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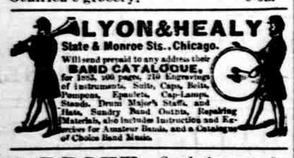

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The Columbus Journal.

VOL. XVII.--NO. 12. COLUMBUS, NEB., WEDNESDAY, JULY 14, 1886. WHOLE NO. 844.

THE POWER OF MONEY, and what the small sum of twenty-five cents will do if properly invested. Ask any person the question, what is the dearest and most precious thing to you, and the answer is most universally the same--life and health. Where then is twenty-five cents or any other sum more powerful or valuable to you, than in saving life. That is the precise cost of a bottle of Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy, the great life saver. It is made for bowel complaints and nothing else, and is pleasant to take and certain to cure. Sold by Dowty & Heitkemper. 12-4t

RECENT news from Halifax, N. S., states that the cruiser, Terror, captured two more American fishing schooners the other day at Land Point, near Shelburn, and took them to the latter harbor in the morning. The captured schooners are George W. Cushing, and C. B. Harrington, both of Portland, Me. It is stated by our exchanges that there is prospect of trouble now in earnest. The Canadian authorities have a definite understanding with the home office, and there will be no farther hitch on that score. What Canada does England will stand by, and that applies to the present seizures.

A Walking Skeleton.

Mr. E. Springer, of Mechanicsburg, Pa., writes: "I was afflicted with lung fever and abscess on lungs, and reduced to *a walking Skeleton*. Got a free trial bottle of Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, which did me so much good that I bought a dollar bottle. After using three bottles, found myself once more a man, completely restored to health, with a hearty appetite, and a gain in flesh of 48 lbs."

Call at Dowty & Heitkemper's drug Store and get a free trial bottle of this certain cure for all Lung Diseases. Large bottles $1.00.

MRS. EMMA MOLLOY, the female evangelist, who with Cora Lee, was indicted at Springfield, Mo., for the murder of Sarah Graham, is reported to be at Peoria, Ill., for the purpose of commencing suit against the Peoria *Journal*. It is stated that she intends to bring suit against a chain of newspapers from Springfield, Mo., to Ft. Wayne, Ind., but will try with the Peoria *Journal* first, which published her individual record, and it is upon that article that she intends bringing her suit.

Thousands Say So.

Mr. T. W. Atkins, Girard, Kan., writes: "I never hesitate to recommend your Electric Bitters to my customers, they give entire satisfaction and are rapid sellers." Electric Bitters are the purest and best medicine known and will positively cure Kidney and Liver complaints. Purify the blood and regulate the bowels. No family can afford to be without them. They will save hundreds of dollars in doctor's bills every year. Sold at fifty cents a bottle by Dowty & Heitkemper.

FRANK HIRTH, Carl Simon, and Anton Palm, the anarchist leaders on trial at Milwaukee, for conspiring to burn the court house and destroy the records and excite mobs to riot, were found guilty the other night by the jury. They are subject to one year's imprisonment or a fine of $500.

Bucklen's Arnica Salve.

The Best Salve in the world for Cuts, Bruises, Sores, Ulcers, Salt Rheum, Fever Sores, Tetter, Chapped Hands, Chilblains, Corns, and all Skin Eruptions, and positively cures Piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction, or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. For sale by Dowty & Heitkemper. May17-1y

MISS ALICE R. JORDON, attorney and counselor, and solicitor in chancery of the state of Michigan, is pushing her studies at the Yale law school with marked success. She lately made her maiden speech in the presence of her class mates and many old lawyers, who received her long and effective speech most cordially.

ED HATCH, proprietor of a Sioux City gambling house, had some trouble the other night with George Trout, formerly of Denver, but late of Omaha, who drew his revolver and shot Hatch down. At the present writing Trout had not been captured but it is the opinion that he will be.

EMMA CONNELLY, while attending Sunday school the other Sunday at Hunter's chapel church, in Burnwell county, South Carolina, shot and killed John Steadly. The cause of the shooting was the circulating slanderous report by Steadly about Miss Connelly.

BURT WHITFIELD, of Peru, Neb., the other day accidentally shot himself with a ball from a twenty-two calibre Flobert target cartridge. It struck the lower rib, glancing off and penetrating the liver.

JOHN MCILLEEVY'S boarding house at Nebraska City was destroyed by fire the other night. The property valued at $3,500. The fire originated by a fire-cracker getting under the building.

