

The Popular Woman.

Who is the popular woman of today? She is the one who wears well-fitting clothes and never minds telling the name of her dressmaker.

She is the one who sees the possibilities of a bashful young man and cultivates him when everybody counts him a bore.

She is the one who may believe in Christian science or mind cure, or a special way to remove freckles, or the Turkish bath, or in not wearing corsets, but who doesn't give dissertations on these subjects and insist on converting you.

She is the one who never makes you conscious of the amount of money she has or her lack of it.

She is the one who, when you are a guest in her home, makes you feel that she has simply been waiting for this opportunity to be happy, and that you are the honored guest.

She is the one whose hair doesn't come down, or whose frock doesn't tear when she is some place where it is not easy to fix it.

She is the one whose children are seen but not heard.

She is the one who doesn't tell people unpleasant things, and if she has a bad opinion of any body sums it all by saying: "I do not like her" and gives no further explanation.

She is the one who is loyal to her friends, ignores her enemies, and loves her husband and children.

She is the best type of the American woman.

Walking With a Lady.

It is a generally conceived opinion that a gentleman walking with a lady should walk on the outer side of the sidewalk. This idea does very well for a country town, but in a great city where thousands upon thousands of people, all in more or less of a hurry, are continually passing, it is a very poor rule to follow. One writer on the subject says: "The duty of a gentleman is to protect the lady he is walking with; to take all the hard knocks, jostles, and possible umbrella tips to himself, shielding the weaker vessel from many disagreeables, and to do this she must invariably be on the gentleman's right side, where she can promenade at her ease guarded by his manly form, and not being obliged one-half of the time to take all the buff and rebuffs constantly recurring in a crowded thoroughfare." Now, if some of the social leaders of this city were to take the establishment of this custom into their hands it would not be long before Boston could boast of a fact that would be a great benefit to the ladies of the community, and one that I hope to see a recognized custom in the course of not a great number of years.—Boston Traveler.

Buttermilk as a Medicine.

With the rapid growth of reconstructive medicines comes opportunely the reintroduction of old and well-known domestic remedies, among which buttermilk demands a respectable place. A young lady patient of the writer's (Dr. Landry in Popular Science News) was suffering from a severe consumptive cough. None of the usual anti-spasmodics, expectorants, etc., seemed to do any good, simply because her stomach was too weak to bear enough medicine to effect the purpose. Finally I suggested to her mother the use of buttermilk. It was adopted at once. Her first night's experience was one of comparative freedom from cough and pain, and a pleasant slumber for several hours. It was continued for a long time with an unvarying relief of all her distressing symptoms and as almost perfect freedom from cough for several hours after each draught of the hot buttermilk. Lingering at one time for weeks from an attack of congestive fever, dosed with calomel and quinine almost beyond endurance, the writer began to desire buttermilk to drink. The physician "didn't believe in humoring the whims of patients," as he expressed it; besides, he contended that a single drink of the obnoxious fluid might produce death, as acids and calomel were incompatible dwellers in the same stomach.

But I was a good persuader, and my mother was a susceptible subject. The buttermilk, "fresh from the churns," was procured and drunk. No evil result; indeed came a perspiration and speedy recovery. Many years afterward I had missed my usual noon meal. It was about 2 or 3 p. m., dinner of course, was over when I reached a farmhouse, weak, tired, hungry, and "all out of condition" for active work. Dinner was suggested by the housewife. "No, indeed!" said I, "not this time; I am nearly home. But if you have any buttermilk, I will take a drink of that to stay my stomach." A good, kind-hearted woman, she soon brought up a pitcher of buttermilk from the cool spring house while I examined my patients and prescribed for them. Perhaps a pint was drunk during the stay of nearly an hour. For months indigestion had held his unfriendly grasp on my stomach. From that notable day forward his reign was broken; my stomach was healed, and I could ride all day, if necessary, without feeling so woe-begone from the lack of food as before drinking of the buttermilk. There are people, however, who cannot use milk of any kind, nor butter, but to others it proves to be both food and medicine.

A Bird That Kills Rattles.

