon the broad acres of his farm near Warrentown, Va. Henry Ward Beecher says that the first public address made by him was on temperance, at Brattleboro, Vt.,

while he was a student at Amherst Col--J. S. McCalmont, the new Commissioner of Customs at Philadelphia was born on the same day as General

Grant, and they were at West Point to-Claimants of the authorship of the Saxe Holm stories are now confronted by the positive assertion that they were written by Mrs. Helen Hunt Jackson. who recently died, and who preferred to rest her reputation on more solid

works. - N. Y. Heraid. -"Uncle Tom's Cabin" still continues one of the world's books. Its popularity is undiminished, as is evidenced by the fact that a dollar edition is soon to be issued. This price is far below any at which the book has heretofore retailed .- N. Y. Independent.

-Conductor Ambrose and Miss Nanev A. Malone were married on the sengers being the guests. The train -Miss Sarah Landreau, who was once the reigning belle of Savannah;

eloped with another woman.—St. Louis -The story that Dr. Newman received \$10,000 for participating in the funeral services of the son of ex-Governor Stanford, of California, has been denied. The Governor says he pad Dr. Newman nothing, and that he is under obligations to the clergyman for

"many kindly services and true and tactful sympathies."-N. Y. Hera'd, - Hugh Conway," now known equally well by his name, F. J. Fargus, was a Bristol auctioneer, and probably few of his clients were aware that the er wrinkles which form a network in gentlemanly, matter-of-fact man of business, who conducted their sales or valued their furniture for them, was the pear in old age. Those found in the author of the graceful little poems and elever sketches signed with that nom de plume which were to be read in

boy: "Letting off sleep.

HUMOROUS. -Teacher: "Define 'snoring'" Small

cise of his business, uses a black cloth, does he do so in order to make his camera obscura? -Puck. -A correspondent wants to know if bees ever lose their tem, er. We can't say, but we are positive their stings

don't Burlington Free Press.

When a photagrapher, in the exer-

- "How do poets live?" asks an anxious inquirer in an esteemed contemporary. Best if we know. Some of 'em work the free-lunch routes and others saw wood. - Phi adelph a Press. -"Lay the cat on lightly, please," said the Delaware wife beater to the Sheriff, who was about to apply the lash to his back; "lay it on lightly and

you will soothe my angry feeling Soothe your angry feelings? ' said tie Sheriff. "Yes: a soft tan, sir, turneth sway wrath." - Boston Courier. -A subscriber asks: "How old must person with a gene al talent be before you deem him old enoug; to begin studying the art of music with success?" The older the better. We have heard people sing who ought to have postponed the r musical studies until

hree or four years after their death. -Ex hange. -A student 'n instrumentation wishes o know on what instruments he should score a su cess. We should not advise him to begin with such an ambitious work. Let his first work be a score of simpler character. A base-ball score, for example, would be a 'striking" affair, if he arranged it in a modern "pitch," and gave the conductor a chance to ree his "bat-on." - Musical

-De Kaggs-"There is a most pecu-liar odor, Judge, that issues from a crevice in the bank near my house. I think it is natural gas." Judge-"Why don't you test i?" "I don't know of any convincing test." "Touch "Well great Scot! do you want any more convincing proof than that?"-

Philadelphia Call. - "Any quails about this neighboran indulgent smile, "they have got to four or five fat quals tight to see which show the gentleman to parlor A .- N.

-A Scotch minister was once ordered "beef tea" by h s physician. The culty in filling vacancies. - Washington suppit? It's excellent, I -ay in nister. "It may be gude that way, doctor; but try it wi' the cream and sugar, man! try it wi' that, and then see boo ye like

-"It isn't true, is at?" asked Rollo, parchment MS. written between the as he fin shed reading "The Pied Piper years 1516 and 1518-the private praver- of Hamelin " "I sa't true that he book of the Emperor Charles V. It could play on the pipe so that the rats bears the trace of long use. In one would go on and drown bears the trace of long use. In one "Well, replied Rollo's father, "I don't place of the book, the spot where the know about that, I think it may be Emperor's spect cles used to lie is true. Your Uncle George can play the clearly marked, and in other places the flute so that it wil scare a cow into the names of some of his near relatives are river and drive al. the dogs in the preinscribed, as his Aunt Margaret, the cinct howling era y. Yes, I guess the Elector Joschim, of Brande burg, and poem is true." Ant Rollo's Uncle others. It is adorned with beautiful George was so mad he couldn't see, minatures by a Netherland sh artist. | and he cold his paper straight in front This book was formerly the property of of him and read clear through one of the dissolved Jesuit C liege in Vienna | Sam Jones' sermons before he found Neustadt, where it had been kept since out that it wasn't an a count of the base-ball game. - Chi ago . ribuna.

HAMILTON MEADE, M. D.