

PROUD OF HIS WORK.

An Old Scotch Professor Who Took Pride in His Labor as a Mechanic.

Dr. B. W. Richardson, of London, in an address to workmen at the congress of the Sanitary Institute of Great Britain, declared that "Work, manual work—and that, too, of a resolute kind—is absolutely necessary for every man."

I was invited not many years ago to lecture at St. Andrew's university and to listen in the evening to a lecture by another man, like myself, an outsider. I was not personally acquainted with this other man, but I knew that he filled an important judicial office in Scotland, and was considered one of the most able and learned, as well as one of the wittiest, men in the country.

He chose for his subject "Self Culture," and for an hour held us in a perfect dream of pleasure. For my own part I could not dream that the hour had fled.

The lecture ended at 7 o'clock, and at 8 I found myself seated at dinner by the side of the lecturer at the house of one of the university professors.

"And did you like the way in which the stones were laid inside?" asked my new friend.

"Immensely," I replied. "The man who laid those stones was an artist who must have thought that his work would live through the ages."

"Well, that is pleasant to hear," he said, "for the walls are my ain doing." He had the Scotch accent when he was in earnest.

"Fortunate man," I replied, "to have the means to build so fine a place," for I thought, naturally enough, that being a rich man he had built this hall at his own expense and presented it to the university.

"Fortunate, truly," he answered, "but not in that sense. What I mean is that I laid every one of those stones with my own hand. I was a working mason, and the builder of the hall gave me the job of laying the inside stone work, and I never had any job in my life in which I took so much pride and so much pleasure."

That workman still lives, and is one of the heads of the university. While he was working with his hands he was working also with his brain. He took his degree, went to the bar, and now he is a man honored throughout the country.

But I refer to him here only as the mason at his work, proud of his labor. It sweetened his work; it made it great. We applauded his brilliant lecture, but those silent, beautiful stones before him, which echoed our applause, must, I think, have been to him one cheer more, and a big one.

Changes in New York. "Only fancy," said a stately and charming representative of one of New York's oldest families at a dinner, "when I was a young girl in New York I knew personally every one who kept a carriage." This seemed almost incredible, as the speaker did not seem much past middle age herself, although, of course, the time to which she referred had to be left politely to surmise. "And now," she went on, "most of my intimates do not keep horses at all; in fact I may say that nowadays I do not know any of the people who do keep carriages. Quite an inverse ratio, is it not?" she concluded with a laugh and a sigh. When one considers the vast size of New York and the countless number of handsome equipages that crowd Fifth avenue and Central park, it seems odd that one individual could have noted personally so many changes in the conditions of the citizens of this great metropolis.—New York Tribune.

Minnesota's Wonderful Climate. "Curious winter phenomena we have here," remarked the St. Paulite to the visitor from St. Louis. "You notice that icicle up there on the cornice of that eight-story building? It should say it is ten feet long. Well, this very morning one just like that dropped as Sam Bones was passing, and the point struck him square on the top of the head. It went through him like a shot and pinned him to the sidewalk, bolt upright and stiff as a statue."

"Kill him?" "Hardly. As soon as the icicle melted he walked off all right enough. See?" "An extraordinary escape, truly—perhaps an isolated case. But I should think he would be liable to take cold from the draught through the hole in his body."

"Not at all! You see, the winter climate here is so dry that—" "Bosh!"—Nature's Realm.

Success. It is a great mistake to imagine that success without effort will ever make a man or a woman happy. What we cease to strive for ceases to be a success, and gradually becomes more and more worthless. Suppose the same wages to be paid for nothing that are now rendered for skill and energy and persevering work, or the same applause to be showered on the mere trifler that is now given to the public benefactor, could they possibly bring the same joy in the heart of the receiver that they do now? They would mean nothing, stand for nothing and shortly would be nothing.—New York Ledger.

Boyslike Answers. "What comes next to man in the scale of being?" inquired an examiner. "His shirt," was the reply. Asked to give the distinction, if any, between a fort and a fortress, a boy nicely defined them: "A fort is a place to put men in, and a fortress is a place to put women in." On being asked what the chief end of man was, another boy, without any hesitation, said, "The end what's got his head on."—Cassell's Journal.

CHOOSING A SERVANT.

OPINIONS OF SEVERAL INTELLIGENCE OFFICE KEEPERS.

With Ordinary Unskilled Help the Chief Trouble is Generally with the Employer, Who is Usually a Woman—Injustice to Hardworking Girls.

A small tow-headed boy, with a vacant look on his face, and a thumb worn old blankbook in his dirty hands, sitting on a short stool before a littered desk, whistling in a lazy, half-hearted tone; a small stove emitting a fierce heat in an indignant sort of way, as if disgusted with itself and its surroundings; nine rickety chairs, set in rows along the walls; a faded old carpet, a smoke-stained ceiling and a rickety table—these are the objects of furniture in a small square room one of the east side avenues.

The interior of the room is screened from the view of passers by a dingy blue curtain drawn over the lower half of the windows. A legend in faded yellow—once gilt—letters over the door and on the windows announces that servants may be hired there. This is a typical "Employment Agency."

