The Columbus Journal.

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THE OLD RAG CARPET.

AMONG the memories of childhood, is that of an old dame I used to visit with my mother. She was always seated in the midst of rags, the cast-off clothing of several generations, which she eternally cut into strips, sewed together, and wound into balls. In course of the transmigration of matter, these balls were woven into carpet more comfortable than artistic.

However, as my mother said, no book could be written that would contain more of the family history than this carpet. With what pride old Aunt Sallie used to pick out the different bits. They had for her a human interest; memories of joys and pain, of journeys and rests, of comfort and pride and affection were associated with each threadbare shred.

There was the last bit of an old blue coat, which had been buttoned over manly hearts as far back as the Revolution; it had been the Sunday coat in which several generations of farmer lads had been made uncomfortable, and it had held its color almost to the last honest bit of dyed in the wool fabric.

There were the mortal remains of an old gray shawl, which had been identified with the family for years and years. If there were romance, and chivalry, and hospitality in the family record, they were woven in the warp and woof of this old shawl. In the days of its prime it had crossed the ocean. The gallant young husband of that old day had lovingly tucked it under the chin of his dimpled bride, that the breeze that blew across the world might not visit her too roughly.

It was always a garment that could be loaned to a friend who was caught out in cold or storm. It hung in graceful folds from the shoulders of the grand and stately dame, or was bunched awkwardly about the dumpy little woman whose face beamed good-naturedly above it. It survived the rise and fall of big sleeves and narrow ones. Amid the fashion of capes and coats, it held its own.

The grandmothers of the family each in turn had sat crooning by the fire, carefully cuddling this bundle of shawl which, being unwrapped fold after fold, was found to contain (like a kernel in the shell) a red-faced, half smothered baby. It was used as a covering for the couch, it was thrown over the back of the invalid's chair, or tucked into the old-fashioned dearborn when the family drove to meeting. It was taken to picnics and spread upon the grass on which some loving swain reclined at his mistress' feet, and as it grew old and feeble it was caught on brush and brier and torn in little snags here and there. At last Aunt Sallie got her own reluctant consent to its reincarnation, in the form of rag carpet.

I used sometimes to want to take a bright new bit of cloth to the old woman for her carpet, but my mother said "no; better let her alone; the old bits are more to her; besides they tone in together, and are all of a piece." The life of the old dame was of the same piece also, shreds and memories.

This was my primary lesson in the harmonious relation of one thing to another, which dates further back than Delsarte, even to the injunction not to put new cloth upon old garments.

My childish interest in the old dame was not unmixed with contempt for her menial occupation. "Think of it, mother!" said I, "not to have a soul above old rags."

"It is with rags, old and new, that most of us spend our lives," said my mother, "if thee will think of it."

Alas, I have thought of it many a time, in the shaping over of an old garment, the planning of a new one, the little cambric satisfactions or vexations, which go to make up life.

By the way, have you ever thought of the impresions we make upon the retina of other persons' minds, by our manners or occupation? I once heard a boy tell his mother he did not want to remember her as always doing the household drudgery, but as being a lady sometimes.

Now there comes the memory of another woman, also seated amid heaps of rags, but she was dainty and beautiful and rags were shining garments which she would take out of chests, airing and smoothing them caressingly, recalling the festive occasions on which they had been worn, but, with a sigh, putting them back into their hiding places. Her hands were whiter than the old dame of the carpet rags, and jewels sparkled on her fingers, but mother's words came back to me: "It is with rags, old and new, that most of us spend our lives."

Blessed are we if permitted to use these rags wisely, to adorn ourselves seemingly and not forgetting sometimes to wrap a warm shawl over shivering shoulders, a blanket about weary limbs.

Aunt Sallie lived alone, though the neighbors often said it was not safe. Her only son had settled in the West, and sometimes made a journey to see his mother, but never could persuade her to go back with him, or change her mode of living. She liked to sit by her own fireside, to light her evening candle and read a chapter of the Bible, and wind up the old family clock, and, as she said, "she could go to bed mistress and rise up master."

It was just before Thanksgiving that David, the son, had come with his wife and little ones to spend this home gathering holiday with the old mother. They thought to surprise her. Approaching the cottage they saw the friendly light, and quietly stole up to the window to see what she was doing within. Sure enough, there she sat peacefully reading her chapter. As they looked, she dozed over her book, the candle was very near, her head nodded towards it. The frill of her cap caught the flames. In an instant her gray hair was in a blaze.

