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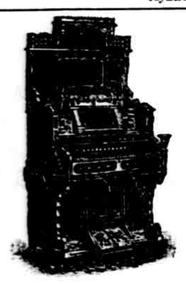

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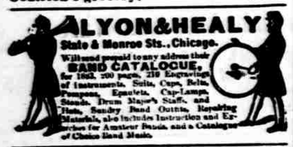

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What Democracy Means.

Chicago *Times*, Dem: Democracy is a word of various and contradictory meanings. In South Carolina it means civil service reform; in Ohio, Indiana, and divers other states it means the spoils to the victors; in Pennsylvania it means protection, in Iowa free trade, and in sundry other commonwealths it has no meaning at all upon the subject; in the east it means honest finance, and in the west it means cheap money; in the south it means prohibition and in the north it means free whisky; in the white-house it means economy in public expenditures, in congress it means extravagance and jobbery; in theory it means pure administration in practice it means Pan-Electric scandals and river and harbor jobs. To say that a man is a democrat or that he "belongs" to the democratic party does not afford the slightest clew to his opinions upon the tariff, the currency, the civil service, prohibition, or any other question of politics of interest to the present generation. Or, as Mr. Dana would say, "It is not necessary for a man to believe anything" about any living issue to entitle him to good standing as a democrat. All that is necessary is that he should vote the ticket prepared by his bosses and ask no impertinent questions.

Gladstone on the Irish Question.

Gladstone, in the course of an address at Cheslehurst on Saturday, said: "The enthusiasm of the British friends of the home rule idea is an incentive to me to never be beaten in it, but continue to struggle for the happiness of Ireland. Although there may have been prejudices between Great Britain and Ireland, the fact that the recent elections 1,400,000 Englishmen and Scotchmen voted in behalf of Ireland showed that prejudice is fast disappearing. Let me consult any book or nation in the world and I will not find one which does not say the relations between England and Ireland under the union have been miserable for Ireland and dishonorable for England. If the country desires to redeem her honor and enable her parliament to attend its pressing business of imperial legislation the Irish question must be settled."

Parnell's Amendment to the Address.

Parnell's amendment to the address in reply to the queen's speech is as follows: "We humbly assure your majesty that we fear that, owing to the heavy fall in agricultural produce, the greatest difficulties will be experienced during the coming winter by the tenant farmers in payment of present rents. Many will be unable to pay, and numerous evictions and confiscations of rights vested in tenants by the land act of 1881 will follow, causing widespread suffering and endangering the maintainance of social disorder. We deprecate any attempt to transfer the loss due to inability to pay rent from the owners of the land to the tax-payers of Great Britain and Ireland by any extention of state assisted purchases on a basis of rents fixed when the prices were higher than now."

W. T. STEWART, who took over $12,000 from the Western Union Telegraph company at Wichita, Kan., and fled, turned up the other day at Winnipeg, trying to pass himself off in some other name as an American detective officer. He even undertook to convince some of the police force that he belonged to the famous Pinkerton force. Officers commenced to investigate his case and found enough facts and circumstances to justify his arrest soon after as he was about to take the eastbound train. It is probable from what can be learned that Detective McKenzie will take him back.

A REMARKABLE freak of lightning occurred at Plainfield, N. J., at the residence of Mr. Cornelius Paul. The shutters of the bay window in the dining-room were open, and in the center of the window stood a small stand on which rested an old gold Japanese tray. Upon this tray the lightning imprinted the photograph of Miss Lillian Paul, a young lady of eighteen years of age, who had just stepped to the table to remove it. The case is said to be the only one on record, and will be scientifically investigated.

THE traveling men of Nebraska held a meeting one day last week at Hastings and formed an organization to be known as the Nebraska State Traveling Men's Association, with headquarters at Hastings. G. Spangler was elected president; J. Callan, secretary; T. C. Hurst, treasurer; S. Thrin, first vice president; T. B. Beal, associate vice president, and a board of directors consisting of ten members. The association starts out with a membership of 125, eighty of whom were present at this meeting.

JAMES G. BLAINE delivered a masterly speech the other day at Sebago Lake, Maine. He discussed in this speech the tariff policy, the labor question, the fishery question and dispute between the United States and Great Britain, relations with Mexico and the third party prohibition action in Maine. This speech comes from a man of great experience and intelligence and should be read by every voter in the United States.

