"Behold," thought I in joy, "these bright moon-gleams Played round me while I slept my troubled

And Cynthia with her stars smiled in the sky. So on through life in fitful dreams we sweep,
Intent on visions that around us fly.
And seldom wake to feel how soft and deep
God's love in floods is shiring from on high.
—Rochester Post-Express.

What it Was.

Oh, they were as happy as happy could be, Those two little boys who were down by the As each with a shovel grasped tight in his Like a sturdy young laborer, dug in the sand. And it finally happened, while looking around,
That, alongside a big shell, a star-fish they
found,—
Such a wonderful sight that two pairs of blue

Then-"I know," said one, with his face grow ing bright, "It's the dear little star that we've watched every night;
But last night, when we looked, it was no where on high,
So, of course, it has dropped from its home it the sky!"
—Malcolm Douglas, in St. Nicholas.

Grew large for a moment with puzzled sur-

THE ADVERTISEMENT.

WANTED-By a widow lady, a young V girl of refined and agreeable man-ners to act as companion. Terms liberal. Address, Box — for three days.

A word-a look even, is sometimes pregnant with our fate, and serves as the portal through which we pass to happiness or misery. It is not wonderful, then, that the above advertisement -tumbled on by accident while going hopelessly, almost aimlessly, through the morning newspaper's list of "Wants"
—was the turning-point in the destiny

of Marian Fosdick. On her eighteenth birthday, an aunt who had grudgingly doled out to her her living, gave her, by way of a birthday-gift, a week of grace in which to find some means of sustaining herself, as she was now old enough; and on the last day of the seven she had obtained nothing more substantial as a result of her weary pilgrimages than a little additional knowledge of the unmerciful virtue of a suspicious and immaculate world when dealing with penniless youth and beauty.

Marian had nothing to lose; she had therefore, nothing to fear; and in less than a week from the date of the first note tremblingly addressed by her to "Box -... she had patched up her scanty wardrobe, gone through the formalities of a dry-eyed stony parting with her aunt, and was duly installed as the companion of Mrs. Barrett, in a fine old country house not a hundred miles from town.

The Barretts were an old family— had traditions and ancestors, and titled. of course. They had taken root and randfied over half the county, and been careful to intermarry only in families likewise powerful, and possessed of traditions and ancestors.

They had old servants, and an old house-square, solid, and comfortable -built on a gently swelling knoll by trees a hundred years old, with a brook in front, and ugly, well-constructed, redgabled barns in the rear.

Apart from the loveliness of the surrounding country, without beauty of any kind, yet so thoroughly comfortable and well-to-do-so suggestive of the substantial good things of this life in its surroundings and outflankings of fields of grain, a huge well-kept kitchengarden and heavily-burdened orchard: with such good dinners cackling. scratching, lowing, winged, feathered hoofed, and horned about it-above all, in itself so substantially squarely and uncompromisingly ugly, that it actually bullied people into styling it one of the handsomest places in the country.

There were only two of the Barretts to uphold the family dignity in this particular section of the country-Mrs. Barrett, a fair, gracious woman, looking younger than she really was, and her brother, the owner of the vast estates, and neither fair nor gracious; but their simple neighbors spoke of them with as much reverence as of an army, and select and fortunate, indeed, was the merry-making considered that was honored with their presence—that is to say, with Mrs. Barrett's, for her brother was never seen, except at church or on horseback, and was understood to be eccentric and something of a misan-

Mrs. Barrett was one of the best of housekeepers; her household economy was clockwork: her days were arranged

At precisely such an hour, Miss Fosdick was summoned to read to her; at a given moment she was dismissed. From that time she was free to sit under old trees and work, or dream, or read; undisturbed quiet reigned everywhere. She was treated with the same solemn respect and observance as the rest of the family. There were romantic walks and no end of marvellous views; above all, no one to scold, to spy out faults, to irritate with incessant taunts and iasinuations.

For the first few weeks Marian was enchanted: then she began to tire; then she grew weary unto death. She was only vegetating, instead of living; she had no end to accomplish-nothing to pursue; her faculties were stagnating; the peace she had found so delicious grew terrible; the monotony galled and irritated her: she was walled out from life and its sympathies, and her soul grew clamorous for release.

It was at this time that the existence of Mr. Barrett first obtruded itself upon her as a fact to be considered.

Sitting idly under the trees after one of her afternoon readings, she was startled by his coming suddenly around the corner of the house, in close conference with his steward.

