Barr's

Never allow an opportunity to slip to pick up seasonable goods below their value. Our buyers have just been through the Eastern markets and closed out many

Odd Lots at Half their Original Price!

Good substantial bargains is what the people of Omaha want. Barr's are always on hand to supply them. This week, commencing

MONDAY, NOVEMBER 12TH,

We have an entire new line of SPECIAL DRIVES to offer, of which we can only enumerate a few: Mail orders solicited. Samples sent upon application. Goods delivered free within 48 miles of Omaha.

Barr's

DRESS GOODS DEPARTMENT.

Important announcement! The biggest job of the season will be opened Monday morning.

50 pieces double width all wool invisible plaid Torquay Suitings. These goods are made by the celebrated Scotch manufacturers, James Roy & Co. They are all wool and double warp; for intrinsic value and wearing qualities are unexcelled. 50c a yard is our price on them—not half their value.

BARR'S BLANKET BARGAINS

For Monday and all the week. The prices demand your attention.

WHITE BLANKEES.			WHITE BLANKETS.
10-4	White	Wool Blankets	$2.50
10-4	"	" "	3.00
11-4	"	" "	3.25
12-4	"	" "	4.00
12-4	"	all wool Blankets	4.50
12-4	"	" extra	6.00
12-4	"	" "	6.50
11-4	"	" California	7.00
12-4	"	" "	8.00
11-4	"	" extra	9.00
12-4	"	" "	9.50
12-4	"	" "	10.00
12-4	"	" fine	12.00
12-4	"	" "	13.50
12-4	"	" "	15.00
12-4	"	" "	20.00

A splendid Eider Down Comfort for $5.50.

WM. BARR DRY GOODS COMPANY.

FLANNEL DEPARTMENT.

We call especial attention this week to our stock of Red, Grey and White Flannels for underwear from 12½c to 85c per yard. 27-inch White Shaker Flannel at 10c per yard.

We ask the ladies of Omaha to see our French Twill Flannels in stripes and figures for Tea Gowns, fifty different designs, 27-inch wide, at 75c a yard.

CORSET AND LADIES' UNDERWEAR DEPARTMENT.

For a perfect and easy fitting Corset try Barr's.

For Ladies' and Children's Aprons from 20c up, see Barr's

For Misses' and Children's Hoods and Tam O'Shanter's, see Barr's.

For Children's Knit Dresses, see Barr's.

For low prices in Ladies' Ready-made Underwear, see Barr's.

HOSIERY DEPARTMENT.

At 25c a pair, Ladies' heavy all wool Ribbed Hose, merino heels and toes, good value for 35c.

At 50c a pair, Ladies' English Cashmere Hose, extra long, would be cheap at 65c.

At 50c a pair, Ladies' natural grey Sanitary Wool Undyed Hose, 50c a pair, worth 75c.

BLACK GOODS DEPARTMENT.

The best assorted stock in the city. Everything from a 10c Cashmere to a $2.00 Henrietta. No lady should buy a black dress before seeing ours, as we guarantee a saving of 10c to 35c on every yard bought of us.

See our 40-inch Black Cashmere at 50c per yard.

UNDERWEAR DEPARTMENT.

Ladies' Jersey Fitting Wool Vests, Swiss ribbed in white, scarlet and natural grey, high neck and long sleeves, 85c each.

Ladies' all wool Swiss Ribbed Vests, in white and scarlet, high neck and long sleeves, $1.25 each.

GLOVE DEPARTMENT.

Your attention is invited to the inspection of our Evening Gloves. All Gloves fitted to the hand and kept in repair. Gloves cleaned by the French process, 10c a pair.

CLOAK DEPARTMENT.

Have just opened an immense line of imported Tea Gowns and Ladies' Suits. Our latest designs and combinations, made expressly for the Wm. Barr Dry Goods Co. We invite you to see our elegant and well-lighted Cloak room.

DRESS TRIMMINGS DEPARTMENT.