A reasonably careful observer will see many curious things in an hour in one of these agencies. It is always easy to get high priced help. There is plenty of it. But the less skilled and lower priced service is hard to obtain. That is the kind most of the agencies have to do with. Nine out of ten of the agents will tell you that the great trouble in securing satisfactory help is with the employers. A casual investigation goes to show that they are right.

VARIOUS OPINIONS. The agents say that the business has changed greatly in the last few years. "Twenty years ago," said one of them recently, "when a young couple set up housekeeping they expected to start a permanent establishment. The women in those days were familiar with housework from their own house training. They were not ashamed to go into the kitchen occasionally and give the green help a little instruction. Then, too, we got a great deal of green help from the constant immigration which stopped here."

Now, all that is changed. The women either don't know enough, or are too high toned to go into their kitchens and give their cook a pointer when things don't go right. And the supply of green help from immigrants is cut off. They don't stop here any more. They go on out west, where the old way has not changed so much for the worse. It's almost impossible to get the ordinary plain help now."

"Very few people know how to engage help," said another agent. "They come here and talk to the girls for an hour at a time, and they don't know enough to pick out the one who will suit them. Four-fifths of the time they go to telling 'what I said to my last cook,' or 'what she said to me,' and the upshot of it is they make the girl think the place is too hard and she won't go, whereas if they went at it in a businesslike way they could soon be suited."

"Yes," said a third agent, "the everlasting shifting is making a lot of trouble now. It's a rare thing for a girl to have a place more than a few months, even when she gives the best satisfaction. People go to Europe for the summer and go to Florida for the winter, and keep house in the intervals between their pleasant trips. Then they grow because they can't get their first class help. They want servants to show references for years of service when they only expect to hire them for a few weeks or months."

TWO AGENCIES. There are two inside rooms at the place above described where girls looking for work wait for possible employers. They come early in the morning and wait until the office closes at 4 o'clock in the afternoon. When an employer comes the agent politely offers a chair and inquires into the needs of his customer. He then goes into one of the inner rooms and looks over his supply. The accomplishments and pedigree of each one in the inside rooms have been fully noted down when they applied to the agent, and he is pretty familiar with them all. He selects what one he thinks will best satisfy the visitor, and indicates with a graceful wave of the hand the one to whom the aspirant for work is to address herself. Sometimes a bargain is struck almost immediately.

There is an employment office in Sixth avenue that is just a little different from any of the rest of them. It is run by a woman, a clear-headed, gray-eyed English woman, who was for years the housekeeper for a well-known New Yorker. Her clientele is almost wholly among the wealthy people. And the peculiar part of it is that they scarcely ever visit her office. She has a whole deskful of letters which say, "You know just what I want, and I trust you to get it for me."

Some day this woman will wake up to the fact that she has a valuable lot of autograph letters from many of the best known women of this city, with not a few from Philadelphia, Washington, Baltimore and other towns. An auction sale of these autographs would interest a great many people and be very profitable to her.—New York Sun.

A Practical Joke. Tramp—You gave me a counterfeit \$5 bill a few moments ago. Practical Joke—He! he! he! he! he! Found it out, eh?

"Yes, sir; and on my information an officer is now looking for you. Gimme \$5 in good money and I'll throw 'em off the track. Thanks. Ta, ta!"—Good News.

She Craved Appreciation. A little three-year-old girl was taken to church for the first time, after promising that she would sit still and not talk. For some time she was as quiet and as good as possible, when suddenly she turned to her mother and said aloud, "Mamma, isn't I a good girl not to talk?"—Boston Traveller.

Holes in the Air.

H. Hennequin, of Paris, France, who has had some experience in aerial navigation, stopped in the city from San Francisco on his way home. Mr. Hennequin was in Fontenay at the time Tissindier and Gower had their startling adventure in a balloon. The traveler is an intimate friend of Gower, and tells the story of their fall of a mile as the balloonist related it to him:

"They ascended from Tissindier's house in Paris and floated off toward Vincennes, and, as the wind was somewhat strong from the northeast, the two men soon disappeared from the view of Paris, having risen to a height of 1,500 feet. When they had reached Fontenay, however, they were fully 6,000 feet above the earth. They were sailing along smoothly, watching the scenes below when suddenly they seemed to fall into a hole in the atmosphere, and down they went at a terrific rate. Gower glanced at the needle of the vertical scale. It was travelling with lightning speed. A roar filled their ears, and both men thought their time had come.

"Nothing had happened to the balloon. It was in perfect condition, but there seemed to be no air to hold it up. Tissindier desperately threw out sandbags. They were falling so rapidly that the bugs were left far behind and disappeared above them. The earth seemed to be rushing at them with the speed of a comet. There seemed to be no atmosphere left, and they could scarcely breathe. As a last resort Tissindier threw over the anchor and the remaining ballast, and the big balloon, after a rush of a mile through the air, regained its poise and they were saved. The earth was but fifty feet below."