Resisting as undignified her first impalse, which was to run, she sat quietly, and for lack of better occupation, began to analyse Mr. Barrett, whose dark face, when lighted up by a smile, had, she found to her surprise, something in it both attractive and handsome, and so absorbed was she in the discovery that she did not observe Mr. Barrett coming slowly towards her, and started violent-

ly when he spoke to her. . "You have been here six weeks," he said abruptly. "How do you like the

"Not at all-that is," she added hastily, shocked at her own incivility, "the place is well enough, but it don't

"Oh, it doesn't! May I enquire how it is so unfortunate as to offend? Come, out with it. You have told me my 'place is well enough;' you can't say anything worse. Is it the house you object to? Don't you think it a model of beauty?" "I think it a monument of taste," she

returned demurely. Mr. Barrett caught the wicked sparkle in her eye and laughed heartily.

"You mean taste lies dead and buried under it. Good! You are both obstinate and malicious. Anyone must be that who doubts the beauties of anything belonging unto a Barrett. So am I. I could never properly appreciate the beauties of this paradise, though it is my own. There is to me, as to you, a something hateful in all this loveliness: as though the peace, the verdure, the very air of substantial comfort were only the mask of some dire secret, that ought to rend yonder walls and lay them in piles of rubbish above the

He stopped abruptly. His tone and look had been that of eager, almost

Involuntarily Marian shrank away from him; for more than once the undefined shadowings of some such secret as he had hinted at had visited her, and

she felt that her face told him so. "You have seen-have known it." went on still more eagerly. Then checking himself again: "But why do I talk in this mad way to you? There is a skeleton, doubtless, in every house. Let us speak of something more pleasing. Shall we be friends, Miss Fosdick?"

"If you like, sir." "But it's not as I like. I am not a moral Turk, with your respect and affection captive, that I can say to you. 'Like me.' A man harsh, unprepossessing, and eccentric, it is natural that I should desire your friendship; your pure candid nature is written on your face; whether I should not prove even repugnant to you is a question lying in the debatable land of attractions and

"If my friendship can be of any value o you, it is at your service," returned Marian, half puzzled, half pleased. He bent a look on her face, that made her color rise and her heart beat faster. "There is a storm coming," he said

at length; "you had better go up to the Marian obeyed without a word, for she fancied that she had been forward and indiscreet, and was bitterly con-

demning her own folly. Mrs. Barrett met her at the door. "Ah. Miss Fosdick, you are prudent. There is a storm at hand. Have you seen anything of my brother? I am so uneasy about him.

"I left him sitting under the trees," returned Marian simply. A snake-like gleam shot from Mrs. Barrett's eves.

"Ob, he has been sitting with you! I am glad he has been in such good company. Marian went up to her own room, feeling vaguely annoyed and uneasy, and sitting down by her window, began to think, not of the secret at which Mr. Barrett had darkly hinted, but of him-

his sudden and unaccountable offer of friendship. Meanwhile, the clouds that had gathered in the horizon slowly spread themselves over the entire sky, and her girlish meditation was suddenly interrupted by a flash and peal of thunder that made her start to her feet in dismay.

self; and whether she had been so very

Her door opened suddenly. "Please, miss, is master here? Mrs. Barrett is so uneasy about him.' "Here!" repeated Marian indignantly, as Ann, a withered, haggish, old family

servant, came into the room. "In my room! What do you mean by such question?" "Indeed, and it's a fool's question, returned Ann, looking sharply around

master that I fancy she's got me dazed, a period of ten years, given delight to too. You see, master's always wild-like millions. when it thunders, and so she can't bear to have him off at such times." Marian looked, though she did not speak her curiosity. "We don't speak of it," continued

Ann, drawing closer and lowering her mistress will be raving, too.' Marian's short-lived pleasure was

gone. The friendship that had been the source of so much anticipated pleasure was merely, then, the vagary of a disheard loud and angry voices in the tearoom; but on opening the door, only Mrs. Barrett and her brother were visi-

ble—the former as serene, the latter as imperturable as ever. The meal passed amidst unusual silence and constraint; and once over, Marian was about to hurry to her room, when she was stopped by Mr. Barrett.

of a moment's conversation with you in the library?" "Guy," said Mrs. Barrett warningly, 'remember I will keep my word." "As you like; I defy you," returned Mr. Barrett, holding open the door for

Marian to pass. Hardly knowing what she did, Marian entered the library, a sombre room, that high pressure, short paragraphs or she had always avoided entering.