News Notes.

ONIONS from Egypt are being sold in the streets in Boston.

ONE-FOURTH the male population of France are bachelors.

THERE are said to be only 250,000 Hebrews in the United States.

THE gamblers of Columbus, Ohio, have been ordered out of the city.

IT is stated that there are thirty-seven women in the Universalist ministry.

EGGS are said to be cheaper and more plentiful than at any time since 1860.

A LINE of steamers is to be put on between San Diego, Cal., and Mexican ports.

A NEWSPAPER has been discovered at Pekin, China, that was started in the year 911.

A BED of salt thirty feet in thickness has been struck in Michigan at a depth of 1,950 feet.

A GIRL in Richland county, Ohio, killed a rattlesnake, tanned its skin and made a belt of it.

LAST week total cash in treasury as shown by the treasurer's general account was $492,917,171.

THE capital of the Third National Bank of Cincinnati, $1,000,000 is mostly owned by women.

THE Beatrice, Neb., silkworm farm is running this year with a force of 200,000 working worms.

A MAN in New York committed suicide by pushing a handkerchief down his throat with a long ruler.

ONE hundred tons of strawberries were sent to Boston week before last from three towns in Massachusetts.

A PHILADELPHIA Judge has given notice that mere technical defenses in the law will not be recognized.

PRESIDENT CLEVELAND has approved the joint resolution extending the appropriations for fifteen days.

JOHN MORRISON, of Nebraska City, while on his road to celebrate at Auburn, fell from a wagon and broke his leg.

ONE hundred natives and ten English persons lost their lives through the eruption of the volcano of Tarawera, New Zealand.

THE Japanese have 300 miles of railroad in operation. They make their own cars, build their own lines, bridges and tunnels.

THE last weekly statement of the banks at New York shows that they now hold $11,031,000 in excess of of legal requirements.

THE office of Surveyor General for Nebraska has been abolished and the records ordered turned over to the land office at Washington.

THE greatest length of Lake Michigan is 300 miles—its greatest breadth, 108 miles—mean depth, 690 feet—elevation, 500 feet—area, 23,000 square miles.

THE average expenses of this year's graduating class at Yale College were $960. The largest sum spent by one man was $2,750, and the smallest $150.

THE court of chancery in New Jersey has just rendered an opinion holding that a witness in that state who swears by the Bible is not bound to kiss the book.

HUGH MICHAEL, a farmer's son, ran away from his home near Milwaukee, lost his way in the woods of Taylor county, and starved to death. His body has been found.

HARRY COLE, of Auburn, Neb., while freezing cream, caught two fingers in the cogs of the machine, injuring them so badly as to require amputation at the first joint.

SIX prisoners one day last week made their escape from the county jail, confined in a steel cage, at Grand Island, Neb. It was thought that escape from that cage was impossible.

AT one point on the Cascade branch of the Northern Pacific the railroad describes a horseshoe which is two and a quarter miles around, and only 1,500 feet across at the open end of it.

A TERRIBLE explosion took place at the Atlantic Giant powder works near Drakesville, New Jersey, killing ten men and badly injuring twelve others. The cause of the explosion is unknown.

CATTLE are dying by the score on the ranches of Lonake and Prairie counties in Arkansas. The nature of the disease is not fully known, but resembles Texas fever, which is now becoming epidemic.

THE formal opening of the Kearney canal was appropriately celebrated on the 5th inst. Boat riding on the canal and rejoicing was the order of the day. The citizens believe the opening of the canal means a manufacturing city for Kearney.

IN a recent contest of a six days type-setting in Boston between female compositors three of the women beat the best record made in a similar contest the week before between male compositors from the leading newspaper offices.

THE RIGHT MAN.

The Rev. Anderson Halbert, who recently fell heir to a large tract of land, advertised for some colored man of experience to take charge of a plantation. Old Simon Peters, a well known colored preacher, applied for the place.

"Do you think that you can take charge of the place?" Mr. Halbert asked.

"Wall, sah, ef I didn' think so I wouldn' come ter yer. I knows all erbout er plan'ation, fur I wuz raised dar."

"Know all about planting cotton?"

"It's right inter my han'. Ain't neber done nothin' else."

"I understand that you are a preacher."

"Yas, sah, dat I is."