"This goes to show," continued Mr. Hennequin, "that too much precaution cannot be observed in carrying plenty of ballast. There are in the air occasional rarefactions, and when a balloon once gets into one of them it drops like a piece of lead. Gower and Tissindier sailed into a veritable pit in the air, and had they not had lots of ballast aboard they would have been dashed to pieces."—Chicago Tribune.

Old Wood for Violins.

When the old Pierce building, that had stood at the corner of Tremont and Court streets for more than two hundred years, was torn down six or seven years ago, I got a lot of pieces of spruce joists out of it to make violin tops. That's it, now. Most people think violins are made from some queer and costly foreign wood. They are not. The top is of spruce boards or timbers, and the strap, the back and the scroll from curly maple. The essential, however, is that the wood shall have been seasoned for generations. Cheap violins are made from wood that has been seasoned only four or five years. I want wood 100 years old.

The old spruce is easier to get than the old maple. For that we have to seek in old farmhouses, where there are venerable chests of drawers and old fashioned bedsteads of maple, with headboards and footboards. We buy these for what we can, but they cost a great deal, for people usually value them highly as heirlooms. The posts and frame of the beds we can work into necks and scrolls, and the headboards, etc., into scraps and backs. Here is an old piece of board no more than two feet long, as you see, that I couldn't replace for a five dollar bill.—Interview with a Violin Maker.

Breaking It Gently.

In the province of Holstein, noted for its superior breed of cattle, the country people are not only very thrifty but exceedingly fond of their cows, as may be gathered from the following characteristic story.

Farmer Jan was walking sadly down the road one day when the village pastor met him.

"Why so sad, Farmer Jan?" said the pastor.

"Ah, I have a sad errand, pastor," said Jan.

"What is it?"

"Farmer Heurdt's cow is dead in my pasture, and I am on my way to tell him."

"A hard task, Jan."

"Indeed it is, but I shall break it to him gently."

"How will you do that?"

"I shall tell him first that it is the mother who is dead, and then, having opened the way for sadler news, I shall tell him that it is not his mother, but the cow!"—Youth's Companion.

Value of Diamonds.

The weight of a carat is four grains Troy, but the value of the diamond carat is a very uncertain quantity, depending altogether on the quality, purity, cutting and size of the stone. According to a standard work on precious stones, a well-cut diamond of perfect color, having no flaws, "feathers," or other imperfections, is worth \$40; one of two carats is worth from \$80 to \$100; one of three, \$100 to \$150; of eight, \$1,000; of ten, \$1,500; of twenty, \$16,000.

The valuation of stones of a larger size is purely a matter of fancy, depending almost altogether on the whims of the dealer and purchaser, and even with the small sized stones an almost inappreciable variation in tint will often make an enormous difference in valuation. Fashion also influences the price of diamonds.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Difficult to Please.

Scheming Mother—What objection have you to that wealthy Mr. Lightgate? Beautiful Daughter—He never takes anything but nonsense. He seems to think all women are fools.

Mother—You cannot find that fault with Mr. Greenhead.

Daughter—He's a perfect bore—always talking about things I don't understand.—New York Weekly.

Inconsistency.

Mr. Growler (to wife)—No wonder we have no children, you bills. I have just counted 100 bills going to the bank for the month. You've got the money and refuse to have a child.—Mrs. Maria, who in thunder turned out that light in the smoking room?—West Shore.

A Remarkable Farm.

I will sell my farm of 100 acres six miles southwest of Plattsmouth very cheap. The farm is highly improved with bearing orchard, good residence, barn and other out-buildings. Enquire on premises or by letter to Wabash, Neb.

ROBERT MEYER.

THE notion which many papers appear to entertain that a declaration of war would have to be made by us before we could begin hostilities in the present exigency is absurd. As we have heretofore pointed out, no formality of this sort was observed by us in any of the three wars we have been engaged in since the foundation of the government except in 1812. In the conflict which began in that year this country, in a certain sense, took the initiative. In 1846 the initiative was taken by the Mexicans and in 1861 by domestic foes of the government, and in neither of these instances was a declaration made by us. The government in each case recognized a state of war as actually existent, and took measures to meet it. If a conflict takes place between Italy and the United States Italy will undoubtedly begin it, and an attack on some of our ports or ships will be made. It is nonsensical to imagine that in such a contingency we could offer no resistance except by authority from congress, which might not then be in session. As a matter of fact, we are under no such humiliating and perilous necessity. The president is clothed with ample authority in a crisis of this sort to take action as he deems readiest and most effective to protect the interests and dignity of the nation. Of course, in such a case congress would be immediately called in session, but in the interval between the first act of aggression and the meeting of congress the executive would have abundant powers to act.—Globe Democrat.

Perhaps no local disease has puzzled and baffled the medical profession more than catarrh. While not immediately fatal it is among the most distressing and disgusting ills the flesh is heir to, and the records show very few or no cases of radical cure of chronic catarrh by any of the multitude of modes of treatment until the introduction of Ely's Cream Balm a few years ago. The success of this preparation has been most gratifying and surprising.

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