THE JOURNAL.	"Tes, I know them," said the other, stoutly; "and they are very severe. You,	sitting down. count of it. B
WEDNESDAY, FEB. 28, 1883.	yourself, are witness and advocate and judge, all in one, and your pride is re-	c
Entered at the Postoffice, Columbus, Nob., as second class matter.	tained as a hired attorney for you. Nev- ertheless, I will enter the lists. I will paint a portrait of your daughter that	To Klopstag painter, whose result of a series
	will make you confess me your rival."	more becoming
AT THE PAWN-SHOP DOOR.	"Do it," said Flamensbeck, "aud she shall be yours."	magician than picture of "Br
In the winter morning, early when only a few	"When shall I begin?"	was introduce
were astir. And the shutters were up at the windows.	"Immediately."	gauze of mist a
and the snow lay white in the streets,		the dark brow
As the wheels of travel and trainc were be	"You can have them." And so it was arranged that Katrina	water did not se
And the sunshine drove the shadows like	should sit for her portrait.	It was charged
ghosts from their dark retreats, From out the tenement houses, from cellars	Herr Mahler was a skillful artist, but	iridescence in to hover in fro
That the humid blossoms of death gleam	the prize which was at stake embarrassed	canvas was pro
whitely on wall and floor.	as well as stimulated him. His fear of	den arrangeme
The watchful sentinels stole away from the waking camp,	failure made him dissatisfied and anxious	effect of smoke
And, shivering with cold and hunger, ap-	and he frequently obliterated his work and began again. He insisted that	ing Springs"
peared at the pawn-shop door.	Katrina should not know the object of	lantern behind
There was one in her widow's weeds who had striven from day to day	the sitting; otherwise she might baffle	admirers pooh- they never gain
To keep her children in comfort, with pienty	him. So her father trumped up some	Monsieur Pois
of food to eat, But the rent would be due to-morrow, she'd	excuse-his anxiety that the famous	painting his wo
And oh, the disgrace and horror of being	painter should paint her portrait-and	He opened a
turned into the street	she consented. The artist's handsome face attracted	scores of people
Bhe looked about in her anguish for something that she could spare	her at the very first, and his vivacity, his	He was not o
From her tenderly hoarded treasure-a	knowledge of the world, his wit and an-	shoulders wer formed. His
scanty yet precious store- And bearing away the jewel that proudly she	ecdotes amused her. On his part, he	curved that he
used to wear, In the dusk of a winter morning she stood at	found himself more and more interested	ready to crop
the pawn-shop door.	in her, and was pleased that his dissatis- faction with his work would prolong the	On each side
There were others who gathered round her,	agreeable sittings. The thought that	out like mice in
whose faces too well betrayed The shrine at which they worshipped, the	they would come to an end greatly dis-	One day he i do him the hon
vice that had bitten in Through the fibre of all their being, till un-	tressed him, and he eagerly sought ex-	The crooked 1
bluchingly they displayed	cuses for multiplying them.	landscape. Th
The tokens of their ensiavement, the taints and traces of sin.	"The mouth," he would say, "lacks the symmetry it should have. I must	ting sun gilde
They are regular comers, by the demon of	have one more sitting."	mountain-tops;
drink accursed. The lazy and tattered "bummers," albeit of	"But. Her Mahler," said Katrina, "it	a group of go play, touching
breadth and brawn. Who are driven at early morning by the scourge	will never be right, the way you go on.	diantly. But t
of a terrible thirst- Ab! little have they to hope for whose souls	To-day it is too much down on this side;	think much of
are already in pawn!	to-morrow it will be too far up; next day it will be canted the other way. It is a	room he saw a
But there outside of the group, with fingers	game of see-saw that you play."	scape out doo
aching and red, A little boy with a bundle slips into a vacant	"It is a flexible mouth," he answered.	"Bah!" he said Poissonier. "w
nisce:	"One day it says, 'my pretty owner is	away at that f
There are no shoes on his feet, not much of a cap on his head.	most sweet and amiable;' the next it	much for you
And the great big tears run over the shrunken and careworn face.	says, 'she is coquetish and shy.' How can I in one day catch all the expres-	the beautiful
He is hungry and cold and wretched; there is	sions of so changeable a face?"	"Copy that a
no fire on the hearth, Not a bit of bread in the cupboard, nor even	"I thing you catch them and then let	greatest living The crooke
a scrap of meat: And the little brothers and sisters are strangers	them go, Herr Mahler," she replied,	snapped, perh
to joy and mirth.	archly, as if she saw through his ar-	with triumph.
When they're pinched by the cold of winter and haven't enough to eat.	"Yes, but I feel sure I can eatch	" Will Mons
Ah! sad enough is the picture and little we		kind as to go n
dream or know	denving her accusation.	then tell me if I
of the terrible storms encountered, the anguish and sore distress	"But I do not understand why you	Flamensbeck
Of many we daily meet in our journeying to	should want them at all. There is an air	ment the lands
whom we never have thought to pity, and	of mystery which both you and my	the perspective
And driven before the wind of a merciless,	father keep." "I want them -always," he said.	ture. He went
cruel fate. Like vessels shorn of their sails and urged to	significantly. "And whether I get	could almost to was canvas.
a rocky shore.	them upon canvas or not, I want them	there was no o
Bereft of their early hopes, and swept from their high estate,	for myself, living; palpable, changing	Flamensbeck
Pitiful wrecks! they stranded close to the	every day." She understood him, blushed and cast	"The devil's
-Josephine Pollard, in Harper's Weekly.	down her eyes.	my art I could
	"Ah!" she said, with a sigh in memory	" Then I asi riage," cried M
THE DROP OF DEW.	of Max, which Herr Mahler supposed	Flamensbeck
	was for himself. "You must work a	awan ahuddanad

