Mebraska Advertiser.

G. W. FAIRBROTHER & CO., Proprietors.

CALVERT, : :

NEBRASKA

"THIS MORTAL."

Are, then, the fleshly bonds so strong and Must all this waiting, watching, longing,

weeping,
This passionate praying of the loved to learn,
That fevers all my waking, haunts my sleep-Pass powerless as a child's light-lived desire, To sink no deeper and to rise no higher?

My darling, oh, my darling, whose brown eyes Looked back such full communion into

At whose dear name such happy memories Round whose dear image such sweet fancies

twine, Friend, guide, companion, comforter and brother, Strong staff to me, to me, who have no other! Cannot your spirit flash to mine, beloved, Along the chords that stretch from soul to

Must Nature ever as a rock unmoved Fling back each voice that swells the mighty

Of Love's imploring cry? Since earth began, Has not the echo risen up from man? One little whisper: "Dear, 'tis well with

One hule lifting of the dim gray veil-What neeter to the fainting it might be, What strength to tired feet, that, faitering,

But this I know, the law will ne'er be broken, Or, brother, heart to heart ere this had

-All the Year Round.

THE ART OF HOUSE-CLEANING.

That dust and dirt are the worst pests of mankind, and do more to destroy health and happiness than anything else, would seem to be an obvious truism. It is not a little to be wondered at, that more attention has not been given to their consideration, and that greater value has not been set upon the laborious and continual toil they cause. At present we try to ignore their existence, and cleansing operations are put down amongst the most menial duties. Housewives who leave these matters entirely to domestics, and exercise but a scanty supervision over them, incur a very grave responsibility, and have yet to learn that there is nothing degrading in keeping a house clean. It is the wise and virtuous woman who "looketh well to the ways of her household and eateth not the bread of idleness."

Those of us who have no share in, or care for, cleansing operations, do not realize the magnitude and importance of the daily tasks so uncomplainingly and unobtrusively done in our own homes, until our attention is directed to the fact. Again, many careful housewives pursue a certain rule of cleanliness, without understanding the reason, and with a feeling of monotony and weariness, arising from the fact that they do not know the real importance of such apparently insignificant and unrecog-nized toil. In common fairness, all the workers in this busy world should have their reward, and have the true worth cold, prevents any draught from the of their work fully understood. Noth- floor, and, if rugs are ng is more depressing than unrequited labor, and it is surely but a scanty guerdon to give our wives and mothers a few words of hearty thanks for their work of love. It would at the same time, perhaps, make those labors sweeter and less toilsome, if we recognized and acknowledged their immense value.

It is a fact, well known to scientific men, that damp, which collects invariably, and almost imperceptibly, on the varnished walls and surfaces in every house, has peculiar affinity for sewergas, and the other noisome vapors which are always about us. It is unnecessary to dwell here, in dry detail, on the technicalities and deductions of science. It is enough to say that the "fungoid growth" which may thus be produced is, in the highest degree, injurious to heatlh, and that it is impossible to overestimate the importance of its continual removal. Many men may possibly remember witnessing, with ill-disguised contempt, the apparently superfluous waste of energy bestowed upon the varnished wall of halls and corridors, and it may be new to these to hear that it is scientific good sense which prompts these operations. Many housewives may, at the same time, read with a new feeling of pleasure, that work of this kind, which their instinct of cleanliness alone induces them to superintend, is based upon a scientific fact, and is an absolute necessity to the preservation of the health of their households.

It is not until a beam of sunlight shows us the floating particles with which the air we breathe is laden, that we realize the fact of their existence; and we are, perhaps, too apt to underrate the importance of our chairs and tables being properly dusted, and of our rooms being kept as clean as possible. Few of us, too, ever think of furnishing our houses with a view to their being cleaned easily. There is a growing taste for crowding a quantity of things into the rooms in which we live, without regard to their usefulness, and under a mistaken idea of ornamentation. It is possible to combine utility and beauty in our daily surroundings; and, if this were more generally done, a great step would be gained, both in comfort and in cleanliness. Useless and incongruous articles of vertu make the task of cleaning most rooms tedious and

Again, in furniture, modern taste is developing in a manner which must prove injurious to health. "Fluffy' things are now the fashion, and so long as they are pretty in color, and new in shape, few people think of their effect as dust-collectors. It is a startling assertion to make, and many tasteful housewives will dispute the justice of the conclusion, but it is undoubtedly true, that all woolen, plush and velvet things are better out of our rooms than in them. On woolen antimacassars, gether, are worth \$660,000,000.