Riding in California one day my companion called attention to a bird in the road ahead of me. It was something like a prairie chicken, but much more slender and graceful in build. It was not using its wings, but it moved very rapidly, and we had to keep the horse in a pretty good trot to keep up to it. My friend told me that it was a "road runner," a bird that was noted there for its pedestrian accomplishments, and a peculiar habit they have is to walk always in the center of the road.

When one of these birds meets a rattlesnake it behaves in such a coy manner that it leads the snake to think it will become the victim of its charm, and while it is keeping the snake in doubt as to its intention it runs about in the cactus and picks off the thorns with its bill, dropping them in a circle around the snake until it has him completely surrounded by cactus thorns. Then it flies to some elevation and sits there to watch the snake stick himself to death on the thorns trying to get out of the ring.—J. S. Normile in St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

A Neglected Branch.

We are taught in school to read and write but how many of us are ever taught how to talk? And if we wished to learn where should we seek a suitable teacher? And yet among all the accomplishments which men and women possess there is not one that can give so much pleasure as an ability to talk pleasantly and entertainingly. Think how many things go to make up good talk—a good voice, well disciplined, "soft and low," one that rests rather than tires, a voice with music in it. Next, a well stored mind. Next, possession of the art of putting things, for it is quite as important that you say a thing right as that you say the right thing. Then to communicate information in such a way as to make it appear that you assume the superiority. Wendell Phillips, who was perhaps as delightful and charming a conversationalist as Boston ever had, would always put it: "You remember that the Socrates said—" It was a harmless fiction and a pleasant one.—Boston Budget.

A Favorite Legend.

There is a favorite legend in Germany of a certain luck-flower, which admits its fortunate finder into the recesses of a mountain or castle, where untold riches invite his grasp. Dazzled by so much wealth, with which he fills his pockets and hat, the favored mortal leaves behind him the flower to which he owes his fortune; and as he leaves the enchanted ground the words "Forget not the best of all," reproach him for his ingratitude, and the suddenly closing door either descends on one of his heels and lames him for life or else imprisons him forever. If Grimm is right this is the origin of the word forget-me-not, and not the last words of the lover drowning in the Danube, as he threw to his lady love the flower she craved of him. The tradition, however, that the luck flower, or key flower, was blue is consistent with the fact that the primrose in the Schlusel-blume (key-flower). However this may be, there exists in Germany many subterranean passages, under hillsides, dating from heathen times, and associated with legends of former treasures there; and it certainly seems more likely that the flower was simply adapted to the legend as readily occurring to the story maker's mind, than that it really signifies the lightning which opens the cloud, that "primal wealth of the pastoral Aryans, the rain that refreshes the thirsty earth, and the sun that comes after the tempest."—Cornhill.

A Tricky Tailor.

Nearly every man judges the quality of clothing—above a certain grade—by the price, and a certain tailor in this town, knowing this fact, takes advantage of his customers in this way. He has tables, in which are drawers containing his samples. These drawers extend across the tables and can be pulled out from either side. When a customer comes in a line of samples are taken out and shown him. He will probably say he wants something "better," and then the shrewd tailor goes around to the other side of the table, pulls out the same drawer and takes out the same samples; but this time he adds say 50 per cent to the price, and the customer, who judges by price, finds a piece that suits him, gives his order and goes his way, little thinking that he could have obtained a suit of the same material at much less cost.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

SARCASTIC.

Texas Sayings: "Now, my friend, what will you do with that money?" said an old gentleman to a tramp to whom he had given a nickel. "I'll go to the races and bet some of it. If I lose I reckon I'll spend the summer at Ashbury park instead of going to Saratoga."

Everybody Had a Show.

Philadelphia Times: "I like the girl's disposition," said Scadley as a maiden passed down to the beach in particularly abbreviated bathing robes. "Know her?" asked Rathbone. "No, but I can see she's disposed so far as she can to give everybody a show."

Authority in the Home.

There's another thing, a rock on which the happiness of unselfish mothers is often wrecked, and which you must never lose sight of, for the sake of your children as well as yourself. Always keep your rightful place as the head of the household, says a writer in Harper's Bazar. Young America is strong-willed and progressive. It is very apt, entirely without malice, to push aside the mother whose cares have worn upon her, who lets herself get old-fashioned or behind the times so that while not exactly ashamed the children are not quite proud of her. Avoid this danger at whatever cost of time and study. Let not the world slip away from you; dress at least as well as your daughter—you ought to dress better go out with her, help her entertain her friends. Fall into the new way of things, which she will be sharp to see and to point out—laying a table, serving a luncheon, even pronouncing words.