"Well, it is on this account as well as on any other that I employ you, for I want no one but a man of high moral sensibility."

"Dat's me."

"I am glad to hear it. There are a large number of negroes in the neighborhood and I want you to preach to them."

"I'll do it, sah."

"I want you to organize Sunday-schools, and teach the children."

"Dat's whut I 'lows ter do. I's been lookin' fur er place o' dis kine fer er long time, an' de Lawd ain't gwine ter let yer suffer fur givin' me dis heah opportunity."

"I hope not."

"I knows He won't boss. Gimme yer han's. We wantster jine han's in de 'junction o' dis gre't 'ligious wuck."

"I want you to go at once, Simon, for it is time to be getting in the crop."

"Gwine right erway, sah."

About three weeks afterward Mr. Halbert met old Simon on the street.

"How is everything on the plantation?"

"Fust rate, neber better, sah."

"Glad to hear it. Land in good condition?"

"Mighty fine."

"Got plenty of tools?"

"Oh, yas, sah, but I wush yer'd sen' down er nuder bar'l o' meal an' er few mo' middlin's o' meat. Hard wuck makes er man eat powerful, sah."

"All right, I'll give you an order for what supplies you want."

"Thankee, sah. Oh, I sees dat yesse'f knows how ter fa'm."

Mr. Halbert was delighted with his prospects. During his entire life he had been in embarrassing want of money, but now, with the income of a planter, he could live in a befitting way. He wrote to several cotton dealers and with one of them he made satisfactory arrangements. He intended several times to visit his plantation, but something always came up to interfere with his design. He was prompt in sending supplies and it must be confessed that old Simon was prompt in asking for them.

"Why, how are you, Simon?" the minister one day exclaimed upon meeting his manager.

"Fust rate, sah, fust rate, in fack neber better."

"Everything is getting all right on the plantation, I suppose?"

"Lubly, sah, lubly."

"How many bales to the acre do you expect to make?"

"Dar ain't no tellin', sah, fur de lan' down dar is de deceibin'ust groun' I eber seed in my life. Yer kaint hardly tell nothin' erbout it. Cuis lan', I tells yer."

"I'll be satisfied with half a bale per acre."

"I sklaimed dat yer kaint tell nothin' erbout it. Say, boss, wush yer'd sen' me down er nuder bar'l o' meal an' midlin' mo' meat."

"Look here, Simon, aren't you rather wasteful of the supplies I send down there?"

"Oh, no, sah, not er tall. Yer doan ketch me wasting' nuthin' dat's good ter eat. I'se one o' de keerfulest men yer eber seed in yer life boss."

Somehow the minister grew anxious, so several days after his last interview with old Simon he went down to see how his crop was getting along. As he rode along a lane he was astonished to find his fields overgrown with weeds; and further on, he was horrified upon discovering that not a single stalk of cotton was visible on his land. He hurried to the plantation house. Before reaching the place his ears were greeted with a hymn. He stealthily stepped up on the gallery and looked in. The main room of the house was crowded with colored people, and, on a platform, old Simon stood preaching.

"Brudderen," said he, "I'se got ter hab some mo' money, er we kain't hab ernuder feast o' de passober. Dat last bar'l o' meal an' two middlin's o' meat whut I bought wid de las' money I g'leckted is erbout out an' now I wants fi' dollars mo'."

Just then old Simon caught sight of the minister. The colored divine dismissed the congregation and approached the minister.

"You old scoundrel," exclaimed Mr. Halbert, "I ought to kill you."

"Kill me? W'y, boss, whut's I done?"

"You haven't done anything, you old thief. You have run me in debt, and have ruined my prospects for a whole year."

"Look heah, yer's er mighty strange pusson, somehow. Wanted me ter preach de gospel an' start up Sunday-schools, an' now arter I'se done it yer wants ter raise er kick. De days o' de saints ain't ober yit. Look out, doan yer choke me! Ef yer kicks me ergin I'll hurt yer. Dar, yer's done it ergin. I kaint stay heah wid such er fidgety pusson ez yerse'f is. Good-bye, sah."—*Arkansaw Traveller.*

Our Ex-Presidents.