down, wrote her lover a full ac- Flamensbeck would have ziven all his of it. But the course of true love talent to have preserved that look. It would carry him to the very heights of no means smooth as yet. fame, He seized a brush. Perhaps he CHAPTER IV.

could reproduce it. He studied it, Klopstag suddenly came a popular carefully apprehended all the possible er, whose art was said to be the effects, and then proceeded to wipe the of a series of tricks and illusions drop of water away, preparatory to becoming a professed conjurer and painting a tear.

ian than a professed artist. In his "Holy Moses and the prophets!" he e of "Bridal Veil Falls" a rainbow cried who has done this? He alone is introduced athwart the delicate worthy to be my successor." "Max did it," said Katrins, coming of mist and spray that enveloped

ark brown rocks over which the from behind a lot of old furniture and did not so much tumble as sparkle. rubbish with which artist's, studios charged but never proved that the are littered, dragging her lover by the sence in his picture which seemed hand.

er in froat of the cascade on the "So?" exclaimed the father; "then lie s was produced by a skillfully hid- is the one we've been looking for all rrangement of prisms; and that the these years?"

of smoke and steam in his "Boil-"Yes," said Katrina, "the one you rings" was the effect of a magic have been looking for, I discovered him a behind a screen. But his many long since."

ers pooh-poohed these stories and CHAPTER VI. ever gained great credence, while "Come, Max," said his wife, three eur Poissonier went placidly on months after their marriage, "you must ng his wonderful pictures. go at it. Father is grumbling that you opened a studio in Klopstag, and have done nothing since that famous of people flocked to see his works. morning. I can hear him say under his as not old, but looked so. His moustache that vou're a mountebank. lers were crooked, his feet de-

like those others. d. His nose was so sharp and "And so I am," said Max, coolly. that he looked like a bill hook, "Dear Max, you don't mean to say to crop his bushes of mustache. you don't know how to paint beautiful sch side sharp falcon eyes peered pictures after all these years of absence ce mice in their holes. and work?"

day he invited Katrina's father to "I don't mean to say anything at all the honor of calling. He did so. about it. I can paint just one thing." rooked little artist sat painting a "What's that?" ape. The golden light of the set-

"A drop of dev." un gilded houses and trees and "And that is all?" ain-tops; its rays fell softly upon "That is all."

up of golden-haired children at "All-those three years." touching their heads most ra-"L learned only that; but I can do that y. But the great painter did not better than anybody, living or dead." much of it. Looking around the "Father will turn us out of the house

he saw a more beautiful real landwhen he learns it." out doors through the window. "I am willing, so be it you go with " he said contemptuously to Mons. me. That is all that I learned to paint

onier. "what are you smudging at that for, when Nature does so it for." Katrina was right. The angry father for you over there?" pointing to trundled them out of the house as soon sautiful scene from the window. as he knew how limited the accomplishthat as it is and you'll be the ments of his daughter's husband were. st living painter." But it was the best thing that could

crooked painter's black eves have happened to him. For, spurred by ed, perhaps with anger, perhaps necessity, he began to turn his one talent to account. In the course of a year or ill Monsieur Flamensbeck be se two Klopstag society was fairly buzzing s to go nearer to the window and

with a new "specialty" in art. A dozen ell me if he thinks it better, or not pictures of the sort had been produced and had become the "rage." Everybody nensbeck did so. To his astonishwanted one. Competition raised the the landscape did not widen and prices to enormous figures. and Max rspective change according to nawas both famous and rich. His father-He went nearer and nearer. He in-law became reconciled, especially almost touch the window-pane. It when a grandson appeared who bade canvas. There was no window; fair already in his youth to inherit the was no outdoors. It was a picture. talents of his father and the genius of his mensbeck was silent a moment great ancestor. devil's in it I believe. With all

