

Nebraska Advertiser.

G. W. FAIRBROTHER & CO., Proprietors.

CALVERT. : : NEBRASKA.

THE MEANING OF AN OPAL.

"See with what vivid and what varied flame I love you, Aggie," said my love to me. Always so tenderly he breathes my name. The little name seems a caress to be.

Clasped in an endless circle of fair gold. An opal—less a jewel than a fire—Borne with bright hues whose symbols sweetly told Of deathless love, of truth and pure desire.

We studied this keen opal, he and I. Check warm on cheek, hand safe in sheltering hand; Here burned the blue of fair fidelity. There shot the gold of wisdom and command;

Here vivid violet, in which red and blue Blent cunningly to tell the truth of love; And then all suddenly lover's crimson hue Triumphantly all colors spread above.

Next spring to light the emerald's fairy sheen. Wherewith I looked to him; he, whispering; Of old Hope's sacred symbol was this green; Profaned it means, love's tender jealousy."

Then glowed an orange light, where red and gold Met in an *opalescence*; and softly he Spoke yet again: "This union, sweet, doth hold Sign of eternal wedlock that shall be.

"Fire-like, this trembling and most vivid light Speaks deepest passion—hear you me, my life? Yet purely above flame reigns virgin white, So darest this opal speak of you, my wife!"

—*Henri Duque, in Harper's Magazine.*

BASE BALL IN 1882.

Description of the National Game as Played 100 Years Hence—Catapults for Pitchers and Base Running on Bicycles—Horrible Fate of an Obstreperous Agriculturist.

[From the Detroit Hourly Post, May 21, 1882, 5 p. m.]

The game to-day was called promptly at the second, announced, three o'clock and 36½ minutes, and word was received that the outlying fielders were at their respective positions. The home team went to the bat, each member facing with undaunted spirit the formidable looking engine stationed in the pitcher's box, well knowing that a mistake in the aim might send the revolving globe through his quivering flesh, and perhaps kill half a dozen or so spectators behind him. The renowned McGoohilan was the engineer of the catapult. His proficiency might have had the effect of reassuring the batters if it had not been understood that he was of rather a malicious disposition and inclined to take revenge for fancied insults or former defeats. His fine of \$25,000 for having killed one of Troy's batsmen and thirty-four spectators at the risk of the loss of a valuable catcher, afterward remitted on appeal on account of provocation and justification, had a salutary effect, however, for no accident of the kind occurred to mar the pleasure of last hour's game.

But there was one hitch which caused some annoyance and no little indignation on the part of every true lover of manly sports. In the first half of the second inning the telephone in the umpire's box on the tower rattled violently, and time was instantly called. Word was received from the left center fielder, who is stationed in the rear of the old French homestead on the Woodward road, that an antiquated gardener had interposed some objections to having his cabbage plants trodden down, and the fielder was in active combat with the a. g. aforesaid, two bull-dogs and a pitch fork, and in immediate need of reinforcements. Accordingly fourteen policemen were sent to quell the riot, and the game proceeded without further delay. It will be read with a great deal of satisfaction that the fossilized gardener was duly arrested, tried and will be hung for treason at 8:30 o'clock to-night. The first thirteen innings passed without a hit being made, all the batters striking out. In the first half of the fourteenth inning, young Derby, a lineal descendant of the renowned pitcher of former days, whose statue in bronze graces the right pedestal at the park entrance, was noticed to grasp his bat with a determined look in his face. (Our man of all work suggests that he grasped it with his hands, but he is one of those idiots who are sighing for the return of the fool century when punsters and paragraphers were allowed the use of a pencil and a desk in the editorial rooms). His eye snapped fire, his teeth were firmly set, and he marched up to the platter with a strong resolve marked in every lineament of his features. McGoohilan adjusted the sphere in the catapult with unusual skill, but to no avail. An awful quiet pervaded the whole atmosphere; the town clock, about to strike the hour of four, postponed its operations for a second, the sun stood still, the birds winged their flight and hovered listlessly over the diamond, almost in such numbers as to obscure the fiery orb, the curs and the cats of the neighborhood ceased their quarrels for a time and looked on with unabated interest; all nature, in fact, seemed centered in the momentous event now on the point of happening. The scene was one of most awful grandeur, splendid, sublime. The critical moment came; the trap was sprung; the ball with lightning velocity flew towards the catcher, but never reached him. It was stopped in its course by Derby's bat and sent flying over in the direction of the left center field. The umpire mounted the tower with his field glass and announced in the course of ten minutes and a half that the ball had fallen to the ground about fourteen rods behind the outermost center fielder. Of course long ere this Derby had mounted his wheel and was on his way around the bases. No one could see the runner

