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The Columbus Journal.

VOL. X.—NO. 2.

COLUMBUS, NEBRASKA, WEDNESDAY, MAY 14, 1879.

WHOLE NO. 470.

BUSINESS CARDS

NELSON MILLETT, BYRON MILLETT, Justices of the Peace and Notary Public. N. MILLETT & SON, ATTORNEYS AT LAW, Columbus, Nebraska. N. B. They will give close attention to all business entrusted to them.

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ELEANOR'S EXPERIENCE.

"Let me see, where was I? Cup and a half of sugar, whites of five eggs, beaten—Teddy, will you keep your fingers out of that sugar-crook? There, I will give you one more lump and that must be the last, now remember!"

"Eleanor, you need not beat those eggs. I declare it is a shame to invite you here and then put you in the kitchen to work."

Here pretty Mrs. Gray stopped to take breath, and look after her youngest hopeful, who, having finished his sugar, was evidently puzzling his curly head to think of more mischief. Eleanor looked up at her friend and laughed a low, hearty laugh that was in itself irresistible, and continued to beat the foaming white mass on the platter she held in her hand. If you had heard Eleanor Vane laugh without seeing her face, you would have immediately been possessed with a desire to behold it; that accomplished, you would never rest until you had known the owner.

Don't understand me to mean that it was a beautiful face—it was simply bright and cheery. Her voice when she spoke, matched the laugh in its low, sweet tones. "You are the same chatter-box as of old, Fannie. I cannot see that a husband and two boys have changed you in the least. I am sorry, for your sake, that your girl has left you so suddenly; but you need not worry on my account. I am never so happy as when I am interested in some piece of housework, especially cooking. You must remember that I have had a very practical education. At home, we four girls always managed the housework, taking our turn in each department."

"Ah! that is the reason you are so handy about everything. Eleanor, what a mistake some mothers make in bringing up their daughters. I was brought up in such ignorance of household matters. You would be quite shocked, I know, if I should tell you of some of the blunders I have made since I went to house-keeping. If I have a good cook she soon learns that I am an ignoramus, and takes advantage of it, and a poor one must ever remain so, for I cannot teach her better. I dare say I have no management or good sense, or I could soon learn better; but I am forever in a muddle of some kind."

There was such honest distress in her face that Eleanor could not laugh, she only helped her with the cake, and diverted her mind from unpleasant topics. Ten-time came, Mr. Gray came from the store, and seven-year-old Robbie from school. Eleanor had made some biscuit that were so light and delicate that they almost melted in one's mouth, and the white cake was pronounced simply delicious.

"I don't see but what we get along well enough without a girl," said Mr. Gray, helping himself to a third biscuit. "That is because Eleanor is here. Never mind, she is going to teach me all she knows; I shall surprise you some day," said the little wife, hopefully. He laughed, and was about to leave the room, when he drew a letter from his pocket and tossed it upon the table. "Here is a letter from Aunt Jane, Puss, I had almost forgotten it." Mrs. Gray opened the tinted envelope and read the dainty note inside in silence; but the expression on her face was eloquent with disappointment, mingled with despair.

"What is the matter, Fan," said Eleanor, almost frightened. "Is anyone sick or dead? I never saw you look so perfectly hopeless." "Aunt Jane and Cousin Belle are coming here."

"Is that all?" "Why, Eleanor, you have no idea what a dreadful woman Aunt Jane is. I suppose because Charlie has no mother she thinks she is called upon to be my mother-in-law. She and Belle come here every year, and stay sometimes six weeks. They are a perfect torment to me. Aunt Jane is a model housekeeper, and never excuses a failure. She takes it upon herself to snook around into all my closets and cupboards—and well you know they are always more or less stirred up; I put things straight once in a while, then I look for something in a hurry, and things are thrown right and left."

"I don't profess to be a model housekeeper," said the poor little woman, the tears flowing down her rosy cheeks, "but it is so aggravating to have her snub and scold me. She is a miserable old sneak, so there, and Belle is just like her."