The fashion of Max's pictures, like all t I could not do that," he sud. other fashions, died out, and in time only hen I ask your daughter in mara few masterpieces remained in the cried Mons, Poissonier. Klopstag gallery, where visitors may Flamensbeck again was silent. He now see them, if they will look sharp. They are pictures of flowers, fruits, child to this grimace and whim of nature branches, blossoms, twigs and leaves. -this spoiled and distorted piece of hu-On each of these objects are one or more man pottery. The artist noticed his drops of dew, so perfectly crystal and pure, so fresh and moistureful that they " Does the great master refuse to keep all look as if they had been painted at his pledges?" said the ugly man, sarcas. sunrise. These diamond dew-drops suffuse the bloom and blushes of the "No." he said slowly, but with evipeach like the tear that trickled and lingered on the cheek of the vexed "I've worked long and hard for the beauty; they shine in opalescent clusters prize, and I leave it to your honor if I on the gossamer wet stretched across the should lose it." sprig of currant bushes; they drip at the The father went home and told his apex of green leaves; they refine even daughter. She was in tears and conthe chaste hues of the lily and the rose. sternation. She begged and pleaded. The morals of this story are packed But her father's pride in his word and into it as tight and close as chestnuts into faith was stronger than his love for his a chestnut burr, and equally hard to get daughter, and he would not listen to her. at: so it will scarcely be worth while to In desnair she wrote to Max to come to try. However, one may learn from it, her. She had no idea what he could do if they have the time, that appearances to save her, but if worse came to worst are deceitful, and that one talent is not she would fly from her father to his proto be despised, if you only make the most tection. He came speedily; met her and listened to her story, broken by sobs and of it.-Paul Lincoln, in Detroit Free Press. caresses.

PITH AND POINT.

-Keep all animals which are housed -Some one has discovered that Mrs. scrupulously clean, well fed and wa-Langtry was born in the year ----, and

and is therefore - years old .- Norris- tered. -Stock the farm to the fullest extent with safety. Ruise all the food possible, -Pails are now made of straw. We hay, grain, straw, fodder, then feed lib-

wonder if that's where all the "straw erally but c wefully. bail" goes to, of which we hear so much? -The most successful breeders of

HOME AND FARM.

- Lowell Courier. sheep in England find that good-yes -Are you a bull or a bear?-Ex. We couldn't bear to be a bull, and 'twouldn't even rather high-feed keeps their sheep in much better health than when they be bully to be a bear.-Burlington are not so well cared for. Hawkeye.

--Do not put soap in the water with -The opossums of Hart County are which you wash the glass on your buto fat, says a good deacon, that they rem; wash it with clear water with a eave greasy tracks where they walk .soft cloth; then polish it with a piece Savannah News. of chamois skin. This removes lint and -A New York "critic" says that

makes the glass shine. -N. Y. Examiwhen Mrs. Langtry "puts her foot down it is there." Many persons, it ner. -By all odds the cheapest and best appears, have been laboring under the

way to eradicate common hard wood erroneous impression that when she put stumos, save the Practical Farmer, is to it down it wasn't there. work the ground with a shovel plow, -Are you afraid of the dark?" asked sow buckwheat or plant corn until mother of her little daughter. "I was seeded to timothy, orchard grass and once, mamma, when I went into the clover, and pasture until the stumps so dark closet to take a tart." "What far decay that they can be pulled out by were you afraid of?" "I was afraid I hitching a chain around the top when wouldn't find the tart."-Philadelphia the ground is wet in the winter or

spring. -The dresses of Lollia Paulina, the -To wash a carpet, spread it where rival of Aggripina, were valued at \$2,you can use a brush, and scrub as you 764,480, not including her jewels, would a floor. Scrape one peck of Irish potatoes into two pails of water and let them stand over night; when ready to use add more water and two ounces of beef gill. When dry brush hard with a proom.

Spanish whiting, making a paste; apply to the marble with a flannel cloth, rubbing well, and leave it on for some time, and, if necessary, repeat the process. Wash off thoroughly with soap and water, then dry and polish phosphorous the next time, and cool off. with a soft duster .- Detroit Post.