WE heard a good one on editor Price this week, from a lady who is a regular reader of the *Tribune*. She had made up her mind that the man who writes such majestic sentences, which rumble across the horizon of human intelligence like a pumpkin over a barn floor, must be sixteen hands high, a yard wide and buttons up the back.—She never saw the president of the Blue Ribbon Club until last Sunday, and on the way home remarked—"Why, what a little shrimp he is! I was never so disappointed in all my life!" You can send the cigars over by his satanic majesty Brother P.—*Press.*

All right! And here are your cigars. Which reminds us that upon the same occasion Editor Casper was on the program of the Blue Ribbon club for a three minute speech, during the delivery of which he took occasion to refer to himself as a "self made man," and really seemed proud of the job. "On the way home a lady who is a regular reader" of the *Press* remarked: "Well, Brother Casper has certainly relieved the Lord of a great responsibility!" As we don't smoke you can leave your order for ice cream at the north side restaurant, Brother C.—*David City Tribune.*

MRS. CLEVELAND had the pleasure and honor, by request, of setting in motion the machinery at the Minneapolis Exposition on the 23d ult., at 4:30 p. m. When the circuit of electricity was ready Mrs. Cleveland closed the key at Saranac Lake, New York, at the hour named, more than a thousand miles away, and within two minutes after the reply came from Minneapolis to Mrs. Cleveland that the machinery was working beautifully.

A Narrow Escape.

I was suddenly taken very ill at Eagle Lake, this state, the other day with cholera morbus, and used morphine to no avail, and I grew worse and despatched a messenger for a physician, who brought with him a bottle of Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy, and gave me a dose which relieved me instantly, and I firmly believe that to it I owe my life and the physician who was unprejudiced enough to administer it when all others failed, and I repeat again, I owe my life to your great preparation.

I remain yours gratefully,

G. D. WAITE, Prescription Clerk,

With Chas. A. Gray, Waterville, Minn. Sold by Dowty & Heitkemper. 15-4

FRANK HALL, a printer of Burlington, Iowa, fell the other night from a third story window of the *Gazette* composing room to the basement. He lived but a short time. It is supposed he went to sleep and fell out of the window.

A Captain's Fortunate Discovery.

Capt. Coleman, schr. Weymouth, plying between Atlantic City and N. Y., had been troubled with a cough so that he was unable to sleep, and was induced to try Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption. It not only gave him instant relief, but allayed the extreme soreness in his breast. His children were similarly affected and a single dose had the same happy effect. Dr. King's New Discovery is now the standard remedy in the Coleman household and on board the schooner.

Free trial bottles of this standard remedy at Dowty & Heitkemper's drug store.

Two explosions of gas occurred at the South Mountain colliery at Lyken, Pa., the other day, which burned twenty men seriously. The explosion was caused by the lighting of a lamp in an air hole.

Good Results in Every Case.

D. A. Bradford, wholesale paper dealer of Chattanooga, Tenn., writes that he was seriously afflicted with a severe cold that settled on his lungs: had tried many remedies without benefit. Being induced to try Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, did so and was entirely cured by use of a few bottles. Since which time he has used it in his family for all Coughs and Colds with best results. This is the experience of thousands whose lives have been saved by this Wonderful Discovery. Trial Bottles free at Dowty & Heitkemper's Drug Store.

Two horses were stolen from a pasture near Blue Springs, Neb., the other night. One belonged to Dr. J. H. Quinn and the other to F. W. Burke. A reward of $25 is offered.

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

REPORTS came from a number of of places in southern Michigan last week of storms, doing much damage to crops and farm buildings.

Three Remarkable Men.

The Rev. Dr. Harsha of Omaha narrates the following incident as told to him by John Dixon of Dixon, Ill:

"Gen. Winfield Scott when a young man was stationed at Fort Snelling, at the time perhaps the remotest outpost of the United States. When the Indian outbreak known as the Blackhawk war was inaugurated some militia from Illinois proffered their services to aid in conquering the savages. With a view to mustering them into the service of the United States two lieutenants were sent by Scott to the then village of Dixon. One of these was a very fascinating, good-looking, easy-mannered, affable, and fluent young gentleman. The other was equally pleasant looking but an exceedingly modest young man. On the morning when the mustering in was to take place a tall, gawky, slab-sided, homely young man, dressed in a home-made suit of blue jeans, presented himself to the two lieutenants as the captain of the recruits and was duly sworn in. This was he who afterwards became president of the United States—the lamented Lincoln. One of the lieutenants, the modest youth, was he who fired the first gun from Sumter, Maj. Anderson. The other, and he who administered the oath, was in after years president of the Southern Confederacy—Jefferson Davis."