or the ball, except the umpire with his glass from his elevated position. He soon announced that Derby was at the second base, near the Woodward avenue railroad depot, and that the fielder had just boarded a Woodward avenue elevated railroad car at French station, and was on his way home with the ball. Bets were made and eagerly taken that Derby would beat the ball home. It was then announced that the fleet-winged wheelman had reached the third and that the ball was at the Woodward avenue depot. Two to one on Derby was now offered, and the excitement was at its white heat, when the noble fellow was seen coming towards the home plate with colors flying and the ball and center fielder a good second behind. Derby, amid the cheers of the assembled multitude, the screams of the whistles of every engine and boat for miles around, the merry twitter of the birds, the howls of the canines and caterwauls of the cats, scored the single run of the whole game and won the pennant for the home team. He was carried to his hotel on the shoulders of the crowd, and will gently repose to-night on a bed of roses prepared at the instance of his admiring lady friends, among whom are the most fashionable and handsomest belles of the city.

Omitting the regular score table, because, besides the run of Derby, the times at bat and puts-out, there is nothing but ciphers to put in it, we append the

SCHEDULE.
Struck out—Detroit 39, visitors 42.
Earned runs—Detroit 1, visitors 0.
Passed balls—Detroit 14, visitors 128.
Walked at bat—Detroit 6, visitors 1.
Felt of his muscle—Detroit 423, visitors 0; supposed to be on account of no muscle to feel of.
Spun on his hands before taking bat—Detroit 216, visitors 217.
Took off his cap and scratched his right ear—Detroit 162, visitors 211.
Ditto left ear—Detroit 308, visitors 719.
Glanced over the right shoulder to catch a glimpse of the Auburn-haired girl sitting on the right end of the fourth tier, ladies' gallery, Detroit, 4,521; visitors, 6,216.

NOTES.
We are sorry that our limited space restricts us to giving only the more important features of the schedule. The scorer of yesterday's games fell a victim to brain fever this morning. Funeral Sunday at 8:30 a. m. This leaves but two of the 100 scorers engaged at the beginning of the season; but the enterprising manager of the Detroit team has telephoned East for a new supply, who are expected to arrive by special train before they expire, so there will be no delay in the games. A satisfactory arrangement has been made with an enterprising firm of undertakers to furnish funerals hereafter at a large discount on their regular prices, and Manager Croftbank has purchased a ten-acre tract in the new cemetery for the use of those who may gloriously yield their lives in behalf of the noble cause of manly sports.

The true lovers of the time-honored game will be delighted to learn that the League rules have been so amended that henceforth one wink at the umpire will subject the offender to a fine of \$10,000, with expulsion for the second and death for the third offense. The umpire is also given the power, in his discretion, to line a player whenever he shall deem that such player entertains thoughts not of the highest regard and veneration for any of his decisions. As the German of the dark ages said to his son: "By gracious, you tinks swear, and I licks you for dat." We have seen a copy, yellow with age, of a paper published in 1882, containing a description of a game of ball played then. The journal being published only once a day, the reporting editor had plenty of time to ransack the dictionary and book of synonyms from which he evolved an unintelligible mess of words, that convey to us little idea of the game. We should judge, however, that it was played in a twenty-acre field, and that the pitcher threw the ball, and the batsman ran a twenty-rod foot race around a number of sand bags. It must have been a very tame affair, indeed.—*C. M. Woodruff, in Detroit Post and Tribune.*

Blood and the Brain.

The *Scientific American* makes note of a curious experiment. The little instrument is called the plethysmograph, and consists of a test tube, a stylus, rotating cylinder, etc., and is an apparatus for detecting the variation of the size or dilatation of the body. The hand or organ is placed in a vessel of water, and the experiment proceeds as follows: An assistant placed his arm in the apparatus, and the arm was then surrounded with water heated to a blood heat. The connection having been made, the experimenter waited until the stylus was describing a line nearly horizontal, and then asked the assistant to multiply mentally twenty-three by seventeen. As soon as the assistant began to think, the stylus or indicator rose rapidly and remained up until he had completed the computation, when it fell, thus showing that during the mental process a given amount of blood rushes away from the arm to allow a proper supply to the brain while in exercise. The experiment was again tried, the mental test now being a simpler one, as multiplying thirteen by twelve, and the same result followed, only a smaller quantity of blood left the arm. The experimenter then related that a friend having declared that he could read Greek as easily as he could Italian, the friend being Italian, and the apparatus being adjusted, he was handed successively a Greek and an Italian book. While reading the Greek the indicator rose very perceptibly more than when he was reading Italian, thus demonstrating that his friend was in error as to his assertion of equal familiarity with both. The results thus far are purely qualitative, and it would not do to rush to other conclusions too precipitately.