plush chairs, and velvet cushions, all day long a heavy cloud of dust is settling; from their texture and character it follows, almost as a matter of course, that it is all but impossible to clean them; and, although they may receive the greatest care and attention, they are in fact resting-places for ingrained dust, and perhaps for the worst and more dangerous growths of an unwholesome and vitiated atmosphere. Many upholsterers, too, construct articles of furuiture apparently upon the principle of forming them into the most convenient receptacles for dust. Wardrobes, for instance, are made with deep ornamental cornices, which serve no other purpose than this. Of course it is easy to guard against this evil by covering the top with a thin board, or cardboard, but in how many houses is this never done. and dust allowed to accumulate there for years! Again, ponderous pieces of furniture are made with the apparent object of making them as solid and immovable as possible, the fact that dirt must accumulate in the inaccessible nooks and corners, behind and underneath them, being altogether lost sight of. This would be easily remedied if they were put upon castors so as to admit of their being moved without diffi-

Curtains, too, are of doubtful utility, except, perhaps, in winter; but they are so much the pride of every housewife. that to advocate their abolition would raise a storm of indignation. It would, however, be as well if they were more frequently taken down than, judging from appearances, is the case in most houses. We are, of course, now referring to the heavier curtains, rather than to those made of muslin. Swiss lace, or guipure d'art, which are, for the sake of appearances, generally changed as

soon as they become soiled. We shall probably never know the real effect of dust upon health. It is by no means improbable that many ailments, which are now ascribed to other and more remote causes, are really due to it. Professional and business men would perhaps be more hale and hearty if they worked under more cleanly conditions; but any housewife, even the most careless, would be horrified if she saw the state of dirt in which by far the greater number of offices are left from one year's end to another. In many offices the dusting operations are wholly limited to the desks in use, and to the removal of the surface dirt and scattered scraps of paper from the carpet. Books and papers, which notoriously accumulate more dust than anything

else, are very rarely dusted at all. It is a good sign of the times that carpets in bed-rooms should be gradually falling into desuctude. They are at best unsatisfactory in a sleepingroom, collecting dust and "flue," unless the room is properly ventilated, acquiring a fetid and "stuffy" smell which is most unpleasant as well as being most unwholesome. Some kinds of linoleum form an excellent and inexpensive floor-covering. It is not too they are most required, it would be difficult to find anything more satisfactory. In nurseries it is especially essential to preserve the atmosphere as free from dust as possible, and it is most important to do away with the now old-fashioned nursery carpet.

There is room for greater cleanliness in our daily surroundings. The duster, and the brush, might with advantage be taken more frequently into hidden crannies and dark corners; for, although there is an old woman's saw that we must eat a peck of dust before we die, it is not desirable that we should eat much more than that if we can help it. — Cassell's Magazine.

Completely Accommodated.

"You had better get rid of that stove-pipe hat; you'll be livelier without it," said a powerfully-built, red-faced young truck driver the other day as he nearly drove over a delicate-looking gentleman on Park Row. The pedestrian had to skip in a very undignified manner to es-

"You want your neck wrung very badly," he said, as he gained the sidewalk and looked after the truck. The driver heard him and pulled up

his horse at once. "Will you ring it?" he asked in gruff

The gentleman took a few seconds to consider the question. Then he said: "No. I'll leave that job for the hang-

man; but I'll flatten your nose, if that will suit you." It appeared that the proposal suited the driver, for in thirty seconds he stood

before his fragile-looking man. "Now flatten my nose," he said, defiantly. It was done before the words were well out of his mouth, and as he lay on his back in the gutter the expression on

his blood-bespattered countenance was that of mingled pain and amazement. "What did you strike that man for?" asked a policeman, hurrying up, and seizing the gentleman by the arm.

"Because he asked me to strike him, you know," was the reply, "and as he looked like an honest, good-natured young fellow, I didn't like to disoblige him.

The policeman looked at the trucktuan, who rose slowly, and without making any complaint mounted the seat of his wagon and drove off.

"Well," said the policeman, impressively, as he walked away, "there's no accountin' for tastes."—N. Y. Sun.

The bangs-his-hair-young-man is getting to be a common sight in Boston. He can be seen almost any night at any of its respectable theaters. He is what the world calls a daisy.

-Twenty men of New York City, to-

FACTS AND FIGURES.

-New York City has a population of 1,206,299 human beings, of whom the native born number 727,629 and the foreign born 478,670.

