Harrison Journal.

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HARRISON, - - - NEB.

One swallow does not make a spring. It merely starts an air ship.

The biggest and most persistent of the floating lies is the airship.

Mr. Robert Fitzsimmons cannot hear Mr. Charles Mitchell. For which the public should return thanks.

The Portland Argus says: "There are indications again that there is a firebug in our midst." Better drink ice water.

Professor Andree, who will try to reach the north pole this summer by balloon, will be certain to move in the highest circles if he succeeds.

A Chicago contemporay's headline, "Gets a Chicago Girl and Flees," is likely to be misunderstood. There are no flies or fleas on the Chicago girl.

And now a scientific sharp says that "to guard against disease milk, butter and cheese should be pasteurized." What's the matter with pasturizing the cow?

A Boston man is advertising for a boarding-house where they don't have bicycle talk for breakfast, luncheon and dinner. He might try a deaf and dumb asylum.

A London paper predicts that "there will be some thrilling encounters pretty soon about that historic Macedonian pass." Wouldn't it be well to order the conductors to take it up?

In Philadelphia the other night Mr. Corbett announced that he was fairly whipped in Carson City. This confirms a popular belief that has gained currency since the 17th of March.

Ignatius Donnelly has figured it out and declares that sun spots are responsible for the Mississippi floods. The lesson in this is plain: Stop planting trees and building levees and knock the spots off Old Sol.

The Harmony Grove (Ky.) Gazette says: "It has been our pleasure to receive into our home as a boarder the lady teacher at this place, and regret that domestic affairs have necessitated her going elsewhere. We are reluctant to give her up." How about "our" wife?

A woman's bicycle club was organized in Detroit the other day, but the Free Press says that it collapsed within a week because no two members could agree as to the uniform to be worn. When Colorado musters in its first company of women militia there will be trouble.

The Boston Herald has discovered an inventor who has perfected an engine which discounts the best claims made for that Sleepy Eye, Minn., genius. The Boston man's machine is "as large around as a saucer and two inches thick," but it has thirteen horse power. This is considerably higher horse power than the Minnesota lie ever has registered.

The bottom is being gradually knocked out of the numerous airships that have been sailing athwart the empyrean for the last few weeks, and one of them at least has fallen to the ground for want of proper support. It has transpired that the aerial vessel deposed and sworn to by about fifty Knights Od Ak-Sar-Ben of Omaha was nothing but a hot air balloon, to which was attached a willow basket filled with ignited shavings. While this is calculated to discourage inventors it clears the Knights from the imputation of having too much corn juice aboard advanced by certain ribald jesters and scoffers in Omaha.

American petroleum is largely imported in Italy, but this trade is almost exclusively in the hands of large companies, who work in with the American petroleum monopolists, so that there is little opportunity for private traders. The American companies ought to export petroleum in bulk and maintain depots in the great cities where it could be drawn off into cisterns, carts, or tinned in this country, where labor is cheap. In Southern Italy, petroleum is largely peddled from house to house for daily consumption, and whether it be American refined, Russian or native, it is invariably drawn from American tins, with American packing boxes ostentatiously displayed on the peddlers' carts.

They are frank, these Englishmen. To-Day says: "By all means, let us fight and win the Transvaal. We are going to fight for gold mines and territory if they cannot be got without fighting. Every nation has to play pirate at times." There is every reason to believe that the advice will be taken. England has a fondness for gold mines, and the prevented theft of some in Alaska and others in Venezuela has made her more anxious for those in the Transvaal. It is a brilliant policy that the ministry has evolved. "The people are dissatisfied because of our Turkish policy," they say. "So we will steal Transvaal." And by this scheme they hope to escape the penalty of their cowardice in Europe.

It is not certain whether Prince Carlo Bourbon del Monte Santa Maria di Faustino of Rome, Italy, has jilted Miss Jane Campbell of New York, or whether Miss Jane Campbell has refused alliance with the noble Italian. The announcement simply states that the marriage which was to have been celebrated has been postponed indefinitely. These international matrimonial affairs are always so interwoven with financial complications that the opinion will prevail at first doubtless that the trouble has been caused by an unsatisfactory allotment of ducats. After a careful survey of the nomenclature of the case, however, it seems more reasonable to believe that Miss Campbell was unable to undergo the shock of passing the remainder of her life under the alphabetical pall of "the Princess Carlo Bourbon del Monte Santa Maria di Faustino."

