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HENRY GASS.



COFFIES AND METALLIC CASES

Perhaps the house was haunted. I had THE DAUGHTER. laughed at such things, but the idea ap-palled me now. Then by a natural tran-sition it occurred to my mind that some My little daughter grows space;
Her dolls are now quite out of date;
It seems that I must take their place.
We have become such friends of late,
We might be ministers of state,
Discussing projects of great peril,
Such strange new questionings dilate
The beauty of my little girl. horrible crime might have been committed there. One thought that sprang out of nothingness and laid hold of me with sickening iteration was that a dead man was under the bed in a back room, and by some curious process that we have all experienced, but nobody can ex-

I'll take a turn outside."

was the simple legend:

"guyed," he stood up to it.

"Been a good season?"

small bottle was uncorked.

"Where do you open next?"

such a man. But who are you!"

Albany Cor. Buffalo News.

LAKE COUNTY SMALLPOX HOSPITAL.

Thought He Was Harrigan.

"When did you see Tony Hart last?"

"In the United States court here in

"Eugene Junius Ryan, of Buffalo, sir.

More bottle. More cigars all around

One of the most absent minded men in

this city is a popular clergyman. He

was at one time riding in a street car

with his wife, when he became inter-

ested in a conversation carried on by

tion, the reverend gentleman crossed to

stood up the rest of the way. At another

clergyman was reciting the burial ser-

A committee of the house of commons

A gentleman writing from Japan save

cals, 85 medical journals and an equal number of religious newspapers. —Now

York Telegram.

but no serious damage.

ly out of the house. I have read of peo-

How tall she grows! What subtle grace How tall she grows: What succes graces Doth every movement animate; With garments gathered for the race She stands, a godden slim and straight, Young Artemia, when she was eight Among the myrtle bloom and laurel— I doubt if she could more than mate The beauty of my little girl.

The baby passes from her face,
Leaving the lines more delicate,
Till in her features I can trace
Her mother's smile, serone, sedate.
Tis something at the hands of fate
To watch the onward years unfuri
Each line which goes to consecrate
The beauty of my little girl.

Lord! bear me, as in prayer I wait.

Thou givest all; guard Then my pearl;
And, when Thou countest at the Gate
Thy jewels, count my little girl.

—Chambers' Journal.

## A NIGHT'S LODGING

It is no disgrace for a prospector to be poor, to have no bed except the blanket on his back, no friendly boarding house where his credit is good, no fortune favored comrade to lend him a helping hand and \$5. It carries no suggestion of dissipation, wild oats, or extravagance, and implies nothing worse than a run of bad luck. So I may say without shame that in the fall of '80 I was broke. Statistics show that one out of every 750 prospectors strike "it." I occupied a prominent position among the 749. Like many a better man, my claims had panned out badly, and my assays never climbed above two figures. I had pursued the silver ignis fatuus all over the Red Cliff district until my shoes were dropping off, and acquired nothing except a stone bruise on each heel.

Any one who has ever sood by a gambling table recollects the man who anything else; then a dollar, then flushes and nervously pulls out a bill; then sits down and loses everything in a desperate effort to get even. That is the prospector on a small scale. He plays at the faro table of fate and loses health, home. years, strength-everything except hope, until death takes the chips out of his fingers and closes up the game. I had made pretty fair progress on this road. I had with me a veteran miner, one of the best fellows in the world, who shared my enthusiasm and thoroughly participated in my bad luck. His name was Joe

A gentleman in Golden had "grub staked" us-giving us enough provisions to last for three months-with the understanding that he was to have a third of any discoveries. We discovered nothing, and devoured the provisions down to the last bean in the last can. Our elbows were sticking out of our sleeves, a quarter of a year's beard bristled on our chins, and we had not a five cent piece between us. This was exactly the state of our affairs when we came in

sight of Leadville on our return. We approached the camp from the southwest, and it was evening when we paused on the foothills, a mile or so away, looked down on the glimmering lights and held a council of war. Neither of us was acquainted in the place, and, although we had some hopes of finding friends in the daytime, the prospects of spending the night in a strange town were unpleasant. We were not exactly tramps, but it would have taken an ex pert to have told the difference. The spot where we stopped was a desolate looking slope, strewn with bowlders, and bare of vegetation, and presently Dixon called my attention to a large, square house that stood some little distance away, quite by itself, and seemed, from its darkened windows, to be untenanted "If it's empty," he said, "suppose we