Do not think I recommend that the whole household shall be set to the tune of "My Daughter." I mean, simply, that you shall make her life pleasant and busy, that you shall not attempt to drive her in any of the ways your wisdom decides to be right, that you shall not fill her days with distasteful work, and by making her uncomfortable induce her to think of marriage as a release, and that you shall not mortify her by antiquated ways.

This critical age happily does not last forever, and the one thing to hold on to, at whatever price, is your daughter's love for you, and her confidence in your interest in her. If she develops a desire for an independent income of her own earning, this is a healthy impulse, and you must help her. Have her trained in the one thing she can do till it will bring in money. She will probably be content to work at it at home, and enjoy there the freedom it gives her, or even to practice it only for the pleasure of her friends.

Whatever she feels imperative to her life, assist her in and give her the benefit (very sparingly) of your age and experience. Of course, she will not take it; no one will learn by another's knowledge—it is part of our life's discipline to acquire our own. The one way to keep your daughter yours in heart at this critical "storm and stress" period is to keep her as near you as possible, to advise when she wants advice, to comfort under failure, to be her refuge and best friend always.

This, O mother, is your holy and divinely appointed mission. By these means you will guide that tempest-tossed bark through the whirlpool, past rocks, around the falls, and have the comfort of seeing it pursuing its calm and even way in the stiller waters beyond.

A Cold-Blooded Groom.

"Have you brought any witnesses?" asked the Rev. Mr. Wood of Bathgate of a middle-aged couple who had come to be married.

"No, we're thought o' that. Is't necessary?"

"O, certainly," said the minister, "you should have a groomsmen and bride-maid as witnesses."

"Wha can we get, Jean, dae ye think?"

The bride so addressed suggested a female cousin whom the bridegroom had not previously seen, and after consultation a man was also thought of.

"Step ye awa' along Jean, an' ask them, an' I'll walk about till ye come back."

Jean set out as desired, and after some time returned with the two friends, the cousin being a blooming lass, somewhat younger than the bride. When parties had been properly arranged and the ceremony of the bridegroom suddenly said: "Wad ye bide a wee, sis?"

"What is it now?" asked the minister.

"Whel, I was just gann to say that if it wad be the same to you, I wad rather hae that ane," pointing to the bride-maid.

"A most extraordinary statement to make at this stage! I'm afraid it is too late to talk of such a thing now."

"Is it?" said the bridegroom in a tone of calm resignation to the inevitable.

"Weel, then, ye maun just gang on!"—Newcastle (Eng) Chronicle.

Curiosities of Chemicals.

Certain substances which are deadly in their effects upon man can be taken by animals with impunity. Horses can take large quantities of antimony, dogs of mercury, goats of tobacco, mice of hemlock and rabbits of belladonna without injury. On the other hand, dogs and cats are much more susceptible to the influence of chloroform than man and are much sooner killed by it. If this invaluable anesthetic had been tried first upon animals we should probably have never enjoyed its blessing, as it would have been found to be so fatal that its discoverers would have been afraid to test its effects upon human beings. It is evident, then, that an experiment upon an animal can never be the means of any certain deductions so far as a man is concerned. No scientist can ever know when trying some new drug or some new operation whether or not when he comes to try it upon man the effect will be the same as that upon an animal.

She Floored Him.

There is a rush and a scramble on the Brooklyn bridge. It is the Brooklyn workaday crowd going to New York. The seats are quickly filled and in a breath almost there is a big crowd of "standees."

A "dudful" clerk with a most languishing air arises and gushingly professes his seat to a pretty girl of the genus t. w., otherwise known to fame as the independent typewriter.

The maid is very pretty, and instinctively you look to see and share in the smile which she is sure to cast on the charming "clerket." Instead, to your astonishment, there is a look of withering scorn.

"Don't trouble yourself, pray," she says, and there are barbs and sharp points in her speech.

"Aw, no trouble, I assuah you," says the "clerket." "Pray sit down and awblige me."

