had been freshly cleaned that morning, and Hank placed his hand on the latch of the door, when sell Luke placed his hand on him. "Tain't no use goin' in an' upasttin' every-

thing in this house on 'count of a dorg."

"Leggo me!" answered Hank. "I'm a-go

to hev that dorg, an' I calliate no one'

Luke placed himself before the door.

him a good twelve paces on the grass.

Hank lay there sprawling on the turf, Luke,

his hand suddenly to his heart, "God A'-

mighty!" he exclaimed, in a hourse whisper.

as Enoch ran forward. "Somepen's broke

nside! Run an' fetch Marier! Some one go for the doctor! I'm-I'm-I'm- He kin

and rolled over on one side, a ghastly white-

"He's dead-dead as a nit!" cried Enoch,

"No he ain't," said the undertaker, kneel-

ng by his side. "He's only fainted. Hank

you run fer the doctor. Mebbe it's a murder

know, Hank, an' then your lite out, an' keep

hid away. I'll testify 'twan't your fault bein'

throwed that way, but you hed orter got a

yard, much crestfallen and quaking with fear. Although he fancied he heard a dog's

whine come out to him from the house, he did

after him, the fatal cause of all his trouble

that day. He left word with the doctor, and

consible use; but on being so informed, only went on making more gruel and more poul-

low. But he was not the same man he was.

said, with a melancholy whine. "My innards ain't right. 'Pears my orgins is twisted in-

his last "wrastle" on Luke's body and in-

ides, his mental change and moral regenera-

'He ain't the same cuss," said Enoch, as

e at on his threshold two weeks later, with

ne or two farmers, and glanced across the

green. "He's a sorter meachin' an' wilted down-no spunk left; Land! he as uster be

kinder feelin' round ter do somethin' mean

ter his neighbors, an' make 'em feel mean ter

every cent, an' he went an' paid for Marier's—that's his fourth wife, yeou reklect

sister's child's schoolin' down to Northfield

An' es fer thet dorg o' hizen, Hank got him back all right; yes, an' Luke, he's tryin' fer

to act on the square. Why, there's Mr. Stapples a-coming! Dead? Luke Judkin

lead! Why, I want ter know! Thet's news!

dertaker, who came across the green to the store with a pail for ice. "Passed away

peaceful like. Yes, yes, I were on hand; hap-pened so. Luke's dead at last. The strain's what killed him. Yes, looks peaceful an' like

Enoch, with a New Englander's readiness to

canonize all deceased persons. "He were wicked at times, were Luke, but mostwise he

vere so dern smart thet ye hed ter fergiv'

im. An', waal, what of he did sell his dorg

over a dosen times! Wa'n't it half the dern dorg's fault! Dead! Waal, ye don't say so!"

undertaker; "but of I stan' here a talkin, Luke'll spile, an' all thet there peaceful ind of

hisen will go for naught. I never see a corpse look so mild and good tempered. Most looks sour, Mr. Johnson; but Luke, he smiles away

as of he hed a easy death, kinder passed over

the river, as they say, an' larfin' an' smilin'

we shell give Luke a big funeril—as big

Luke's was indeed a grand funeral for East

ing over the patent fact that the "new come

tery folks" had got the better of old Luke at

last, and there were some hidden winks over the fervid eloquence of the Rev. Mr. Scrooby as he praised the high character of the de-

censed—encomiums better fitted, perhaps, to the last fortnight of his life than the previous

five-and-eighty years. But the land was on head, and its narrow repertoire, though con-

taining no funeral music, gave the greatest

cious to open the new cemetery with the tune

'John Brown's Body," followed, between

prayers, by "The Star Spangled Banner!" Certes. Old Luke Judkin that summer's day

had a most cheerful end! "We hev made

him." said the undertaker, solemnly-"we hev

made him a sorter phi-lanthropeed!"-J. S. W. in Harper's Weekly.

ner that passeth over their heads where-

in they have not only beef, mutton, veal.

also some portion of the red and fallow deer, besides variety of fish and wild

man to dine with one of them and to

taste of every dish that standeth before

him, is rather to yield unto a conspiracy

with a great deal of meat for the speedy

use of a necessary meal to estinfy himself

with a competent repast to sustain his body withal." Much the same fashion

is kept up to this day, and public ban-quets and the sumptuous tables of the opulent abound in all that can charm

trast between this reckless profusion and the simplicity of some mediaval saint, whose diet was spare and plain to a de-

gree, or of him, greater than any of the prophets, who did his glorious life work on a sparing allowance of locusts, wild honey and water!—Cornhill Magazine.

remion of natural health than the

from \$75 to \$100 'll buy; yes."