sleep all night there, and in the morning we can go into camp and rustle." We acted upon the suggestion, and proceeded to reconnoiter the premises. The house was a two story frame, well put together, in good repair, but appar ently as empty as a drum. No response came to our knocks, so finally we pushed open the door and walked in. Dixon struck a match, and we looked around and found ourselves in a large apart ment, which, with another of the same size, occupied the whole lower floor. Both were furnished sparsely but well. The front room had a number of chairs. a table, and several little conveniences in it, and the rear contained a couple of two gentlemen opposite. That side of beds and a washstand. On the table the car was packed full of male passenwere a lamp, a number of papers and gers. Wishing to join in the conversaperiodicals, all of them dated several months back, and a large inkstand in the speakers, and, sitting down deliberwhich the writing fluid had caked from stely in the lap of a man who had not disuse. The air was rather stifling, from time to move, began an animated discusall the windows being down, and the sion. The unfortunate and nearly

dust on the sills indicated that they had crushed passenger edged himself out not been raised for some time. We lit the lamp, and to make sure that there had been no recent occupancy | time, and that very recently, the same of the place, went up stairs. Here were two bedrooms and a sitting room, all vice at a funeral. His eyes were closed, well furnished, and in one of the bed- although he had the open prayer book in rooms hung a quantity of excellent his hand, and the people assembled were clothing. The windows of this floor astonished to hear him say: "I now

up the doors and windows, and proceeded to make ourselves at home, a little puzzied, but satisfied that we had stumbled into clover. To show that we were entirely open and honest in the matter we sat in the front door and smoked, and while we were thus occupied a man drove by on the road, about a couple of stay up till 12 or 1 o'clock at night, workhundred yards away. When opposite he pulled up slightly, and we both called out "Good evening." He made no reout "Good evening." He made no re-

sponse, but looked very hard at us, and week, or Chronicle.

This incident did not disturb us and presently we turned in, rolling in our blankets on the floor. But I did not sleep. As I lay there in the stillness and dark, the sense of strangeness in this dark, the sense of strangeness in this empty house, the unnatural circum- law magazines, 111 scientific periodistance of it standing there untenanted.

oppressed me, and I began to fancy queer things. I knew that dwellings were at a premium in Leadville, and this was far better than the average. Why should it be left at the mercy of the first prowling vagabond? There must be some reason—some history connected with it. I felt a creeping in my veins, and then I remembered, with a shock, that there was no lock on the door. Then I recollected the clothing up stairs. Was it possible that any sane man would leave his prop- nothing else will. erty unprotected in such a fashion?

THE TURKISH BATH.

INSTITUTION THAT IS POPU-LAR WITH THE LADIES.

plain, I was aware that Dixon also was awake and frightened. Finally he spoke

"I feel wakeful," he said. "I believe se to fittings and conveniences, she can Meantime the moon had risen claim to have a large contingent of fresh Meantime the moon had risen and flooded everything with a white glare. I got up and leaned against the open door, while he, lighting his pipe, began to pace the slope. At last he turned and glanced toward the front of the house. The moon fell full on his face, and, on the instant, lit up such a look of inhuman terror as I have never seen before looking, handsome women who give full credit to the beautifying influence of regular Turkish baths. All the public Turkish baths have "Ladies' Days," and the register of the leading establishment yields on inspection a long list of names of ladies prominent in society, in the schools, in the churches-in all the sets and circles of the body social of our city. On "Ladies' Days" this bath house can and trust I may never see again. He stopped not a second, but ran, ran with all the clumsy fleetness of abject fear, stumbling, falling down, scrambling up again, always faster, until he disappeared over the hill. While this happened, I hardly accommodate the crowds of maids, matrons, children and school girls that are its regular customers. HAVE THEIR REGULAR DAYS. stood transfixed, and then I backed slow-

the bath house soon learn to look for cerple backing away from a wild animal or tain classes on the same days of each suca lunatio-that is the way I retreated, | cessive week. Those who come by order and, I will be honest, when I reached the slope I ran, too.