Corroborative of Dixon's story Dr. Harsha relates that he was afterwards in the book-rooms of Carter Bros., New York, where he chanced to repeat these coincidences in the presence of several persons who were listeners. One of them, an elderly gentleman, arose and remarked that he was happy to be able to confirm the facts as given by Mr. Dixon, as he was the chaplain at Fort Snelling at the time, and was fully able to corroborate each statement. Another by-stander added: "Mr. Lincoln had often been heard to say that the first time he ever took the oath of allegiance to the United States it was administered to him by Jefferson Davis."

Two Sides of City Life.

It was on one of the hottest of the recent severely hot afternoons that a New York *Times* reporter, waiting near the corner of 23d street and 5th avenue, assisted briefly and unintentionally at a meeting between two friends. Both were ladies of matronly bearing, comely, well dressed, presumedly intelligent, and this is what they said two feet away from him:

"What dreadful weather."

"Not so hot as yesterday, do you think?"

"It seems so to me."

"I judge more by Nan my dog's feelings, really, than my own."

"Oh, yes, poor little creature. She must suffer this weather."

"She felt yesterday's heat more than any day yet. Why, I had her in the coolest room in the house and then fanned her most of the day."

Here the reporter's car fortunately bore him away. A half-hour later his way took him through one of the streets of the hospital district in upper Lexington avenue. It was dispensary day at one of these excellent institutions, and the block was crowded on the shady side of the street with waiting mothers bearing in their arms the sick babies whose little lives were weakly gasping out under the accumulated burdens of stifling heat, scant nourishment, and the polluted air of crowded tenements. The sight was pitiful—the weary, hopeless expression of the women, and the pale, sodden faces of the babies, who lay most of them with closed eyes and hanging, nerveless hands. In forcible contrast rose the spectacle of an enervated pug lolling on its cushions in a cool, airy room, while its devoted mistress tirelessly waved the refreshing palmleaf before its wrinkled and expressive countenance.

Nellie Grant's Sad Lot.

A relative of the Grant family in this city is authority for the statement that the married life of Nellie Grant Sartoris is far more humiliating and unpleasant than has yet been made public, writes a Washington correspondent of the Boston *Herald*. Mrs. Sartoris makes her home with her husband's father in the north of England. Here, according to all accounts, she is treated as a sort of poor relation. Two rooms are set aside for the use of herself and children, and their meals furnished, but nothing else is given to them either by the husband or Mr. Sartoris, Sr. So far, indeed, as the younger Sartoris is concerned, it is said that he has not contributed a penny to his wife's support for years. It is a well-known fact that for a couple of years prior to Gen. Grant's death remittances of money were regularly sent to Nellie to provide her and her children with clothing and other useful articles. When the general became impoverished through the rascality of Ferdinand Ward the greatest regret he is said to have expressed was that his poverty would prevent him from further assisting Nellie, who was practically supported by his bounty. All the members of the Grant family, who still contribute to the support of Mrs. Sartoris and children, have urged Mrs. Sartoris for years to separate from her husband and return to America. It is said that Mrs. Grant made such a request only a few months ago, after learning of some fresh indignity on Sartoris' part. But the daughter replied that she would not entertain such a proposition a moment, and added, indignantly, that she would refuse to sustain relations of any character with her family if these importunities did not cease. Meantime Sartoris is racing about England spending the meager allowance his father gives him among companions of his own kind. The reports which reach here from New York say that Sartoris has been absent from his wife since last spring, and that she hears from him only at rare intervals.

Bagley—"I can't imagine what has become of that $10 bill." DeBagg—"Have you lost $10?" "I don't know. I had an awful headache yesterday and can't remember what I did. I was—." "O, I remember now! I saw you pay Ponsonby $10 that you owed him. That is where your money went." "There! I was sure I was out of my head."—*Philadelphia Call.*

Farmer (to country minister)—"I kin bring you in a couple of bushels of apples, dominie, if you'd like 'em. I've a lot of 'em goin' to rot." Minister—"Thanks, Mr. Hayseed; I would be very glad to get them. Have you ever tried feeding them to hogs? I hear they are very fattening." Farmer—"Yes, I've offered 'em to the hogs, but they won't touch 'em."—*Harper's Bazar.*

The fact that the Home-Rule bill has been defeated in the English Parliament does not give American henpecked husbands any additional privileges.—*Philadelphia Herald.*

WIT AND HUMOR.