—The mining products of Nevada for 1881 were \$9,505,971, against \$13,655,-967 in 1880. The yield for Colorado was \$22,680,685, against \$21,821,500 for

-During the past year 2,039 vessels were wrecked and property estimated at \$1,400,000,000 destroyed. Add to this the property lost in fires and see what an appalling amount of capital is utterly

-Captain Eads estimates the cost of the ship railway as follows: Improvement of the Coatzacoalcos, \$3,000,000; improving the bayon, \$4,000,000; ship railway, \$60,000,000; terminal improvements, \$5,000,000; total, \$72,000,000.

-About \$1,000,000,000 of our National debt has been paid since the war ended. France and Great Britain have more than double our debt, and Spain has a larger debt than that which remains of ours.

-From 8,000 hypsometrical measurements, Dr. Chavanne has calculated the average height of the entire continent of Africa to be not less than 2,150 feet. This high figure is evidently due to the great extent of the high plateaux in that country, surpassing even that of Asia.

-The census shows that the State of Connecticut has over 11,000 more females than males, and it is noted as a curious fact that in the smallest towns in the State the rule generally is that the men exceed the women in numbers. The cities show the surplus of women.

The bullion output of Arizona, in 1881, as far as heard from, was \$9,085,-679, including \$5,149,129 from the Tombstone district alone. The copper output was 8,098,495 pounds. The Tucson Star predicts that the silver and gold bullion output for 1882 will reach \$25,000,000, and the copper output over 40,000,000 pounds, as that industry is yet in its infancy.

-Nye County, Nevada, is the largest county in the United States, covering 24,000 square miles. San Bernardino, California, with 23,000 square miles, is the next largest. California has four other counties, each of them as large as Massachusetts, three that are each larger than Connecticut, and fifteen others that are each larger than Delaware. Sioux County, Nebraska, contains 21,070 square miles. Oregon also has several large counties-Grant, Umatilla and Lake containing respectively 17,500, 14,260 and 12,000 square miles. Presidio, with 12,500 miles, is the largest county in Texas. The smallest county in the United States is New York, State of New York, and it has the largest population. The largest of the Territories is Dakota, with 147,600 square miles, and the largest county in any of the Territories is Custer County, Montana, with 36,500 square miles.

WIT AND WISDOM.

-There is as much policy in politeness as there is in honesty.

-To live long, it is necessary to live slowly .- Cicero. "Another weather profit," said Bliffers, as he pocketed a five dollar bill

that he won on a wager upon atmospheric changes. -"Don't you think that Miss Brown is a sweet girl?" asked Henry. "Oh, yes, very sweet," replied Jane; "that is

to say, she is well preserved." a All creeds and all guides for living and doing can be safely boiled down to this: Do your best. That covers the whole ground.

-A young lady admitted to her mother that her beau had kissed her on the cheek. "And what did you do?" inquired the old lady, in a tone of in-dignation. "Mother," replied the young lady, "I cannot tell a lie; I turned the other cheek."

It is getting to be esthetic for ladies to thank gentlemen who arise and offer them a seat in a street car. We received one thank this morning, being the first in five years. To be sure, we haven't got up much.-N. Y. Commercial Advertiser.

-It is a cold day now when an express train in some part of the Republic doesn't run down a hand-car and wear out a few telegraph repairers or section men. The express trains must have developed a little emotional insanity.-Burlington Hawkeye.

-Little Edith was terribly sleepy the other night. She began her customary prayer upon retiring, but when she got as far as "Our Father," her eyes closed and her head tumbled onto the pillow, "I tan't tay it to-night," she said, "I'm too s'cepy. He knows the yest of it."

—In a Munich tayern.—Guest to proprietor-"See here, mine host, what I found in this mug of beer—a plece of paper and a brandy glass." Host— Well, and supposin' you did. A man was here the other day who found an apple dumpling in his beer and didn't say a word."—Fliegende Blatter.

-We sometimes wish that nature had designed us for a hired girl, instead of an editor, so that we could have been independent. In this country "a hired girl' is only another name for affluence and nobility. It is not an uncommon occurrence for a girl to come West, work at regular wages two or three years, and then, as an heiress, marry a bloated capitalist and settle down. It is a horrible fact that, unless something is done to prevent the centralization of capital among the servant girls of Wyoming, a revolution cannot be avoided. -Laramie Boomerang.

Religious Department.

"GO, LABOR ON!"

