

THE WORD "JINGO."

Its Origin in a Music Hall Song in England. The origin of the word "jingo" is interesting at this time, when one is confronted with it so often, says the Pittsburgh Dispatch. At the time of the close of the Russo-Turkish war, which, as all readers of history know, terminated so disastrously for the Turks and caused a feeling of apprehension in England that the Russians were bent on taking Constantinople and the ultimate dismemberment of the Turkish empire, a change which could not be tolerated, public feeling found expression in England upon the stage in pantomimes and in the music halls by numerous patriotic songs. One of these was as follows: The dogs of war are loose and the rugged Russian bear, Full bent on blood and robbery, has crawled out of his lair. It seems a thrashing now and then will never help to tame That brute, and so he's out upon the same old game. The Lion did his best to give him some excuse To crawl back to his den again—all efforts were in vain; He hungered for his victim, he's pleased when blood is shed, But let us hope his sins may all recoil on his own head. Chorus: We don't want to fight but, by jingo, if we do, We've got the men, we've got the ships, we've got the money too, We've fought the Bear before and while we're Britons true The Russians shall not have Constantinople. The song became most popular and was heard on every street corner, from every organ grinder and was whistled by every bootblack. Shortly after this the election campaign began in which Gladstone, the head of the liberals, attacked the Tory party, then led by the earl of Beaconsfield, who was in power. The Tory foreign policy was ridiculed and they were stigmatized by the liberals as "the party of bloodshed, glory and jingo." From the time of this election campaign, which resulted in the defeat of the Tories and the accession of the "peace party," Gladstone's 1880 administration, the word "jingo" has been used to denote an individual or section of a party ready to rush, without mature deliberation, into all the horrors of war.

TURNER'S METHOD.

He Never Used a Palette—Mixed His Paint With Stale Beer. As I remember them, all Turner's later pictures when first hung at the Royal Academy were almost devoid of color and detail, what there was of the latter being indicated only in delicate gray upon a graduated light ground, radiating from a focus of pure white, the place of a future sun near the center of the composition, says Temple Bar. These three or four ghostlike effects being really only the dead coloring or groundwork upon which, as they hung in his massive, old, tarnished frames, Turner worked steadily from 6 in the morning until dark during the week of vanishing days, then allowed the Royal Academicians, dividing his time and work among them, as ideas or inclination led him—a method which enabled him to paint all day without that weariness of eye and brain which working on one subject would have involved. He painted standing, without using a maulstick, and some of his brushes, which were short, resembled those known as "writers," used by sign painters, grainers or painters of letters on shop fronts. I do not remember seeing him with a palette, his colors being from small galleys or old tea-cups standing upon one or two academy box stools. He seemed to care more for the brilliancy than the permanence of his pigments, one of which struck me as nothing but common small blue, while another was certainly red lead—a lovely color, but utterly untrustworthy. From his way of using colors I think he often mixed them with water and size or stale beer under varnish in the way grainers do, even for outdoor work. With these materials, working with his brush end on, he evolved during the vanishing week all the wonderful and mysterious fretted or dappled cloud forms of his skies and those swirling tide ripples and filmy surface curves which played among the reflections of the marble palaces and jet-black gondolas in his Venetian subjects. But with all his tricks Turner worked as though he knew exactly what he was about and when Sir Francis Chantrey strolled in among the artists on one of the vanishing days, and, seeing some house painters busy graining the wood-work of the new rooms in Trafalgar square, said, "There, my boys; look at those fellows; there is not one among you who knows what he is about or how to do it as well as they do," he would not have been thinking of Turner.

A Sad Dream That Came True.

George H. Wheeler was found mangled and dead on the Pennsylvania railroad tracks recently with a letter in his pocket containing this startling prophecy: "I dreamed that you were dead; that two men placed you in a wagon and that you were bloody from head to foot." This letter was written by a brother to the dead man and dated Elk Ridge, Md., March 5, 1896. Wheeler was a yard clerk in the Jersey yard of the Pennsylvania railroad company, had been in the employ of that company nineteen years, lived at 426 1/2 Ninth street southwest and leaves a wife and five children.—Washington Times.

TURNED DOWN BY A WIDOW.