THE WANTS OF A MODERATE MAN.

He said he had no wish to be opulent, with a bank-book rotund, and distended, and corpulent; but he didn't wish to live like the primitive Quakers, or butchers, or bakers, or candle-stick makers, but in a fine brown-stone surrounded by statues, and set in a lawn of some forty-seven acres.

Applause for dear clothing was not worth the winning, he desired no wardrobe of purple or linen; but he didn't wish to go attired like a sailor, or dress in a uniform suit like a jailer; and all that he wished was some two dozen changes made up in good style by a fashionable tailor.

He wished no rich viands to gladden his peptics, or coddle his stomach like chronic dyspeptics; but he wished a cuisine and a French cook to cater, a professional expert, no commonplace waiter, no statuesque, boarding-house, imbecile bungler to scatter his chaos of pie and potato.

He wished no small army of liveried dependents, no uniformed lackeys and cringing attendants; but he didn't wish to live like a hermit or miser, but in plentiful leisure as better and wiser; and some twenty servants and forty good waiters would make life worth living for him and Eliza.

—Lynn Union.

An English burlesquer—Miss Montmorenci—"No, sir; there are no clothes in those trunks. I carry my costumes in this satchel." Officer—"And what do the trunks contain, then?" Miss Montmorenci—"My press notices."—*Rambler.*

Mr. Pauper Check—Doctor, what's my bill? Doctor—Well, Mr. Cheek, I understand you are poor, and I've made up my mind not to charge you anything. Mr. P. C.—That's all right enough! But what I want to know is who is going to settle the druggist's bill?—*Pittsburg Chronicle.*

"Are we all here?" inquired Mr. Brutal Jones of his landlady the other morning at the breakfast-table. "I think so, one—two—three—four—yes, you are all here I believe," and she smiled sweetly; "why?" "Nothing much; only I see by the morning papers that a human skeleton was picked up just outside of the city limits." The smile vanished—*Merchant Traveler.*

In the police court: Judge—"Stand up prisoner. What is your name and age?" Prisoner—"Is it possible that your honor does not recognize me? Your honor has seen me fully a dozen times before." Judge (surprised)—"Why no!" Prisoner (with condescension)—"Ah, well, it does not surprise me. Since I have changed the cut of my beard none of my friends recognize me."—*French Joke.*

Mrs. B. is one of those energetic, quick-motioned women who carry their work by assault. One day she had started across the room on some errand, but midway forgot what it was. "What was I going for?" she asked aloud. Two-year-old, seated on the floor and always liable to be swept up in one of her mother's hurricane passages, asked meekly: "Was—oo—goin'—for—me?"—*Chicago Living Church.*

Illustrating the uncertainity as to what Chicago might not attempt to accomplish, Prof. Fisk, in his recent address at the Boston ministers' meeting, referred to an Irish physician who, making a speech in the country when slightly under the influence of evil spirits, said: "We have been lying all along about the growth of Chicago, but Chicago has got ahead of our lying."—*Boston Congregationalist.*

An Atlanta, Ga., reporter, who once "pulled a hand-press" on a country weekly, tells this: "One day while the paper was being worked off a man from the country came in and walked all around the room, finally stopping near the press and watching the work very earnestly. "Anything I can do for you?" asked the man at the lever, pausing between impressions. "Naw," was the reply, "I don't want nothin', jist came in to see ye edit."

The other evening the little daughter of a congressman was paying a visit at a neighbor's, and the respective mothers were talking of physical ailments and their remedies. After a while the little girl saw an opportunity to make a remark. "My papa," she said, "always drinks whisky when he is sick." Then she stopped for a minute, her eyes softened and saddened, and she continued slowly: "And poor papa is sick nearly all the time.—*Washington Critic.*

Country editor—"We give you a nickel watch and the weekly *Clarion* for one year for $3, Mr. Smith." Mr. Smith—"How much for the watch without the *Clarion?*" Country editor—"The retail price of the watch alone is $4." Mr. Smith—"Well, I guess I'll take one of the watches." Country editor—"But it will cost you a dollar more than if you included the paper." Mr. Smith—"Yes, I know. But I don't mind the extra expense."—*New York Times.*