The remainder of my experience can on hand Tuesday; society women who be briefly told. I never saw or heard of come to recuperate their expended Dixon again, but very fortunately I strength and for beauty baths, favor found a friend in Leadville who put me Thursday as the off day of their week. on my feet. I stayed there, and a when the gayeties pause for breath and cowardly but perfectly natural fear of one is less likely to "miss something" on being laughed at kept my mouth sealed that day. Saturday is the teachers day. as to the adventure of the night. What when they may stop to shed the dead Dixon saw I did not care to speculate skin of their spent forces and relax the taut muscles of discipline on the slab One day, nearly a year afterward, where the spray soothingly falls on the when I had quit prospecting and turned just and the unjust alike, for most often my attention to something more remun- too, some of their recalcitrant pupils erative, I was out riding, and quite by come in gay, noisy little shoals and make accident came in sight of the house on the corridors ring with their laughter and

the slope. Instantly my curiosity was little screams of merriment. revived, and I determined to have a The faith of many women in the virclose look at it, the bright sunlight tues of the Turkish bath is limitless. having dissipated what fears remained. Those who are too thin believe that they I approached it from the rear, and the will attain the plumpness of their standplace presented very much the same appearance that it did on that eventful baths. Those who groan with flesh think night. Slowly I drove around, survey-ing it rather contemptuously until I the burden roll away; those whose comreached the front, when one startled plexions are too pale or too sallow seek glance revealed to me what Dixon saw, there color and clearness. The pimpled and I took flight as precipitately and as face expects to grow smooth, the flushed speedily as he. Lettered over the door face pale-in sooth, they think the Turkish bath the real fountain of eternal youth and beauty. Women as ugly and old as the Witch of Endor have parboiled themselves until the sap of life has left their skins like parchment, and they "How do you do, Mr. Harrigan?" was the salutation Deposition Clerk Ryan, of have finally dried up and blown away the Buffalo police court, received here one on the way from their tri-weekly trips to the Turkish baths, where they hoped to grow fat, fair, and 40 at least, whe scragginess and the seventies had seized did not exactly get there with the mean-

them ten years before. ing why he should be addressed as "Mr. One entire fat family of social as well Harrigan." Presuming he was being as personal magnitude in this city never fails to send its ample supply of daugh-ters for a douche and a pounding every "Brought your company with you?"
pueried the new found friend of Mr. Thursday; but pounding only seems to make them more pulpy. Then there are three thin sisters who go to gain symmetry; and three other sisters who have "Oh! only a short time ago," replied Mr. Ryan, who by this time was drinking a small bottle at the expense of his stocky girls only one generation removed friend, and helping himself to 25 cent from the farm life of their mother's parental precincts, go for-well, for what? Perhaps to get elongated; perhaps to acquire a little etherealization—heaven knows for what—perhaps only for the "Fair," answered Ryan, as another fun of it. Then there comes a tall girl. neither too thick nor too thin, too rosy Albany," replied Ryan, as he coolly nor too pale, and, as is natural, she inclines to the stout, short girls, and they compare notes on the advantages of

"In a court, Harrigan! Are you crasy?"
"Not a bit of it. You are 'off,' my SOUNDING THE MAN ALARM. friend. I am not Ned Harrigan, but his The mother of nine children, whose double, and as for Tony Hart, don't know friends tell her she "doesn't look a day older" (than whom or when?), comes reg-"Hallen, of Hallen & Hart's combiularly, and says, "it's the Turkish bath nation, which is playing here this week. But who are you?" was the astonished inquiry.