The second Appellate Court of New York has just rendered a decision that places a new liability upon elevated railroads, and its terms might equally apply to surface roads. A passenger going upon the platform of the Manhattan Railway was so crowded by the numbers of people admitted that he was pushed off and fell to the street below, suffering great injury. The Court held that he was entitled to recover damages. It is the duty of the railway company to provide for the safety of its passengers, and when it continues to sell tickets and admit such crowds to its platform that individuals may be shoved off, it is responsible for any damages that may result therefrom. The obligation of the company is to take reasonable care in securing the safety of the passenger while upon its premises and to see that he is exposed to no unnecessary danger. By the same principle passengers on the platforms of street cars, or who are suffered by conductors to stand upon the running footboards of open cars, must be protected. It is no answer to say they know the danger of their situation. They should not be permitted to stand there if the company refuses to be responsible for their safety. By the very act of allowing them to crowd and overcrowd such places there is an implied understanding that they shall be carried safely.

The announcement of the death of Mrs. Theodore Tilton at her home in Brooklyn, N. Y., will revive to some extent recollections of the once famous Beecher-Tilton scandal, but it is not likely that much will be said of it. The world has grown to incline too much to the opinion that this unfortunate woman's husband, still living, and in Paris of all places in the world, was too fantastic a crank to be able to see anything unwarped. In Beecher's own case the force of a great name and a great career was signally illustrated. He met the whole impact of the charge with plump denial and his hold on the admiration of the public was scarcely shaken. But here, in this broken woman, who after a quarter of a century of absolute retirement from the society she once graced is released by tardy death, is the real victim of the whole pitiful drama. It does not matter whether she was the victim of her husband's half crazy malignity, of the powerful preacher whom she almost worshiped, of a pharisaically censorious society, or of all three—she was none the less a forever to be pitied victim. If guilty of all with which she was charged she has borne the heavy penalty with a patience and silence that should at least command the respect of mankind. If innocent the appalling penance into which she was forced amounts to an unanswerable indictment of the society which inflicted it. In either case her fate for all the long years since her great trial has been one of the saddest on record. It can be unbecoming in none of all the world to hope that she has indeed "entered into rest."

Deputy Fifth Auditor of the Treasury department John J. Willie, of Florida, has been dropped from the public service, but it seems probable that the public service will not be aware of the drop unless formally notified of the change. Mr. Willie is the greatest living exponent of the principle that a "public office is a private snap." He has lived up to this ideal with a zeal that commands astonished admiration. During the last year he was absent from his post of official duty 234 days. But he must not be judged by this record alone, for it appears that during the three previous years his total of absences each year was nearer 300. Mr. Willie has not been idle all this time, but has been attending strictly to private business in Florida, and keeping in constant touch with the financial end of the Government by having his salary sent to him weekly. This has required of Mr. Willie a greater output of energy than perhaps was convenient, because the custom of the department is to pay employes only semi-monthly, and Mr. Willie was obliged to manipulate things so as to have an exception made in his case. But, as he has been an exceptional man in all other respects, he seems to have been able finally to fix the salary affair to his satisfaction. The discovery of Mr. Willie's sinecure is chiefly important because of the presumption that will be raised that there are other Willies enjoying a similar plethora of salary and absence of work. It does not seem probable that this Florida Willie can be the only man in the public service whose labor for Uncle Sam has been confined to drawing his salary. Possibly the other Willies have simply escaped detection, just as has this Willie for four years. Now that Secretary Gage has started the ball rolling let the other Willies be routed out and parted from the payrolls.

Changed Every Second.

Hewitt—A wise man changes his mind, but a fool never does.

Jewett—What a wise man my wife must be.—New York World.

We have noticed that a henpecked husband is seldom a Smart Aleck, and nearly always a good citizen.

WOMAN'S REALM

Cross-Saddle Riding.

UNDOUBTEDLY much of the prejudice against the use of the cross-saddle by women arises from the vague and indefinite idea that women who thus ride are attired in trousers or "tights" or hideous bloomers or some such unfeminine dress. Many express great surprise on first sight of a lady rider tastefully and becomingly costumed in a cross-saddle habit, as the appearance presented is so different from that anticipated, says the Breeders' Gazette. A capital illustration came to light at the Kansas City horse show last September. Mrs. H. P. Colegrove of Chicago, the inventor of the best-fitting cross-saddle habit, won the medal offered at that show for such a costume. An old-time saddle-horse man from Missouri manifested much interest in the talk about the "new-fangled" style of riding for women, and after Mrs. Colegrove had been at the show for a couple of days he asked her "when she was going to put on her queer riding clothes," only to be amazed by the answer that she had been wearing the costume for two days! The habit is so made that when the rider is dismounted it appears like an ordinary street dress.

Greek Garb for Cycling.

Among the suggested costumes for the wheelwoman is the garb of the Greek rifles. The uniform is striking

CYCLING COSTUME A LA GREC.

and handsome, and when adorning a pretty American girl with the bicycle habit would undoubtedly attract as much attention as the most vain could desire. The effect is to be noted in the picture showing a girl thus dressed.

Some New Beauty Hints.