It was in a bank in a Nebraska town. A farmer slapped down $80 on the counter and proudly remarked: "There's the last dollar I owe on my farm, and I am now entitled to a deed." "You must feel good?" observed a Boston man who was in the bank on business. "I do." "And you will now go ahead with better spirit?" "I will now take the deed, and go over to the loan office and mortgage the durn land for what I can and skip," was the feeling reply.—*Wall Street News.*

A citizen of Detroit has had his faith in human nature rudely shaken. One day when the rain was falling fast he saw a young man and a young woman paddling through the wet, umbrellaless. He was near his own door. So, with rare philanthropy, he thrust his silk umbrella into the hand of the astonished young man, saying: "Take this; you have a lady with you. You can bring it back to-morrow to that house there." The young man took the umbrella and the good citizen of Detroit hasn't seen it since.

Manager—"My dear sir, you have no idea of what a charming creature this Irene McGillicuddy is. By Jove, she's been a tremendous success everywhere. She played 'Olivette' 7,000 nights in London with immense success, and she created a furor in 'The Mascot,' in which she played over 5,000 nights. And she's just 17 years old." Critic—"But, my good fellow, if she's played 12,000 nights she must be at least 34 years of age." Manager—"Hold on a minute! I guess I've got this thing mixed somehow."—*Chicago Rambler.*

"Please, sir, will you buy a ticket for the Cedar Street Church strawberry festival? They're only 25 cents," said a little mite of a girl to a gentleman sitting on the piazza of a Swan street boarding-house the other afternoon, tendering him a square of yellow pasteboard as she spoke. "I'm sorry, but I'm going out of town, and will not be able to attend," replied the good-natured man, desirous of avoiding a point-blank refusal. "I have some 10-cent tickets for those who can't attend," promptly responded the quick-witted solicitor. She went out of the gate a dime richer.—*Buffalo Courier.*

I make it a rule not to chronicle children's sayings, but I have just received one from England that is so good that for once I will break my rule. The 4-year-old daughter of one of our peeresses was passing a church in London the other day as a wedding party came out. She announced to her nurse that she intended some day to be married. The nurse rebuked her for mentioning such an improper subject as matrimony, and told her it was quite on the cards that she might never marry. "O, but I must marry," replied the child. "I must have a father for my children."—*Town Topics.*

A worthy musician of Boston by overwork had induced an attack of dyspepsia. On going to a physician he was advised to take a tonic. Two months after the doctor met him and asked: "Well, how did the tonic work?" "Perfectly, doctor; I am quite well again." "Let's see, what tonic did you take?" "I took a course of tonic-solfa." The same physician was once called in to prescribe in a very mysterious case. A vocal student was in a state of high fever and delirium. The doctor at first prescribed quinine. "She sat up all night, singing, 'Sweet, Sweet Bird,' over and over," added the nurse. "O," responded the physician, "in that case I should recommend change of air."—*Musical Herald.*

John Kelly's Estimate of Himself.

When our townsman, Mr. George J. Mager, was a resident of Lowville and treasurer of the Lewis County Agricultural society, in 1882, he secured a promise from the late Hon. John Kelly and Hon. Thomas F. Grady to speak at the annual fair of the society. Shortly before the date fixed for the fair he wrote to Mr. Kelly for a few facts in his history and Mr. Grady's for publication in the Lowville papers. In reply he received the following letter, marked "confidential," and which he still has in his possession. Mr. Kelly's death having removed the injunction of secrecy, Mr. Mager has consented to let us publish the letter:

[Confidential.]

GRAND UNION HOTEL, SARATOGA, Aug. 18, 1882.—MY DEAR SIR: Yours of the 15th is at hand, and contents noted. Mr. Grady and myself will leave here or New York on the 12th prox. for Lowville, arriving the same evening, barring accidents.

Hon. Thomas F. Grady was born in New York, served four years in the state assembly, and is at present in the senate. He is of Irish parentage. I consider him one of the ablest young men of his age in public life. As a speaker he is very superior in argument and style to most of his colleagues in the senate. He is about 29 years of age, height five feet seven inches, square-shouldered, and weighs 170 pounds. He has a thorough command of his temper. His analysis of difficult subjects is natural.

John Kelly is 60 years of age and was born in New York of Irish parents. He served two years in the board of aldermen, four years in congress, six years as sheriff of the county of New York, and four years as city comptroller. He is five feet nine inches and a half in height, and weighs 236 pounds.

