

For the Journal.
Letter from a Pergrinating
Type.

EASTERN ROUTE FROM NEBRASKA—ACROSS THE MISSOURI AND THE MISSISSIPPI—THE MILWAUKEE SOLDIERS' HOME—A VISIT FROM AND TO AN OLD NEBRASKA FRIEND—A FEW NOTES FROM HIS DIARY.

Since leaving Columbus last winter, your correspondent has done some traveling. After leaving Omaha, and crossing the Missouri on the ice, a feat performed by exercising my pedal extremities, I soon reached Council Bluffs, where I remained about a month. Your readers being so well acquainted with the city and its location, I deem it unnecessary to enter upon any description; but I cannot refrain, in this connection, from speaking of the Daily Nonpareil. The office possesses splendid facilities for printing in every branch of the art, while the paper is ably edited, making it second to none in the State where it is printed.

I cannot say much of the country lying between the Big Muddy and Des Moines, as I passed through by rail and in an unfavorable season for taking observations. Des Moines is a busy and therefore a progressive inland city, not long out of its infancy, but making rapid, boyhood strides.

Daytonport, in the last seven years, about the time I spent in Nebraska, has made an immense growth, and Rock Island has been much beautified by Uncle Sam and private enterprise.

I made a short visit to Chicago. The city where I spent the best days of my life, had changed so much and expanded so far, that I felt myself as much of a stranger as if I had been set down in London or Paris. Chicago is truly the most wonderful city in the world. I could not enter into business on account of sore eyes, and was obliged to proceed to Milwaukee and go to the Soldiers' Home for treatment.

THE SOLDIERS' HOME

Is situated three miles from the city, and is one of the most beautiful places under the canopy of heaven. The grounds contain 500 acres, divided into a farm, groves, artificial lakes, vegetable and flower gardens. The main building is of brick, surrounded by five towers, and will accommodate, comfortably, 1500 inmates. On the lakes are numerous pleasure boats, and in the grove is a splendid dancing platform. A fine military band discourses music in the open air and a string band in the concert hall. One of the finest hospital buildings in the world was completed last spring, possessing every modern improvement, for warmth, ventilation and cleanliness. Immense boilers furnish steam for heating both buildings, cooking, washing, etc. Splendid gas works furnish light for the buildings and grounds, and a steam fire engine is always ready for a fight with the fire, should he presume his serpent-like pangs.

Many people, even some old soldiers, are under the impression that a pensioner on entering the Home has to forfeit his pension. The requirements are that he shall place his certificate in the office, and conform to the rules as laid down by the board of managers. The quarterly pension is drawn upon the certificate by the Home authorities who pay the pension in three installments thus making pension day every month instead of four times a year. All pensioners have to purchase their clothing (military), but not one cent is deducted for board, washing or lodging. Non-pensioners are furnished with clothing and a small ration of tobacco gratuitously. The inmates do not live a life of idleness, the house and its appointments have to be kept clean, and as there are no women employed, a detail is made every day, which puts a man on duty every alternate day. As my sight became much improved I concluded to try the outside world again. I left Milwaukee for Waukegan. While sitting in a printing office in the last named city I was tapped on the shoulder by our old Nebraska friend, Geo. P. Shatswell, Esq., who gave me a hearty shake and an invitation to visit him. The invitation was gladly accepted providing he would give me a little time before fulfilling it. Mr. Shatswell resides four miles northwest of the city. The road, on both sides, is studded with beautiful residences, many of them owned and occupied by relatives of Mrs. Shatswell, she having a father, three uncles, and two cousins within a radius of one and a half miles. Mr. Shatswell is farming 110 acres, while Mrs. S. occupies her attention with the product of a herd of milch cows. The Journal knows that I am no judge of butter, but I can assure that the milk is not robbed from which Mrs. Shatswell makes her cheese. All the stock is graded, and I never saw a better two-year old cow in my life. It is a half-bred, bred by an imported Clydesdale. It is a splendid animal and weighs 1500 lbs. Mr. Shatswell informs me that the crops in this section, this season, were generally good, he having raised from five and a half acres 190 bushels of winter wheat, and 834 bushels of oats from sixteen acres. Corn has yielded about 100 bu. (ears) to the acre. This has not been exceeded for 10 years. The fruit crop has been splendid, and there are thousands of bushels of apples now on the ground. They are unsaleable, while

elder is not worth the barrel. Independent of all this, Mr. Shatswell would rather have a half section of good land in Nebraska than a whole county here to live upon. By the appearance of rock piles and stumps on the surface of his fall plowing, I verily believe he is trying to make a prairie farm of this. All that keeps him here is to make an effort to raise some stock for his Nebraska plantation. Although this is the parental home of Mrs. S., I am assured she would not object to recross the Missouri, and even their little son says he would rather live in their small house in Nebraska than here.