David rushed to the door. It was carefully locked. Flinging himself against it with all his might, the old door yielded. Catching up a strip of rag carpet from the floor, he threw it about the form of his mother and smothered out the fire. Her hair and hands were scorched, but the instant application of home remedies prevented serious results.

SMOTHERED OUT THE FIRE.

The neighbors said it was surely a warning; that she must not live all by her lone self. "It was just a blessed providence that mother was not burned to death," said David's wife, as she went about the house next day preparing the Thanksgiving dinner.

David said, in his brisk way, though not without feeling: "Yes, mother, we arrived just in time."

"Well, it were a mercy ye come when ye did," said the mother; "but, David, ye have just completely ruined my very purtiest strip o' rag carpet."

Meanest of All Burglars.

Burglars in New York have been doing a lively business by going upstairs and informing a mother that her child has just been run over in the street. The frantic mother rushes down, and her pocket book, left on the table, soon rushes down, too.

RELIGION AND REFORM.

The Sabbath day's journey of the Hebrews mentioned in the bible was 2,000 yards.

The chief justice of the Supreme court of Japan, T. Myoshi, is a communicant in a Congregational church.

The number of Roman Catholic churches in Great Britain is 1,735, and 1,500 of these have been built during the last fifty years.

Latest statistics show that the Methodists are very weak in Utah. It is the only place where they have less than 1 per cent of the population.

Rev. W. R. Clark of the First Congregational church of Guttenburg has given up preaching and gone into the undertaking business.

The Metropolitan tabernacle of London, the late Mr. Spurgeon's church, still has the largest membership in the world, there being over 5,000 members.

Rev. Dr. Daniel Dorchester has been appointed temperance editor of the Boston Standard. The temperance department is published every day.

Rt. Rev. Ernest R. Wilberforce, bishop of Newcastle, England, has been appointed bishop of Chichester, in succession to Rt. Rev. Richard Durnford, deceased.

PERSONAL.

Frederick Remington was a clerk in an express office before he essayed art.

E. C. Stedman, who has just refused a professor's chair at Yale, was dismissed from that university when a student.

Henry Arthur ones, the playwright, indignantly denies the published assertion that he is to drop the name of Jones and call himself Henry Arthur.

Capt. Alfred Sanford of St. Louis, who is 73 years old and whom the authorities sent to the poorhouse last week, was the boyhood friend and playmate of Ulysses S. Grant.

Tzmoteo Panduro, a little Mexican Indian clay modeler, now at Atlanta, is said to be a wonderful genius. He has had no training, but has already won several medals of honor.

By a votes of twelve to six the judges of the Appellate division of the New York Supreme court have decided not to wear gowns.

Rev. Myron Reed of Denver had an engagement to lecture at Hall City, Kan. Missing his train, he hired a team of horses and a buggy and drove from Colby, a distance of seventy-five miles.

Rabbi I. M. Wise of Cincinnati says that during the last forty years he has officiated at 10,000 Jewish weddings and only three couples whom he has married have ever applied for a divorce.

THESE ARE QUEER FISH.

Some Products of the Sea That Are Found in Australian Waters.

Sydney Letter to Boston Transcript: Several varieties of fishes which have long disappeared from other parts of the world are still represented in New South Wales. Among these are the cestracion, or Port Jackson shark, whose teeth resemble those of the fossil acrodis, found in mesozoic deposits, and the ceratodus, an existing ganoid, otherwise exclusively represented in the trias formation, its anatomy showing a connecting link between a lizard and a fish. Among other remarkable fish found in these waters several may be enumerated. The frog fish, belonging to the order pediculati, has fins adapted for walking on the ground rather than for swimming, and is found floating inshore among marine plants from which it is with difficulty distinguished owing to its great resemblance to them in point of color. The hopping fish, a variety of gobil, or sea gudgeon, has its fin developed into legs, so that the animal is able to leap among the mud flats which it frequents. The eyes of the fish are curiously placed at the top of its head and are capable of being thrust far out of their sockets and of moving independently of one another. The hippocampus, or sea horse, so named from a resemblance in the shape of the head and fore part of the body to that of the horse, is a very singular fish, but the phyllopteryx is, perhaps, the most remarkable fish of Australia, if not of the world. It is like the ghost of a sea horse, with its winding sheet all in ribbons around it. Its tattered cerements are in shape and color like the sea weed it frequents, so that it hides and feeds with safety. The dugong (halicore Australis) was formerly met with at the mouths of the Richmond, Tweed and Brunswick rivers, but it is seldom now seen south of the Brisbane river, in Queensland. It resembles the porpoise in shape and size, but has no dorsal fin. The skin is heavy and thick, and is said to make excellent leather. The habits of this animal are those of a graminivorous ruminant, its stomach being exactly like that of an ox. It frequents the flats and shallows along the margin of the shore and feeds upon the grass which is found thereon. Like the whale family, it suckles its young, is warm-blooded, and therefore is incorrectly described as a fish. The dugong attains a large size, sometimes measuring fourteen feet long and ten feet in girth. An animal of such dimensions would weigh about 300 pounds.