-A f shion journal says : "The large fourageurs and frondebourgs are very H'm; we always thought they were becoming to such figures; but for embonpoint figures of a conundrum age the itleenaboangeres and blond faborgeois are more en regle and recherche. A newspaper man would feel lost if he didn't unlerstand French.-Norristown Herald. -A philosopher once Found a Wom-

"How foelish of You to Weep," said he, "for, had the child lived, he might have become a Poet." Hearing this, the Woman dried her eyes and Went on her

we should not Repine before considering what the Future Might have Been. -Denver Tribune.

SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY.

ing down, losing most of the vivacity -Lord Houghton's newly-purchased and vigor of youth. We no more cerestate in Florida comprises 60,000 acres.



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which cost as much more. It has slipped our memory whether Miss Paulina was the daughter of a plumber or an editor, but our impression is that she was. -- Norristown Herald.

-Sings a sweet poet: The stars are sweet at eventide, But cold and far away.

ful of washing soda, a large lump of Which shows how much a poet knows about botany. The stars are far away. we admit, but cold? Not very cold. The poet who puts a star in his pocket and tries to walk away with it, will make up his mind to steal a stick of

-Burdette ecoming to slight, youthful figures."

an weeping over the Grave of her child.

way Rejoicing. This Fable Teaches that

CHAPTER I.

Visitors to the ancient City of Klopstag will be attracted by the elegant five-sided bay window, more spacious than many a bed-chamber. It is built of heavy stone on a level with the second story, supported by a stout pedestal which rested on the ground. Under the sashes were five panels, daintily sculptured in high relief, and worn by the rain until only the soul of the figures seems left in their refined and spiritual outlines. Above them are lucent panes in aqua marine, the windows termina-

ting in Gothic arches. The house is even older than the window. It was formerly a chapel or parsonage, but subsequently owned by the famous artist, Herr Flamensbeck. In the window, a few years since, sat

a young man talking with the painter's daughter.

"Katrina, dearest, it is cruel. I will not obey. It is senseless. It is the same as denving me forever. That is what it means.

"Perhaps so," whispered the tall, graceful Katrina, with glorious, starlike eyes, a head poised like Juno's upon full, sloping shoulders, a mouth betraving vivacity, refinement and beau- that next day he would be ready to stake tiful, glowing health of body and soul in the red and finely curved lips. "Perhaps so," she said: "but what can I do, dear Max? I cannot make of you what he asks: I cannot force him to think you what he says you must be. I love you, dear Max: I always will love you: was throwing into the stranger's lap. and I believe that you can work and study until you satisfy his caprice."

"I will for your sake dearest Katrina, The great artist put his studio at the pledge my whole soul to the task, disposal of his would-be son-in-law and though I grow faint at the thought of rival in order that he might suitably accomplishing it. He is now the great- drape the portrait and give it all rightful est painter in the land. He inherited advantage by putting it in the best light his art from his father. When only ten and introducing the father suddenly to years old he could handle his brush bet-it, so that he should not be prejudiced ter than most men. He has been at it by seeing it under unfavorable condiforty years, and now he demands that tions.

the young man, for only youth should "Glorious! It is she herself," cried the be wedded to such a beauty"-she let entranced father. "I am outdone, I am him kiss her hand in return for his com- outdone! I have lost my fame and my pliment-"that the young man who daughter at the same moment. I will marries you shall know his art as well as kiss and embrace her." he said, going he himself has learned it. I say that it toward it as if he might. is impossible; and he means by it that

you shall never marry.' "And what do you mean, my beloved?" she asked.

"I mean you shall," he said, passionately. "I will go away and absent my self for years." After a pause he added:

me.' He smote his hands together, arose

ant with his purpose, and there lurked a me go fetch her.' mirthful hopefulness around his eyes

Katrina smile. she is let mc fetch her. Let me show "Ah, me," she said, "you'll be so sue- her to herself, face to face, and do you cessful and so great that you'll scorn the stay and gaze upon it, and then I will

knight who picked up the glove when his you and I will say, "forgive me for paintlady threw it into the arena where the ing such a picture, but her loveliness inlions were. He would not have a love spired me.' that was willing to demand so much of

him. Herr Mahler went to the house ad-His only reply was a kise upon her

forehead. He arose to g4. trina, came back. He had scarcely "I must say farewell, my darling, opened the door when Flamensbeck Three years from to-day I will meet you pounced upon him and choked him until in this window and ask you if you still he was nearly black in the face, heaping love me, and if you wish I should make upon him the worst names he could regood my claim to your hand before your member in his native tongue. Then he father. thrust him through the door and would