The Old Man Did Not Seek to Discover the Reason. I had been stopping for a day or two with a mountaineer named Collins, who had been a widower for several years and had grown-up children and as I was ready to proceed on my journey he said he'd go along for a couple of miles, says the Detroit Free Press. As we walked along he suddenly broke out with: "See here, stranger, do you think I'm fit to get married ag'in?" "Why not?" I queried in reply. "Dunno, but thought I'd ax yo'." "You are not an old man yet, are fairly well off and unless the children raise a row I don't see why you shouldn't marry again." "No, the chill'en won't raise a row about it." "Who is the woman in question, if I may ask?" "The Widder White, who lives up yere 'bout a mile. Powerful nice woman, the widder is. Bin sorter jain't up to her for a yar past, but hain't cum to the p'int. I orter reckoned—orter reckoned—" "Sorter reckoned what?" I asked as he stammered and paused. "Sorter reckoned I might stop and ax her this mawin, if yo' reckoned I was fitten," he finished. "Why shouldn't yo be fitten?" "Dunno, but maybe I ain't." I did all I could to assure him on that point and before we reached the widow's house it was agreed that I should go on a piece and wait for him and after he had talked with Mrs. White he should come on and tell me the result. I hadn't waited ten minutes before he came hurrying along and I knew by his looks that something was wrong. "Well, how did you come out?" I asked as he took a seat on the stone beside me. "I wan't fitten," he replied. "But why not?" "Dunno. I jest went in and axed the widder if she'd hev me and she aid I wan't fitten and run me over the bresh-fence with a broom-stick." "And didn't you ask for any explanation?" "Nary one. When a man hain't fitten and a woman says he hain't fitten, what yo' gwine to do? If yo's fitten yo's all right; if yo's unfitten then yo' ain't fitten and it's no use to ax about it or waste time. Mawin, stranger—I'm gwine back home and git to work at the co'n."

STORY OF CANNED SALMON.

It is Almost Impossible for the Fish to Escape. The fish are swimming near the surface now, and if they look up they will see upon every pole which rises from the wall of mesh either a hawk, an eagle or a great gull ready to pounce upon them, says Temple Bar. They dive, and try to swim under the weed. They cannot. The water is shallow and the weed rises from the very bottom. Meanwhile hawks and eagles are busy, a panic ensues, a few fish dart through the narrow way. It is more open beyond, and after all, it leads in the right direction. The general impulse is to go forward; no one wants to turn back, and, like sheep, they follow their leaders through the gates of death. For after this it is all over with the salmon. Before long the wide pool narrows again. Again a straight way lays beyond them, and before long they are crowding and jostling each other in a pound fifty feet by thirty feet, where they stay, hopelessly confused, and dashing wildly from side to side, until a steamer comes along with a scow in tow. On the scow is a crane. Chains from the crane are hitched onto the net, which is below the pound, and some thousands of strong, free fish, who had an hour ago the whole sea to swim in, are drawn up to the surface and ladled out in scoop-nets, knocked on the head, thrown on the scow and carried off to the American canneries at Point Roberts, where they go through a sausage machine and become "canned salmon." These canneries are taking (July, 1895) 30,000 sock-eyes per diem. But some escape. Either they swim wide of the bay or by luck escape the "leads" which guide them to the "pound," and find themselves at last near their goal. All around them is blue water, clear and cold. In front of them is a well-marked band of yellow water, thick, stale and warm, through which they blunder like Londoners through a fog. Above them are two or three thousand white-sailed fishing-boats; in the dim water float 400 miles or more of gill-nets; on the river's banks are thirty-two great canneries, with machinery in each for turning from 1,000 to 2,000 fish a day into "canned goods."

Literal Factors Involved.

John, remarked Mrs. Billus, "I expect to give a tea to-morrow evening." Mr. Billus, who was reading his newspaper, grunted, but made no reply. "I said I expected to give a tea to-morrow evening, John," she repeated. "I heard you," said John, "I can take my dinner downtown." "I think I said a little while ago," again remarked Mrs. Billus, after an interval of silence, "that I intended to give a tea to-morrow evening." "That will suit me to a T." "And I shall need an X!" she snapped. Mr. Billus feebly ejaculated "G!" but he forked it over.—Chicago Tribune.

A Good Idea.

One of the new schemes for passenger transportation in New York is to make one fare good from the upper end of the city to the eastern limits of Brooklyn, including passage across the East River bridge. Madge—Philosophers say that women have not the creative faculty. Marie—Nonsense. I know one woman who has had seventeen children.—World.

Statistics show that during the year 1895 no fewer than twenty-two periodicals dealing with the science and art of medicine have been added to the already ample supply produced in Paris. Good Progress. Active natures are rarely melancholy—activity and sadness are incompatible.—Bovee.