The World's Greatest Forest.

At the recent congress for the advancement of science in this country it was said that the largest forest in existence was nearly 700 miles north from the St. Lawrence of Quebec and Ontario, and 1,800 from east to west.

A recent French writer, commenting on this, asserts that the Canadian forest is only entitled to the fourth place, if even that. In South America, he states, in the valley of the Amazon, is a stretch of woodland 2,200 miles long and 1,300 miles wide; while in the center of Africa explorers have reported a forest at least 3,300 miles long from north to south, and of a width as yet unmeasured and untraversed, but certainly vast in extent. This African forest, known as the "Great Forest," is in all probability the largest area of woodland country in the world. The greater portion of it is virgin soil that has never been trod even by savager, let alone civilized man. Stanley, in his "Darkest Africa," describes this great forest and tells of the many days he and his men marched through it in what was almost darkness, hardly a ray of the sun being able to penetrate the dense foliage.

One of India's Superstitions.

The natives believe that elephants have a religion and form of worship.

HISTORICAL.

The coffee plant was taken from Africa to Persia in 875.

Outer blinds for windows were unknown until the fourteenth century. The Venetian or interior blinds are so called because they were first used in Venice.

Pepper casters were used by the Athenians, pepper being a common condiment. They were placed on the table with the salt in England in the sixteenth century.

The League of God's House, in 1401, was a Swiss combination. There were three leagues among the hardy mountaineers, formed in reality for the purpose of establishing and maintaining the independence of their country. The League of God's House was the first; the second was that of the Grisons, in 1424; the third, the League of the Ten Jurisdictions, in 1536. In 1798 all three came under the jurisdiction of, or rather were admitted into, the League of the Helvetic Confederation.

ABOUT WOMEN.

The little Queen of the Netherlands entered upon her sixteenth year a few days ago.

The Princess of Capua, who died recently at Lucca, was the daughter of a beautiful Irish girl.

Mrs. John F. Forepaugh, a Philadelphia theater manager, is winning admiration by her businesslike methods and general good common sense.

Mrs. Besant, the theosophist and divorced wife of the novelist's brother, has had a varied religious experience. She was a religious enthusiast in early years and then tried to be a nun. For a time she was a pupil of Huxley's.

The Kings Daughters, who have been holding a convention in New York, although organized but ten years ago, number 8,000 women, and there were delegates from nearly every state and territory in the Union.

Miss Sarah Ribinson, of Portsmouth, England, who has not been off her couch for twenty-five years, by personal energy and through influencing others, has erected several soldiers' homes and coffee houses in three ports.

Mrs. James Chalmers, who is exerting a civilizing effect in the South Sea Islands, recently was favored by a present from an old savage. Upon opening the basket it contained a man's breast, which he had secured as a tid-bit for Mrs. Chalmers.

There is a five-note vein of coal at Cherryvale, Kan., something like 450 feet below the surface, and it is going begging for capitalists to operate it.

GARNER'S GORILLAS.

FROM THE EDGE OF THE AFRICAN JUNGLE HE WRITES.

Now in His Cage Studying the Big Apes of the Primeval Forest—Second Journey to the Interior of Africa to Learn the Language of Monkeys.

I AM NOW ON THE edge of civilization, about to plunge into the depths of the African forest. These are the last words I shall send before I disappear. Where and when I shall come out I do not know.