We have just received an elegant line of Amber and Jet effects in both pendant and ornamental Trimming at all prices.

EMBROIDERY DEPARTMENT.

45-inch Apron Embroidery in all the latest designs, 55c to $1.50 per yard.

LACE DEPARTMENT.

40-inch Val. Flouncing, 50c per yard.
40-inch Spanish Guipure Flouncing, 75c per yard.
40-inch Chantilly Flouncing, $1.00 per yard.

MILLINERY DEPARTMENT.

50 Ladies' Trimmed Hats for $1.00 each.
75 Children's Trimmed Hats for 99c.
100 Misses' Trimmed Sailor Hats at $1.00.

ART DEPARTMENT.

Best quality Fairhaven Germantown Yorn at $1.69 per pound.

Best quality Imported Saxony Yarn at 12c a skein.

GENTS' FURNISHING DEPARTMENT.

Our Gents' Goods Department occupies the entire aisle fronting on Douglas street and is completely stocked with every article for Gents' Winter Goods which are all bought from first hands and every article marked at the lowest possible price. Come and see for you rself.

HANDKERCHIEF DEPARTMENT.

Barr's have the inside track on Gents', Ladies' and Children's Handkerchiefs. Direct importations from European manufacturers in large quantities enable us to buy them right. When in need of Handkerchiefs look through our stock. Our styles, quality and prices will suit you.

PRINT DEPARTMENT.

Canton Flannel, bleached, unbleached and colored, at the lowest prices.

A nice line of Comfort Calicos at 5c per yard. A good line of Dress Calicos at 5c per yard. A fall line of plain and broken checks in Apron Ginghams, standard goods, at 7½c per yard. An elegant line of Dress Ginghams at 8½c, 10c and 12½c per yard.

LINING DEPARTMENT.

We carry the most complete line of these goods to be found in Omaha, which we offer you at the lowest price. We desire to introduce to you the "Egyptian Black" Sateen Lining which we guarantee fast black; also a full line of colors in "French Sateen" linings, very desirable for waist linings.

JEWELRY, JEWELRY.

Oxydized Glove Buttons 3c. Moonstone Lace Pins, with Rhine Stone Setting, worth 50c, for 18c. Silver and Oxydized Hair Pins, 40 different styles and patterns, worth 40c, for 21c. Heavy Gold Plated Lace Pins, elegant designs, worth 50c, for 25c. Ladies' Heavy Rolled Plate Sleeve Buttons, patent lever, 20 styles, worth 35c, for 15c a pair. Horn Hair Pins in amber, shell and black, 3 for 5c. Elegant line of Mourning Jewelry in the latest novelties and at lowest prices.

SILKS.

Special purchase of Black Silks at less than cost to manufacturers. Black Faille Francaise, Black Armure Royale, Black Satin Rhadame, Black Gros Grain, Cachmere de Lyon, Black Rhadzemires, Black Satin Marguerite, Black Peau de Sou on our Silk counter at $1.00 per yard. The above Silk fabrics are from the most reliable Silk Manufacturers in Europe and America.

BARR'S LINEN DEPARTMENT.

Fringed Table Covers in bleached Damask: 10-4 bleached Damask, $2.25; 12-4 bleached Damask, $2.50; 10-4 red or blue borders, $2.75; 8-4 Knotted Fringe, extra, $3.50; 10-4 Knotted Fringe, extra, $4.50; 12-4 Knotted Fringe, extra, $5.00; 8-12 extra fine, $7.50; 8-14 extra-extra, $8.50.

We can match any of the above Covers in Napkins if desired. Don't fail to examine them.

HOUSE FURNISHING DEP'T.

100 Majolica Cuspidors, 30c each. 8 110-piece Decorated Dinner Sets, $13 each. 10 doz. 5-bottle Castors, $1 each.

Barr's

WM. BARR DRY GOODS CO., - - 16th and Douglas Streets

A MURDERED BORDER BULLY.

Sensational Killing of Joe Hall by Herbert Reynolds.