The independent t. w. straightens up and a look of ineffable scorn mantles her face.

"See here, young man," she says, and she says it with the plainness of the business manager when he tells you that there is not the faintest shadow of a chance of a raise of salary, "you may keep your seat. I don't want it. You permitted me to stand all the way from East New York on the crookedest road in Brooklyn, and I do not propose for a seven minutes' ride to give you the privilege of staring in my face and taking whatever other liberties may enter into your feeble intellect."

She said this in a low tone, but one so keen of concentrated edge that it permeated the entire car. Then she turned her back on him. The remainder of the audience smiled audibly; and the act was ended.—New York Herald.

Decoying Fish on Lake Erie.

The fishermen along the shore of Lake Erie are already looking to their shanties preparatory to beginning decoy fishing through the ice, says a Detroit correspondent of the N. Y. Sun. As soon as the ice is strong enough to bear, the little fishing shanties will be moved out to the fishing-grounds, and in favorite localities little villages of miniature houses, with the smoke curling up from their chimneys, will be established on the frozen lake. The shanties are about four and a half feet high, so that a man can sit comfortably in them, and large enough to hold the man and a small but effective stove.

A hole is cut in the ice, usually at the side of some bank or edge of a channel, where the fish are apt to be running; then the house is moved over the hole and the fire is started. The fisherman sits on a seat, under which is a box in which to hide his fish, as it is important to keep his good luck secret lest his neighbors surround him.

If the little village of fish-houses moves close around him his chances are gone, not only because the surrounding fishermen will intercept the fish, but because the noise of chopping and walking on the ice will certainly drive them away, for, although you can talk or sing as much as you please in the fish-house, the least tap upon the ice will frighten away the fish.

The house not only makes a warm shelter for the fisherman, where he can sit comfortably protected from the wild blasts that sweep over the frozen lake, but, as it has no windows and the light is shut out above, he can see clearly eight or ten feet down into the waters of the lake. It is a really beautiful sight to watch the decoy darting hither and thither, and the game stealing silently up to the hole or rushing at it as if about to swallow it, in fish and all.

The decoy is made of wood, colored to suit the fancy of the fishermen, and not much like anything in nature. It is three or four inches long and is carved in the shape of a fish and heavily weighted with lead toward the head. It has four horizontal fins on its sides and one fin on its back. To one of a small row of rings on its back one end of the string is hooked, and the other end is attached to a stick about a foot long. With this stick the fisherman plays the decoy, making it dart about in the water as nearly as possible in a triangle. Sometimes a school of perch will gather about the hole, if they are large enough they are speared, if too small for that they are caught with hook and line. Or a school of herring take their place, and then the fisherman substitutes for hook and bait a white collar button on the end of a string, this the white fish swallow eagerly, and the fisherman gently lifts them out of the ice before they can discharge.

Then there is a swish, and a ten-pound pike rushes in and scatters the small fry in every direction. He stands motionless watching the decoy, which the fisherman must play like lightning for if the pike touch it he discovers and rejects the deception, rushing away faster than he came. At the first opportunity the fisherman strikes his spear into the fish's shoulder, or, if he can't get a fair stroke, and the water is shallow enough, he pins him to the bottom until he drowns.

This is a favorite sport in Michigan and is zealously pursued, sometimes so late in the spring that the shanties fall off in the lake on the melting ice.

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A Picturesque Group.

They come in late in the afternoon, all talking at once.

"We want our tintypes taken."

"Yes, all together."

"In a group."

"Any particular style you'd like?"

"Oh, we want something picturesque."

"Yes, we want it artistic—an outdoor scene, you know."

The photographer quickly wheels up a mountain view for background, waltzes a wooden looking "rock" into the foreground, props up a rustic fence at one side and throws down a shaggy, grass suggesting mat before it. While he is composing this medley from the inexhaustible beauties of nature the girls discourse on the subject at hand.

"Belle, you sit on the rock and I will stand beside you; Grace can lean on the fence, and May, you sit on the floor. We ought to have a book to be looking at. Ah, here's an album; that will do. Dora, which side of my face would be the best to have taken?"

"The outside," said Dora promptly.

"I wish we had a parasol," says Grace.