"Eugene Junius Ryan, of Buffalo, sir." the phrase may be a little promiscuous, but it seems to be understood by her friends and fellow bathers. After her will come a beautiful matron Here is my card. If you ever get locked up in Buffalo depend upon me to belp of ten years' standing, who never had any children, and her acquaintances will tell her she never looked so beautiful Then Tony Hart came in. Looking and strong, and congratulate her on the squarely at Ryan, he said: "Well. I would good times she has going around the swear that you were Ned Harrigan."— world and having no children to keep

her at home, and wind up by saying she looks younger than ever, and she says, it is all the Turkish bath. Then a widely known teacher, wise and learned, will be heard telling a pale little Dante woman that nothing so helps to clear the brain and put spring into the vertebra and make keen the nerves. which, unclogged, aid all the faculties to digest the learned dissertations of the doctors now expounding doctrines of the flesh and the devil as given forth by Goethe at the guild rooms of St. George's, as a thorough massage of the physical

A suffragist, tossing wildly on a hard couch near by, from which she can see the clock, whose warning hour hand stands at half-past 12, notes the fact that "we must all be getting out of here pretty soon for those selfish men, who want the place at 1 o'clock. When women can vote we'll change all this." "I hope you won't vote to let the men in during the women's hours," exclaimed the horrified were also down, and everything was as silent and lonesome as the grave.

We went back to the front room, opened up the down and windows are windows. "Not wait till I get my cornets on," cries a beauty from her dressing room who has only heard "men" mentioned, and she immediately applies the rabbit's foot to her cheeks, ties down her lace veil and goes out with a last injunction to her bather to "take care of my terry blanket and things"-and with her face toward the door to get the first glimpee of any of those "horrid men" who may be com-

ANTS FOR EATING.

They Are Said to Be as Good as Pickles Some as Large as Poses. Should a Maine lumberman find stump of rotten log with thousands of big black ants in it, he scoops the torpid insects from their winter domicile and fills his dinner pail with them. When he gets back to his camp at night he sets the pail in a cool place until his supper is ready, then brings it forth, and, while helping himself to pork and beans, helps himself also to ants. There is no accounting for tastes, and he esteems a handful of auts a very choice morsel. Bath brick. If rusty, use wood ashes, rubbed on with a newly cut bit of Irish potato. This will remove spots when Ants are said by those who have tasted them to have a peculiarly agreeable, strongly acid flavor. The woodsmen, whose food consists largely of salted

victuals, naturally have a craving for something sour. "Ants are the very best of pickles," said an old "logger," who confirmal to having devoured thousands of them. "They are cleanly insects, and there is to reason why they should not be et if one can get over a little

stommer. There is nothing repulsive

carned to eat the creatures as pickles he prefers them to any other kind." Turkish bath houses marked by Parisian Ants luve at various times and in difor even Levantine luxury and elegance ferent countries been quite extensively was first obtained by distilling the bodies of these insects, but is now artificially prepared, is a well known and useful

> hemical product. deserts of India which are in size "somewhat less than dogs, but larger than got away while the ants were assembling to attack them not a man could escape. -Pittsburg Dispatch.

Webster's Blue Suit. Daniel Webster went to college in nomespun suit, of which probably every thread was carded, spun and woven by his mother's hand from the wool of their own sheep. A contributor to Wide Awake says it was a dyed-in-the-wool suit, and the color was indigo blue—the

old New England color. In the south it is butternut; but though our Yankee grandmothers and greatgreat-great-grandmothers knew all about subtile power for slate color that lay in sumach berries and bark of white maple. and the various dyes that root and flower, bark and leaf could be made to yield through the agency of vitriol and alum and copperas to "set" them fast, the universal stand by was the blue pot -par excellence the "dye pot"-that stood in the chimney corner of every

kitchen worth naming. So Webster was fitted out in indige blue from collar to ankle-unbecomin for his swart skin-and set off grand and sophomoric. Before reaching Hanover, there came on one of those drenching rains which, like the Scottish mist, wet a man to the skin. The suit held its own-for has not indigo blue been "warranted fast" since first indigo was heard of?-but it had parted with enough so that Daniel, too, was died blue from

Daniel Webster had a liberal stratum of sentiment in his make up; and for some reason, this color of his young manhood became his favorito wear through life. He wore blue coats to his dying day. If any one ever saw him in a different one, the fact has not been put on record.—Youth's Companion.