I am now writing at Ambrizette, Angola, and it is the 16th day of October. It is unlikely that anything will be heard from me for some months. It is, of course, possible that I may never again reach civilization and that this manuscript will be my last, writes Prof. Garner to the New York World.

But if my journey is as successful as I expect it to be, it will be surprising in its results and rapid in execution. I intend now to strike out for the Bolumbo country and into the interior of darkest Africa.

Here I shall again resume my experiments with the native gorillas and hope to complete the alphabet of the native language of the ape, which I was compelled to abandon during my first visit here a year ago.

I hope to cross Esyria to the Rembo Nkani and, via Fernan Vaz Lake, into the Lake Izanga country, where I shall make for the coast. No time can be stated for this hazardous journey, as most of it is afoot or by canoe. But I hope to be back in New York early in the new year, or at any rate before the summer is well advanced.

I am well equipped for this journey and for my experiments.

My previous experience in Africa will be of the utmost value.

My knowledge of the country and of the native languages has already been of the utmost assistance.

Standing here on the brink where civilization and barbarism meet, I am confident that the journey which is before me will bring them both closer together. I am bringing some of the finest mechanical productions of civilization into the heart of the jungle. I shall bring out of the primeval forest specimens bearing on anthropology and testimony to the antiquity of language that will be absolutely new.

There are things in this African jungle, which comes down her to where I stand, that bear directly on the history of our race and speech. Here are found races that have not advanced in 10,000 years, races that seem indeed never to have advanced and to occupy today a lower place in the social scale than many animals.

I have described further on a man whom I saw and talked with a few days ago who had all the characteristics of a gorilla. I have met gorillas with many human attributes, including an elaborate language sufficient to enable them to make known their wants, to warn one another and to express emotions like love and fear.

I do not doubt that there are members of the monkey family possessing a higher intelligence and a greater fluency of language than many natives of Africa, whom they so closely resemble. I have known of the same words being used to express the same things in the language of both. These are some of the facts my present journey will throw light upon.

I am heading now for the greatest monkey country in the world, the great original breeding place of our race, as some believe. Here are to be found races of men the like of which can be seen nowhere else on earth.

Here are to be found men so peculiar that hundreds of thousands if not millions of years must have elapsed since they branched off from the rest of the great human family. They are today either the sole remaining specimens of primeval man, or men who have slowly by interbreeding developed unique idiosyncrasies which differentiate them from all others.

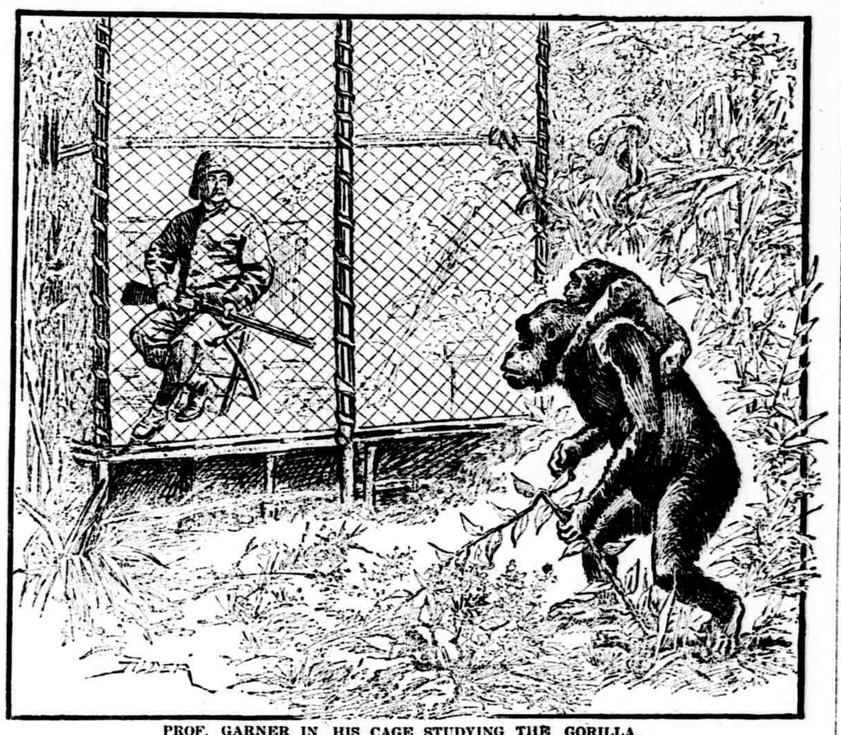
In this great African jungle which the light of civilization has never penetrated, where time has stood still, which is today identical with what it was ten thousand years ago, an animal civilization has sprung up that has advanced quicker than the civilization of its human inhabitants. The skull of monkeys in this great heart of Africa has grown faster than the skull of men.