Having thus freed her mind, Fannie dried her tears and finished her supper. Then they talked the matter over seriously.

"In the first place, we must get a girl to-morrow at any price," said Fannie. "If they are coming to-morrow evening it would be better to put the house in order first. Have your washer-woman come and scrub and scour everything in the kitchen and pantries; you and I can see to the rest of the house, and bake some nice things to tickle Aunt Jane's palate."

Fannie's eyes brightened. "You are such a dear girl. In spite of Aunt Jane's neatness, she can not begin to cook as you do. I should like to have her see some of the dainty dishes you can make; but I must not let you work while they are here."

"You will be obliged to do so," said Eleanor, composedly; "you have tried two weeks to get a girl—it is not likely you will find one to-morrow. How long will they stay? There was a postscript there you did not read."

Fannie took up the letter and read: "Am sorry, but we can stay but a few days, owing to our expecting some friends from the East. 'Isn't that glorious? I believe I could find a girl who would come for a short time.' 'Please-mum, could I suit,' said Eleanor, dropping a courtesy. 'Don't joke now, there's a dear, I'm in such trouble.' 'I never was more in earnest in my life.' Fannie's blue eyes opened to their widest extent, while her friend proceeded to explain herself. 'I never met Charlie's aunt and cousin, and I do not care to know them. I should enjoy the fun of watching the old lady without the bother of an introduction. Pray let me do it Fannie; you can have all your time to visit with them, and I will rack my brain to get up nice dinners, and keep the closets in order,' she added, mischievously. 'What if some of my other friends should come? 'Luckily it has rained so since I came that no one in town is any the wiser for my being here. I have been playing the fine lady at Uncle Morton's for six months, Fan, and a little masquerading as Biddy would be refreshing.' 'It will be only a few days' said Fannie, thoughtfully, and Eleanor knew that she had won the day.

"How did you enjoy your visit at your uncle's?" inquired Fannie, as they cleared the table and washed the dishes. "Oh! it was grand, of course; their home is elegant, and they entertain a great deal of company. Aunt Lucy insisted on furnishing all my party dresses, and I dare say I passed in the lap of luxury, and knew nothing of the common duties of life. There is the danger of judging by outward appearances."

"A very dear friend of ours was in the city last winter—attending lectures; I wonder if you met him—Dr. King." Eleanor's face flushed crimson. "Yes, he came to the house quite often. He is a relative of some friends of Aunt Lucy's. I didn't know he lived here."

"He is not here now; and I am very glad he is not on my account. Aunt Jane has selected him for Belle, and I have some pity for the poor fellow. It seems to me if she has made up her mind to do it he will be bound to yield. I have no doubt that this is the object of her visit. How provoked they will be not to find him."

The next day was a very busy one. At night it was safe to say that Mrs. Gray's house was never in such a state of perfect order and neatness before. Not a nook or corner but had been regulated, while the pantry shelves groaned under their weight of good things to surprise Aunt Jane. If Fannie had any doubts of her friend's capacities before, she had dismissed them from her mind at once and forever. She worked with such swiftness, and attained such marvelous results, that the little woman was dumb with astonishment.

The company arrived late in the evening. The next morning Aunt Jane came down with her patronizing air, prepared to show the young housekeeper "how I do so and so."

Belle was a languid, sharp-nosed girl of 30, who was called pretty, and probably was at 18; but seemed now a little faded, although she affected girlish ways.

Mr. Gray welcomed them and they proceeded at once to the breakfast-table, upon which Aunt Jane looked with wondering eyes.

It was Fannie's china and silver; but there was something new in the arrangement that struck her eye at

once. Then as her hostess poured out the amber coffee and added the cream that made it fit for a king, Aunt Jane really looked injured. If there was anything that she prided herself on, it was knowing how to make good coffee. Fannie always got a lecture on the subject.

This morning it trembled on her tongue; but came no farther. She swallowed it down with the delicious coffee which she was forced to acknowledge in her own heart, was better than her own.