ANNALS OF A NEBRASKA TOWN

An Encounter Between the Employes of the Hudson Bay and Northwest Fur Companies—A Generous Tough.

Sensational Murder.

For The Bee.

The killing of Joe Hall, the rowdy, roysterer, gambler and all round border tough, by Herbert Reynolds, the cowboy, at Whitman, this state, one year ago, was a sensational murder, and one that created much excitement at the time, although but little about the affair was ever heard of through the Omaha press.

Joe Hall, the victim of the tragedy in question, made his appearance at Whitman, about the time the Aurora & Broken Bow branch of the B. & M. reached there. Nobody knew whence he came, or who he was, and cared less, for he soon became a holy terror in the embryo city, and some of his deeds for cowardly brutality and fiendish heartlessness surpassed anything known in the criminal annals of the western part of the state.

An original was this border bully, worthy of a word or two of description. In his physical and moral man, he was a complex character. A big, broad-shouldered hybrid, having in his veins at least three separate streams of blood—European, Mexican and Indian—with a dash of the devil to give a preternatural spice to the compound. He was a most repellant character in all things, fearing God after a fashion, but seemingly without the slightest fear of man. When I mentioned that he was cowardly, I only meant in the infliction of torture upon the victims of his hatred, offenders either real or imaginary. He possessed an inexhaustible fund of thrilling stories and information relative to early overland life, and many an hour was whiled away by his reckless companions in listening to his recital of countless and varied adventures. He was a man of probably fifty-five years of age, yet, notwithstanding his roamings throughout the world, was very ignorant. His associates had always been of the lawless class. He never went unarmed, and like all bullies, derived much satisfaction in the display of his knife and his six-shooters, and he wasn't slow in the use of either.

When he made his debut in Whitman he seemed to have plenty of money, and after a week's spree, in which he shot the mirror and all the bottles and glassware to pieces in the "Razzle Dazzle," saloon and hurdy-gurdy house, run then by John Duke, but afterwards by the notorious Doc Middleton, and wound up the debauch by shooting a cowboy from the Figure Four through the lungs, and sobered up and started a dance house, gin mill and gambling hell, known as the "Headquarters."

As before stated he soon became a terror to the cowboys, graders, and the motley crowd of horse-thieves and desperadoes who congregated there, and ruled the town like a potentate of old.

As a sample of the man's total disregard for life, and his incredible nerve, I will relate an incident in his life at the trading post of Marrs, on the Niobraro, as it was told me by one, Tom Donaldson, an old buffalo hunter, who still resides at Whitman.

"Yas, sir," said Donaldson, "this man Hall was a regular built screamer, the hardest, toughest crowd I ever knew. Fifteen years ago he was with the Nor'-west Fur company, and I was with the Hudson Bay, and one night late in the fall, a lot of us boys dropped in at Morris'. We ware all sittin' round the stove in Furney's saloon, lyin' and jokin', when finally we got it on Jake Thompson, about as big a ruffian as Hall himself. He asked us all up to drink, and as we were standin' along the bar wishin' each other purty good luck an' all that, in walked Joe Hall and four or five of his partners. In 'em days you probably knew the Northwesters and the Hudson Bay men didn't trot in the same class—it was the navy or the knife on the slightest pretext.

"Hall and his frien's stood afore the stove a moment, when Joe, in an insultin' tone, remarked: 'I say fellers, it hain't harf a man as'll take his whisky in the presence of gentlemen an' not ax 'em to jine, eh?' Then afore any one could reply, he continued, 'I say, Thompson, maybe you don't know me, an' if you don't, all I've got to say is that I'm the biggest humped-back dummedary 'long the Niobrara, an' I kin eat more sow-belly, chaw up more terbacker, and whip any two-legged monkey that walks. Am I to have a drink?'"

I see business in Jake's eye, and sort o' loosened up my sixes fur 'mergencies. I was jest in time, for when Hall took a step to'ards the bar, Thompson turned on him like a flash, and dashin' his whisky in his face said: "Yas, there it is, 'un I kin make you eat this glass!"