Here are found the largest monkeys and the smallest men. Not far from where I am sittting tonight writing to the Sunday World the chimpanzees have musical instruments around which they hold a dance, while there are tribes of savages so low and brutal as never to have invented a musical instrument.

Monkey tribes, gorilla tribes and chimpanzee tribes are organized. They have leaders and governors. They seem to have a rude system of government of the forest.

Each appears to have a special country of his own into which the others rarely penetrate. They have mysterious calls, periodical conventions and regular times for joyful gatherings.

This is the greatest place for scientific inquiry on earth, first, because it is the oldest known field of human occupancy, and second because it has been wholly neglected. This is a virgin forest and a virgin field for exploration and discovery.



PROF. GARNER IN HIS CAGE STUDYING THE GORILLA.

A New Ailment.

It is very hard for our six-year-old boy to be quiet in church. After one particularly restless session, we promised him a severe punishment if it occurred again. The next Sunday morning, instead of being in his usual high spirits, he was languid and heavy-eyed, with scarcely a word or smile. There was much sickness about, and seized with sudden apprehension, I exclaimed:

"Papa, that boy is certainly ill. He hasn't seemed natural this morning. I'm sure he looks pale."

Calling the child to me to see if he were feverish, I said:

"Are you sick this morning, dear?"

"Oh no," he replied with a tone of great resignation, "I ain't sick; I'm only gettin' ready to be good."—Ram's Horn.

THE WEATHER AND DISEASE.

A Subject That Is Not Yet Sufficiently Understood.

A physician has called attention to the necessity of a wider range of systematized data on the relation between weather and disease. That the various atmospheric changes should have some effect on our bodies is easily understood, for we know that alteration in the surface temperature, a change in the blood pressure, or in the air pressure of the lungs may affect the nervous system, and all these changes may be brought about by some peculiarity in the natural phenomena which we call weather. In recent years the subject has attracted the attention of those most competent to deal with it, and lately a meteorological station has been attached to the laboratories of the public health department at Rome, where lectures are given to students on the application of meteorology to hygiene.

At present our knowledge of the way in which the weather acts upon the body is very limited. An attempt to trace the relation between weather and disease has recently been made in England by a fellow of the Royal Meteorological Society, by bringing together a number of statistics dealing with the phenomena of the weather and some well-known diseases, chiefly zymotic, presenting them by a graphic method in a systematic manner. It is suggested that doctors generally make contributions to the available data on this subject, which would be of extreme value. There are few people, too, who could not give instances of the influence which the weather has upon them, either mentally or physically. On some constitutions the seasons have a marked influence. With many the spring, with its bright days and clear air, is felt to be the time of the year when they get the most enjoyment out of life; while others, probably of a more sensitive temperment, experience the greatest sum of happiness and health when peaceful autumn wraps them in its serene atmosphere.

On the other hand, winter or summer, as the case may be, produces in other temperaments the greatest consummation of healthy vitality. Certain changes in the weather, too, tend to increase or diminish the amount of energy that we put into our daily work, and in a certain large factory it is recognized that from 10 to 20 per cent less work is done on dull days and days of threatening storm. The whole subject is one which, pursued in proper scientific spirit, should be productive of useful results. Its investigation might, at all events, afford people the satisfaction of knowing exactly why their poor bodies are so much at the mercy of atmospheric variations.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

GEMS OF THOUGHT.

Whatever is pure is also simple.—Willmot.

Good taste is the flower of good sense.—Poincelot.

Truth is everlasting, but our ideas of truth are not.—Beecher.

A heavy purse in a fool's pocket is a heavy curse.—Cumberland.

No violent extremes endure; a sober moderation stands secure.—Aleyn.

Good company and good discourse are the very sinews of virtue.—Izaak Walton.

In our judgment of human transactions the law of optics is reversed; we see the most indistinctly the objects which are close around us.—Whately.