I have given you Grady's history and my own, and you will probably laugh at the description, but as you requested me in your letter to state our pedigrees, I might add that we are clinker-built and coppered and fastened, sound in wind, and well up on our pedestrian joints. Grady is good for a long race, and is well broken to double and single harness, and trots well under the saddle, stands without tying, and is not afraid of locomotives or other vehicles of doubtful structure.

For myself, I am nothing to brag of, and have passed the meridian; too old for a speedy gallop, and fair for a long race; not easily scared, and very docile under trying and difficult circumstances. When the driver is tyrannical, usually take the bit and kick clear of traces. Usually halt when there appears to be a willingness to give and administer fair treatment, but will lead by the halter only for short distances. Will drive with a curb bit long enough to breathe stertorously. Yours truly,

JOHN KELLY.

To G. J. Mager, Secretary and Treasurer.

—*Cortland (N. Y.) Standard.*

An English naturalist remarks that it is a sad reflection that, while the turbot lays 14,000,000 eggs, not more than one, on an average, ever lives to reach maturity. In fish, generally, it takes yearly at least 100,000 eggs for each individual to keep up the average of its species. In frogs and amphibians, a few hundred are amply sufficient. Reptiles often lay only a much smaller number. In birds, which hatch their own eggs and feed their young, from two to ten eggs per annum are quite sufficient to replenish the earth. Among mammals, three or four at a birth is a rare number, and many of the larger sorts produce one calf or foal at a time only. In the human race at large a total of five or six children for each married couple during a whole lifetime makes up sufficient for infant mortality and all other sources of loss, though among savages a far higher rate is usually necessary. In England an average of four and a half children per family suffices to keep the population stationary.

Mid-Summer Madness.

The silly young graduate who writes A. B. after his name on the hotel register.

The silly old maid with a fuzzy lap dog that she fondles and calls "her baby."

The silly nursemaid who wears Rhinestone ear-rings and gets herself up in cheap imitation of her mistress.

The silly snob who tries to impress strangers by talking familiarly of important people he doesn't know.

The silly widow who makes her evening toilet at her window on the ocean front without pulling down the blind.

The silly old married woman who wears short skirts and sashes and skips around the hotel porch like a girl of 16.

The silly hotel clerk, with a Cape May diamond pin, who supposes that all the heiresses are enraptured with his beauty.

The silly bather who goes out beyond the stake to show that he's not afraid, and has to be lugged in like a soaked rat by the life-guard.

The silly girl at the sea-side who plasters her complexion an inch thick with cosmetics and thinks nobody knows the difference.

The silly fat woman, with proportions like a hippopotamus and dressed like a guy, who insists on dancing in all the sets, and thinks she is as graceful as a gazelle.

The silly old fellow of 40 who decks out his pudgy proportions in Knickerbockers and a Norfolk jacket and struts about under the impression that he is an Apollo.—*Philadelphia Times.*

THE FIRST

National Bank!

—OF—

COLUMBUS, NEB.,

—HAS AN—

Authorized Capital of $250,000,

A Surplus Fund of - $15,000,

And the largest Paid in Cash Capital of any bank in this part of the State.

☞ Deposits received and interest paid on time deposits.

☞ Drafts on the principal cities in this country and Europe bought and sold.

☞ Collections and all other business given prompt and careful attention.

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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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CROWLEY'S RECREATIONS.

His Promenade About the Arsenal and His Tricks on Other Monkeys.

One of the features of the menagerie at the arsenal in Central park, says the New York *Tribune*, is the transfer of Master Crowley, the chimpanzee, from his private apartments in the arsenal to his reception-room in the monkey house. Only a few visitors are about the grounds when the transfer is made, usually about 8 a. m., and "Jake," the keeper, who has entire charge of the chimpanzee, always takes advantage of a bright, warm morning to enjoy a promenade with the animal on the path near the menagerie. "Jake" is a married man, but having no children of his own he has formally adopted Master Crowley. "He is not very good-looking, to be sure," observed "Jake," "but good looks is only on the outside, and no young one could be more affectionate than that boy is."