Mr. Barrett followed her. "Miss Fosdick," he commenced with his usual abruptness, "my sister's rashness has precipitated the avowal; but had you a little more experience of the world, you must have seen, almost from

ling and breathless. She was conscious of a powerful attraction that had always drawn her towards this man, even in his most taciturn moods; but if that were love, or what was love, she found

herself unable to answer. "You are shocked-alarmed" went on eagerly; "but why should you be? Your heart should tell you as certainly now as it could a dozen years hence. Love is not a plant of slow and tender growth, to be reared with careful watching and tending; it is the lightning that springs from the cloud and strikes where least expected. If you

Marian was silent. "I do not know," she commenced.

"That is not enough," he interrupted. "You must promise-you must swear." And, seizing her hand, he bent on her such a glance as that with which the rattlesnake charms its prev. But though greatly terrified, Marian's strong commou-sense came to her

"I will not be mad enough," she said decisively, "to peril my whole future happiness by taking such an oath as you require of me. Mr. Barrett's eves flashed fire.

"You will not; you will not!" he commenced furiously. Then, suddenly changing his tone and throwing himself on his knees before her, "Oh, Marian!" he exclaimed piteously, "pity, pardon me; but my life, my honor, my very salvation, depend on you. I cannot-I may not explain to you with safety

The door burst open and Mrs. Barrett rushed into the room. "Stop!" she exclaimed; "if you are

not already lost, and hear what it is you are to swear, and why his salvation depends on your assent." "Hold!" said Mr. Barrett, with the same menacing gleam in his eyes that Marian had seen there before.

"I care not!" she returned defiantly. "Your hour is drawing to a close. I ful of salt to a gallon of water, as warm have served you in fear and trembling as can be borne, is the proper proporthrough a lifetime; but at last I repent. You shall not add another lost soul to your list of victims. Girl, he meant you for his yearly sacrifice to the master he the knees. When the water becomes serves-who, for his soul, gives him wealth, power-"

The clock began to strike. Mr. Bar-rett turned livid. "Swear!" he exclaimed, seizing Marian's hand again. "Too late-too late!" rang out in a chorus of mocking voices through the

room. "The time is past; you are ours." An awful peal of thunder and a vivid flash of lightning that revealed Mr. Barrett's agonized face and his sister's smile of triumph emphasised the words, and in an instant Marian was broad awake, staring around her little room in dismay, the newspaper still in her tightly-clasped hands.
It was all a dream, and she had an-

swered the advertisement only in im-

"M. QUAD." An Interesting Sketch of the Well-Known

C. B. Lewis (better known as "M. Quad,) is perhaps the most unique and genuine humorist this country has produced, excepting only Artemus Ward and Hosea Biglow.

"M. Quad" is not a humorous "artist" -a boss mechanic who manufactures jokes as a carpenter does packingboxes, with saw and jack-plane and much exudation of perspiration. He is naturally and spontaneously funny. Humor gushes from him like champagne from an uncorked bottle, bubbling and effusive, and drenching us, whether we will or not, with laughter. And there is wisdom with his wit-strong, homely, common-sense mixed with a racy, unctuous humor which makes his wisdom as grateful to our taste as whale oil is the palate of an Esquimau. He is not a "product of the soil." with a local flavor. He is of universal relish. as is witnessed by the wide popularity that the Detroit Free Press owes to his

contributions. It is not generally known when or where he was born, nor is it a matter of much consequence, since his career did not begin till he was blown up, some fifteen years ago, on an Obio river steamboat. He is, perhaps, the only example of a man who has been lifted into fame by being tossed a hundred feet into the air, and coming down, more dead than alive, to tell the story. He did this. Standing at his printer's case, when he was so far recovered as to limp about, he put into type "How it feels to be blown up," and the whole West burst into laughter. That laugh made "M. Quad" famous. He was then transferred from the composing-room to the editorial department, and ever since short extracts from the Free Press have been copied into every journal

throughout the country.