"Everybody drawed, but as we war 'bout evenly matched, no one seemed anxious to take the first crack. We talked it over a minute, then we all 'greed to let Jake and Joe have thar knives only, an' settle it 'twix themselves. 'Course they's willin' and as they drew their charges we all backed up agin the wall to gin 'em fair play an' plenty o' room. The next minnit they were together, and as luck would have it, Hall dropped his knife at the first fashshay, and as he went to recover it, Thompson knocked him on his back, an' with one knee on one arm and 'tother on his breast, Jake lay his long knife on Hall's throat.

"'Thar, Joe Hall,' said Thompson, 'if you had me in sich a fix, what'd ye do?'

"'I'd cut your bloody throat from ear to ear!' cried Hall, with an oath.

"And to the disappointment of all us Hudson men Jake let him up, and extendin' his fist, said:

"'Take it, Hall you're a good un, an' come up here and take a drink!'

I thought the above a pretty good story, but offered no comment, as Donaldson isn't the mildest-mannered man I have ever met, and his breath smelt like a gin-mill then, so I accepted the story, treated, and said never a word.

But to the killing of Hall. One evening just a year ago last October, after Hall had been running the "Headquarters" a couple of months, he got drunk and amused himself by making everybody, at the point of his six-shooter, to either sing, dance or treat, who happened in his place.

Every citizen of Whitman knew what a drunk for Joe Hall meant, and it may be well understood that the patronage of his dive fell off very materially on such occasions. Only the roughest and most desperate would venture to approach his bar or gaming tables at such times.

He had just finished with a couple of young cowboys whom he had left dancing for fully an hour, varying the monotony by shooting the floor full of holes under their feet, when Reynolds, a cowboy from one of the upper ranges, and a stranger in the town, dropped in. He had heard the music and the shooting, and went in to see what was up.

He had no sooner crossed the threshold when Hall staggered up to him, and swinging his six-shooter in his face, cried, "You're jest in time, young feller, we're all dry; come up and treat."

"I can't do it," said Reynolds, "I haven't got any stuff, and I don't want to be throwed out," and he tried to laugh and make Hall think that he took it all as a joke.

"Haven't any money," growled the drunken bully. "Well, then, wh at ex cuse have you fur bein' on earth? Loo out! did that hurt?" he quickly added, as he jammed the muzzle of his revolver into Reynolds' face, cutting a gash in his lip, and all but knocking him down.

"What kind of treatment is this to show a man?" said Reynolds, as he wiped his bloody lip with his sleeve. "I haven't done a thing: I really have no money; but no man can treat me like a dog," and his eyes flashed like coals of fire.

"They can't, eh?" leered Hall; "well, how'd you like that?" and as he spoke he deftly whirled his six-shooter in his hand, grasping it as it revolved by the barrel, and before Reynolds could protect himself, the big bully struck him an awful blow with the butt full in the face. The blow did not knock him down, but the second one did, and as he was scrambling upon his hands and knees to get out of the infuriated brute's way, he kicked him through the open door into the sands of the street.

Reynold's nose was broken and his face terribly lacerated, and he staggered into Mannering's office and fainted. A crowd of angry cowboys quickly gathered in the place, and while they sympathized with Reynolds and did all they could to alleviate his sufferings, none was so bold as to propose summary vengeance upon Hall.

After having his face washed and bandaged, Reynolds said he would leave the place, and remarking that he belonged to the Three Bars ranch, and that they would probably hear from him again, he disappeared into the darkness, striking up north of the town, past the refrigerator, and over the frowning sand hill.

Late that night, when all the peaceful citizens of the place had retired, and the sounds of the desperate orgies that were being carried on by desperate men and depraved women emanated from Hall's disreputable hole alone, the crack of a Winchester rifle startled the town.

The door of the "Headquarters" was wide open, a lurid glare from the coal-oil lamp streamed out lighting up an avenue across the railroad track and against the tents of the graders beyond.