was for himself. "You must work a miracle. You must first put them on canvas, so that no one can tell which is Katrina and which is the portrait." "I know it." he said, and feeling en-

hesitation. couraged to speak boldly, added: "That is what I am trying to do now." Katrina's heart fluttered. He was a tically suitor! His fame would of itself give life and beauty to the portrait when her dent disgust. father comes to look at it which he would not see in the work of an obscure artist. "Ah, poor Max! dear Max!" she sighed

softly. "I have many misgivings." he went on, "in spite of my lifelong experience. If I could but count upon your help ----She made him no proffer, and he painted on in silence. "I have it!" he exclaimed suddenly.

"I have it." Katrina started, and looked eagerly at

the canvas. "Not here; not here," he said, "but' -tapping his forehead with the stem of

the brush-"here. I shall need your "Alas! what can I do?"

"I will tell you." And he did. She agreed to help him, and Herr Mahler announced to the great painter

all his happiness and his hopes upon the portrait of his daughter. He was very exultant and confident now that he had secured her co-operation. And poor there at all.

CHAPTER III.

the studio.

"Ah! Herr Flamensbeck," exclaimed Mahler seizing his arm, "not too near, not too near, you'll destroy the illusion as well as the picture, for the paint is yet

wet. "True, true," said the other. I forgot myself in my transport. But where "I will return, and he shall give you to is Katrina? She must see it. I shall

place her by the side of it. Alas! if it be so fine that I shall be fonder and and paced the room. His face was radi- prouder of her portrait than of her. Let

"O, do not go!" cried Herr Mahler. which was very contagious and made "I think she is not in the house. But if

gift even after you have won it, like the bring her to you and will kneel before

"That is well," said the father. "Go!"

joining the studio, but not finding Ka-

She faltered and turned pale at the have kicked and pounded him into the thought of the long separation. street, but suddenly reflecting upon could not bear to face it. conduct, he said, coolly: "O, stay!" she cried. "Stay and defy "No, I will not disgrace myself." a harsh father. No, no, I do not mean He rang the bell, and a tall, stout that. Go and come back to me! . But footman appeared. not quite yet: not quite yet!" "Kick this scoundrel out of the house." She chung to him: he folded her in his he said, and went into his studio. arms, kissed her passionately and was Katrina sat there pale and silent, gone, a'most before she, stunned with frightened at her father's wrath. poignant grief at the cruel separation. "O, father!" she cried. "I am sorry it realized that he was not in the room, nor deceived you so. I thought you would see through it, but I consented, only to she in his dear embrace.

"It is a trick. I have heard all about The Ancient Language of India. him. I will uncloak the rascal," he ex-

Every child now learns at school that claimed, kissing her. Max, spurred by fear of losing his English is an Aryan or Indo-European language; that it belongs to the Teutonic Katrina, gave day and night to investigation. He went to Poissonier's study | branch, and that this branch, together and very carefully examined the picture with the Italic, Greek, Celtic, Slavonic, in the absence of the artist. Iranic and Indic branches, all spring "Ah! ah!" he said. "It's there you from the same stock, and form together are, you old rogue," although he wasn't the great Aryan or Indo-European familv of speech. But this, though it is

He made further inquiries and investitaught now in our elementary schools. gations, noted closely the habits of the was really, but fifty years ago, like the ugly artist, and at dead of night effected opening of a new horizon of the world an entrance into the building adjoining of the intellect, and the extension of a

e studio. "I should like to see the picture for us feel at home where before we had which I am to be sold," said Katrina to been strangers, and changed millions of her father. "Perhaps it will give me a so-called barbarians into our own kith new idea of how much 1 am worth." and kin. To speak the same language Her father took her to the studio. constitutes a closer union than to have Mons. Poissonier met them at the door, drunk the same milk; and Sanskrit, the stooped and kissed the hand of his be- ancient language of India, is substantrothed. When he withdrew it she wiped | tially the same language as Greek, Latin it on her handkerchief with an expres- and Anglo-Saxon. This is a lesson sion of disgust. which we should never have learned but from a study of Indian language and "We came to see the picture," said literature; and if India had taught us Herr Flamensbeck, looking toward it.

nothing else, it would have taught us "Ah!" said Poissonier, embarrassed more than almost any other language "I did not like the frame. I have sent ever did. it out to be framed anew." It is quite amusing, though instructive

"I have it with me," said Katrina, takalso, to read what was written by scholing something from her muff. ars and philosophers when this new light Both men stared at her; one fright and the other with impatient curi- not have it: they would not believe that

She showed them a glass slide on which there was a stereoscopic picture of the landscape and the window, and classical scholars scouted the idea, and I tinted with great skill.