"ALL THAT GLITTERS IS NOT GOLD." The west has been troubled occasionally by unwelcome visitors, and many wished they were back in the east, where those pests were unknown. But they forgot to take into consideration that they would have to leave the soil and climate of Nebraska behind them, and on arriving here would contend with the cut-worm in their corn, chintz-bug in their wheat, cabbage-worm in the cabbage, a worm that destroys flax, potato-bug the potato, and a number of other insects unknown in Nebraska. While in Waukegan I heard that Ed. Dwyer, Esq., had been on a visit to his old home. I hope to see him before he returns to your State.

Not being a voter in this State, I am neither a voter nor a politician. I am satisfied that the man will be elected who receives the support of the last person I may have been in conversation with—no matter about the candidates.

Through the kindness of Mr. Shatswell I had a look through the columns of late issues of the Journal. He and his wife read it all, advertisements cannot escape their curiosity. They could not, nor will they try to do without it. That your city is prospering, and that you, yours, and all the balance of the inhabitants are enjoying health and comfort is the prayer of

C. A. S.

American Young Men.

American history presents many remarkable instances of young men rising prominent and commanding positions at an age which would be thought very young in other countries. We find in a few striking examples, from the list of those who have passed off the stage of human action:

At the age of 29, Mr. Jefferson was an influential member of the Legislature of Virginia. At 30 he was a member of the Virginia Convention; at 32 a member of the Continental Congress, and at 33 he wrote the Declaration of Independence.

Alexander Hamilton was only 29 years of age when he was appointed a Lieutenant Colonel in the army of the Revolution and Aid-de-Camp to Washington. At 35 he was a member of the Continental Congress; at 39 he was one of the ablest members of the convention which framed the constitution of the United States; at 42 he was Secretary of the Treasury, and organized that branch of the Government upon so complete and comprehensive a plan that no great change or improvement has since been made upon it.

John Jay, at 29 years old, was a member of the Continental Congress, and wrote an address to the people of Great Britain, which was justly regarded as one of the most eloquent productions of the times. At 32 he prepared the constitution of the State of New York, and in the same year was appointed Chief Justice of the State.

Washington was 27 years of age when he covered the retreat of the British troops at Braddock's defeat, and the same year was honored by an appointment as Commander-in-Chief of the Virginia forces.

Joseph Warren was 29 years of age when he delivered the memorable address on the 5th of March which aroused the spirit of patriotism and liberty in that section of the country, and at 34 he gloriously fell in the cause of freedom on Bunker Hill.

Fisher Ames, at the age of 27, had excited public attention by the ability he displayed in the discussion of questions of public interest. At the age of 30 his masterly speeches in defense of the constitution of the United States had exerted great influence, so that the youthful orator of 31 was elected to Congress from the Suffolk district over the Revolutionary hero, Samuel Adams.

Joseph Story entered public life at the age of 20; he was elected to Congress from the Essex district when he was 29; was Speaker of the Massachusetts House of Representatives at 32, and the same year was appointed by President Madison a Judge of the Supreme Court of the United States.

De Witt Clinton entered public life at the age of 28; Henry Clay at 26; the most youthful signer of the Declaration of Independence was William Hooper, of North Carolina, whose age was 24. Of the other signers of the Declaration, Thomas Haywood, of South Carolina, was 30; Eubridge Gerry, Benjamin Rush, James Wilson, and Matthew Thornton were 31; Arthur Middleton and Thomas Stone were 33.

It will be observed that we have confined our illustrations to persons under 35 years of age, and only alluded to those with national reputations.—E.

SINCERITY.