A Singular Affliction.

A very remarkable case of a man losing the use of his speech was developed in this city last Tuesday, the victim being David Calder, a machinist at the L. & N. shops. The case is a remarkable one, owing to the fact that the affliction came on him very suddenly, and no positive outward cause can be found. Only the organs of speech are paralyzed. He is about fifty-five years old, and had, up to the time of the occurrence, perfect use of his tongue. He went to work as usual Tuesday morning in excellent health and spirits, chatting pleasantly with his family before leaving home. On arriving at the shop he went to work in company with several other men, and talked to them at times until about ten o'clock, when he was first affected. He was speaking to one of the men about a piece of machinery, when his speech suddenly failed him, almost in the middle of a sentence. He tried to speak several times, being apparently startled by the shock, but could not do so. It was some time before the rest of the workmen could realize what had happened or understand it. He, however, made signs, and asked in this way to be taken home. They accordingly conveyed him to his residence, on Eighth street, near Broadway. Dr. Palmer was called, and Calder was placed under treatment.

Although every possible effort has been made to find out the cause, no improvement has been made in Mr. Calder's condition, and he has not been able to speak a word since. There is no paralysis whatever of any of the organs of the throat or the tongue; he can laugh, cough and use his mouth and work his tongue freely, in fact, everything but speak, and consequently the case is a most curious one. Such cases sometimes occur in women, and are caused by hysterics or violent emotions of any sort, and have been known to occur from religious excitement. None of these causes can apply to Mr. Calder's case, however, as he is a quiet, easy-going man, seldom, if ever, getting excited. He does not drink, and has no habit which would be likely to bring on an attack of the sort. The true cause, probably, is some mental derangement or paralysis of the brain, which has been known to work such effects, the patient being so affected as not to be able to talk, but wanting to. A singular case of this kind occurred in this city about twelve years ago. A negro girl living on Walnut street was suddenly, to all intents and purposes, struck dumb. The affliction came on very suddenly, while she was sitting at a table and every effort failed to make her say a word. A number of physicians were called in and expressed it as their opinion that the trouble was caused by some brain trouble, and that the girl would certainly die. A number of means were resorted to, without success, until in the fourth week of her dumbness Dr. Palmer and another well-known physician were called in. They examined the patient, and, finding no paralysis whatever of the organs of speech, concluded that it was caused by some form of mental insanity, and became convinced that the girl really could talk but was afraid to. They consulted over the matter, and a plan was hit upon to frighten her into speaking. They returned from the consultation, and, sitting near enough to the patient to let her hear what they were saying, began to speak about applying a very powerful electric battery to her. One of them remarked that the chances would be desperate: "for," said he, "in all probability the shock will kill her; and it is a pity to hasten her death, but the case is a desperate one, and desperate means have to be resorted to." The patient at once became interested, and, turning over in bed, listened intently to what they were saying. They continued to talk in that strain for some time, when, thinking that she was sufficiently scared up, Dr. Palmer took his hat and walked out, saying he was going for the battery. In about half an hour he returned, and, to his great astonishment, found the girl, who had been dumb, sitting up in bed and talking at a terrible rate. The cure was effective, and the affliction has never returned.—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

A Turkish Tragedy.

The death of the Sultan's young sister recently at Constantinople has caused a great sensation, especially as it is believed that the young Sultana died of a malady which probably often kills than coarse-minded people suppose. The Princess Naibe is said to have fallen in love at first sight with Sadyk Bey, a young Turk she met at the sweet waters, the usual promenade of Ottoman ladies. On his side, Sadyk fell also desperately in love with the Princess. Seven months ago the Sultan gave his sister in marriage to Mehemed Bey, and the girl had not the courage to tell her brother how deeply her affections were engaged. Had she done so, it might not have been a fatal passion, for the Sultan loved his sister tenderly, and Sadyk was a gentleman. When the despairing lover heard of the marriage, he resolved to end his days. But before killing himself he wrote a farewell to the Princess, who fell ill, and in a few weeks died.