The Drawer referred some time ago to the young man who is one day to be President of the United States, and the desirability of his fitting himself for this position. But on reflection the subject assumes a graver aspect. What the young man ought to be thinking of is his ability to become an ex-President. Anybody can be President who gets votes enough; the ability to get the votes is quite distinct from the qualifications to fill the office. And when a man is in, thanks to the excellence of our machinery, he cannot do much injury in four years, except to himself and his party. Moderate ability will carry him through respectably. But it requires a great man to be a successful ex-President. The office of President is a very exalted one. And when the man lays it down and retires and stands alone, and people compare him with the position he has just left, he must have very large proportions to stand the comparison. This aspect of the case has not been enough considered. Men are very anxious to get the office, and their friends push them for it, without thinking of the figure the successful man may make when his term is over. The fact is that in the contrast he may appear much more insignificant than if he had remained in private life. There has been a great deal of talk lately about giving the ex-Presidents a pension in order to place them in a position of dignity, and enable them to maintain something of the state the people have been accustomed to see them in. It has been often remarked that a king out of business becomes an object of compassion, even if he has invested money in foreign funds. Nothing but the possession of great qualities can save him from contempt. It is so with an ex-President. The practical suggestion to be made, therefore, is that the young man to whom we have alluded should fit himself to be an ex-President. If he can not attain the character and the qualities needed for that, he may be sure that the office of President will be but a hollow satisfaction.—*Charles Dudley Warner, in Harper's Magazine for April.*

A KENTUCKY CHARACTER.

Anecdotes of an Old Brigadier Congressman.

One of the characters in the house is Gen. Wolford, of Kentucky. When he is at home he wears an old flannel shirt and pants strapped about his waist. When he came here he found he had to change his costume and put on a "biled" shirt and black clothes. At first he was averse to this, but some friends bought him a black suit. He has worn it ever since, and this is his second term. But he would not dare go home dressed as he is now, for his constituents would think he had become effeminate. Several good stories are told of his first campaign, when he took the stump against Gen. Fry. When he was first nominated by the democrats for congress Gen. Fry asked him to unite with him and make several speeches together. Wolford accepted the invitation. The first meeting was enough for Gen. Fry. Gen. Wolford commanded the 1st Kentucky cavalry in the union army, and the regiment was known as the "critter-backs." He had several of his men on the platform with him when he made his speech. He opened most brilliantly, but suddenly startled Gen. Fry by asking the assemblage if they knew what the union had done with Gen. Lee after he surrendered at Appomattox. "Why, gentlemen—will you believe it?—when he was out walking under an apple-tree near the very house where he surrendered, they grabbed him. Yes, the men who had granted him a parole seized him, and, sir, they not only did that, but they hung Gen. Lee to the very apple-tree under which he was walking! Hung him dead!" Gen. Fry at first was so surprised he could not speak, but, jumping to his feet he said, "Gen. Wolford, you know that is not so. Gen. Lee was never hung."

"But, sir," exclaimed Gen. Wolford, "I was there, and I know it is so. Wasn't it John?" and he turned to one of his "critterbacks." The man nodded his head, as did the others who sat near him. Gen. Fry sank back in his chair overcome.

"This is not all," said Gen. Wolford, turning to the crowd in front of him. "The union men locked Jeff Davis up in Fortress Monroe, and one beautiful moonlight night when the tide was low, they took him out and tied him to a stake on the beach. The sea came in gradually, the waves swept over him, and he was drowned, and they stood and heard his cries."

This was too much for Gen. Fry. Again he protested, and said that Jeff Davis was alive still, but the "critterbacks" indorsed Gen. Wolford, and seeing that his opponent intended to keep the thing up, Gen. Fry withdrew, and Gen. Wolford was elected by a rousing majority.

Another story is told of Gen. Wolford when he was trying a case in his native town in Adair county, Kentucky. His client had been charged with poisoning someone. The chemist for the state had testified to finding arsenic in the stomach of the deceased, and then Gen. Wolford took the witness in hand.

"Did you find any flies' wings in the stomach?" asked the General.

"No, sir; for I did not look for any. I found arsenic," answered the chemist.

"Could you swear that there were no flies' wings in the stomach?" he asked.

"No, sir; because I did not look for them."

"How did you know they were not there?"

"I don't say they were not."