A Chicago woman, who is no less celebrated for her beauty than for her walk and apparently spontaneous poses, has imparted a few hints on acquiring grace. It appears from the confession of this candid woman that grace of figure is no more spontaneous than is, as a usual thing, beauty of face. She herself has acquired both, and she frankly tells at what cost. To acquire poetry of movement, she says, go to the theater and study the best actresses. Literally study them. More can be learned in one evening from a graceful woman like Miss Ellen Terry, who has really no other beauty, than from hours of practicing before the mirror. The mirror work should come afterward, when the principles of graceful motion and pose have been mastered by observation. The secret of a good walk is even simpler. Find a poem with a particularly graceful rhythm and say a stanza or two over and over as you walk. A rhythmic walk will necessarily develop as the result. A girl who walks with poetry in her mind and on her lips will show poetry in her walk. For a beautiful face the recipe is not so new, though it is the one that ever holds good. Read good books. These will lead to habits of mind which cannot but leave their imprint on the face. It is a rule that has never been known to fail.

Newest Handwear.

The extravagant use of gloves is probably at its height just now, for there must be one kind for driving, another for bicycling, another for shopping and still others for calling and evening wear. Those of light-weighted buckskin suede will be proper for driving, and gray is the preferred shade. Gloves to accompany any particular costume should thoroughly harmonize. The two-button length is the thing for driving, bicycling or in games or sports, and the correct color is either tan or gray.

Restless Children.

To keep a restless child quiet in church, an English paper advises, provide him—or her—with two pincushions, one full and the other empty of pins. "The process of taking all the pins out of the full cushion and sticking them into the empty one is," it gladly says, "an absorbing employment, and one which does not quickly pall. It has the merit, too, of being noiseless." Imagine a churchful of children quietly occupied thus.

Cause Hard Features.

A curious and often saddening story may be formed from the faces of the women one passes on the street. One woman purses up her lips, another screws her eyes into unnaturalness, while a third will wrinkle up her forehead and eyebrows until she looks absolutely ugly. The trick is an unconscious one, but it is none the less a trick and a bad one. There is no reason why a woman should look forbidding and bad-tempered just because she is annoyed about something. Deep-seated trouble has a way of writing itself upon the face, whether we will or not. Sickness, too, has its own handwriting, and will not be concealed by art. But the frown caused by superficial troubles should not be entertained by the face for an instant. We should strive to look as pleasant as possible for the sake of others; a corresponding cheerfulness of temperament will inevitably result and always to the sweetening of our nature. We cannot afford to go about with gloomy faces. To depress others is not for us; our work is to cheer, to raise up, to comfort, but we shall never do this unless we cultivate a pleasant demeanor and cheerful temper. It is a duty to put care, worry and fretfulness behind one.

Jewelry and Trinkets.

Pie dishes show antique silver mounts and china linings.

Reeded glass jugs with silver lip and cover are used for claret.

Crystal marmalade pots, resting on silver trays, please the eye.

Seal rings for women come in varieties of bloodstones, jasper, onyx, etc.

Chocolate spoons with decorated Dresden handles have silver gilt bowls.

Among popular sets, in cases, are the child's spoon, knife fork and napkin ring.

A rabbit's foot, mounted in gold, is evidently a popular charm with both sexes.

Hand engraved trays with pierced borders are in demand, and come in several sizes.

The most popular bracelet is flexible, being in gold chain pattern, with gems set in at intervals.

American Suffragists.

Miss Anthony lately paid a visit to Frances Willard in Castile, N. Y. Miss Anthony is as bright and active as she was fifty years ago. She celebrated her seventy-seventh birthday the other day. She is as eloquent as of old and is now engaged upon a certain important literary work. Miss Anthony accounts for her remarkable health by the care she takes not to overwork and not to worry. She never reads or writes before speaking, but saves all her force for the platform.

Rev. Anna Shaw, a stanch White Ribboner and suffragist, has her home in Philadelphia. She is one of the wittiest speakers that ever lifted a voice for equal suffrage. She was born on St. Valentine's day fifty years ago and is not ashamed to own to her half century of useful life.

To Get Rid of Mosquitoes.

A correspondent writes that last year she was almost compelled to give up working in the garden by reason of mosquitoes, but a happy thought suggested itself. Getting some kerosene oil she smeared the fences near which she had to weed and trim her plants, and to her delight the insects took wings and departed, not to return till the odor of the oil had entirely gone. A second application rid the garden of them for the season.

Latest in Hand Shakes.

This is the very latest way to shake hands: Two persons meet and clasp hands in the ordinary way. Then, still holding hands, there is a perceptible pause for a few seconds, and each is apparently inspired by a sudden impulse to make the greeting more cordial and less conventional. As though by an afterthought, the two drag each other closer and give each other's hands a hearty squeeze.

Mrs. Marie Cumming Remick.

(New President of the Chicago Woman's Club.)