About ten years ago he invented—or rather created—"His Honor," and "Bijah," and "Brother Gardner." of the "Lime-kiln Club"-characters tosilly, and what he could have meant by tally dissimilar, but each as natural, original, individual, and ludicrous as any in American literature. "His Honor" presides over a police court, and makes sage reflections upon men and things as they come into his field of view. "Brother Gardner" is a shrewd and quaint gentleman of color. who has all the idioms and characteristics of his race, but is not a burlesque of our colored fellow-citizens; he handles his own people gently, but satirizes the foibles, frailties, and weaknesses of the whites inimitably. His savings might be termed explosive wisdom-the reader is sure to imbibe a wise thought, but it is certain to explode within him. "Artemus Ward" created one character; "M. Quad" has given her; "but mistress's so worried about birth to three, and each one has, during

The man is precisely what we are led to expect from his writings. He is by turns "His Honor," and "Bijah," and "Brother Gardner," with the dry humor and quaint wisdom that is peculiar to each character. "If there is an odder voice, "but there was a young lady man than he in the country," said a master was going to marry, and she was Detroit gentleman to me not long ago, struck by lightning on what was to have "we would like to have him sent along been her wedding-day, and master just | with the circus." His looks, his manwent crazy, and it was months afore he ner, even the tones of his voice, are come to; and even now he's queer and peculiar and eccentric. He talks as he wild like whenever -- Mercy, what a writes, and always without any seeming flash! I must find him somewhere, or premeditation. His "den," as he calls his "sanctum," in an upper story of the Free Press building, is a curiosity shop filled with odd mementos and knickknacks. Here is a bit of rope that helped to hang a murderer, and a pair of shackles of the old slave time; there As she went down to supper, she are bullets from Gettysburg, powderflasss from the Merrimac, and swords. sabres, muskets, and shot and shell from a score of battle-fields; while around the walls, side by side with portraits of Sheridan and Custer and busts of Grant and Lee, are pictures of a dozen of the most noted criminals. But the oddest thing in the room is a slender man of about forty, with close-cropped "Miss Fosdick, can I have the pleasure gray hair, heavy mustache, keen, intent eyes, and an earnest, somewhat eager expression, who sits at an old-fashioned table, and looks up with a smile of welcome as a stranger enters his apart-ment. This is "M. Quad," known among his personal acquaintance as C. B. Lewis; and he works away at that table eight hours in a day, writing, at

political leaders, and now and then seeking relaxation in a little merriment with "Bijah" and "Brother Gardner," for his best work is done as a relief from the daily drudgery of journalism. The Revisers have not been able to amend the text, "Woe unto you when the first day of your arrival, that I love all men shall speak well of you," and if would have no difficulty in carrying it is to be taken literally, "M. Quad" is Marian sank down on a sofa, tremb- in a bad way, as all his acquaintance unite in saying that he is temperate, social, domestic, kind-hearted, a lover of his friends, and a hater of nobody. He is also, they say, open-handed, and so given to charity that, though imposed upon seven times in a day by fraudulent mendicancy, he again seven times in a day empties his pockets to the pleadings of distress. He is also said to be modest, and not at all puffed up by the fact that he has a weekly audience of a million, nearly one-half of whom are matter-of-fact Englishmen, who take him with their beefsteak and ale, as a sure help to a healthy digeswill be my wife, you can tell me so to-night—better, perhaps, than a year from eccentric, and that he may be, but I incline to the opinion that this peculiarity is due to the fact that Nature produced him in one of her genial moods, when she would do the world a kindly turn by bestowing upon it a gentle soul, who should do us good by spreading for us a wholesome feast of mingled wit and wisdom, -Edmund Kirke, in Harper's Magazine.

A few days ago a German visited the "Battle of Sedan." Not that he is the only German who has ever visited this great picture, but this is a peculiar case. While on the platform he asked the lecturer where the "Eleventh Prussian Army Corps" was, and, on it being pointed out to him, replied that he had a brother a member of that division. who was killed at Sedan. The lecturer, for the sake of a joke, said: I know it. Yonder is his dead body now, lying at this end of the line. The simple-minded Dutchman imagined that he could see his brother, and, bursting into tears, left the platform muttering: "Mein armer bruder, mein armer bruder" (my poor brother, my poor brother.) - Cincinnati Sun.

For Tend or Feet.

If the feet are tender and painful after long standing or walking great relief may be obtained by bathing them in warm salt and water. A large handtion. The feet should be immersed and the water thrown over them with the hand and also over the legs as far as too cool, dry the feet and legs, rubbing with a rough towel upward. Neuralgia of the feet has been cured by perseverance in this method night and morning .- New York Commercial Adver-

The mint julep is an old colonial Virginian drink. It was invented in Virginia by a wealthy planter who had a company of friends at his house. A great hailstorm came up; he gathered the hailstones, and, on the inspiration of the moment, concocted that delicious beverage which we call mint julep. Its fame spread, but at first they never made it except when it hailed.

Texas, with 174,000,000 acres of land, has only 40,000,000 acres in farms.