Hall, the drunken bully, tired out with his night's sport, had just stepped up to the bar, and told Harry, the bar-tender, to give him a night-cap, and he'd go to bed.

He was in the act of hoisting the whisky to his lips when the Winchester's sharp report crashed upon the quiet of the night.

Hall dropped his glass on the bar, and it was shattered to pieces, and clasping his right hand to his side, well back above the hips; he staggered back, his face grew livid, and as a spasm of acutest agony contracted his sunken eyes, he exclaimed: "Boys, I'm done for, lay me out!" and fell prostrate to floor—dead!

The whole town was soon up and abroad, and when it was known that Joe had been murdered, the block houses were turned into scenes of wild and unholy jollification. The cowboys crowded into the place where Hall lay outstretched upon his back, the blood and froth running from between his clenched teeth, and his glassy eyes wide open and staring at the cobweb-covered rafters above. The bartender was terrorized, and he handed the whisky over the bar to all those who would drink, and shortly a drunken mob swaggered and cursed and whooped through the place.

Then, before the morning's sun had risen to flood the scene with light, four or five of the cowboys lifted up the form of the dead bully and gambler and, followed by a score of others, jesting and yelling and laughing as if enjoying their horrible work, bore it south of the town, up the butting sand-hill to its very top. Here, by the light of the railroader's lanterns, a hole was quickly dug in the yielding sand to a depth of four feet, and rudely seizing the corpse it was deposited headforemost into the excavation. The sand was then filled in about the dead man, up to the surface, burying all but his feet, which were left sticking out.

Was ever a more wierd scene witnessed? Was there ever another such funeral? For a week the dead ruffian's feet could be seen protruding up above the level of the sands at the hill-top, but at the expiration of that time, and at night, some one visited the disecrated spot and heaped the sand about the dead man's feet, and to-day a rude fence encloses the mound.

Who killed Joe Hall?

Herbert Reynolds was never seen or heard of after that night.

SANDY G. V. GRISWOLD.

RELIGIOUS.

A dispatch from Rome states that Cardinal Masotti is dead. He was born in Forli on January 15, 1817, and was created cardinal on November 10, 1884.

The late James Freeman Clark's church of the Disciples in Boston voted on Sunday to ask Rev. Charles G. Ames, of Philadelphia, to become its pastor.

The American board now occupies 1,000 centers of evangelical influence, and $124,274 was contributed last year by native christians in these different fields.

Rev. Joseph Wirth, of Rochester, and Rev. Andrew Fleigler, of Philadelphia, will convey to Rome the documents relating to the beatification of John Nehomucence Neumann, once bishop of Philadelphia.

Of the jubilee gifts of £1,150,000 received by the pope, France has been the most liberal donor. The monks of the Chartreuse sent £20,000, while the smallest offerings came from Spain, Portugal and Poland.

General Booth, of the Salvation army, netted about $15,000 two years ago through a week of religious exercise by his army. It is said he is in need of money again and intends to resort to the same means of raising it.

The Rev. Alexander Campbell, of Wolcott, N. Y., died recently, aged eighty-eight. He was one of the most prominent ministers of the Seventh-Day Baptist denomination in this country, and was widely known and respected.

The United Presbyterian church reports for 1888, 753 ministers, an increase of 7; 907 churches, a gain of 22; and 98,992 members, against 94,641 last year. The benevolent contributions aggregate $1,019,937, showing a handsome increase.

According to the statistical report for 1888 of the Evangelical association, just published, that body of German Methodists has 141,853 members, 1,159 itinerant preachers, and 1,916 churches, indicating a gain of 4,156 members, 38 preachers, and 85 churches.

YE CREWEL SASSINGER-MILL.

From America.

All up and down the river and upon the sandy shoore
The yomen ben a-moaning and the women shrike full shrill:
And, like as praroor fires, the news are sprad from doore to doore
That Sawney leesed a finger in the sassinger-mill!