The destiny of women is to please, to be amiable and to be loved. Those who do not love them are even more in the wrong than those who love them too much.—Rochebrune.

There is no such thing in nature as an honest and lawful envy; but it is intrinsically evil, and imports in it an essential obliquity, not to be taken off or separated from it.—South.

But the character of a brave and resolute man is not to be ruffled with adversity, and not to be in such confusion as to quit his post, as we say, but to preserve a presence of mind, and the exercise of reason, without departing from his purpose.—Cicero.

Let the law which inculcates truth be supposed to be universally violated among every class of rational beings, and instantly all improvement in wisdom and knowledge would cease; nothing could be depended upon as fact but what was obvious to the senses of every individual; social compacts would be dissolved; a mutual repulsion would ensue, and every social affection and enjoyment would be unhinged and destroyed.—Dr. Dick.

Often woman, who inspires us with great things, prevents us from accomplishing them.

Popular Form of Policy.

"Endowment or investment insurance, which is the most popular form of insurance among women, is for the sole benefit of the assured, the face of of the policy being payable, if the party survives at the expiration of the time specified, whether it be ten, fifteen or twenty years. Should the assured die prior to the expiration of the time for which the endowment was to run the insurance is paid at once to the beneficiary named in the policy. Premiums must be paid every year during the time for which the endowment runs, provided, of course, the assured lives that length of time. The longer the endowment has to run the lower the rate of premium, and vice versa. The ordinary life policy is payable only on the death of the assured, the premiums being paid each year during the entire life of the policyholder. Rates for this form of insurance are lower than for any other form except term insurance."

Might Have Given Them Away.

A traveler just returned from Mexico tells an amusing tale of the attempts of a peddler to sell precious stones at an exhorbitant price, who in the end consents to dispose of his wares for a mere song. It was at Queretaro, an important city on the line of the Mexican Central railroad.

"When the train pulled in at the depot," said he, "it was immediately surrounded by a score or more of peons trying to sell opals to the passengers. One tall, rather fine-looking Indian extended toward me his hand containing ten or a dozen glittering stones.

"'How much?' I asked.

"Twelve doliars,' replied he, 'Cheap, very cheap, only $12.'

"'No, no!' I replied in an emphatic way. 'Muy caro' (very dear).

"'Five dollars!' then quoted the vender, turning the stones over in his hand, that I might see that they were all there.

"'No, $1,' said I.

"'Yes, yes!' cried the vender, eagerly. 'One dollar; yes, yes, you can have them for $1. Take them.'"—New York Herald.

Wanted to Know.

The superintendent of our Sabbath school was explaining, this summer, the falling of the walls of Jericho. He had told of the miraculous power displayed. How there was not a sound from the besieging army, or a hand raised in war, but silent marching, till the right moment arrived, when after a blowing of trumpets and a shouting the walls fell down flat.

One little fellow seemed puzzled about something and raised his hand. On being recognized by the superintendent he said:

"Say, mister, is that a true story, or is it just preachin'?"—Ram's Horn.

We have learned a great lesson when we have learned how to live in the present moment.

ENGLAND'S CATHEDRALS.

Beautiful Architectural Specimens to Be Seen in Small Towns.

It was my privilege to see ten of the cathedrals of England, and situated, as some of them are, in small towns, one comes on visiting them to know more of the life of the people than the tourist can attain who flies from one great city to another, says a writer in the Springfield Republican. Each traveler will have his favorite among them, and all have their excellencies and defects.

Some of them are partially spoiled by the smoke of the town, and any restoration ought to be welcome that will clean it off. Such is the case with York and Lincoln, and, to a greater extent, with Peterborough, whose magnificent facade, or rather architect's conception of it, is best appreciated by the study of a photograph. As the English are not inclined to the apotheosis of dirt, they have in many cases removed the disgrace in recent years, and Peterborough itself is now made glorious within, in all the marvelous beauty of its cream-white stone. When these buildings are not in smoky towns the atmosphere, after the lapse of ages, has sometimes heightened the architectural effect, so that Ely grows old gracefully, and Salisbury even beautifully. Salisbury and Canterbury seem well-nigh perfect. In Durham the marble columns are marred by a puerile fluting; the towers of York are not all finished. The wonderful central tower of Lincoln has lost its pinnacles; the great facade of Peterborough is out of proportion to the building; the external effect of Ely is too much like a fortress; the spires of Litchfield are not mates in color and are somewhat ornate; but upon Canterbury and Salisbury the eye rests content. And yet he is little to be envied who would not find intoxicating joy in every one of these, so great are they and in their varied power so lifting the beholder above and beyond all incidental defects, and it is quite to the credit of the young woman from Springfield who is said to have burst into tears at the sight of Westminster abbey.