TEACHERS GONE TO SEED. TRICKS OF BALL-PLAYERS. ninent Reason Why the Cause of

Education Halts. Some teachers were grouped together few days since, and the inquiry was made: "Where is X?"

"O," said one, "he has gone to seed."

Now X had been something of a force
for a number of years; he had lectured on education, had conducted teachers' institutes, and was well thought of. Many looked up to him as one who would be of real service in advancing education. To lose him by death would cause a pang. But to have him "go to seed"-that was more painful.

What is "going to seed?"
The case of X was this: He had taken charge of—— school and seemed to care as little about education as if he had never lectured upon it-had never pointed out to teachers at institutes the path of true teaching. He had got as high as he could get, and felt interested no longer. When a plant begins to "go to seed" it stops growing; it begins to look shabby; its glory has departed; it has fulfilled its destiny, and seems to know it. So it was with X.

Thinking of X, I was reminded of Y He, too, assisted at institutes; being a good singer, his voice was often heard in leading off in school-room songs. From a \$500 salary he rose to \$1,000 in a country town, and then he got a Principalship in-, and, as he could not expect to get the superintendency, the incumbent being young and healthy, Y settled down to breathe. He now gives no thought to educational matters-runs his school well, and does no more. An old friend, who had labored with him up in the country, came to the city and looked him up.

"I never saw such a change," said he, "in any man. He used to be interested in education, and never was so pleased as to see the young teachers improving, but he doesn't care a cent

now. "Y had also "gone to seed." Then there was Z. This man, too, ran well for a season. He was so much interested that he started an educational paper. He (as is usual) sank some money in the enterprise, but after a time got a Principalship. He was asked to subscribe for an educational paper, but declined. He "was so busy with his school that he had no time to read!" Of him Superintendent- remarked: "Z is not a growing man; his ideas are all book ideas; we thought he would be an addition to our force, but he is not." Z has also "gone to seed."

This is a soft way of putting the matter. These men are well-meaning; they intend to do justice to their pupils and give an equivalent for their money. But why have they stopped the efforts they made to influence others? Were they really interested in educational advance-

ment? The cause of education suffers greatly from the supineness of men in prominent positions. That the teacher in the little brown country schoolhouse should be interested seems all right enough; her pupils, if not enthusiastic, will not stay in that unattractive school-room and spell long columns of words while nature without is so inviting. But the teacher in the city school is apt to undervalue earnestness and enthusiasm. he becomes mechanical, routinish, and soon it is noticed that he tells the same story about Andrew Jackson at just the same point in each history class (said class has been informed by the preceding class of the exact time when said story may be expected)—in fact, he has begun "to go to seed." It is not a fatal disease. Some live to a good old age with it. It is not so bad as softening of the brain or many other ills that attack mankind, but it is bad .- School Jour-

A Sheriff Badly Mauled.

Sheriff Bussey, says the Macon Telegraph, enjoys a reputation all over the state as one of the best and shrewdest officials, besides being a man of un-questionable courage. He has a natural knack in ferreting out criminals, and has been known to undergo many trials and privations in order to carry out his plans for the capture of criminals; but one of the tightest places he was ever placed in was with a lunatic, and he

tells the story himself: "I went in a buggy several miles the country after a negro man who had been bound by cords and kept securely until I could place him in jail to await a trial on a writ of lunacy. I found him bound hand and foot, and when I released him from his uncomfortable position he seemed to be the most grateful negro I ever saw. I concluded that as he looked upon me as his deliverer, I him to town. Accordingly, I gave him a seat in my buggy and did not tie him in any way. I placed him on my right side, and we drove off all right. My horse was a spirited animal, and when the negro would now and then give a vell it would frighten him, and it required all I could do to keep the horse from running away. When we had gone a few miles the negro changed. He seemed to think I was carrying him to jail, and before I knew it he dealt me a stinging blow on the side of the head. nearly knocking me out of the buggy. I held on to the lines, knowing that if I turned them loose the horse would run away and perhaps kill us both. Meeting with no resistance the negro gave me another blow, and then another, and still another, until I began to think I was being mauled with a sledge-hammer. The more I talked to him the madder he seemed to get, and then he began to belabor me until I was fast being beaten into a jelly. I was never so badly punished in my life. He rained his heavy, stinging blows upon me, and the horse was going at his utmost speed. There was not a soul in sight, and to drop the lines to defend myself meant a horrible death. Finally we met some men in the road, and using all my strength I stopped the horse, and my prisoner was fastened again in ropes. But for this I would have been beaten

to death." A Cunning Tailor.