Oh, Sawney's hand it ben as fair as ever dole a packe
Or drawed a paire of six spots on the deuce for to fill!
None bolder hand nor Sawney's never whoppit up the jack,
But now it leesed a finger in the sassinger-mill.

His fayther slew a barrow on a Monday afternoon:
This morning, whiles that Sawney did the hooper all to fill,
His evil sister Betty gave the crank a turn too soone,
And Sawney leesed a finger in the sassinger-mill!

EUGENE FIELD.

Early Banking.

For the Bee.

In 1401 the "Tablade Cambe" (Table of Exchange) was established at Barcelona, Spain. It did a general banking business, and was the custodian of the city funds. In 1781 the bank of San Carlos was established at Madrid, as a national bank on a plan devised by the minister of finance. Its capital consisted of 300,000,000 reals. Profitable contracts were secured and enjoyed until 1785, when they were withdrawn.

Bills of exchange followed what were termed "assignments." Authorities differ as to the date of their first use. By some they are ascribed to Lyons, France. Weber states that they were used in 1171. To the Italians we are indebted for many of the technical terms used in banking, such as drafts, remittances, currency, sight, usance and discount.

The first public bank in Italy was established at Naples in 1565. There had been sixty great bankers at Naples, but, notwithstanding they were obliged to deposit 40,000 ducats with the government as security, they frequently failed and caused great distress. On this account the government established public banks, and in 1604 the private bankers, unable to withstand the competition, were forced out of existence. The famous Bank of Venice was organized in 1587. The first bankers in Venice were two Jews, who established themselves in 1400. Their success attracted others, but the usual failures followed until, in 1587, the senate prohibited banking by the nobility and others and established the Bank of Venice. Merchants were invited to deposit their money in an office managed by the commissioners of the public debt, for which they received credit on the bank's books. This credit was transferable and payable in bullion on demand. An act was passed requiring all bills on Venice to be paid in bank money, which gave it a premium of 9 per cent. The bank transacted no business on its own account, but the money in its vaults was taken on various pretexts by the state, and in 1678, in 1691, and again from 1717 to 1739, it suspended payments. An attempt was made to raise a loan by creating credits on the bank's books, but the credits fell to a discount of 20 per cent as compared with specie, and the government mortgaged a part of its revenue to collect a sufficiency of current specie with which to purchase these transfer credits, by which means their par value was restored.

The bank of Genoa was established in 1407, and grew out of the management of the debt of the Genoese government. In 1148 the government incurred its first formal debt, secured by customs duties; each hundred francs of the debt was a share and each creditor a shareholder. The loans were termed "comperas," and collectively were known as the "compere of St. George."

In 1339 the people arose in revolution and the books of the "Compere" were burned. In 1371 is recorded the first known instance of the compounding of interest. Francisco Nivaldi gave his shares in the compere of St. George to the compere, the interest on them to be annually applied to the purchase of other shares, until a sum should be collected in addition to the principal, which should be sufficient to pay off one of the loans. This done the process should be repeated. Others followed in Vivaldi's steps, and the credit of the compere grew apace. In 1675 the old title of "compere" was discarded and the institution known simply as a bank. It was closed in 1789.

The Bank of Amsterdam was established in 1609. The prominent position occupied by Amsterdam in international commerce, brought to the city the worn and clipped coinage of many countries. The bank accepted this coin at its standard value and gave credit on its books for the amount received. This credit was naturally termed bank money

It possessed a constant value and was worth more than money in actual circulation. A run was made on the bank at the time of the French invasion of 1672, but all demands were promptly met and the credit of the bank much enhanced. The credit and standing of the bank was maintained for 118 years after this, until December, 1790, when it was discovered that the available assets had been loaned to the Dutch East India company, but a run was averted by the finesse of the managers, until in 1794 the bank was found to be wholly bankrupt and ceased to exist.