Among the many instances of the corruption and degeneracy of this age, the great and general want of sincerity in conversation is not the least. The world is so full of dissimulation and compliment that men's words are hardly any signification of their thoughts. The old plainness and sincerity; that generous integrity of nature and honesty of disposition which argues true greatness of mind, and is usually accompanied with undaunted courage and resolution, is in a great measure lost. The dialect of conversation is nowadays so swelled with vanity and compliment, and so surfeited (if you allow the expression) with kindness, that if a man who lived a century or two ago should return to the world, he would need a dictionary to help him to understand his own language and to know the true intrinsic value of the phrases in fashion. It should provoke our contempt to hear the solemn expressions of respect and kindness which pass between men for which there is no occasion. How great honor and esteem they declare for one whom they never saw before! And how entirely they are devoted to his service, for no reason! And how extremely they are concerned for him—yes, and afflicted, too—for no cause!

I know it is said, in justification of the hollow kind of conversation, that there is no harm done—no real deceit in compliment. The matter is well enough so long as we understand one another; words are like money, and when the current value of them is generally understood, no man is cheated. However this may be, it is certain that sincerity and plainness are out of fashion, and that our language is running into a lie. Men have perverted the use of speech and made it to signify nothing. The greater part of the conversation of mankind is little else but driving a trade of dissimulation, inasmuch that it makes a man sick of the world to see the little sincerity that is practiced among men.

If the show of anything be good for aught, I am sure sincerity is better. Why does a man seem to be what he is not, but because he thinks it good to have such qualities as he pretends to? To counterfeit is to put on the appearance of some real quality. Now the best way to seem to be anything is to really be what you desire to appear. Beside, it is as much work many times to make pretense of a good quality as to have it; and if a man has it not, some one will know it, then all his trouble to seem to have it is lost. Whenever convenience you may think to be in false-hood is soon over; but the inconvenience of it is permanent, because it brings a man into an everlasting jealousy and suspicion, in that he is not believed when he speaks the truth, nor trusted when he means to speak honestly. When a man has once forfeited the reputation of integrity, he is set fast; nothing will serve his turn, neither truth nor falsehood. Be honest in your conversation.

Home Decorations.

Whatever the thought be in decorations of a room, let there be a prevailing idea to which all others are to be subordinate, leading up to and harmonizing with it. Thus in color, if the leading color be crimson, the others need to be such as harmonize and contrast well. Blue or green and perhaps a dash of yellow or black, will serve to heighten its force and yet subdue it. Or if it be a favorite picture, or a piece of China which takes the place of honor—the best light—it needs support and contrast to disclose its merits. Amid the bewildering choice of things of beauty, the novice may find it difficult to select what may serve his purpose best; but bearing in mind the cardinal principles that underlie art in the household—simplicity and harmony—he will never go far astray. What would be in accord in one place, in another might be manifestly inharmonious. The carpet which was appropriate to the large rooms and elegant furnishings of a mansion, would certainly be an incongruity in the cottage. As carpets are so essentially decorative in nature, there should be great care given to their selection. No flowers or birds' nests, or anything it would be inappropriate to walk upon; but rather some simple design—as graceful scrolls, in quiet colors, which should be brighter or darker than the walls; following the artist's method which makes the foreground or background run into the figure—though our own preference, both on the score of beauty and of health, is for polished hard wood floors, with oriental rugs. Walls and ceilings should have a good amount of color on them, not so much, however, as to be glaring; and where there are hangings, let them differ enough to avoid monotony. Throw in a bit of effective contrast in a chair or rug, then a spot of vivid color, as brightly painted plate or glowing picture, will produce a charming effect.

A good lady who, on the death of her first husband, married his brother, has a portrait of the former hanging in her dining-room. One day a visitor, remarking the painting asked, "Is that a member of your family?" "O, that's my poor brother-in-law," was the ingenious reply.

Memories of Mount Vernon.