Young James Blank, whose father is the young man's hotel, but, of course, the tailor got no money for it. A few the tailor shop the bland proprietor

hailed him with a smile. "Why, Master James," he said, "that coat is horribly wrinkled; come in and we will press it for you." Unsupectingly he entered and surrendered the coat. Then something was wrong with the vest, and that, too, was taken downdeclared that the trousers might be improved upon. They were given up and the vouth accommodated with a seat in

the dressing-room. "Now," said the witty tailor, "you am afraid we can not let you have this suit again unless you liquidate that bill in full' Young Master James begged hard

for his clothes, but the tailor was in-

resumed his winter garments and departed. - San Francisco Post. Said Uncle Thomas to his nephew James: "You see, my boy, it is to your interest that I should remain with you as long as possible. I am no spend-thrift, and the longer I live the more there will be for me to leave." "Quite right, uncle; but then, you know," replied James, with his most insinuating smile, "it is possible to overdo even a

of the Celebrated Flukes of Wellknown Players, and How They

Are Worked. The St. Louis Browns and the Chicagos owe much of their success to the tricks of the diamond. The average base-ball player is a machine, who has no inventive faculty whereby he is enabled to get out of the ruts. Base ball, like other professions, has a few men cl genius, who tower above their fellows like the oak above the weeds around it. Of all the clubs which show the genius of trickery the Chicago White Stockings are easily first. They throw a dash of brute power into their tricks, but the preponderance of brain power is everywhere discernable. The latest trick introduced by the Chicagos was played at St. Louis. Williamson and Pfeffer did the work. The runner plays a few feet

off the bag, and the shortstop and second baseman occupy their usual positions, nearly midway between the bases. The pitcher knows the game, and standing in the position to put the ball over the plate, keeps his eye on the runner. Williamson then runs to the base, and the runner hustles also to reach it. As the two run. Clarkson or McCormick. whoever is pitching, makes a motion to throw the ball. Williamson then resumes his position, and the runner thinking the bluff is over, advances along the path with him. Scarcely have the two left the bag when Pfeffer dashes like a streak to the bag, catches

the ball and the player is caught. Few will forget Kelly's trick of stand ing outside the coach lines and having the ball thrown to him on the claim that it was ripped, allowing it to pass and the man on third to come home Kelly is the first man also who was known to secure a run without going nearer than twenty feet of a base. He cuts across the field whenever the opportunity is offered. Kelly has been known to change balls during a game, while playing behind the bat, and also to call the fielders in on a close deci-

sion, bluffing the umpire into a third Dunlap, of the St. Louis Maroons, in another tricky player, and his absolute knowledge of the game and rules warrant the boldness of some of his plays, such as dropping a fly to force a man out under conditions which would turn the head of any umpire. Not long since, when Healy was pitching and Dunlap was in his usual position at second base, the latter caught a ball which was thrown from the out-field. He made a quick motion, as if he had thrown the ball to the pitcher, and Healy a second later took the position to deliver the ball. He pretended to fumble the ball on the hip and the um-pire called for a "low ball." Meantime he runner, who had reached first base stole way off, and before he was aware of the fact McKinnon touched him out with the ball which Dunlap had sudden-

thrown to first. Latham, of the St. Louis Browns. might be called a trickster, but he does not rank with Kelly or Dunlap for inrention. In fact, the Browns are rather shrewd imitators of the tricky Chicagos. Latham did one great thing, though, a lew weeks since. The Browns had two men on bases, one at first and one at hird. Welsh, prompted by Latham, got up from the players' bench and ran rom third base toward home-plate as fast as his toes could carry him. The irst-baseman, who thought a run was about to be scored, threw to the catcher. and the runner on first easily took second. Kelly, Dunlap, Hecker and Latham are brilliant examples of tricky and inventive ball-players, and are

favorites everywhere. Hecker is the trickiest pitcher in the country, both in his delivery and his throwing to bases. Give the big fellow a man on third and second at the same time, and the chances are that one of them will be caught and put out. His delivery is invariably a surprise. A few days since a Baltimore player was on second and wanted to steal third. Hecker knew what he wanted and set a trap for him. He settled down in the pitcher's box, allowing the man to steal several yards off. His movements were purposely slow so as to enable the runner to think he had a sure thing. Hecker then fumbled the ball in his hand, drew a long breath and everybody thought he was going to pitch: but at a sign from Cross he whirled instantly on his heel and caught the runner midway be tween the bases. Nothing remained