"That's funny. You say you found arsenic, but no fly wings. Yet you are not certain as to their not being there," said Gen. Wolford. The witness in vain tried to explain, the lawyer had twisted the witness up, and so he addressed the jury. "Gentlemen, I demand the acquittal of my client. The chemist says he found arsenic in the stomach of the deceased, but no fly wings. Yet everybody knows that when anyone swallows one or two flies they turn to arsenic in the stomach, yet no fly wings were found, therefore I doubt if there was any arsenic there either." The man was acquitted.—*Minneapolis Tribune.*

Street Scenes in Naples.

The street scenes of Naples are a study in themselves, and would entertain a traveler for days even if he never entered a building. The curious garbs of the ecclesiastics, who seem to form a large proportion of the inhabitants, the grotesque appearance of the street venders, with their wares piled up above their heads, and hanging to all parts of their bodies, the brilliant dresses of the middle-class women, and the fantasti costumes of the beggars, who are picturesque in their very nakedness, give variety to the scene. The cat's-meat man, with his viands strung on a long pole, from which he detaches a piece and carves it with his knife for each of his four-footed clients, is a most extraordinary sight. The public scribe, protected from the rays of the sun by an umbrella, as he sits at a table inditing a love-letter, perhaps, for a Neapolitan damsel as beautiful as she is illiterate, is useful as well as picturesque. Another remarkable personage is the cigar scavenger, who at night goes about with his lantern hunting for old stumps, which he sells to manufacturers to be converted into the filling for fresh cigars. To these may be added the zampognari or bagpipers, and a host of other curious characters, ranging anywhere from a cardinal, attired in crimson and riding in a gilded coach, to a baby, bound up, after the manner of Neapolitan babies, in the straitest of swaddling-clothes, and looking more like a roll of linen just come from a draper's shop than a human being.

The advent of the zampognari in Naples always heralds the approach of one of the more important Church festivals. They come from their distant homes in the mountains of the Abruzzi to Naples and the surrounding towns to celebrate the Immaculate Conception and the advent of Christmas. Wearing pointed felt hats, wrapped in long brown cloaks, under which occasionally appears a goat-skin jacket adorned with large metal buttons, their legs encased in tight-fitting breeches as far as the knee, and their feet adorned with rags fastened by leather thongs about the ankle and calf, they are most picturesque objects. Thus attired, the zampognari go from house to house, singing and playing before the little gilded images of the Virgin and the Child, and stopping before the street shrines, where they repeat their monotonous song. On Christmas Eve, when there is a spirit of liberality abroad, the zampognaro usually receives a large number of coppers, and as much in the way of food and drink as his stomach can accommodate. When the festival is over they return to their mountain homes, there to pass their time as laborers or shepherds until the next occurs. The bagpipes of the Abruzzi frequently act as models, their picturesque costume adapting itself readily to artistic purposes.—*M. E. Vandyne, in Harper's Magazine for April.*

HISTORICAL METHODS.

Von Ranke, after turning ninety, keeps cheerfully on with his Universal History; a score or more of learned men associate themselves in writing the history of a single American town. Which is the truer method? Which produces the better results? The answer depends greatly on what one wants of history. If it be a view of the broad stream of tendency, then a philosophical historian like Von Ranke, who has the insight, the power of seeing the end from the beginning, the perception of ruling ideas, is the writer to surrender one's self to. But there are other attractions in historic study. There is the possibility of wresting from some limited series of events the secret of their cause and effect; the ever-elusive search after indubitable fact; the exercise of one's imagination upon the material thrown up by the spade of the independent investigator; the tracing of the foundation upon which some political community has built so broadly as quite to hide from ordinary sight the source of its power. If one cares for history in this fashion, then nothing will content him save the opportunity to get as closely as possible at the original documents and monuments of history.

There is another aspect in which history presents itself, somewhat different from either of the above. It is an interesting story, not fabricated in the brain of some clever inventor, but worked out by some invisible power through the activity of real men and women; it is a drama of persons, set upon the stage of the world, to be resolved into order by the selective power of the imagination; it is a succession of events, having now and then a denouement, only to go on once more in a new series. In the hands of a writer who has a clear sense of perspective, the history of a nation or of an epoch may become luminous, and as attractive as the story, the drama, or the narrative, which deal with imaginary beings.