—The Rev. Dr. George D. Boardman, of Philadelphia, completed, recently, a series of 626 lectures on the New Testament which he began in 1864, and which, beginning with Matthew, he has prosecuted continuously, chapter by chapter, and verse by verse, until he ended with the closing words of Revelations.

—At a school meeting in London, Dr. Gladstone responded to a proposition for making elementary schools free, by denouncing it as a step of retrogression.

Youths' Department.

OUR BABY.
Two little shoes,
Out at the toes,
Trotting about
Where'er mother goes;
Soled gingham dress,
Put on just now—
They do get so dirty,
No one knows how;
Little black face,
Black each wee hand—
Broom making mud pies,
And playing in sand,
Dear, precious head,
Tousled and rough;
Bright, laughing eyes,
Can't see enough;
This is our baby
All day.
Two little feet,
Rosy and bare;
Two chubby hands,
Folded in prayer;
Tired little head,
Dark-ringed with hair;
Soft baby-face,
Dimpled and fair;
Pussy-blue eyes,
Heavy with sleep;
Silvery sweet voice,
Lispings: "Father us keep!"
This is our baby
At night.
—*Woman's Journal.*

ONE STICK AT A TIME.

Coming home from school one day, I found a large pile of wood near our door. "There's work for you, Willie," said Ned Blake, the boy who was with me. "Your father had better do as my father does, hire a man to get it in. It is too much for a boy, mother says; and it will take the whole of Wednesday afternoon. You will have no time for play. No, Will, I would not do that, I tell you."
This was the substance of Ned's talk, as we stood before the wood pile; and the more he said, the higher it grew. By the time he left me, I began to think myself a poorly used boy, indeed.
"There is work for you, Willie," said mother, as I sidled into the kitchen. "Did you see that beautiful wood at the gate as you came in?"
"I should think I did!" I muttered to myself, but saying nothing aloud, only asking how father was. "He was ill, and had been for many months; and the family funds, I knew, were becoming low."
"It is a monstrous pile," I at length said, getting a glimpse of it from the window.
"So much the better for us, Willie," said mother, cheerfully. "A long winter is before us, you know."
Dinner was soon ready, the table spread in the little kitchen, and father was helped out from the adjoining room by his two little daughters, one on each side. Father and mother sat down to our frugal meal with thankful hearts, I am sure; the girls chatted as usual, while I sat brooding over that "awful woodpile." I am afraid my chief dish was a dish of pouts. Father asked me several questions, but I took no part in the pleasant table-talk.
"Well, my boy," said father, after dinner, "there's that wood to be put in. No school this afternoon, so you have time enough. You had better do it the first thing."
"It will take the whole afternoon," I said, coldly. "The boys are going nutting."
I was not sure of this, but anything in the way of an objection to the wood. My father said nothing. Dear, dear father! God forgive me for wounding his feelings!
"Mother," I said, following her into the pantry, "Ned Blake's father hires a man to get his wood in. His mother thinks it is too much for a boy to do. Why does not father hire one?"
"Ah!" said my mother sadly, "the Blakes are better off than we. Your poor father—"
Tears came into her eyes. She stopped. Mary ran in where we were, and I, half ashamed of myself, escaped out of the back door.
Still, Ned Blake's words rankled in me, and I thought it was too bad; nor did the brisk west wind blow off the fumes of the foolish grumbling which made a coward of me. I sat down on the wood-block with my hands in my pockets, and shuffled my feet among the chips in sour discontent.
"It is such a monstrous pile," I said to myself a dozen times.
Presently out came mother. I jumped up.
"Willie," she said, cheerfully, "I would go to work in earnest. You will soon get it in."
"It is so monstrous, mother," I said in a self-pitying tone. "It will take me forever, and half kill me in the bargain."
"Forever is a long, long while," she said. "Come, let us look at the pile. It is big, but all you have to do is to take a stick at a time. That will not hurt you, Willie, I am sure—only one stick at a time; yet one stick at a time will make that pile vanish quicker than you think for, Willie. Try it, now."
There was a kindness and yet a decision in my mother's tones which were irresistible. She could put even hard things, or what we thought hard, in a very achievable light.
"Only one stick at a time!" I cried, jumping up and following her. Really, the pile seemed already to lessen under this new mode of attack. "Only one stick at a time! What need of a man to do that? One stick at a time! If Ned Blake could not do that, he was a poor tool."
Ah! and a poor tool he proved to be. My mother had got my metal up, and I boldly went to work.
"Father," said I, bolting into the house at a later hour in the afternoon, all in a glow, "please tell me what time it is?"
"Eight minutes after three," answered he, looking at his watch.
"Whew!" I shouted, "and the pile is mastered!"
Never did I feel such a strong and

joyous sense of the power of doing! Finding my mother, I put my arm around her neck and said: "Mother, I was a naughty boy, but 'one stick at a time' has cured me."
I did not then know the full value of the lesson I had learned. Years of labor—successful labor—have since tested and amply proved its value. When your work looks insurmountable and you seem to have no heart to take hold of it, as work may a time will, remember, if is only one stick at a time, and go at it.—*Boston Home Journal.*

The Queerest Village in the World.