"It were part the dorg's fault," replied the

ion were something astonishing.

'Pears like I bain't got long fer to live," be

Guess ye'd better kinder let the doctor

ness spreading over his face.

arch warrint-yes you hed!"

"I'm a-goin' to stop any man openin' my

"Oh, you be, be ye!" And Hank gave the old man a thrust aside. They glared at each

oin' to stop me!"

hey his dorg."

COLUMBUS

## STATE BANK

COLUMBUS, NEB. .

Cash Capital - \$100,000.

DIRECTORS AMDER GERRARD, Prest. GEO. W. HULST, Vice Pres't.

Collections Promptly Made

COLUMBUS, NEB.,

-HAS AN-

Paid in Capital OFFICERS C. H. SHELDON, Pres't.

H. P. H. OHLRICH, Vice Pres. C. A. NEWMAN, Cashier,

STOCKHOLDERS:

Rank of deposit: interest allowed on time sits; buy and sell exchange on United States Europe, and buy and sell available securities



for the glue.

"Mr. Stapples, you got money in thet new

Mr. Stapples allowed he had-"a few hun-

"Waal, 'tain't nothin' to you what I mean

ure. I cal'late I ken tire out any cem'tery

when I decease I purpose bein' buried to

"Sho!" Mr. Stapples leaned over and

picked up a straw, to conceal his feeling of

"I'm agin all them new fangled pater

iron moniments an' iron fixin's, an' agin all this 'ere flummery folks is talkin' about. The

old fashioned marble head stuns is plenty

good 'nuff. Ther's altogether too much fancy fixin' to the new cem'tery. I'm agin fountain

play into a cem'tery—yes I be! an' ef the old berryin ground's full, as they my, I'm a-goin' to Weston."

"Sho!" again ejaculated the undertaker, in an undertone. "Shouldn't think you'd like

to make yourself so unpopular."
"What's folks to East Village ever done

for me! I ain't a-goin' to do nothin' for them

"We had hoped," urged the undertaker,

"that you'd open our new cimetery, an' we callated t' have the Weston band."

an' Presbyterian ministers," softly smiled

"A adress makin' mention of your noble carrickter, an' praisin' of it, an' makin' out

Old Luke felt about in his breeches pockets

Here, Enoch; give me four doller an

insty-nine cents change"—and Luke handed

Enoch laughed a nickly laugh. "Yeou kno

I hain't got the change," he mid; "but I'll cabbage outer this bill, an' yeou can let it go

agin our akount—that there forty-nine doller

to d fer le's see three year au' over."

Luke quickly thrust the bill into his trous-ers pocket. "I call ye to witness, Mr. Stap-

ee. I tendered the cash. Yes, I did; an' now,

"Lob how the bill, Labe. Good I has got

"No bill, no glue," insisted Enoch.
"Weel, no glue, no cent!" replied Leise

the change up to the savin's bank."
Luke shook his head.

n' eighty-six ceuts for store projuce as has

for some moments, apparently to no purpose Then he felt in his boot top and pulled out a

dirty and much mangled \$5 bill.

Luke moved uneasily on the step.

Mr. Stapples.

"Tain't no use argufyin'," said Luke.

com'tery enterprise, ain't yer"

WESTERN COTTAGE ORGAN

A. & M.TURNER

Or G. W. KIBLER.

These organs are first-class in every par

SCHAFFROTH & PLATE.

CHALLENGE

WIND MILLS

AND PUMPS.

skeye Mower, combined, Self nder, wire or twine.

When I say Owne I do not mean murely stop them for a time, and then have then t tern egain. I MEAN A RADICAL CURE. I have made the disease of

TITE EPILEPSY or

PAREITS SICKIE

HENRY GASS. UNDERTAKER!



"Labels got yo, Ha

Coulds use chree, coulds me chree, Beautiful Erin, far over the ess, Erin, my birthland, God's blessing on thee! Thou smilest as Venus, who rose from the cessus, The queen of all beauty and heir to devotion.