She turned her attention to her steak. It lay upon her plate, smoking hot, a delicate piece of undercut broiled close over the coals. She ate it, and asked for more. Then the muffins and fried potato; could anything be nicer? Of one thing, however, she felt certain, it was Fannie's doing.

"Have you a good girl?" asked Bell. "Oh! passable," answered Fannie with a twinkle in her eye, as Eleanor entered just then with a plate of hot muffins.

Aunt Jane put up her eye-glass, and scanned her from head to foot. "A very nice-looking girl," thought she, "and the best cook Fannie ever had."

After breakfast came the tour of inspection, and Fannie laughed to herself to see how disappointed her aunt looked as they returned to the sitting-room with no subject for a lecture. She would have laughed still more if she had known the resolve in that lady's mind. It was this:

"I shall offer that girl higher wages to come and live with me." "I am sorry Dr. King is not in town," said Fannie, expecting to see her guests look crest-fallen; but imagine her surprise when Belle answered briskly:

"Oh! but he is, that is the reason we—I mean he came on the same train that we did." "Quite a coincidence," said Fannie inwardly raging to herself. "There! I knew it would end in a muddle. I wanted Dr. King to fall in love with Eleanor, if he has not already, and here is that odious Belle under his nose, and Eleanor in the kitchen. What shall I do?"

She went out to Eleanor as soon as possible, and tried to persuade her to abandon her plan. "She was not successful. 'I do not see any danger in it. He will not see me. Let Miss Belle have full chance. I shall enjoy hearing you report proceedings.' 'Oh, Eleanor, he is so nice, I had thought and hoped—' 'Yes, I know; but, take my advice, Fannie, don't try match-making; it is not in your line.' Fannie was in despair; but still resolved to take matters into her own hands.

Dr. King came and called. Came again and spent the evening. A week passed; but the guests said nothing about leaving. "We are in for a six weeks' siege," groaned Fannie in secret. Soon after this the Doctor called one afternoon and found Fannie alone.

She began to question him about his winter in the city, and she being a very old friend, he talked quite freely. "I had a very dear friend there, Eleanor Vane. Did you meet her?" questioned the little lady, looking at him with innocent eyes.

The young man changed color, first red, then very pale. "Yes, I saw her very often." "You liked her—you could not help it," said she eagerly. "I remember now that you once told me you wished I would fall in love with this friend of yours," said he with a smile. "And so you did," thought Mrs. Fannie, exultantly. "She is very charming," he continued, "very lovable; but she would not be the right kind of a wife for me. I am a poor man, a physician, and when I marry, it must be a girl who has had practical education. I would not ask a lady like Miss Vane to share my life. She has been tenderly reared by wealthy relatives, and is a fine lady in every respect. If you could see her as I did sparkling with diamonds, and arrayed in costumes whose cost would be a year's income to me, you would not wonder that I fought back the love I felt for her. Such a marriage would only bring unhappiness. Just here, to Fannie's relief, her guests returned, and she excused herself and ran up-stairs to Eleanor's room, where she laughed herself into a fit of hysterics; but refused to explain the cause of her merriment. The Doctor had a very pressing invitation to dine at the Gray's, the next day, and the dinner was a marvel of culinary art. It had been planned that the washerwoman's little girl was to wait on the first

course, and Eleanor was to bring in the desert. Fannie felt a little nervous as she tapped the bell, and noticed that Eleanor hesitated a moment as she opened the door and saw the trap that had been laid for her; but it was only a moment. She then came forward with slightly heightened color, and performed her duties with trembling hands.

Dr. King and Aunt Jane were having a very interesting discussion, and it was possible that he would have noticed the girl, if she had not called his attention to her.

"This is the girl whose cooking we have all been praising," she said, patting Eleanor's arm in her patronizing way. She had resolved to entice Fannie's cook away, and almost felt that she was her own property at this minute. It was quite natural for this woman to praise anything that belonged to herself.

Dr. King looked up with a pleasant smile at the blushing girl; when he uttered an exclamation of surprise and half rose from his chair, looking with dilated eyes.