All the boys and girls who have studied geography know what a singular country Holland is; that it is as flat as a dinner-plate, and away down below the level of the sea, with dykes or embankments built up all around, to keep the water from coming in—a green, level land, cut up by canals, so that you can travel about in that way as naturally as we do on roads.
Holland means "muddy or marshy land," and Netherlands, "low countries," or "low lands." There is not a mountain, not a rock; and the only heights to be seen anywhere are lines of sand-hills, or dunes, which the wind and other agencies have formed in some places along the coast. No wild animals, no wild birds, no wild flowers, no woods, no groves; but only green meadows crossed by the canals, trim little villages and busy cities, sand-wastes and the dykes, beyond which is the sea, ready to break in if a yard of the embankment should give way—which, however, the inhabitants take care shall never happen.
The Hollanders are the neatest people in the world; and that brings me to what I set out to tell you about. There is a little town, or village, in that country, a few miles from Amsterdam, called Broek, pronounced *brook*, "Broek in Water-land."
It has been famous, nobody can tell how long, for its cleanliness; and not only that, but for the fanciful style of the houses and yards and gardens and streets. The people, though only peasants, are all rich, and all feel a pride in their town; it seems to be the great business of their lives to keep their houses freshly painted, their gardens in perfect order, and their yards and streets as clean as a parlor.
No carts are allowed in the streets and no cattle. Though the raising of stock and making butter and cheese is their occupation, a stranger would never imagine that there were any cattle in the region, unless he went to the beautiful green meadows back of the houses, or the stables out there where the cows are kept in stalls scrubbed and washed like a kitchen.
The streets are too fine and nice for the feet of animals to step on; all paved with polished stones, intermingled with bricks of different colors, and kept so scrupulously clean that a lady could walk anywhere in white satin slippers.
Every house has a little yard in front, but no shrubs, or vines, or flowers in it, or even a tuft of grass. They are all carefully paved with colored stones in the figures of animals, or birds, or trees, or tulips, or something in designs which make one think of some of the monstrosities one sometimes sees in hearth rugs, such as scarlet bears, green horses, blue trees and the like.
The houses are painted in the brightest colors, just as the owner fancies; in vermilion, pea-green, pink, purple, orange, or anything else that is gay and gorgeous and queer; and the roofs are covered with tiles varnished till they shine like new silver.
Every day the stones in the yard are washed and polished, and slippers are placed at the door so that any one going in, stranger or dweller there, must take off his boots or shoes before setting foot in the house. Inside, everything is as clean as constant scrubbing and rinsing and painting and varnishing and rubbing and polishing can make it. The floors, of black and yellow marble inlaid, are kept slippery as glass from so much friction; all the wood-work glistens, and everything that is made of metal is dazzling as burnished brass. There is nothing in all the world like it.
There are large gardens between the houses, where there are trimly laid-out beds of such choice flowers as tulips and hyacinths and the rarest of bulbs; and all about are set up images as grotesque as heathen idols; and these are in keeping with the strangeness of everything else.
The people have but little to do with the rest of the world, but to stay at home and paint and varnish and scrub and keep clean. But they treat everybody well who goes there, and certainly if there is one queer village that is better worth visiting than any other, it must be Broek.—*Youth's Companion.*

Assurance that Paid.

Cannot you get to the store earlier mornings, Henry?" asked his employer, as the young man came in an hour late. "Yes, sir," replied Henry, "I suppose I could if I should dispense with my morning nap and go without my breakfast," and Henry sat down in the most comfortable chair in the counting-room, lighted his cigar, and was soon buried in the morning paper. His employer meanwhile was hard at work. Of course, Henry was not allowed to remain in that store many weeks. His impudence and assurance were too massive. He is now a commercial traveler, with an income of \$10,000 per annum.—*Boston Transcript.*

—Ex-Governor Stamford, of California, proposes to spend a million dollars on his vineyard in that State. He thinks that better grapes may be raised and better wine made in California than anywhere else in the world.