The queen of all beauty and heir to devotion.
Thy name, as the name of sweet Love, is a me
Where'er they may be, thy children breathe?
To hear of thy triumph or world disaster.
No foster lands wean thy lovers from thee,
No home of adoption can dear to them be
As thou art, then beautiful child of the me!
I love thee, I love thee, thir land of my birth,
Greenest and loveliest late of the earth.

Frin we country for over the me. Erin, my country, far over the sea, Erin, loved Erin, God's bleming on thee! Cushia ma chree, cushia ma chree!
—Susie M. Best in Boston Transcrip

LUKE JUDKIN'S END.

"Tought He's all made o' whip cord, I tell ye. Last! O' course he'll last. Ain't he now a-playin' croky-he an' Henery Green! Henery is a babe as compared with Luke, an' Henery is over 75. Ye'll never open the new cem'tery with Embe, Fact ye. Take's as the

slowly from one side of his long lantern jaw to the other as he replied, dubiously: "The new cimetery folks say that the folks to East Village ain't respondin' as they had ought to

Luke, anyhow. The speakers sat on the steps of En Johnson's store in East Village, and looked across the green to where two old men were playing croquet—a game not yet extinct in the mountain farming districts of Vermont. Pretty soon a quarrel seemed to spring up between the players; loud words rang out ohnson stood up on the store steps to watch the contest at better advantage. Presently Enoch said, as if apostrophising: "That Luke old critter! Henery is hurted, and here comes Luke with a broken mallet. Shouldn't won-

of he'd my Henery was all to blame. Spry! Ain't be spry! D'ye ever bear about lorg money—I dun know." his dog! He's cuter than old Luke himself. Here the old reskill comes. H'lo, Luke!" "H'lo, Enoch! How's folks?" Lake Judkin briskly walked up to the store, holding the parts or a broken mallet handle in his hands. He was the picture of that agile, athletic old age which so often obtains at the present day among the "hill farms" in

the undertaker beaved a deep sign. the weight of years. His hands had grown into long, unsightly claws. The day was hot and it was midday, but the sun at 110 degrees only sufficed to pleasantly warm the bald head of the old man, whose sharp-little eyes in their cavernous sockets gleamed up at the storekeeper in keen recognition.
"Been a-playin' croky?" answered Enoch, not replying according to East Village eti-quette to the old man's inquiry concerning his "folks." prise arter all." An empty farm wagon drove by in

runnin'," said Luke. "Would 'a beat a fourth only Henery he said I cheated. Tw'an't no sich a thing!" and his eyes blinkpointer into the barn. He seemed to ed savagely, like the eyeballs of an antiquat-ed parrot. "I didn't cheat no more 'n' no "Yas. Twa'n't nothin'. Stuck our malhimself off his borse, and shouted to Enoch. lets together a leetle. Say, Enoch, measure me out a cent's worth o' glue—Henery broke

slowly rising and meandering within his store "Bought 'im last Thursday, an' here 'tis Tuesday, an' the dorg run off. I suspect Luke's got 'im back. Ef the consarned res-Luke took a seat on the steps, near the undertaker, and proceeded to wipe his perspir-ing face with his shirt sleeve. The underkill has gone an' done me, I'll-I'll"-The speaker, a tall, thin, athletic young fartaker looked him over professionally a moment; then said, musingly, "Luke, what is your measure! Five foot seven an' a harf mer, gave a quick swing to his arm as be or five eight an' a harf?" He put the question casually, as if not personally interested.

spoke, indicative of the punishment he would inflict upon old Luke Judkin if found detry an' buy thet dorg. Menny hez tried it," said Enoch, "an' not one on em's ever hed go. Guess he's to Luke's barn now."

ain't done nothin'; it's the dorg's fault," no lawyer shark, but guess I know 'nuff to know that dorg's boughten an' paid for; an' he's my dorg, an' I'll get 'im outen Luke's barn, or Luke gets a lickin', one or t'other!" mid Hank, angrily, striding across the green toward Luke Judkin's white house and dingy

"dorg" matter to hesitate a moment about the need of 'tendin' his store. Perceiving his neighboring stream, stole into the store and slyly helped themselves to "Jackson balls" and 'lasses cakes in the window. Not content with these sweets, they daubed their faces with four, and arrayed themselves in the yellow tarpaniin suits which hung over the counter.