It was succeeded by the Bank of Hamburg, which exists to-day. The first bank in Sweden was established by a Swede named Palmstruck in 1656, and in 1668 it became the bank of Sweden. To Sweden is given the credit of introducing the use of the bank note in Europe, the first one having been issued in 1658. To Sweden is also given the credit for great advances in methods of banking similar to our present methods. The circulating medium of Sweden was copper, and large payments were made with great inconvenience. To remedy this the bank received the copper money and issued bank notes against it, which passed current all over the country. Later on the bank did a loaning business, and nearly suffered disaster in 1752, but still survives.

PEPPERMINT.

It is an odd fact that coal beds are furnished by petroleum springs.

The man who rides on a handcar evidently believes in manual training.

The woman who gets but one letter a year always reads it on the street.

A new brand of baking powder is called "Old Hutch." It makes flour rise so quickly.

We naturalize men to make new voters. Old voters are sometimes changed by unnatural lies.

The engaged young man at this season of the year generally belongs to a party that believes in monopoly.

An amateur chemist wants to know if whisky will dissolve gold. No, sonny, but it will make it disappear.

Those needy travelers who go around looking for something to turn up, may now turn up their coat collars.

"Not good if detached," appears on railroad coupon tickets, and it might often be inscribed on divorce papers."

There were racks and thumb-screws in the days of old. In this enlightened era, the flannel shirt is all that remains.

This has been "a campaign of intellect," of course, but it will be remembered largely for its monkey-trick features.

Never look a gift mule in the hind foot, and never ask the tall gentleman who is treating now he came to be "colonal."

Coal and bread are going up; in fact, the only things that seem to be coming down are thermometers and cousins who reside up in the country until winter time.

Consider the chickens, my son; study their ways and be wise. Whenever they take to drinking their bills go up, and, by keeping their bills down, they find enough to eat.

The cottonseed oil trust has put the price of that delicacy up 5 cents a gallon, and pure lard, fire-gilt butter and imported sardines may sympathetically advance at any moment.

A Chicagoan has invented a new calculating machine which will add, subtract, multiply or divide. A number of them seem to have been overworked lately on election problems.

The Gone Goose.

Chicago News.

He was a cheerful candidate
Brimful of joviality,
And early labored he and late
Without the least formality
His vote to properly inflate
And make his hopes reality.
The anguish of his soul was great
To find that on the ballot he
Had met a truly dismal fate
By a very large plurality.

EDUCATIONAL.

The London school board proposes to drop the study of Latin and substitute modern languages.

The new school buildings of Minneapolis are carefully designed in order to secure the best ventilation and light possible.

Coquelin spoke to the Harvard students on the comedian's art, talking French and sandwiching in good stories with true French relish.

Manual training has found considerable favor among the pupils of the schools of Chicago, and the work is to be widened in its scope.

California has been so well satisfied with the experiment of publishing its own school text books that the authorities of the state recommend larger appropriations for the purpose.

Miss J. E. Harrison is a candidate for the chair of archæology at University college, London. She is the most distinguished authority on the art of Greek vases, and is disputing the place with some of the most eminent archæological experts in England.

Mrs. Alfred Hemenway has carried on the work of education in Boston on a novel plan for the last fifteen years. Her idea is to educate those who are too old to go to school and whose early education was neglected. This school grew out of a mere accident, but it has grown with such rapidity that now it numbers hundreds of pupils and teachers. The lessons are given at the pupils' houses, and most of the pupils are much older than their teachers.

The Ballot Box.

John Pierpont.

There is a weapon firmer set,
Better than the bayonet;
A weapon that comes down as still
As snowflakes fall upon the sod,
Yet executes the Freedman's will
As lighting does the will of God;
And from its force no bolts nor locks
Can guard—it is, it is, the Ballot Box.

Some one gave a young girl in Mississippi 5 cents. With it she bought a yard of calico and made it into a sun-bonnet, which she sold for 40 cents. She invested the 40 cents in calico, made more bonnets, sold them, reinvested, made other garments, and pretty soon had $10. She put this money into potatoes, planted them, paid for the cultivation, harvesting, and marketing of her crop, and made a clear profit of $40.