Rubinstein and Von Bulow Quarrel

The most fiery of pianists and of orchestral conductors, Dr. Hans von Bulow, has been pointing his baton at his old friend Rubinstein, to whose "Ocean Symphony" he has taken a sudden dislike. After directing at a rehearsal the six movements of Rubinstein's symphony, which is, indeed, "vast and illimitable" like the ocean, Dr. von Bulow, according to a not unfrequent custom of his, addressed to the members of the orchestra some disparaging remarks on the work they had just been playing, and ended by saying: "A symphony like this can be properly dealt with only by a conductor with long hair." (Dr. von Bulow wears his hair short.) On reading the report of Dr. von Bulow's little speech Rubinstein wrote from St. Petersburg to the paper which had published it, expressing his surprise that in the midst of is important and numerous occupations the learned doctor should have found time to measure the length of his (Rubinstein's) hair. He also inquired affection-ately after the length of Dr. von Bulow's ears; wishing in particular to know whether they had grown since the evening when, after hearing Rubinstein's opera of "Nero" for the first time, he shook the composer warmly by the hand and even embraced him.-St. James'

Mr. Joseph Lininger, who lives about twenty miles northeast of this city, is proprietor of a skunk ranch, probably he only one in the state. Mr. Lininger few animals, and now there are fifty in the corral. "I set out." remarked the any, and at the present rate of increase from 75 cents to \$1.50, and the yield of young, it should be unhesitatingly adoil is about of the same value. They have from six to ten young at a time and breed several times in a season, the same as rabbits. My attention was called to this industry by a man in Tennessee, who has grown rich out of skunk raising."-Wabash (Ind.) Special.

Making Money by Raising Skuaks

The Largest Gold Mines in the World. At Lead City, near Deadwood, Lawrence county, are located the largest twenty-four hours, drop incessantly, day and night, in the mills, without an interDANGERS IN DRUGS.

WARNING TO THOSE DISPOSED TO USE THEM CARELESSLY.

Here is an instance where drugs, absofoxes." These creatures, in heaping up lutely harmless in anything like reason-the earth after the manner of common able doses, may yet be the cause of death: ante, were a very efficient aid to the In- The patient is an infant, and it suffers dian gold hunters. The sand which they from diarrhea. The mother doctors it threw up being largely mixed with gold, herself. She goes to the nearest drugthe Indians were accustomed to go to the desert in the heat of the day, when the ants were underground, load the sand and chalk mixture, two of the simplest into sacks, pile the sacks upon their cam-els, and hasten from the spot as rapidly mother is familiar. This she adminisas possible. The ants, according to the ters to her child in the proper doses. historian, were not only the swiftest of The diarrhea lessens, but the child's animals, but were gifted with such a condition does not improve. It even sense of smell that they immediately be- grows rapidly worse. Fever is on, the came aware of the presence of men in bowels are swollen, and, what is more their territory, and unless the Indians alarming, "head symptoms" have ap-

which is called the "corrosive chloride" of mercury. Calomel is very nearly on the part of the people, the strongest prejudice against this agent. It is likely to deter them from ever using it on their own responsibility. So strong is the prejudice there is scarcely a day passes

some patient or other does not question him about his medicines and enjoin that But all that is changed now. PROPER AND IMPROPER USE.

so, but very rarely indeed, however, because of the peculiar susceptibility of the patient to the drug. The prejudice against calomel to have grown with general enlightenment. It does not exist with those "hehind the times." In the "far western country," it is still held in high esteem. established his "akunkery" with only a and given in enormous doses even more than half a teaspoonful—for almost every conceivable ailment. After taking one proprietor when interviewed, "to raise cathartic dose of calomel alone, no one 500 of the animals before slaughtering is likely to court another such experience, it will not be long before that number is realized." "How about the odor?" was it was in olden times given with jalap, asked. "There is none whatever; you to quicken its action. But after what can go right up to the corral, and I defy you to tell by the odor that there is a about calomel, it is not an agent which skunk in the neighborhood. They never can be dispensed with. Given in proper cept as a means of self defense, and if they are not molested there is no dan-dies known to man. And so adminisger. Besides, it is a very easy matter to tered it is perfectly safe. One who does remove from the kittens the glands con-taining the offensive secretions, and thus disarm them for life. The skunk is an it is like an open razor in a child's hand. animal easily raised, and is quite valua-ble for its oil and fur. The skin is worth onmends it for a patient, either old or

taking uch crawling things into his

without doubt, no small proportion of the deaths occurring are directly or indirectly due to an unwise use of medicines. Children furnish the readiest victims to the direct destructive influ-