TABACCO MONOPOLIES.

How Shrewd King James Made His Subjects Live Up Money. A monarch of such remarkable idiosyncrasy was King James, as displayed in his creation of a new and lucrative business for the sale of distinguished titles and high offices of state, where he himself possessed the sole monopoly, would naturally see his way to a further stroke of "good business" in the tobacco market, says the Gentleman's Magazine. Accordingly, we are not surprised to learn that, viewing with a jealous eye the flourishing state of the new industry, the idea occurred to him or his ministers that the state coffers might be replenished by taking a still deeper interest in the weed. Hence the issue of a royal proclamation to his loving subjects that they were forbidden to deal in tobacco unless they purchased royal letters patent granting them a license to do so. These could only be procured, on payment of a yearly sum, from the persons who farmed from the king the right to enter and collect the tax. In the "Stafford Letters," compiled by Gerrard, relating to the collection of the new tax, it is stated that "some towns have yielded twenty marks, 10 pounds, 5 pounds, 6 pounds, fine, and rent; none goes under. I hear that Plymouth hath yielded 100 pounds and as much yearly rent. * * * The tobacco licenses go on apace; they yield a good fine, and a constant yearly rent." In some instances a life lease to deal in tobacco was granted on payment of a lump sum. As to the king's method of dealing with state affairs of the kind, let Sir Anthony Weldon speak from personal knowledge. He says of the king that "he was so crafty and cunning in petty things, as the circumventing of any great man. He had a trick of couzen (cozen) himself with bargains under hand, by taking 1,000 pounds or 10,000 pounds as a bribe, when (at the same time) his counsel was treating with his customers to raise them to so much more yearly; this went into his privy purse; wherein he thought he had overreached the lords, but consented himself; but would as easily break the bargain upon the next offer, saying he was mistaken and deceived, and therefore no reason he should keep the bargain. This was often the case with the farmers of the customs." There is a document in the state archives which throws a curious sidelight on the king's ideas of witchcraft. The settlers in Guiana had become tobacco planters and required a trade charter with this country. A charter was granted them, in which a clause was inserted to the effect that one-tenth of the tobacco grown there should go to the king. Thus, in a round-about way, the king became a tobacco merchant.

DAUGHTER IN FRANCE.

French Mother's Relations Differed from the American. Mme. Marie Therese Blanc, better known under the pseudonym of "Th. Benson," the French novelist and critic, writes on the subject of "Family Life in America": "The part of a mother of a family is perhaps a more delicate one in America than in France just because there the power of the mother is not that of an autocrat, because she does not direct and rule everything herself, because there are many things in her daughter's life which she does not think herself authorized to prevent and which she has to bear, while exercising a discreet vigilance. She advises without constraining and under the gravest circumstances she has to limit herself to an appeal to her daughter's reason without ever counting on passive obedience. It is certainly simpler to mold, like soft wax, a will that will give itself up without resistance. It is just this feeling of unlimited authority over her daughter, over the good and the wrong she may do her, of her righteous duty to this utter helplessness, which binds the French mother to her second self—whom she has formed without any other influences, admitting even girl companions unwillingly, and on her guard, beforehand, against the future husband who would take her treasure from her. These relations are being modified since the introduction of a certain cosmopolitanism into our customs but what exists everywhere with us could not be found in America, where the young bird, of either sex, escapes from the maternal wing as soon as its feathers begin to grow."

How to Sell Old Clothing.

"I thought I was shrewd and knew how to drive a bargain," said a young West street merchant, "but this morning my wife gave me a pointer. Some time ago I sold four old suits of clothes to a perambulating buyer, and all I got was \$2. My wife said I was swindled. "Four more suits were to be disposed of this morning. My wife watched until the first cry of 'Old Clothes! Cash!' was heard. Inviting the crier in, she showed him one suit. He asked if that was all, and she answered, 'All that I want to sell now.' After spirited negotiations the dealer paid \$1.25 and took the suit. In a few minutes along came another 'old clothes man.' After asking if the one suit offered was all she had to sell and being told that it was all she wished to sell then, the usual proceedings followed. He took the suit and left \$1.35. "The third suit was sold to the third man for \$1.15, and the fourth went to the fourth man for \$1.20. "There," said my wife, 'got \$4.90 for what you got \$2 for.' I said nothing."—New York Herald.

TROUBLES OF A POLYGAMIST.