Flamensbeck looked with a black frown at Poissonier. "Explain, Monsieur?" he said.

It was gone.

"Ah, yes!" said Poissonier. "A copy of my famous picture. A friend of mine asked permission to copy it." He smiled, showing mice-like teeth. Katrina turned, went to the wall opposite, and pulled aside the maroon curtains looped up there. They covered a small door like a pantry slide. On the

other side of it was a stereopticon, a and if in comparing Greek and Latin complicated form of the magic lantern. with Sanskrit, Gothic, Celtic, Slavonic, "Let us go," said Herr Flamensbeck. or Persian, he happened to have placed one single accent wrong, the shouts of "This fellow is played out." those who knew nothing but Greek and Latin, and probably looked in their

CHAPTER V.

But though Max's rivals were thus Greek dictionaries to be quite sure of disposed of, his task was yet unfinished. It was one thing to put them out of the way. quite another to do what they had

Lord Houghton is largely interested in ugar culture in Jamaica. -The waste of the wild cocoons,

gathered in the woods of China, Japan and Australia, is made into felt one half the size of hair felt, and is used for the manufacture of hats and for furnishing purposes. -A Wilkesbarre paper asserts that

it takes a key of powder to mine a ton of coal, but the Scranton Republican wants it to explain, if so, the fact that a keg of powder costs more than the mine price of two tons of coal.

been lost through his frightened comrades' inability to perform a simple operation. An Ambulance Association activities of youth. The memory is less and less retentive; it may be to diminish for operatives, showing what ought to our cares, serve as a check upon our activities, seeming to say . "Do thyself no harm." Life seems more real, as-

ing a deep, full, noiseless but powerful stream for the joyous, rippling, restlese

everal years past has been about seven millions. Exportation of American pins is confined to Cuba. South America, and parts of Canada. England supplies almost the whole world outside of the United States, although her pins are no better than the American. The machinery and material used in the manuexhausted, compelled to practice the facture of American pins are entirely most rigid economy.

It is but a little less than suicide to -Hard-wood blocks must now be attempt to retain the activity and vivaciused by the workmen in Dantzig to hold ty of youth, performing the labors the amber when they are removing the (physical) of other days. When the outer, weather-worse portion of that step is more measured, careful and prized fossil gum. Formerly the crude mass was held by the left hand in a block slower, from a natural impulse, it is worse than folly to attempt to walk as of lead. This was done for the purpose in early life. If we can not walk four of preventing a dulling of the edges of miles an hour, without undue fatigue, it the knives. But lead-poisoning of the is sensible to be content with three, two, men and women engaged in the industry or with a speed that does not fatigue. ensued, as cases of the peculiar colic All forced speed, all compulsory activicaused by that metal and other sympty, will prove, must prove, reactionary, toms abundantly proved, and an ofdepressing, wasteful of vital force, reficial investigation has compelled the sulting in premature decay, debility and abandonment of lead in the dressing of death. If a waning memory teaches amber. us that we can not bear the burdens of

-Flour is peculiarly sensitive to the atmospheric influences, hence it should other days, the cares, anxieties and perplexities of business life, it is judicious, never be stored in a room with sour nay, a duty, to transfer them to those in liquids, nor where onions or fish are the prime and vigor of life. When kept, nor any article that taints the air trembling limbs remind us that the of the room in which it is stored. Any muscles have performed sufficient toil, smell perceptible to the sense will be it is an imperative duty to seek repose absorbed by the flour. Avoid damp and reasonable rest. If, in the absence cellers or lofts where a free circulation of the accustomed activity, the blood of air can not be obtained. Keep in a ceases to flow with its accustomed cool, dry, airy room, and not exposed celerity, leaving the extremities cold, it to a freezing temperature nor to intense is judicious, imperative, to heed the summer or to artificial heat for any hints, and wear thicker and warmer length of time above seventy deg. to boots, supplanting the kid gloves by seventy-five deg. Fahrenheit. It should sensible woolen mittens. not come in contact with grain or other substances which are liable to heat. fail to note the fact that the digestive Flour should be sifted and the particles powers have waned correspondingly, thoroughly disintegrated and then warmed before baking. This treatment and that, with diminished activity, a less amount of food is demanded, and improves the color and baking properthat of a simpler character, easier of ties of the dough. The sponge should digestion. While it is a well-known be prepared for the oven as soon as the fact that many, if not most men, who