A physician is called, but he is powerless, for the brain is affected. The little one lingers along for days and days perhaps, and finally dies from disease of the brain. Now, for the child's death the caterhu and chalk mixture, harmless as they are, were yet responsible. The mixture lessened the diarrhea, but in so doing invited an inflammation of the bowels; the little one's brain, always exceedingly sensitive and susceptible to injury, became congested as a natural consequence, other and more serious changes followed, as in all such cases, and it not the bowels been dammed up by the catechu and chalk mixture, but instead, had they been unloaded and then treated properly, neither the inflammation therein nor the brain trouble would have occurred. In much the way described are thousands upon thousands of children killed every year. And this terrible mortality will only lessen when people learn the dangers of trifling with drugs. I have been for several weeks discussing in The Sunday Herald the remedies in common use. Continuing to do so, I come now to calomel, an agent which has been much abused. As every one knows, it is a preparation of mercury. It bears the name "mild chloride," in contradistinction to corrosive sublimate. three times as strong as blue pi2. In one respect it is fortunate that there is.

there be no calomel in it. Without doubt there is good and sufficient reason for this distrust of the drug. In times past it was, unquestionably, not only used too often, but in much too large doses. Salivation was then the rule, and by some it was believed that calomel only had a curative effect when carried to that point. Physicians no longer hold that it has such great power over the liver, nor that it controls inflammatory attacks, as their fathers before them believed. When calomel is given them now they never push it to salivation. That condition is very rare indeed at the present time, and never occurs when the drug is wisely given, unless the patient is very suscepti-ble to it. Physicians occasionally encounter people who have the peculiarity of constitution that makes salivation easy for them. With the compound cathartic pill almost every one is familiar. It contains one grain of calomel and three pills are a purging dose. They are usually given at bedtime, and, if failing to act the next morning, it is quite a common custom to give two

more of them. This treatment is prac-

tically safe, and no one would expect salivation to follow. And yet it has done

in the life of the busy practitioner that

ministered.—Boston Herald.

The Acrepeth of Today.

The town of Athens, and especially the Acropolis, is now passing through a very remarkable period in its existence. It is with mixed feelings that even those who reside here, and whose chief interest is in archaeology, look upon the sweeping alterations that have quite changed the character of its appearance. The tendgold mines and mills in the world, the ency to demolish all monuments of me-Homestake." The ore bodies mined by diseval or modern history has been althis company show a working face from lowed free play of late years; in a short 200 to 400 feet wide, sinking to an inexhaustible depth. Six hundred stamps, does not go back at least to Roman times. crushing 20,000 cubic feet of ruck every The line will probably be drawn here, twenty-four hours, drop incessantly, day though if one regards nothing but the work of the great age of Athens as begin on your 'Trilor Retailed' and was about to begin on your 'French Revolution,' but mission even for the Sabbath. During the ten years in which the mines of the Homestake combination have been operated they have produced about \$25,000,000 in bullion, and paid over \$6,000,000 in dividends to stockholders.—P. F.

McChero in Harrow's.

worthy of preservation, it is hard to see why (for instance) the pedestal of Agrip-pa deserves more respect than the books that it's worth my while to read."

Carlyle didn't care, I suppose, but there was a certain amount of satisfaction to me in freeing my mind.—San Francisco

McChero in Harrow's.

But now it is too late to regret what mission even for the Sabbath. During the worthy of preservation, it is hard to see

may have been lost. Only two or three insignificant fragments of later walls remain, and those of quite recent period; when they are removed the Acropolis will appear—but for the wear and attidents of ages—much as it did when the so called "Beule gate" was first beilt. This is an intelligible aim, and we imagine it will now be recognized by all as the best attainable. The Acropolis can never again present that nicturesome never again present that picturesque medley of historical associations and monuments of all periods that delighted the visitor twenty or thirty years ago:

but we may hope, when the ugliness of recent excavations and alterations has worn off, when a painfully exact appearance of order and arrangement has been avoided (as is promised), and, above all, when the old verdure and flowers have once more spread over the whole, that a new and more purely classical charm the Drafts on the prine toal cities in this may be found to have resulted from the try and lisrope bought and told.