Brooklyn Women Discard Birds.

The members of the Civitas Club of Brooklyn have set their hearts and heads against the wanton destruction of birds to gratify the feminine desire for fine hats. The Civitas includes in its membership 200 young women and matrons from cultivated Brooklyn's most cultivated circles and has also a long waiting list of would-be members in sympathy with its aims.

Tax on Bachelors and Spinsters.

The legislators of the Argentine Republic introduced a law which says that every male from the age of 20 to 80 shall pay a monthly tax till he marries. Celibates of either sex who without legitimate motive reject the addresses of him or her who may aspire to her or his hand must pay the sum of 500 piasters for the benefit of the person refused.

Tailor-Made Coats.

The English tailor-made coat has no gathers at the top of the sleeve. It has a little fullness, which is arranged in small dart seams covered with fancy braiding. Many of the coats are elaborately braided, and several different kinds of braid are used on one garment.

Spring Carpet Scrubbing.

Many house cleaners do not know that an old carpet scrubbed with common yellow soap and hot water and afterward with clean cold water will be wonderfully improved.

Keep the Kettle Clean.

Lift the lid and see if there is a coating of slime over the inside. If so, the housewife is either negligent or ignorant. She cannot know that one of the secrets of good coffee or tea is a clean kettle, and she does not understand that, though only water is cooked in the tea kettle, this very cooking of water is a real science, and tea kettles must be scrupulously clean like other cooking utensils. Water boiled in a slime-coated kettle will not have the same flavor as in a clean one.

Current Comment.

London has a penny-in-the-slot device for providing incandescent lights.

The mercantile and armed navies of the world have 1,603,000 seamen.

Killarney coasts an echo that reports a cornet note nearly twenty times.

A California naturalist is studying sea life around Santa Catalina with a glass-bottomed boat.

Arabs use camels' milk; Persians, sheep's milk; Spaniards, goats' milk. Cows are rare in the East.

MECHANICAL FANCY WORK.

It Does Not Tax the Brain and Moreover It Soothes the Nerves.

Look at a woman with even the most elaborate fancy work, says the Spectator. As soon as her fingers are well trained to it and discharge their functions as they ought you see that she hardly needs to think at all of what she is doing, and that heart and soul wander off to the topics which interest her most. You see a smile steal over her face as she remembers her children's quaint vagaries, or she sighs as she thinks of the dying mother or the anxious husband. Her heart and soul are no longer in the mere work, elaborate though it be.

The stitch has been thoroughly learned, the practice of it is merely automatic—"reflex action" as the physiologists call it—and the heart and soul are at liberty to expatiate on any subject which most deeply interests us. In a word, even the difficult technique in which she is engaged has become for her a humdrum occupation. Now, when nature takes so much pains to reduce the organization of even the highest skill to an automatic process, is it likely that there can be any great misfortune in the mere fact that a constantly increasing proportion of the work of the world tends to become automatic and falls naturally into the character of humdrum work?

We suspect that it is no misfortune at all; that it may be, on the whole, a beneficent provision for liberating the heart and soul of the worker to dwell on the class of subjects which best feed—or, at all events, in the higher class of minds best feed—the heart of the imagination.

We remember hearing how three sisters, all of them women of a good deal of intelligence and warmth of character, were once comparing their favorite occupations. One of them said she enjoyed her music so much, another that reading poetry was her chief delight, while the third, and certainly the cleverest of the three, said: "Well, for my part, there is nothing that soothes me so much as patching an old chemise."

French Parliamentary Reporters.

Parliamentary reporting in France is a totally different thing from what it is with us. Not a single French newspaper has a staff of parliamentary reporters such as the Daily News and its principal contemporaries have at Westminster. Both at the Palais Bourbon and the Luxembourg all the reporting is done by a staff of men who are as much officials of the Government as the clerks and questors.

There are two reporters. One is taken in abbreviated longhand by "secretaries," and gives not more than 10 per cent. of what is said by important speakers; the other is a verbatim report written by one set of officials and corrected by another set.

The two operations are called "roulement" and the "revision." Those engaged in the first are on the right of the orator's tribune, and the others are on the left. For the "roulement" the men are relieved every two minutes, so that a complete report is ready not more than a quarter of an hour after the President has left the chair; but the revisers take quarter-hour turns. The note takers invariably work standing up. Most of the papers take the abridged report, and still further condense it, and this brief summary they supplement on important occasions by a brief narative by a facetious gentleman, usually a farce writer, who mingles fact and fiction in the most audacious.

Long Needed.

By a simple invention, just adopted, every lighthouse on the American coast is to identify itself hereafter by flashing out its number. This will relieve mariners from the necessity of remembering many combinations of colors and also from uncertainty in ascertaining whether a light seen dimly through the fog is white or red. The wonder is that such a useful and simple device was not adopted long ago.