A great many people believe the moon

tainly increase in strength, from infancy to manhood, rising to the highest point looking towards Nebraska as their of physical power, than we decline, future home. Its subscribers in again "patting on childhood." Whee Nebraska are the staunch, solid we pass the dividing line, the life-forces begin to flag, and we may as well accept

-To clean marble, dissolve in water

-To prevent a horse being scared, if

disposed to it, when first put into har-

ness without blinders, take him behind

the carriage and at the sides, and let

him touch these with his nose and smell

them well. If curtains enclose the car-

riage, as is usual in a rockaway, lossen

and shake them in the face of the horse :

then stand him fronting the carriage,

between the shafts, and if a buggy, raise

and lower the top, to accustom him to

this. If these frighten him a little, re-

peat till he gets completely over it and

The Aged.

It is very difficult for those of us who

have passed the "landmark" of "three-

score years" to fully appreciate the inb

portant fact that we are "growing old,"

that we are -at least, physically-break-

then attach him to the vehicle.

to which has been added one teaspoon-

portion of the community, as is the position, conforming to the changed evidenced by the fact that the condition, and prepare to avoid an un-JOURNAL has never contained a necessary violence to our powers, as to "dun" against them, and by the ignore the fact, and take the consequenother fact that ces. Little by little we recognize an

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indisposition to engage in the less important affairs of life, those demanding ADVERTISING the more vigorous efforts, the amusements, by far preferring the restfulness

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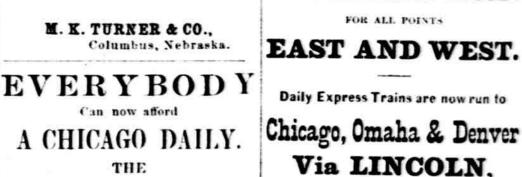
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first dawned on the world. They would there could be any community of origin myself still remember the time, when 1 was a student at Leipzig and began to study Sanskrit, with what contempt any remarks on Sanskrit or comparative grammar were treated by my teachers. men such as Gottfried Hermann, Haupt, Westermann, Stallbaum, and others. No one for a time ever was so completely laughed down as Prof. Bopp, when he first published his "Comparative Grammar of Sanskrit, Zend, Greek, Latin and Gothic." All hands were against him; yeast has performed its mission, otherwise fermentation sets in and acidity results.- American Miller.

The Moon and the Weather.

that might have been appropriate dur-ing the more vigorous period of life. has more or less to do with the weather, To fret over our increasing clumsiness, Copies free. Address, and they watch the changes of that to "push," to compel ourselves to do luminary and from it judge of what the seems a task, is to hurry ourse weather is to be. into the grave. Those who would have Some persons believe if the moon a peaceful old age, reasonably free from changes at certain times the weather for "pains and aches," must "take life the next seven days, or until the moon more easily," seeking comfort of muschanges again, will be so and so. For cles, brain, nerves and stomach.-Golden instance, if the moon's change takes Rule. place between the hours of twelve and two o'clock in the morning, then the A Great Need. next seven days will be good weatherand so on throughout the various hours of the day and night. I have for some One great need of the South is a cottime been in the habit of keeping a daily ton-picking machine. The West has record of the weather, and as I had just machines for planting, cultivating, harvesting and threshing and shelling its heard it predicted that the seven days, beginning with the 12th of October and grain crops at an immense saving of labor, but in the South every fiber of ending with the 19th, would be mild the cotton crop of 7,000,000 bales has to weather because the moon had changed about one o'clock in the morning, I took be picked from the bolls with human our almanac and note-book and comfingers, and the cost of the work is estipared results. Going back with its bemated at \$50,000,000 a year. Repeated ginning of the year up to this time, I attempts to invent a mechanical picker have so uniformly resulted in failure find the moon has changed thirty-eight times. Out of these at the time of day that planters have settled down in the of change the weather changed sevenconviction that the thing is impossible teen times, while the other twenty-one times there was no change of weather hand forever. But the Charleston paat all. Now, these weather prophets or pers are just now interested in a machine, invented by a New Hampshire man, a resident in South Carolina for moon believers, always anticipate a change of weather when the moon twenty-six years, which, it is predicted, changes. This rule does not hold good will be developed into the cotton picker of the future. It is immature yet, and works clumsily in the field, but it is asas it has failed more than half the time. I kept an account a year ago last summer at each of the moon's changes, but as we had such an unprecedented serted that with a little alteration it will pick \$,000 to 5,000 pounds of cotton a long drought I hardly considered it a fair test; but this year the weather has been day, doing the work of ten to fifteen orvery changeable and I think the test dinary hands. If it can be made to do this, it will be of immeasurable value, given a fair one .- Cor. Prairie Farmer. as in some parts of the South a considerable part of the crop is lost every year -Brass bedsteads that were entirely through want of labor to pick it .- St. unknown in America a few years ago Louis Republican.