Of the three methods of historical writing which answer to these demands of the student and writer,—the philosophical, the scientific, and the literary,—there can be little doubt that the scientific method is now at the front. It agrees most perfectly with the spirit which dominates all departments of intellectual activity. George Eliot in her Middlemarch turned restlessly from one to another of her characters, in the hope of finding one that was built upon an unyielding foundation. Caleb Garth was the only one whom she heartily admired and respected. He was wont to speak of business, as many of religion, with reverence and a profound sense of its reality and comprehensive power. His character is built from this idea and for the expression of it. He is the incarnation of that consciousness of reality in one's self and firm fulfillment of the end of one's being which is the *cry* of Middlemarch. The historian is impelled by the same spirit which drove George Eliot. He wishes to get down to hard pan. He is skeptical, not as one who doubts from choice, but from necessity must push his inquiries until he comes upon the last analysis. Hence the historical student of the day is after facts, and he is ready to put his hook into any unlikely dust heap, on the chance of laying bare a precious bit. There is patience in the sifting of historical evidence, steadfastness in the following of clues, and a high estimate of the value of accurate statement.

We have instanced George Eliot as an example of the scientific spirit, because the historical student joins with the creative novelist on one side, with the scientist on the other. It is impossible to exclude human nature from history, and the historian dealing with the concrete facts of human activity is sure, sooner or later, to part company with the physicist or biologist who is engaged upon the dissection and classification of facts belonging to inorganic matter, or to organic matter below the order of man. The archæologist, groping about in the cave after the guttural-voiced dweller with his club and his little stone chips, trying to make out how the poor devil lived, and what he thought of the world into the light of which he had scarcely crept, may use the same method as his brother-worker who is measuring the wings of a paleozoic cockroach, but he is in a vastly wider range of human sympathy, and may give points to a Shakspeare reflecting upon Caliban and Setebos.—*April Atlantic*

Napoleon's Liberality.

Napoleon I. was a great admirer of Mlle. Georges, but by no means lavish in his ideas of liberality. One day, however, after alluding in terms of satisfaction to her performance on the preceding evening, he signified his intention of bestowing on her a mark of his approval, and asked her what she would like to have.

"Sire," she replied, "my great ambition is to possess a portrait of your majesty."

"Your wish is easily gratified," said the emperor, with a smile, and putting his hand in his pocket, he presented her with the desired effigy in the shape of —not, as she probably expected, a miniature enriched with diamonds, but —a 5-franc piece!—*All the Year Round.*

Two bales of cotton raised by slave labor in 1862 were sold the other day at Rock Hill, S. C. The owner had been offered 33½ cents in gold a pound, but for some unknown reason would not sell, and when he died he still had it stored. It was in excellent condition, although twenty-four years old, and was sold for 8½ cents a pound, the lowest point touched by cotton since those bales were grown.

One plank 9 feet wide and 20 feet long, without knot or blemish of any kind, and another 12 feet wide are among the contributions of British Columbia to the Liverpool Exhibition.

THE FIRST

National Bank!

—OF—

COLUMBUS, NEB.,

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Apr28-'86tf

BUSINESS CARDS.

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I will be at my office in the Court House the third Saturday of each month for the examination of teachers. 39 tf

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The Wit of Women.

If steamers are named the Asia, the Russia and the Scotia, why not call one the Nausea?—*Louisa Alcott.*

A friend said to the sister of President Cleveland, as she was leaving Buffalo for Washington: "I hope you will hail from Buffalo." "Oh, you expect me to hail from Buffalo and reign in Washington."

If the Venus de Medici could be animated into life, women would only remark that her waist is large.—*Ouida.*

We shall be perfectly virtuous when there is no longer any flesh on our bones.—*Marguerite de Valois.*

One loves to talk of one's self so much that one never tires of a tete-a-tete with a lover for years. That is the reason why a devotee likes to be with her confessor. It is for the pleasure of talking of one's self—even though speaking evil. —*Mme. de Sevinge.*

When you wish to affirm anything, you always call God to witness because He never contradicts you.—*Queen of Roumania.*

Her neck and arms were as naked as if she had never eaten of the tree of knowledge of good and evil.—*Jane Carlyle.*

Judge no one by his relations, whatever criticisms you may pass upon his companions. Relations, like features, are thrust upon his; companions, like clothes, are more or less our own selection.—*Kate Field.*

Marryin' a man ain't like settin' along side of him nights and hearing him talk pretty; that's the fust prayer. There's lots an' lots o' meetin' after that.—*Rose Terry Cook.*

No! I ain't one to see the cat walking into the dairy and wonder what she's come after.—*George Eliot.*

"What would you do in time of war if you had the suffrage?" asked Horace Greeley of Mrs. Stanton. "Just what you have done, Mr. Greeley; stay at home and urge the others to go and fight," replied the lady.