The African Is Ingenious in Dodging Inconvenient Moral Principles. The condition was about like this: The old African chief had three wives and missionaries explained to him that three wives were too many, says the National Review. Then he found the matter was not even to be compromised by turning off two and going to the chapel to be married, with accompanying hymns and orange blossoms, with number three, for the ladies held together, not one of them would marry him and let the other two go. So the poor old chief worried himself to a shamook, and anybody else who would listen to him. His white trader friends told him not to be such an infernal ass. Some of his black fellow chiefs said the missionary was quite right and the best thing for him to do would be to hand over to them the three old wives and go and marry a young girl from the mission school. Personally, they were not yet afflicted with scruples on the subject of polygamy and, of course (being missionary man now), he would not think of taking anything for his wives, so they would do their best, as friends, to help him. Others of his black fellow chiefs, less advanced in culture, just said: "What sort of fool palaver you make," and spat profusely. The poor old man smelled hell fire and cried: "Yo, yo, yo," and beat his hands upon the ground. It was a moral mess of the first water all around. Still, do not imagine the mission field is full of yo-yo-ing old chiefs, for although the African is undecided, he is also very ingenious, particularly in dodging inconvenient moral principles. Many a keen old chief turns on his pastor and makes driving inquiries about the patriarchy until I have heard a sorely tried pastor question the wisdom of introducing the old testament to the heathen. Many a young man hesitates about joining the church that will require his entering into the married state with one woman, whom he knows he may not whack and who will go and report all his little failings up at the mission and get him into hot water with the missionary, whose good opinion he values highly and is artful enough to know he enjoys this good opinion more as an interesting possibility than as a church member requiring "discipline."

A THOUGHTFUL WIFE.

She Was a Great Helpmeet to Her Physician Husband. The young physician was tired when he returned from his evening's calls, but as he settled back in his easy chair, and his pretty wife of only a month or two took a seat beside him, he asked affectionately: "And has my little wife been lonely?" "Oh, no," she said, animatedly; "at least, not very. I've found something to busy myself with." "Indeed!" he said. "What is it?" "I'm organizing a class. A lot of young girls and married women are in it, and we're exchanging experiences and teaching each other how to cook." "What do you do with the things you cook?" he asked interestedly. "Oh, we send them to the neighbors just to show what we can do. There's one lodging house gets most of it. It's great fun." "Dear little woman," he said, leaning over and kissing her. "Always thoughtful of your husband's practice. Always anxious to extend it."—Bangor Commercial.

Low Rents in London.

The London Daily Graphic, in commenting upon a paragraph which appeared in this column some time ago concerning the pay of literary workers, smiles at the idea of \$5,000 a year being regarded as a small income. I never said it was a small income. What I did say was that it was small in proportion to the demands upon it. It would be good pay for a bachelor, but not for a gentleman of family. The Graphic closes its remarks by saying: "We know of scores of literary workers in London, who, in the historic phrase of the cabman, 'wish that they had half the complaint' of the new paupers of New York." From the Graphic's point of view \$5,000 a year is a good deal of money, for the Graphic is a London paper and \$2,500 in London is equal to \$5,000 in New York. A family man with \$5,000 in this city cannot afford to live in a house, as I have said before; in London he could afford a very good house. I know of one man of letters in London, for example, who has a house that I would be proud to live in, and all he pays is \$50 a year. This may not include rates and taxes—I hope for the sake of the landlord it does not—but even with those expenses added the rent would be pretty low. Where in New York could he get a house, or even a flat for such a price?—Critic.

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SPECIAL MASTER COMMISSIONER'S Sale.—Under and by virtue of an order of sale on decree of foreclosure of mortgage against the estate of Geo. W. Sabine, administrator of the estate of Philip Swoboda, defendant herein, the sum of thirty-nine dollars (\$39.00), with interest thereon at the rate of seven (7) per cent per annum from June 2nd, 1894.

Sheriff's Sale. By virtue of an order of sale issued out of the district court for Douglas county, Nebraska, and to me directed, I will, on the 26th day of May, A. D. 1896, at 10 o'clock A. M. of said day, at the EAST front door of the county court house, in the city of Omaha, Douglas county, Nebraska, sell at public auction to the highest bidder for cash, the property described in said order of sale as follows, to-wit: Lot nine (9) in block two (2) in Shull's addition to the city of Omaha, Douglas county, Nebraska, as surveyed, platted and recorded in the city of Omaha, Nebraska, May 8th, A. D. 1896.

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