Go, labor on! Who dares stand idle on the harvest plain, While all around him waves the golden grain? And to each servant does the Master say: "Go, work to-day."

Go, labor on! Claim the high calling angels cannot share; To young and old the Gospel gladness bear; Redeem the time; its hours too swiftly fly, The night draws nigh.

Go, labor on!
The laborers are few, the field is wide,
New stations must be filled and blanks su From voices distant far or near at home The eall is "Come.

Go, labor on! The enemy is watching night and day
To sow the tures, to snatch the seed away;
While we in sleep our duty have forgot,
He slumbered not.

Go, labor on!

Away with gloomy doubts and faithless fear!

No arm so weak but may do service here;

By feeblest agents can our God fulfill

His righteous will.

Sunday Magazine.

-Sunday Magazine. Sunday-School Lessons.

1882-FIRST QUARTER. Feb. 26-Growth of the Kingdom Mark 4:21-34 Mar. 5-Christ Stilling the Tem-Mar. 25-Review, or Temperance Lesson.

In Distress.

The following anecdote of Washington Allston, the great artist, has never, we believe, appeared in print. give it as it was told a friend of the artist by a prominent Boston gentleman recently deceased:

When Allston was without fame or money, and was living in obscurity in Edinburgh, he became so reduced that to get food for his family he painted small pictures in exchange for provisions. At last the tradesman declined to give groceries for pictures, and a day came when there was no food in the house. Allston was then an atheist. But sheer despair caused him to lock the door of his studio, go to the further corner of the room, and kneel down with his face to the wall, and to cry out: "O God-if there be a Godshow me how to get bread for my wife and children!"

In a few moments he heard the latch of his door raised, and opening the door he saw a stranger standing outside who inquired for Washington Allston. On being told that he was addressing him the gentleman, an Englishman of rank, asked if a painting of his which had been on exhibition was still for sale.

Now it chanced that this picture, one on which the artist had expended much labor, but which the public had not seemed to appreciate, was in the studio. turned to the wall and covered with dust. Unwilling to show it in this condition, Allston replied that the painting was not sold, but could not then be

The gentleman remarked that it was necessary for him to leave town at once for the Continent, but, in order to secure the picture, he would give a check for its price, that he might receive it, and would order the painting sent to

his house on his return. When the stranger left, Allston was no longer a poor man. The, money relieved his immediate wants, and the genfor paintings, and never again had ocapparent answer to his first prayer forultimately from his doubts and skepticism to the full acceptance of Christianity as the Gospel of God to men.—F.

How Ingersoll Makes Men Happy.

One of the popular Infidel's most frequent boasts is that his mission is to make men happy in the world. He has come to free them from their shackles to read or write, and frew all his life he of superstition and bigotry, and to persuade them to enjoy what they have now. He says: "I believe in happiness right here. I don't believe in drinking skim-milk all my life with the expectation of butter beyond the clouds.

We know very well how Ingersoll away immortality, by stripping man, if yearning desire for what is beyond, by ever will see; you have now all you ever your neighbor, give the poor widow her coal in this world, for anthracite can't eat them here. When you are done way of claiming to make men happy is were the subject not so tremendously solemn. This doctrine may excite "apand brilliant Music Hall from a wellfilled and well-clad audience, but take it out into the cold, bitter, winter air, take it to some den of poverty and want, take it to some diseased and hopeless victim of debauchery, take it to some dying bed, and what is it worth? We hungry, half-naked tramp, rubbing his bare hands with the cold: "My good make the most of what you have, enjoy ii you can.

You might as well say there are no palaces for you or anybody else "up yonder," in fact, there is no "up yonder," so make the very best of what you have. This way of making men happy, is as if one should come up to a throng of hungry, ragged, street children, who were pressing their noses against the window pane of some rich man's house, inside of which was a warm Christmas fire, and steaming Christmas dinner, and a Christmas tree loaded with toys and books, and try to make them "happy" by saying to them: "Come, come, children, what are you gazing so earnestly in at that window for? There is nothing there. You think you see something good, but you do not, it is all your mistaken eye-sight; away, and have as good a time as you can, hungry, and fired, and ragged, and cold as you are, have as good a time as you can in the frosty December air and the slush and snow of the icy streets, for there is nothing better for you than these things." Thus, the Infidel makes the many children of earth "happy. They stand gazing up into the heav-