GLADSTONE'S HEART.

It Is Always in the Right Place, as This Anecdote Proves.

An anecdote of Gladstone showing his considerateness for all about him is told by a reporter for an English journal. He says: I was traveling in a train by which Mr. Gladstone was journeying to the north, my mission being to report his utterances at various stations. We found this no small job—indeed, one to which some danger attached—for the orator's speeches on some occasions were only terminated by the wheels of the engine revolving, and the train steaming out.

Naturally anxious to get the "last words," we lingered in one case so long that we had to make a desperate bolt for our carriage door, and enter the now swiftly moving train at the peril of our limbs. Our feat evidently attracted the notice of the distinguished passenger, and filled him with anxiety for our lives, for at the next station a note came round to us that Mr. Gladstone would jot down the concluding words he uttered, and send them to us.

It was a graceful and considerate act—one of the many which rendered our greatest living political orator dear to the hearts of the journalists.

A Child's Petition.

A poor little damsel had trouble with her mother not long ago. The direct consequence was that she was sent into her own room for meditation and, supposedly, repentance. A listener happened to overhear the mite's defiance, when she thought herself unobserved and alone. She threw herself on her knees before her bed and, burying her face in the pillow, began a prayer for guidance. But the petition had this very significant commencement: "O Lord, consider how I am treated!"—New York Times.

Shoveling Up Fish.

Because of the long drought many of the little lakes of Michigan have almost dried up, and lately the farmers have been making money by driving wagons into the shallow waters and literally shoveling the fish out of the lake into the carts and selling them in neighboring towns.

New London, Connecticut.

New London, Ct., is going to observe its two hundred and fiftieth anniversary next May and already steps are being taken with that end in view by the mayor and common council, the board of trade, the civic and military organizations of the city.

ATCHISON GLOBULES.

No man is better than his opportunities.

A good dog is worth more than you can get for it.

There is a "story" on every man that ever lived.

We should like to see the man who can stand up against his kin.

When a man has prosperity, how the people like to see him lose it!

Men, as a rule, do not like to lie, but their wives ask too many questions.

When a man talks too much, it may be said that he has a runaway tongue.

The man who looks at a clock five minutes, to see what time it is, is lazy.

You bet if a young husband fails to kiss his wife when he comes home, the girls notice it.

We have often wondered that the Salvation army does not finally recruit a woman who can sing.

If we kept a hotel, we would not buy a piano for the parlor. Every guest who cannot play, tries it.

Women like to receive love letters, because they may be able to produce them some time, and make trouble.

Keep quiet, and look sympathetic, and you will gather a lot of material for the next time you want to talk.

We saw a married woman on the streets to-day chewing gum, and pushing a baby buggy. We wish she would quit it.

Do you know that no woman has so much faith in her husband that she lets him keep the marriage license in his possession?

On the stage, the heroines command in tragic tones that the heroes leave them; in life, with equally tragic tones, they implore to be taken along.—Atchison Globe.

THE OLD RELIABLE

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(Oldest Bank in the State)

Pays Interest on Time Deposits

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Makes Loans on Real Estate

BUYS SIGHT DRAFTS ON

Omaha, Chicago, New York and all Foreign Countries.

SELLS : STEAMSHIP : TICKETS.

BUYS GOOD NOTES

And Helps its Customers when they Need Help

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B. H. HENRY, Vice Prest,

M. BRUGGER, Cashier.

JOHN STAUFFER. WM. BUCHER.

COMMERCIAL BANK

OF

COLUMBUS, NEB.,

WAS AN

Authorized Capital of - $500,000

Paid in Capital, - 90,000

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C. H. SHELDON, Pres't.

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CLARK GRAY, Cashier.

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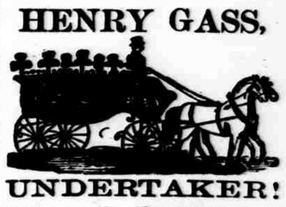

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