When the inundation approaches the capital—usually at the end of June or the beginning of July—the Nile crists begin their work.

These criers are men whose business it is to call out, or rather to recite, before the houses of those who wish it, how much the Nile has risen during the hat

twenty-four hours.

The Oriental does everything, no man ter what it is, gravely, slowly, with much dignity and verbosity, and is never chary of his time or breath. Even the form of his greeting in the street is a T N. MILLAN, complicated ceremony of words and motions, which usually takes some minutes to perform. And in the same way his announcement of the river's rise, which seems to us such a simple matter,

is a most serious affair. The day before the crier begins his talk, he goes through the streets accom panied by a boy, whose part it is to act s chorus, and to sing the responses a the proper moment. The crier sings: "God has looked graciously upon our fields." Response: "Oh, day of glad tidings."

"To:norrow begins the announcement."
Response: "May it be followed by success information so much desired he intones with the boy a lengthy, alternating chant, in which he praises God, implor-ing blessings on the Prophet and all believers, and on the master of the hous

and all his children. Not until this has been carefully gone through does he procee I to say the Nil

has risen so many inches. This ceremony is carried on until the nonth of September, when the river has reached its culminating point, and the crier, as bringer of such good news, never falls to claim his "baksheesh," or drink money-sometimes humbly and sometimes, too, very imperiously.-London Tid Bits.

Let us take the case of a man of very meager culture and education, whose ancestors for generations have been op ressed and their lot one of bare survival Has he a true conscience in reference to large range of moral questions? To be sure he knows it is wrong to steel, and he probably could be trusted not to steal money; but how about pilfering? On the contrary, if your man of culture steals it will only be large amounts, for he despises and would feel disgraced by pilfering. Here you have the two extremes of society, with a common con science about stealing; but it is a weak

conscience at opposite ends. The high born fellow will not pocket a slice of ham, but he will default in the handling of an estate or bank deposits. The one is feeble in moral judgment just where the other is strong. These two lear. men have also a common moral law against murder. Neither one dissents from the commandment, "Thou shalt not kill," but one of them, who is fond of society and dislikes the burdens of a large family, does not hesitate to com-mit fœticide; the other would recoil in horror at such a crime, but he is ready at a moment for a shindy in which he is liable to kill some one or to be killed himself. In neither case does conscience speak loudly or condemn keenly. Your conscience is your power of morally seeing things. It is your inherited and acquired ability to judge when an act is wrong. It is far more easy to have a poor conscience than it is to have a good one.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

"No, George," faltered the maiden, "I fear it cannot be. I admire you as gentleman, I respect you as a friend.

"Laura," he exclaimed, "before you pass sentence hear me out. A recent lucky stroke in business has enabled me to buy a beautiful home on Prairie avenue, which shall be in your name. I will insure my life for \$25,000, and"-"George," calmly interposed the lovely

girl, "you interrupted me. I was about to say that the sentiments of respect and esteem I feel for you, though so strong, are feeble in comparison with the deep love which—which I—which I have long -don't, George, dearf" For George had interrupted her again -Chicago Tribune.

A small boy entered a Fourteenth avethe proprietor to trust him to two cents "I don't know you," was the reply.

"But I live just two blocks down." "But what made you suppose I'd trust "I supposed so because you've got two

barrels of keroseno out doors and I could have bored giralet holes in both of them last night without anybody knowing it." The grocer compromised by trusting the boy to a cent's worth of candy and rolling the barrels into his shed - Detroit Free Press.

I met Carlyle once-the man who enriched the language by the word "gigmanity." He was strolling along Cheynowalk, where his home was in Chelsea. and a small boy running across the pave-ment before him tripped and fell, crying, in the philosopher's way. Instead of taking compassion upon the poor little fellow, Carlyle struck him with his stick. At that I, who had been doing a bit of quiet hero worship, could not contain myself, and burst out: "Sir, I have read

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