"Be quick as you can," interrupts the photographer, realizing how precious is every moment of the fast fading light. Dora bestows upon him a look which plainly says, "with intent to annihilate."

"We pay you by the job, not by the hour. Do not presume to hurry us."

At last they locate themselves according to the dictates of their own sweet and wayward fancies.

"Ah, my," exclaimed Belle from the rock, "what an awfully uncomfortable thing this is to sit on."

"Put your hand on my shoulder, Grace."

Finally all seems in readiness, when just as the photographer is about to remove the cap to expose the plate May suddenly exclaims from the floor:

"Hold on a minute, Grace, you ought not to be standing; you are too tall. Change places with me."

Then ensues a general scrambling and rearranging, Belle improving the opportunity to try for a softer spot on the rock.

"Am I looking at the right place?" May anxiously inquires of the photographer, as if the sun would fail to do its desired work if her head was not turned at just the most becoming angle.

"Yes," replies the much harassed personage addressed, heroically choking back unholly utterances. "Sit perfectly still now."

He removes the cap and a brief and blessed silence ensues. When he replaces the cap for a moment the chorus breaks out:

"Oh, my goodness—dear me—I never—why, I was just—"

"Keep just as you are," says the photographer authoritatively, unexpectedly removing the cap again and thus effectively shutting off the deluge of remarks.

The poor light necessarily made the exposure unusually long, and when at last it is over a volley of deep and resounding groans comes from the girls as the photographer disappears with his plate.

Then their tongues are loosened.

"My, I feel all tied up in a bow knot."

"Goodness, but I'm tired standing so long."

"I never knew any one to be so long taking a tintype."

"Oh, I feel as if I had just had a tooth pulled—so thankful it is over."

"Oh, see this picture of some girls in a boat. Why didn't he say he had a boat?"

"I don't think he is very agreeable

anyway. All he thinks of is to get over with."

"Oh, here he comes with the pictures." Now they gather around the man with the pictures, all talking excitedly.

"Oh, oh, just look at me!"

"Just see the way my eyes look."

"My head is held too high, and I asked you—"

"Oh, see how my dress looks, etc., till at last they relinquish the artistic treasures long enough to have them put in envelopes.

Then they pay for them and go out, leaving the long suffering photographer free to relieve his overwrought nerves in any form of speech he thinks will be most soothing to his feelings and expressive of his sentiments.—Boston Globe.

Woman Unhappy Without Love.

I am curious to know whether a woman into whose life love has never entered can ever have been what I should call happy. I do not think so. She may have found the quiet garden of which content keeps the key, says Louise Chandler Moulton in the Ladies' Home Journal. She may be reconciled to her fate; and console herself by thinking how much better off she is than if she were unhappily married; but such dull resignation is not even first cousin to the rapture of joy. I am old-fashioned, perhaps, in my ideas; but I honestly think that real happiness comes to a woman only hand in hand with love.

When she begins to feel that, with one man in it, the room is full, and empty when he is gone no matter how many others may remain, she begins to be tremulously, deliciously, deliciously happy. But that is only the beginning; and if love holds happiness by the hand, fear stands at the other elbow. A word too many or too few—a smile that does not go her way—and the girl suffers as much as she has just enjoyed. Her very soul hungers with in her for some dear certainty. And when that comes—when her troth is pledged—is that her happiest moment? She does not think so then; for she is looking forward to the bridal morning.

The day of day comes, at last, and the new life begins. Is that, then, the happiest moment? Hardly, for the very most loving people who ever lived are not quite one, to begin with, and they must learn to live together. A year—a year of mutual forbearance; of getting well acquainted—a happy year; and now they look into each other's eyes fearlessly. They are one at last, and for all time!

Surely that is the happiest moment! I had made up my mind to say so; but is it?

Ah, I think, after all, the happiest moment is when love is a sweet, shy newcomer, and hope leads it by the hand.

Love Wanted.

Detroit Free Press: "What any help?" he asked of the grocer.

"Well, I dunno. How many dollars can you put into a quart measure?"

"I can put in five, but always make four do."

"I guess I don't need you. Three is limit here."

Is it Hot or Not?

Give me a day in a bright climate, Far away from the hot equator, Or else an hour of perfect bliss, Is a bachelor's refrigeration.

—[Kearney State Journal.]