But if the urchins were having a good time, the ill concealed look of ammement in honest Enoch's face as he crossed the green also showed that he too was enjoying him-self, perhaps equally well. "I'd like to see how Hank'll go to work," he laughed. "Hank's med, an' Luke ain't no match for as how you were a great philanthropeed," smiled Mr. Stapples, affably.
"A what is't?" saked Luke, quickly turning his sharp, discrediting eyes full upon the

combed up back over his cars. No rural

Old Luke gazed about the yard and at the house furtively, as if he expected the dog to look out at him from a second story window

breaks pecials, with:

"Look a-bare, Luke; I ain't a-goin' to stend no facile.' I want that deep. I paid for him fair, an' I do admit he was a dara chesp deep

Labell get fetched up dort. Some un win beyond all desire for further discovery "Marier's mad's a hornit a'ready," laughed Enoch, sotto voce, to the undertaker; "an' see them man trackin' up her clean floor!" Hank State had entered the porch at the side of the house and Luke had followed him.

"an' no mistate; but I callate the new cime-tery's smarter'n him. It has wait longer'n he ken, an' he knows it. I callate I did them folks a good turn when I put in a word about the brase band an' the creation. Lake kinder pricked up his care, I see."

Enoch shook his had. "No; he'll heat you

falks yet," he said. "He'll trick ye some way."

Shading his eyes with his head, Bacch looked
down the road. "Darn me of his dorg ain't come back home agin! Ther's one smarter'n Luke to Best Village. Thin't no man; it's a dorg! Yee, Luke's onto, but his dorg—he's cutur'n Luke. But both on 'em are a pair. Land! see that dorg meak home, hidin' behint

on a dorg! Not Gway!"

"Yop. I see 'm sell the p'inter yestiddy to Hank Spink. Hank's a feller as won't stand no nonsense neither. Hank dray off with the dorg in his buggy, him a-lookin' kinder ez tho' he knowed what to do without bein' told Now he's back, an' Luke 'Il try an' sell m agin to some fool afore the week's out."

"I swan! That's cheatin'." outen his gran ther. Why, he's the cum they eght to hear him brag o' them war times! uldered a gun, but he never saw Dixie's land 'cept as a sutler, an' now he's a-livin' off a pension he got 'cause he claimed he was injured in the Wilderness, bein' throwed heavy n a wrastlin' match he war allus wrastli gets ten dollars a month for ever sence. Praps that five dollar bill was dorg, money; p'r'aps it was guv'ment money; guess likely

the undertaker, as he rose to go. "Guess of Lube's a reskill we don't want ter open our new cimitery with no such a carrickter We'd better be lookin' around for a corpse as we ken praise up without lyin' about. Sho! The village is so dern healthy, an' we've

"Waal, better look for another corpse ain't a reskill, an' hasn't sold a dorg over the undertaker's jug. "Luke would spile any cem'tery. Guess folks to Weston won't likely he'll be forced to try the new enter

dusty road, making a great clatter and obscuring Luke's house and barn across green in a cloud of dust. neath it. Luke could be seen leading his somewhat of a hurry, and the dog proving unwilling, he led the animal quickly back men rode furiously up to the store, threw

who stood on his door step, scarcely ten feet away: "H'lo, Esoch! Seen snything of my p'inter I bought o' Luke Judkin fer five doi-

"Hank Spink, you'd orter know better'n to nuch success. You carrn't buy thet dorg. mart. Yes, I see that dorg not a few minits "Well, I guess I boughten the dorg; an' I'll hev the dorg, or I'll hev the law outer Luke!"

The undertaker smiled. "Mebbe as you ben arest a dorg!" he said. "As for Luke, he Hank Spink scratched his bead. "I ain't

too much interested in the event of the departure, half a dozen young urchins, stroll-ing homeward from a bath and swim in a and lesses cakes in the window. Not content him in a bare stand up fight. But Luke's ing his sharp, discrediting eyes full upon the undertaker.

"A phi-lanthropsed—I callate one what is a sorter magnit."

Old Lake began to chuckle well within himself. "Me a magnit 'n East Village!" he grinnel. "Why, I can't get trust for a bag o' outs!"

Proof: "Rock's genuine admiration for old I obtain the common of the

grinned. "Why, I can't get trust for a bag o' oats!"

Enoch came out with the glue done up in a bit of brown paper. "Guess ye hurted Heatery, ye old sinner," said he, looking across the green. "There's Marier a-doin' his head up in a hanksher. Look's though his skull was cracked—darn me of't don't!"