Eleanor felt that it was time for her to leave, and did so as quickly and quietly as possible. "What is the matter, Doctor? You look as if you had seen a ghost," said Bell, sharply.

He murmured some inarticulate reply, and looked to his hostess for help; but that naughty little woman seemed as much surprised as the rest. "Don't you think—did you not notice the resemblance?" "Between whom?" "Your girl and Miss Vane."

"Now that you speak of it, I do. There's something about Nellie's eyes that makes me think of my friend."

Mr. Gray and Robbie both looked as if they were going to speak; but by shaking her head at one, and stepping on the other's toes Mrs. Gray silenced them both. Dr. King played with his dessert, and looked so distressedly uncomfortable, that it was all she could do to keep a sober face.

The gentleman started away soon after dinner; but not until Fannie had whispered to him, "Aunt Jane and Bell will be away to-morrow afternoon, and if you will call, I think I can explain that resemblance." He looked more mystified than ever, but said he would come.

It took considerable strategy to make Eleanor attire herself in her most becoming dress, and go to the door when the bell rang. She rather suspected that Fannie meant mischief, and when Dr. King stepped into the hall and took both her hands in his, saying, "Can it be possible that it was you I saw yesterday, or have you just arrived? Pray explain this mystery," she felt sure it was all a plot, and was unable to say a word. Fannie appeared on the scene then, and told the story in such a way that Dr. King saw at once how blind and foolish he had been.

The words he could not utter two months ago to this elegant Miss Vane, now trembled on his lips, and Fannie, observing this, discreetly walked away. Aunt Jane and Bell returned to be introduced to the future Mrs. King, and words would fail me did I try to describe their wrath.

The next train carried them out of town, Fannie secretly hoping they would never enter it again. As they believe her to be the chief offender in this plot to circumvent their plans, it is not likely they ever will.

Eleanor has proved a capital doctor's wife, and has never for a moment regretted her week's experience in Fannie's kitchen.—Democrat's Monthly.

Locomotives Without Fire.

Machines on the above named principle, says Gaiganni's Messenger, are now at work on tramway from Reuvel to Marly, near Paris, and with very satisfactory results. The system in use is one introduced by M. Francy, an engineer, and is based on the fact that water boils at a lower temperature proportionately to the production of the atmospheric pressure. Most of our readers are aware that water requires a heat of 212 degrees Fahrenheit to boil at the level of the sea, a much lower temperature will produce the same effect at the top of a mountain. We will now explain how that physiological fact is practically employed. Into a reservoir of thin steel—we cannot call it a boiler, for it has neither fireplace nor fire—is introduced 1,800 litres of water at a temperature of 200 degrees Fahrenheit, then covered hermetically. The steam it gives off at once fills up the superincumbent space and produces a pressure of fifteen atmospheres. As long as any of the

vapor is turned on for moving the machine the pressure is reduced, and the water then begins to boil, producing a fresh supply of steam. Of course, the process is of but limited extent, as, at the commencement, the liquid only contained a certain amount of heat, which is gradually diminished as the reproduction of steam takes place at lower temperature by the exhaustion of superincumbent pressure. So far a machine of this description would be obviously totally inadequate to any very prolonged journey. But for short transit it has been found extremely serviceable. As the amount of pressure required to work the engine is only five atmospheres, a series of valves are so arranged as to prevent a greater amount of force issuing from the reservoir than is necessary, and thus retaining as far as possible, the heat originally contained in the water.

The driving part of the machinery is nearly identical with that of ordinary locomotives, with a few modifications for the purpose of guarding against useless waste of the heat originally introduced into the reservoir.

Executive Ability.

Very few men are blessed with the talent of doing more than one thing well. In the economy of nature our gifts, as a rule, are few. One may be able to plan but can not execute, while his neighbor's executive ability is his strong point. This man is good at the wheel, but lacks financial ability; another one can design china and earthen-ware of superior style, but falls short of success as a business manager. Similar experiences are met with