We wander all through the silent mansion. We look at a spindle-legged furniture, and at a rusty key on the wall, the key of the Bastille. We see Washington's vest and small clothes in the glass case, and a lock of his hair and original letters by his hand and Lafayette's. We see pretty Eleanor Easton's wedding-gift harpsichord, that her step-father brought from foreign lands for a surprise when she left her girlhood's home. The pretty Eleanor is buried long ago. All traces of her pink and white beauty have left the earth; here stands the dusty harpsichord; brought by strange hands to her old home. The room that interests the most is the tiny attic chamber where the devoted widow passed her days after her husband's death. The large chamber below was closed after his decease. None entered it from that time on. A rug and single bed Mrs. Washington had moved to the attic room, and here, winter and summer, she watched with longing, crazy eyes the tomb that held her dead. There was no place for stove or grate; all day, in the room under the roof, she sat by the small window (her feet in winter on a zinc footstove filled with coals), with a shawl wrapped about her bent form, true Martha Washington, first lady of the land! Fine in elegance in her dress; in courage in time of war; in faithfulness in time of death. All women look with tender eyes at the small marble resting place than at the grander casket by their side. One bears upon it a draped flag, cut in stone, a shield and crouching eagle; the other only the words, "Martha, Consort of Washington." Yet these words dim the eyes of loving wives; they pierce the hearts of lonely widows, and bind all true and fervent womanhood close to the form that sleeps so dreamlessly beside the one she loved truly and long.

Idleness.

Many young people think that an idle life must be a pleasant one; but there are none who enjoy so little, and are such burdens to themselves, as those who have nothing to do. Those who are obliged to work hard all day enjoy their short periods of rest and recreation so much that they are apt to think if their whole lives were spent in rest and recreation, it would be the most pleasant of all. But this is a sad mistake, as they would soon find out if they made a trial of life they think so agreeable. One who is never busy can never enjoy rest; for it implies a relief from previous labor; and if our whole time were spent in amusing ourselves, we should find it more wearisome than the hardest day's work. Recreation is only valuable as it unbinds us; the idle can know nothing of it. Many people leave off business and settle down to a life of enjoyment; but they generally find that they are not nearly so happy as they were before and they are often glad to return to their old occupation to escape the miseries of idleness.

Men may preach, and the world will listen; but profit comes by example. A parent inculcates gentleness in his children by many sound precepts; but they see him treat a dumb animal in a very harsh manner, and in consequence his instructions are worse than lost, for they are neither heeded nor suspected. His examples as a gentle and humane man would have been sufficient for his children without one word of command.

A girl, the daughter of Frank Crow, of Oakdale, Neb., aged about fourteen, five feet high, dark complexion, hair and eyes, lively in talk and disposition, intelligent, and dressed in new clothing, wearing a sun bonnet or brown water-proof hood, left her home in Antelope county, Neb., Oct. 11th, and is wanted by her parents.

A gentleman, as the story goes, went to a certain house the other day, and meeting a German friend at the gate inquired, "Is Mr. — in?" "Yes," was the reply. When about to pull the bell the Teuton called him back and said, "He is in, but he is det."

The following letter was received by an undertaker recently from an afflicted widower: "Sur my wife is dead and wants to be buried to-morrow at Waverly. I use waire to dig the hole—by the side of my two other wairs—let it be deep."

The day has gone by when a man could lounge around at the billiard room all night, and then sneak home at about four o'clock with a load of beef and delude his wife into believing that he had been to early market.

A Scotch boy interrogated his mother as follows: "Mother, will we eat tea for breakfast the morn?" "Ay, laddie, if we're spared." "Ay, if we're not spared, mither, will we only have parritch, as usual?"

It often happens that preachers in Connecticut pray for rain on the same day that those in New Jersey pray for dry weather, and then New York has to take it.

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GEORGE VETTER, J. P., Toledo, O., says: "I suffered for three years with Sciatica and Kidney Disease, and often had to go about on crutches. I was entirely and permanently cured after wearing Prof. Guilmette's French Kidney Pads four weeks."

SQUIRE N. C. SCOTT, Sylvania, O., writes: "I have been a great sufferer for 15 years with Bright's Disease of the kidneys. For weeks at a time was unable to get out of bed; took bars of medicine, but they gave me only temporary relief. I was two of Prof. Guilmette's French Kidney Pads six weeks, and I now know I am entirely cured."

Mrs. HELEN JEROME, Toledo, O., says: "For years I have been confined, a great part of the time to my bed, with Leucorrhoea and female weakness. I wore one of Guilmette's French Kidney Pads and was cured in one month."

R. F. KRUGER, M. D., Druggist, Logansport, Ind., when sending in an order for Kidney Pads, writes: "I wore one of the first ones we had and I received more benefit from it than anything I ever used. In fact the Pads give better general satisfaction than any Kidney remedy we ever used."

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