"Hope 'tin," said Luka. "He'd no bisness to say I cheated. Why, croky ain't no fun onless ye cheat some; an' Hensry, he's was 'n I ba."

"Waal," mid Enoch, slowly, "folks know in he's run off. I stone."

"Waal," mid Enoch, slowly, "folks know in he's run off. I stone."

"Wasl," said Enoch, slowly, "folks know yeou! an' I guess Henery's mostwise in the right. Say, Luke, here's the glue; now where's mid Hank Spink, mollified.

The old man's thin hair was broken and the said Hank Spink, mollified. "Yes, I come arfter the dorg, Mr. Judkin," milder then Lake in his clean lines duster, his collector thirt, and his greened boots.

"Weal, he's high an' low bout the yard sometime, Hank. I see 'in chests' bout like's though he was glad to get back an' get rittles agin. Hi, Sanguer! Sangt Don't see 'im now, 'encity."

and wink. But Susp made no appearance at a window or electricate, and Heak Spink showed his least hands for down toto his

'm away. I sin't got nothin' to do with the deer. The deer's yourn; take 'm away of he's here, replied Lake's high truble.

"Wand, he's here, I guess, of he sin't hid,"

the eye and tempt the painte, and, let me add, lay the foundation of long and severe illness. How strange the contrast between this reckless profusion and

"Labels get ye, Rock. I see 'in tender the cash," said the undertaker.

Eisch stoot in the doorway, deathet his last like oper and little black ringhts, option a little, and looked feelish.

"Es allow do get the better o' most," said long seough to make up a face at the strange. See in the door very against "Longle" and

SKILLFUL CERAMISTS.

COOKING AND WATCHING COSTLY They walked the length of the porch, which

overy made early in the Eighteenth con-

tury by one Louis Poterat, a poor faience maker of Rouen, and is a preparation of mineral salts, mostly those of sods and silica, less been brought to bear upon the natural product of kaolin, and carried its manufactare to a scale of perfection which permits it to vie in its own special province with its militaries for file and delicate compeer.

It will thus be seen that two distinct spefurther explained that the terms pate tendre and pate dur, meaning "soft and hard paste," he artificial product is, by its extreme fragility, incapable of service in the gigantic presentation pieces, such as, of the natural earth, have given the establishment its great-est renown. If confined by its great delicacy sion the finer pate has still its claims to superiority, for the colors and enameling appl

ing absolutely unrivaled. The process of manufacture of costly vases operations of the most primitive potters of not stop to look back or attempt to whistle movements must be followed. A mass of ator upon his revolving table or wheel, to galloped back to his little hill farm on the mountain side, a sadder and a wiser, if a dog-treadle. While under the pressure of his naked hands the lump gradually assumes a succession of meaningless forms which rise Aunt Marier, with a scared look, made gruel | and fall, spread, contract, broaden or lengthand noultices, for which there could be no en in turn until thoroughly kneeded into the in the judgment of the operator the right

to it when in the furnace so melt

and form part of the solid fabric as to create

in an emergency, if for no other reason.

Luke Judkin "came round." After a week sure, and from the shapeless pile rises as if by magic the outline of a vase or urn in one by magic the outline to which art gives

When the piece has assumed a clean and definite form the motion of the wheel is quickened, and with a series of deft and skillful touches the operator follows carefully within and without the delicate curves of his until, without further doubt as to its identity, the thus far completed work stands ready for treatment at the hands of artists possessing no mean reputation. Brought to this point, the "vase," we will say, is still on the table upon which it took def him, why he's turned right round! Guess he won't live long. No! Folks says he's paid up all his debts. Wasl, he's paid my 'count considerable amount of moisture is allowed to evaporate. It is then passed over to other practically a lathe, for the treatment which the vase is now subjected is that of calipers, which effectively demonstrate any unevenness, and a series of cutting tools which are employed in emptying the interior and smoothing every part, as well as in sharpening the outlines of the rim and borders. Leaving the hands of these latter ministers. the object has assumed the precise form which, short of subsequent ornamentation, will characterise the finished piece. While the operations attending the production of this first ebauche, or "sketch," as it is called. are apparently quite simple, their perform-ance requires a steadiness of hand and consummate skill on the part of the worker which few are qualified to give.