Crowley enjoys the promenades with "Jake," but he will take them with no one else. Before leaving the arsenal he has his breakfast of rice and milk fruit. Then his face is washed, his teeth cleaned, and his hair brushed. If the air is chilly a red shawl is thrown over his shoulders. He continues in excellent health and is growing in weight and height. When they walk along the paths Crowley walks upright on his feet, clasping one hand of "Jake" in one of his own. He does not stand quite erect; there is a perceptible stoop in his shoulder under the red shawl and a slight hitch in his gait, giving him the appearance of a cross between Richard III. and Cardinal Richelieu, as those characters appear on the stage. He stands over three feet in height when erect, and when out walking he always preserves the greatest gravity and decorum. On being placed in the cage his deportment changes immediately. He leaps at once upon the springboard within the cage and when he has tilted it to its highest position vaults from it into the trapeze and swings to and fro, turning somersaults, hanging by one hand or with one foot with his head downward, letting go and catching himself with an agility that would make the reputation and fortune of any gymnast in the ring. Other monkeys, apes, and baboons in the monkey house are struck dumb when Crowley begins his antics. They can only sit on their haunches and watch him with amazement. Crowley is much interested in them, and when he gets tired of violent exercise he will lie down in the corner of his cage nearest the cage next to him and watch the monkeys for half an hour without moving. At first he would hold out his hand in a friendly overture, but they declined to accept it, grasping instead their own paws and shaking them knowingly. Then Crowley obtained a short stick which he held out for them to take. After a time one of the baboons ventured to reach out for it, but just as he touched it the stick flew up and rapped him over the knuckles. Crowley went into ecstacies over this trick, and the baboon retreated with his face twisted and whimpering with the sting of the blow. For a time after that Crowley could not induce them to touch the stick, although he grinned and grunted in the most affectionate manner. But the baboon was waiting his time. While Crowley was still holding it out to him his attention was attracted for an instant to another object. The baboon snatched the stick, rapped Crowley over the knuckles, and shrieked out derisively, setting all the monkeys in a chatter. The chimpanzee was angry at being caught. He shook his fist fiercely at the baboon, and would have pummeled him well if he could have caught him. Not being able to do that he vented his spite on the nine pins, throwing them around in a reckless fashion, and grasping handfuls of sawdust, which he cast at the visitors who were enjoying a laugh at his expense. Afterward he settled down in the corner of the cage again with a friendly grin at the baboons stretching across his mouth, but they could not be prevailed on to give up the stick.

Where Girls Abound.

I tell you that from careful observation and actual count there are just forty-four young ladies at Chautauqua where there is one young man. At the approach of nearly every steamer to the Chautauqua dock during the week a bevy of maidens, fair and sweet, crowded around with spy-glasses and opera-glasses in their hands, anxiously gazing at the decks of the approaching steamer, looking for the possible coming of some more young men. It is absolutely unsafe for a young man to stroll about here alone and unprotected. To walk down one of the avenues like Palestine or Simpson avenue alone, all alone with one's self, and to pass by cottage after cottage whose balconies are crowded with heavenly beings dressed in white lawns and dainty-tinted wrappers, is really and truly a sort of soul torture. One must close his eyes and think of other things, of other worlds, and—well, simply walk on about his business and walk all-fired fast at that.

A young man met a young lady.

"Good-morning," said he, raising his hat and passing on.

"Why, how do you do?" said she, rushing up and grasping his hand. "Where are you going?"

"To dinner," he replied.

"What's the matter with taking me along?" she said, smiling sweetly. And he took her.

Another young man was rushing for the boat. He met an old-time lady acquaintance.

"Where are you going?" she asked.

"To Mayville," said he, as he hastened on.

"Guess I will go, too," said she, and she did.

Then a young friend of mine, who only arrived here from Cleveland yesterday, showed me a note he had just received. It read as follows:

Dear Friend:—Can't you take me out boat-riding this evening at 8? I am just dying to go out on the water.

Sincerely yours,

BESSIE.

And the poor fellow will doubtless blister his hands to-night rowing Bessie over the rippling bosom of Chautauqua. Just think of it. He was only introduced to Bessie last evening.—*Chautauqua Letter to Cleveland Plain Dealer.*

A countryman strolled into the Petroleum Exchange yesterday and watched the proceedings with great interest. "What are they doin'?" he inquired of Frank Tack. "Buying and selling oil," replied Mr. Tack, indulgently. "What's oil wuth?" "Sixty-five cents a barrel." "What?" whispered the countryman, with suppressed excitement, "only 65 cents? You buy me all you can git, mister; the barrels alone 'll fetch mor'n that."—*Puck.*

There are 7,370 women employed in the English Civil Service.