Mlle. Mars, a favorite of the Theatre Francais, had offended the Gardes du Corps, and they went to the theatre to hiss her down. She came to the edge of the stage, and, referring to the fact that they never went to war, said: "What has Mars to do with the Gardes du Corps?"

"Pray," said an army officer who had been on guard duty in Washington seventeen years, to Miss Cleveland, "what do ladies find to think about besides dresses and parties?" "The heroic deeds of our modern army officers," replied Miss Cleveland.

A lady once told me she could always know when she had taken too much wine at dinner—her husband's jokes began to seem funny.

"Have you seen Mrs. —— lately?"—a lady who did all the talking. "No, I had to give up her acquaintance. I tried for two years to tell her something in particular."—*Collected by Kate Sanborn.*

WIT AND HUMOR.

Customer (in restaurant—"Waiter, this chicken soup has feathers in it." Waiter—"Yes, sah. If yo' want soup made outen chickens dat am old 'nough to be bald, sah, yo' 'll have to go to some odder 'stablishment."—*N. Y. Sun.*

Bidon, a soldier of the line, arrives in Paris from Formosa with a wooden leg. "Noble hero," says M. Opportun Prudhomme, "thanks to you, France has one foot in China." Bidon, innocently —"It is indeed true, and it is I who left it there."—*Paris Figaro.*

"What is your full name?" asked the magistrate of an individual who had been absorbing more mountain dew than he could carry. "Same as when I'm sober (hic). Did yer think I changed it (hic) when I took a drink?" "Sixty days."—*Pittsburg Chronicle.*

A London correspondent says: "You cannot be asked to the Queen's ball unless you have been at court the same year." That settles it. We shall not look for an invitation this season. Owing to a rush of job work we could not have attended any way.—*Norristown Herald.*

An exchange says: "To save themselves from starvation an 'Uncle Tom's Cabin' company, while caught in a Western blizzard, ate their donkeys." A thing like this cannot be too severely condemned as long as first-class dramatic talent is so scarce.—*Detroit Tribune.*

"Bobby," said mamma severely, "get right down. If you stand on that chair you will fall and hurt yourself. If you do it again I shall have to whip you." "Well, if you don't want me to get hurt," argued Bobby, "what do you want to threaten to whip me for?" But he got down off the chair.

First landlady—"I don't give my boarders hash nowadays." "Indeed! What do you do with your odds and end of cold meat? You don't surely throw them away?" First landlady—"O, no; I make them up into croquets." Second landlady—"Ah, I see; your hash is idealized."—*Boston Budget.*

It is announced that Gen. Husted, while acting as Speaker of the New York Assembly, "wears three diamonds and a dress coat." Unless the building is well heated it may occur to some persons that he would find three diamonds and a long ulster more comfortable. It would look better, anyway.—*Norristown Herald.*

The young Vicomte is a notoriously bad shot. As he was going out to hunt with his two dogs he meets one of his friends. "Poor brutes," says his friends, looking at the dogs. "Why so? they adore me," and he puts down his hand for the dogs to lick. "Morituri salutant!" says the other in a melancholy tone.—*Paris Paper.*

Speaking of wives wages, it is mentioned that a happy couple agreed to bear equally the expenses of the family. One of the children fell ill, and a difference arose as to which should buy medicine for the little one. Both held out firmly. The result was that the child, getting no medicine, was soon well.—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

Saloonkeeper (whose place of business adjoins a theatre, to manager): "Vot vas dot next play von dot pillboard, Mr. Dropcurtain?" Manager: "'Hamlet'." Saloonkeeper: "How many acts vas dot 'Hamlet'?" Manager: "Five." Saloonkeeper (with great satisfaction): "Five acts mit dat 'Hamlet'! Dat vas a beautiful play.—*N. Y. Sun.*

Regular rates: Young father (to country editor)—"What do you charge for birth notices, Mr. Shears?" Country editor—"Only 50 cents." Young father —"You may say in your next issue that Mrs. Sedgwick-Smith has presented her husband with a bouncing pair of twin boys." Country editor—"All right, Mr. Smith." Young father—"Er—50 cents?" Country editor—"One dollar, please."