The modeling having been completed full satisfaction, the process of molding is now in order, for which purpose the prepared sketch is carefully sliced into as many pieces as there are to be prominent or protrudin parts to the completed vase, and each of these is in turn treated to a coating of plastic material, which when hardened and remove is to form a section of the final metrix. All pate, be it of whatever variety, is reduced by the addition of water to a thin liquid, which in the technicality of the manufactory i called barbotine, and the object cast without

good-by; an' it's jest hit the cimetery folks off right, tew, Mr. Johnson—jest right. Oh, we finished off the roadways jest in time, an' This, however, is mainly in the case small articles. For the molding of pieces of great dimensions, the manufactory of Sevres employs several processes, which aid in the compression of the liquid beyond the possi-bility of flaws or bubbles. Of these the two principal are by means of compressed air and a method of pouring the fluid in a vacuum, without which the obtainment of some of the gigantic pieces made there would

In close proximity to the shops where the foregoing processes take place are the ateliers of the artists, charged with the correction of the various ornaments which it is their business to join to the main body of the work at the proper stage. These repareurs, so called, are men of great attainment and ofttimes reputation, whose important tasks are considered on par with those of sculpturs and painters. The piece is now ready to undergo a preparatory touch of the fire which hardens the pate for the purposes of the decorators in color, and to allow of a certain amount of scalpturing and engraving which must be used upon the details. The first tempering is accomplished in the upper part of the fur-nace, where the best is much less violent than

soft and translucent enamel which furnishes one of the features so much admired by ame-teurs of this sort of ware, and which is comspar and quartz, then which little of a min-oral nature can be harder or more durable. most part Frenchmen and foreigners) do most exceed; till there is no day in man-Sevres possesses, for these purposes, eight great furnaces, six of which act through intensity of temperature and two of which throw their flames directly upon the work. lamb, kid, pork, cony, capon, pig, or so many of them as the season yieldeth, but The heat required for the vitrification of kaolin and the other materials is something terrible, mounting never less high than 1,800 fowl, and thereto sundry other delicates wherein the sweet hand of the sea faring

During forty hours, day and night, while one or more of these vases is baking, the chief Portingale is not wanting, so that for a officer of the manufactory never leaves the oven, which every few moments he is compelled to critically examine with special in-struments for determining whether all is go-ing well within. When these announce that the porcelain is properly cooked, the order is given to slow down the fire, which, before its contents may be removed, must be allowed to cool during eight days.—New York Tele-gram

"Tell me about the hole in the wall." "Well, it was one of the famous intitutions of our early days. I'll give

brought them down and set them up in otunda and on the east side of the corridor. Soon he added pickles, nuts, salads and such little delicacies, and the place

that there ought to be a bottle of whisky selves to whatever they wanted, and the

"After a time the stock got so large and pular that it was no uncommon thing see a dozen senators and their friends The little room, not more than twelve or name from the fact that it was simply a hole in the wall, lighted only by one wingood deal of confusion resulted in the

who had a favorite brand of to pay for what they got, and after this was done the popularity of the Hole in the Wall fell off very rapidly. But it was kept up until some years after the in 1859. It is a good thing, I'm thinking, that the walls of that dark little room are dumb!"-Ohio State Journal.

Houses of varying pretensions border the Alameda behind the trees. At its reached, and beauty yields to commerce The streets are roughly paved and dirty; the houses, painted white or of pale tints, are plain and rectangular, their smooth walls broken only by light verandas be fore the upper windows and by the flag-staffs projecting over every door. The shops are poor. But the street scenes are interesting enough. Creaking wagons, drawn by oxen, lumber noisily over the stones, the dark skins and high cheek bones of their drivers showing Indian descent. Lighter horse drawn carts and shabby hackney coaches pass by, but very few respectable private car-riages are seen. Outside a saddler's shop stands the picturesque figure of a "Huaso," mounted on a small but strong and

The "huaso" is a distinctive personage of Chili, answering somewhat to the guacho of eastern South America. He mends his life mounted on his horse, skill, his occupation-when he has one -usually being cattle driving on the "haciendas," or farms, of the country. More than half Indian, dark, silent, fierce, he is an unpleasant individual to meet at night in a lonely country road, for he is unscrupulous and ready frequently the case, he has imbibed a quantity of "aquardiente" in the low drinking places of the town. A wide hat of well worn straw shades his unshaven face; a "poncho"-in appear- sticks to register: ance like a striped blanket with a hole in its center, through which his head emerges conceals his shabby dress. From his heels project monstrous spurs, cruel as the powerful bit which renders his horse obedient to a touch. At his saddle, of Mexican pattern, hangs the "lasso," his implement of office, in the use of which he is astonishingly dexterous. His high leather boots rest in gigantic wooden stirrups—blocks of carved wood-which protect his feet from the press of cattle.-All the Year Round.