but for Hecker to walk over and touch the man. Amos Cross has a trick which seldon fails to work. When a runner is on third and another at first base the predicament is generally considered to be dangerous, but it is Cross' delight. He makes the man at first think he will give him second rather than throw to Mack and run the risk of letting the man at third score. Mack always plays in, and Cross looks sleepy behind the bat, and seems to be constantly watching the runner at third. The man at first base contidently runs to second when Hecker pitches the ball, but Cross is now all alert. He catches the ball which Hecker purposely throws a trifle wild, and makes a lightning return to second base. Mack catches the ball, and if the runner at third starts for home, which he does if he is not acquainted with Cross' wonderful throwing powers, he is invariably put out, but if he has been caught on the trick before, Mack then devotes his attention to the runner near at hand, who generally goes out at

second base. Jimmy Peoples has a play which catches many. When a man is on third base, he creeps up close behind the bat, and, just when no one expects it, throws like lightning down to third, where Pinckney is always ready, and the anxious runner is out. This throw is Peoples' forte. No catcher can equal him

How Empires Have Been Founded There are a few facts, says the Pall Mall Gazette, that impress the imagination more in beginning the study of physical science than the rain of the skeletons or shells which continue ceaselessly from the surface of the sea to the 'The Cruise of the Bacchante," speaking of our island empire in the West Indies, ask indignantly, "Was it for this that these islands were taken and retaken. till every gully and every foot of the ocean-bed holds the skeleton of an Englishman?" It is a striking figure and suggestive. What a rain of English skeletons through these purple seas, skeletons which, hardening in time like the material of empire! It is a great thought and a true one, although grim

The joys of a farmer's life in the sumwell do all it can to encourage agricul ture. Under a few years of persecution one would naturally expet that the race of farmers would become extinct. of the seductive oleomargarine would have full sway. About this time the college student is persuaded that the up a little for a rainy night is to become a book agent, and he immediately the Bible, bound in half morocco with me," etc. The favorite victim of this class of fiends is the agriculturist. which farm life is apt to give or that him of facilities for getting rid of book agents and that class of traders is unrod man, who insists on making the farm buildings bristle with copper points and glass insulators. He is in turn followed by the patent harrow-The perennial tramp sleeps in his barn and throws his red-hot tobacco ashes thoughtfully into the hav-mow. He receives a telegram, collect, saying that several of his dear cousins from the city are coming down to spend a few weeks of the hot weather with him. While anticipating an escape from further disaster he finds that the lice have eaten up his hope and the potato-bug and the favorite Jersey is struck by lightning. and the payment on the mortgage is about six months behind. In spite of these appalling facts the farmer is vantages. Inspired by these it is sincerely hoped that the farmer will not become an extinct species, but will continue as he has been-the most worthy and long-suffering of the body politic and economic.

Diversity of Opinion. The Pharmaceutical Record says that

If we omit them, we have no enterprise or are know-nothings. If we have a few jokes, folks say we are rattleheads. If we omit jokes, folks say we are

If we publish original matter, they scold us for not giving selections. If we give selections, people say we are lazy for not writing more, and give them what they have read in some other

If we give a complimentary notice, we are censured for being partial. If we don't all hands say we are a great humbug.

pefore the close of 1884 number 7,500 | county, write to was turned out. Work has again slackened, and nineteen months were

and several white people went over to the house designated to witness the affair. The happy couple finally stood up before the minister, who said:

folks?"

ocean depths. Out of these tiny relics to stick to Samuel clean frew to de among the millionaires, lounged into a of marine life is formed the chalky ooze tailor shop some weeks ago and ordered of the ocean bed, makers of the marble a suit of clothes. The suit was sent to that is to be. The young princes in days ago as Master James was passing | which some propose we should abandon, stairs for treatment. The tailor next the shelly coze of the ocean floor, form enough in its way. All empires are the newspapers, put \$500 on deposit founded on skeletons. Whoever wishes with one of his stock-broker friends a to rear a throne must use corpes as its month or two ago, and yesterday, in will have to send a messenger-boy to foundation. The eastern conquerors answer to a message from the broker's your room for your other clothes, for I who reared pyramids of skulls but office, he called to get an accounting. roughly illustrated the universal truth. Three thousand dollars was to his credi He who would attain to supreme domin- as profits. The Wall street office was ion must first find men who are willing filled with people watching the tape to allow their carcasses to be used as when he called, but he forgot all about building material. The noble Russian that when he saw the statement which soldiers who were marched into the bog in which they sank overhead merely in order that those who came after might his arms around the broker and then exorable, and much to his disgust he find the way paved with the crowns of and there most ardently kissed him. He their dead companions' heads were but kissed him not once nor twice only, but offering in a most horrible fashion the a full dozen times, and possibly would same sacrifice which all men must offer have kept up his solitaire game of oscuwho would found empire, or, indeed, do lation till the day was done; but men anything else of permanent and solid down-town are rude, and roars of laugh-