ens. They think they see love, rest

and home there. They think they see a great White Throne, and a loving Father's face, and a gentle Savior's smile, and the hosts of the redeemed in blessed activity; but the Intidel comes along and makes them "happy" by rudely crying out: "Why are ye gazing up into the heavens? You have no Father or Elder Brother there; there is no great White Throne, or redeemed host in white raiment; go about your business, make the most you can of the chill air and the December slush of this world's pathways. There is nothing better." We peer up into the heavens. We catch glimpses of future glory. We have visions of the tree of life. We see the distant glitter of the golden streets. We dimly see God as our Father and Christ as our Savior, and then, for many days of darkness we lose the glimpse, and, thus as we are wandering disconsolate and alone, the Infidel comes in, saying: "Its all a myth, there is no Heaven, no God, no tree of life, no golden street, nothing that corresponds to them, nothing but the cold, dark grave, and you are a fool to expect anything more." That is the way Ingersoll makes men happy!" The Bible makes the same claim, and it comes in sweet and comforting words, saying to man: "Your instincts are right, man has not been groping throughout all the ages, with no light to grope forward to." "There is a God," continues the Bible, "as the leaves, and the flowers, and the woods have whispered to you. There is a Heaven, as your hopes have sung. There is an immortality, as your undeveloped powers have hinted. There is happiness illimitable, as your longings have suggested, and thou, O man, thou who art great enough to be lost, and & great enough to be saved, and great enough to grow into the image of God, thou mayst have this God for thy Father, this Heaven for thy home, this happiness for thy exceeding great reward." Thus, the Bible seeks to make men happy. How do we choose comfort, by the Bible, or by Ingersoll?—Golden Rule.

Uncle Pete.

"It am my painful dooty," said the President, as the meeting was called to order, "to announce de fack dat Brudder Kanaby passed from airth away yestleman's patronage brought the artist terday arternoon. He was known to into notice. He soon received orders moas of us as Uncle Pete, an' I believe for paintings, and never again had occasion to fight starvation. Nor was the inemy behind him. Who does not remember his white ha'r, wrinkled face, gotten. It was the beginning of his earthly prosperity, and he was led by it Who kin not remember his kin' words to more reverent views of the Bible, and and good deeds? Who eber axed him

fur help dat he did not get it?
"An' poo' ole Uncle Peter am no mo' among us! Some few of us war' up dar' when he breathed his last, an' none of us will soon forgit how he passed away. When you see de cold, dead face at de funeral to-morrer you will see dat it carries de same kin' smile as in life. He died feelin' dat he was gwine home. He was only a poo' ole black man, not able had met wid sorrows an' misfortunes. Men had told him dat he had no soul. Men had told him dat dere was no God. Men had laffed at him fur believin' dar was a hereafter fur weary souls. An' yit how did he die?

"When de poo' ole man realized dat would make men happy-by taking de summons had come his smile was away God, by taking away the Devil, by like dat of a child's. De prayer he taking away Heaven and Hell, by taking made will ring in my ears foreber. In made will ring in my ears foreber. In possible, of every hope and longing and his long years of faith war bout to be his heart, so soon to be still, he felt dat rewarded. He had held fast through saying to him: "You see now all you darkness and scottin' an' trial an' despair, an' now de reward was clus at will have; then make the most of it, eat han'. Dar war' tears in our eyes an' well, drink well, sleep well, don't cheat | we could not see, but we knew what he saw. If eber mortal eyes looked into Heaben, dat curtain was lifted to him. be dug in Heaven. There are no Thanks- Wid his hands clasped—wid a heart putgiving turkeys there, so you had better tin' its trust in God to de las'-wid a smile which showed nuffin' but faith an' with this world you are done with everything; so make the most of it." This hands around him an' jined de percession which am allus marchin' from de so grotesque that it would be laughable shores of airth to de gates of glory. As many of you as can make it convenient plause" and "laughter" in the warm janitor will see dat de vacant cha'r am will attend de funeral to-morrer, and de decked wid crape fur de usual thirty days. - Detroit Free Press.

-It is feared that the ice crop was ruined by being left out in the cold on Monday night. Look out for high rates. defy Mr. Ingersoll himself to say to the Summer before last the excuse was a searcity of ice; last summer there was plenty of ice, so much in fact that it friend, be just as happy as you can, took more horses to carry it around to customers; next summer there must be your crust, and think as well as you can an excuse of some kind, and if it be of your rags, and consider the hogshead, true that the crop has thus early been into which you crawl to-night, a palace frostbitten, the ice dealers have nothing to fear .- Boston Transcript.