Pliny speaks of his great work on nataral history in thirty-seven books as an encyclopedia. Quintilian, Galen, Vitruvius and Zonaras apply the term to the doctrinarum omnium disciplina." The of greke Encyclopædia." But the Middle in four folio volumes as late as 1624 by the Benedictines of Arras.

We pass over a number of similar works to which the revival of learning in the Sixteenth century gave birth, all in the Sixteenth century gave birth, all of them having been frequently reprinted and in general use, until we arrive in the Seventeenth century at the historical dictionaries of Moreri and Bayle, which The first alphabetical encyclopedia in English was the work of John Harris, a extra ten cents to see the giraffe with the cir-London clergyman, who was secretary of the Royal society and a friend of Newton. But this "Lexicon Technicum" was superseded by Chambers' Universal complete publication known as "Rees" Cyclopedia," which belongs to the earlier years of the present century, and is still in many respects a book of much utility und value. - The Edirburch Review.

In some unknown region of the New World, probably somewhere about the highlands of Peru—for the origin of the potato, like that of Mr. Jeames de la Pluche and other im-portant personages, is "wrop in mystery" there grow, at that precise period of history known to chronologarous "once upon a time," a solunecous plant- peculiarly personned in the struggle for life by the persistent atten-tions of toe many hungry and herbivorous admirers. In mak a case the common rehere grew, at that precise period of his series of any ordinary unorm have been to adopt the usual scienceous tactics of potenting there its obtrusive friends and actual exemine. Any other schemes would have filled its stem and leaves with percette juices, and made itself ere you a full history of it—something that has never been told in print. It had its origin in ham and bread. One of the senators suggested to John Beall, who est and straightforward plant declined to senators suggested to John Beall, who was sergeant-st-arms away back in the thirties, that it would be a good thing to have a little luncheon set man the hall where hungry senators could run out and get a bite to eat. So Beall's wife holled hams and made bread and Beall primeval points, appealed in producing for the suggested to such mean strategy. Hard have strategy the strategy. Hard have a little luncheon set man the hall for Irainal. It invented the tuber.

And what is the tuber, which natural as lection, thus acting upon the necessities of the speech. You know the devil sows tares.—Pittsburg Bullstip.

know as eyes, and capable of deing all the work of a branch in producing fillings, flow-ers and barries. All that is possible to the taker, viewed as a branch, some itself up in two cardinal points. First, it happens to de-velop under ground (an accident which, as we all know in the familier cases of layers

pose. This is not in the least to be identified with the general improvement in tone and taste which has taken place from an authoric point of view in the public worship of all rethe church. It should be covered with be a reredos of carved stone or wood or a piece of embroidery. Against this, in the midst of a narrow shelf, should stand a

ross," and so on. This is indeed Ritualism, but it differs not in degree but in kind from that to which, for the sake of brevity and convenience, we technically apply that term. The Ritualism of which we speak is the expression in out ward form, and the enforcement on the minds of the worshipers by external symbolism, of certain dogman. The Ritualists themselves would indignantly repudiate any other idea. The late Rev. C. J. Le Geyt, a well known point and value of all ritual is that it symenshrines and protects, dogmatic truth. Ritualists, so called, have no desire to escape under the guies of hermies nonent Ritualism unquestionably does symbolize doc-trine, and therefore has been so carefully leg-islated for by the church." One of the Ritualistic clergy (the Rev. W. J. E. Bennett) contend, then, for any asthetic purpose, but strictly for a doctrinal purpose?" answered "Decidedly; the authoric purpose forms as accident afterward, but is not the object."

A trader who tries to overreach his Indian customers finds himself stamped with an ex "five more," because, let the Indians offer what number of skine they might in barter-ing for an article, he always said, "five

annuity money, would try to get the better of the agent. As a certain sum of money was apportioned to each man, woman and child, the father of a family tried to make the number of his lodge as large as possible.