The Farmer's Joys.

mer-time are various, says the Utica (N. Y.) Herald. The government may and every man would have to raise his own vegetables, while the manufacturer Chicago, Milwankee and high road to fortune and the way to lay saunters forth with the latest book on stiquette and an illustrated history of 365 pages, elegantly illustrated, and a book that no family can afford to be without; only want to show you, don't expect to sell you one, but being an in-telligent man and recommended to Whether it is owing to the kindly nature less attrition with his fellows deprives knowable. Hard on the heels of the vender of literature comes the lightningtooth or drive-well royalty man, who completes the work of exasperation. grasshopper have arranged for a joint campaign of unusual proportions. His cheerful. Eulogists and poets, from Horace up, have sung the praises of his vocation, and economists have plainly shown its necessities and ad-

editing a paper is a pleasant business—if you like it. But, like most other occupations, there are some annoyances. If the type is large, it don't contain much reading matter. If we publish many formulæ, says the editor, folks say they are not reli-

If we remain in our office attending to our business, folks say we are too proud to mingle with other fellows.

If we go.out, they say we don't attend to our business. Right Thousand Locomotives. The Baldwin Locomotive Works, Philadelphia, have just completed and shipped engine numbered 8,000. The first locomotive built at these works was turned out in December, 1832, and it ASE YOUR GROCER FOR THEE. took twenty years, until November, 1852, to build 500 engines. The second 500 engines were built in eight years, number 1,000 being finished February, 1860. The next six years saw the third 500 built, number 1,500 leaving the shop July, 1866. The fourth 500 were built in three years, by October 30, 1869; the fifth 500 in two years, and the sixth and | CAVEATS, TRADE MARKS AND COPYRIGHTS seventh 500 each in one year, engine Obtained, and all other business in the number 3,500 leaving November 20, 1873. Business then slackened, three ERATE FEES. years being required to build the next 500, and two years the following 500. engine number 4,500 leaving December 17, 1878. Then trade improved, 500 engines being built in fifteen months and 1,000 more engines in twenty-two and we make NO CHARGE UNLESS WE months, while 500 more engines were finished in ten months, number 6,500

required for the final 500 locomotives, number 8,000 having just left the establishment Well Hitched. One of the waiters at the hotel in Grenada, Miss., told us that a colored wedding was coming off that evening,

"Samuel, you an' Lucinda am shortly to be jined together. Does you desire to back out?' "No, sah."

"How am it wid you Lucinda? Does you want to flunk afore dese yere white

"No. sah." "Den you two hitch hands."
They hitched. "Samuel, does vou take her fur better

or wuss? Am you gwine to do de fa'r

thing by dis yere gurl, whos' fadder was

on the railroad up nigh Jack-

son?" "Yes, sah." "Lucinda, does you realize de seriousness of dis opportunity? Am you gwine judgment day, or am you gwine to trifle around arter odder men?

"Ize gwine to stick." "Den. chil'en, in de presence of dese yere white men from the norf, one of whom subscribed two bits yesterday to help build up de meetin' house dat was blowed down by de sighclone, I denounce you as hitched, jined, an' mar'd cordin' to the law an' gospel. Now you go 'long an' behave yerselves!"-Detroid

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down-town are rude, and roars of laughter brought him to a stop. The broker—poor man, he didn't look half as happy as he might have looked had someattain to those things which alone make life worth living.

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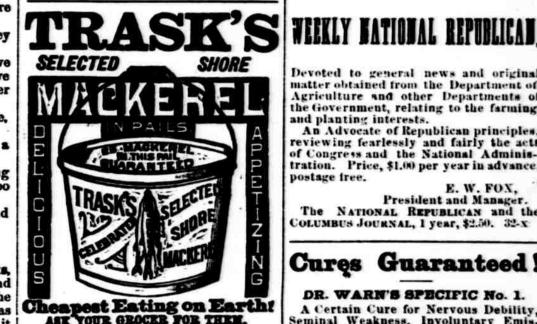
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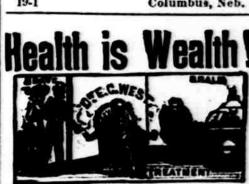
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