A dialogue like the following would occur
between the agent and an Indian, as the red man handed to the agent a little bundle of

"How many have you in your lodge?"
"Fifteen," answers the Indian, carefully counting his bundle of sticks. "How many men!"

The agent lays saide two sticks. "How many women?" Three more sticks are laid aside

"How many children!"

"Eight sticks are added to the heap.
"What is the meaning of these two sticks that remain?" saks the agent, sternly. The culprit, whose arithmetic had not served him to play out his trick, would disappear amid the jeers of his companions, who shouted at him because he had been found out.—Youth's Companion.

Specialty made of Collections by C. J. Garlow.

\*\*More than the meaning of these two sticks that remain?" asks the agent, sternly. The culprit, whose arithmetic had not served him to play out his trick, would disappear amid the jeers of his companions, who shouted at him because he had been found out.—Youth's Companion.

Nature made a curious mistake in regard to the giraffa. She gave him such an extra word was introduced into English in the Sixteenth century by Sir Thomas Elyot, who speaks of "the world of science and under his feet strictly alone. She made him circle of doctrine, whiche is in one word pretty, but awkward. She gave him beautiof greke Encyclopædia." But the Middle ful limbs, but he runs with a wabble. He is of greke Encyclopedia." But the Middle practically defenseless, and yet he is boosted up in the air where everything can see him. greatest of which was the "Speculum There is some offset, however, in the fact Mundi" of Vincent de Beauvais, who was lector or librarian to St. Louis, in the Thirteenth century. It was reprinted to some offset, however, in the fact that the giraffe is of affectionate disposition. His confidence is easily secured, and when once he puts his trust in you you can feed him cayenne pepper in a piece of apple, and he will lay it on to some one else. The giraffe lives to the age of thirty-five, if not sooner still retain their place in our libraries. the world isn't far more wicked than it is,

The principal of one of our great college Dictionary, which was the most popular book of reference of the Eighteenth century. Mr. Lyons mentions that Abraham Rees produced an enlarged edition The village which held his famous school of this work in 1788, but he fails to do justice to the far more important and frequent infirmity of the old of retelling his of stops and evasions were in demand in deal-ing with the good doctor.
One day he carefully pinned a neighbor on the street, and began—apropos of nothing at all—to introduce a threadbare anecdote,

funny at its outset, doubtless, but now n longer able to provoke a smile.

The lady, in her desperation, professed a vivid recollection of the story, and made a reckies plunge into another subject. "Do you remember it?" ejaculated the lighted old gentleman, not at all offended.

And then, edging nearer, and with a fresh sparkle of interest in his kindly eyes, "Then

ase tell it to me!"-Youth's Cor It Was Published. Small Boy (to editor)-Will you print my tor (reads it)-No. sir.

Small Boy (weeps)—Do print it, or I'll tell my mother and my grandpa and my auntic Sue, and my uncle Jim and my sisters and my Biddy. They all subscribe for the paper, and they'll stop and— Editor—Hush! it will be in next week, and sere's ten cents to buy candy. - Epoch.

-That cost not mended yet?

Business Gards.

DEUTCHER ADVOKAT.

QUILLIVAN & REEDES ATTORNEYS AT LAW,

TOON EURDEN COUNTY SURVEYOR.

CO. SUPT PUBLIC SCHOOLS

E. COOKUL

DRAY and EXPRESSMAN. Light and heavy hanking. Goods handled wit care. Headquarters at J. P. Becker & Co.'s office Telephone, 33 and 34. 22may/66f

BRICK MAKERS

M K. TURNER & CO.

Proprietors and Publishers of the

\ [CALLESTER & CORNELIUM

ATTORNEYS AT LAW. Office up stairs over Ernst & Schwarz's store on Eleventh street.

HIGGIES & GARLOW.

JOHN G. HIGGINS.

ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW

C. J. GARLOW.

Job-Work, Roofing and Gutter-ing a Specialty.

KNAPP BROS.

setting boilers, mantles, etc. Staining and tuck pointing old or new brick work to repre-sent pressed brick, a specialty. Correspondence solicited. References given.

DIARY. JOURNAL OFFICE ENVELOPES NOTE HEADS.

BILL HEADS, CIRCULARS DODGERS, ETC. SUBSCRIBE NOW THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE

We Offer Both for a Year, at \$4.00.