soon die, it is safe to attribute a large

per cent. of these premature deaths to

repletion, plethora, over-taxing the di-

gestive powers by taking the same food

- Many an injured workman's life has of a quiet home. The powers of locomotion falter, the gait becomes more and more moderate and assured, as if to remind us that we can not bear the

in Glasgow has begun a useful work by stablishing courses of plain lectures be done at once with a bleeding artery, a burned limb, a half-drowned body,

sumes a more serious aspect, substitut--Fourteen factories, located chiefly in New England, supply this country with pins, the annual production of which for rill of youth.

He is wise who conforms to the changed condition, reverently bows to the Creator's fiat, judiciously using his waning powers, with the same tenderness and consideration that he would the weakness of the first childhood. Such are in a similar state with the business man who finds his funds nearly

he product of American resources.

CHAPTER II.

The three years were nearly gone. When Herr Mahler left the room Herr Katrina had waited and longed and Flamensbeck had sat down in a chair faithfully loved, as she thought. But and begun to examine the portrait more she had not been tried. There came to critically. "After all," he said to him-Klopstag a splendid artist, Herr Wolf- self, "it's not quite so fine as I thought. gang Mahler. Fifty years had whitened The eyes are a little crooked, and Ka-his hair and beard, but only heightened trina's glance is as straight as the rays the warm, youthful color in his cheeks, of a calcium light. The mouth is drawn like hot-house roses midst December a little to one side, and her lips are as snows. His fame was almost equal to symmetrical as Cupid's bow. Good that of Katrina's father. He had heard heavens! the eyes wink, the mouth of her beauty and of her father's jealous | twitches ----'

of being."

desire to perpetuate his genius in his And almost to his horror at first, the posterity by marrying her to a great portrait burst into a ripple of silvery artist since a male heir to his artistic laughter that filled the room, and his talent was denied him. The suitor was daughter stepped from behind the pictgallant and witty and in every way an ure frame, leaving a large gap in the attractive lover.

"Herr Flamensbeck," said he, "I un-derstand you propose a very trying test Herr Mahler entered and received the to him who aspires to be your son-in- greeting already described. He had law. But I will accept it. If I fail I time, however, to catch a glimpse of the shall lose only what I do not now pos-empty picture-frame, and was not at all sess; if I gain I shall gain what is well puzzled to know why he was treated worth a severer trial than this." thus.

"You know the conditions," said the In spite of her natural regret at the "You know the conditions, "It is conceited, gruft, old painter. "It is presumptuous in most to present them-ceived, she was in high glee over her success in disposing of Max's rival, and, elves as candidates."

failed to do. But he bided his time, bade Katrina be of good cheer and wait favorable opportunity. Herr Flamensbeck was painting the portrait of the dashing and gay Countess of Rudelsheimer. She was famous for her beauty, for her caprice, her volatile spirit, her expensive caprices, her flirtations that caused plenty of gossip, her varying and childish moods, from the most extreme hilarity to tears and pouting, for which, it was said, her husband, show you what a charlatan he is capable the Count, was responsible, in chiding her follies.

The picture was almost done. It was Herr Flamensbeck's master-piece without doubt. He was finishing it with great care. Such splendid flesh tints. glowing with the abounding life that saturated every part of her; such glances of the eyes, that seemed to challenge the spectator to a conflict of wits and raillery.

He left it satisfied that his achievement and hugging his triumph warmly to his breast.

Next morning as he came near it, slowly absorbing its beauty and his power to create it, as one sips a delicious wine, he noticed a curious and hitherto uuseen expression. The mirthfulness and gayety of the face were tempered by another mood; a mingling of surprise, vexation, triumph and

grace. There was piquancy and sauci-ness and defiance and pretty anger. -Dr. Morell Mackenzie, a distin-What has brought about this change? guished London physician, prefaced a As sure as he lived there was a drop of recent lecture at a London medical colwater, which must have accidently lege by remarking that he thought the fallen upon the portrait, just under the days for teaching by means of lectures eye that suggested my lady, after a slight storm with her liege lord. books are easily accessible.

rather believe that the whole Sanskrit language and the whole of Sanskrit literature-mind, a literature extending

over three thousand years, and larger than the ancient literature of either Greece or Rome-was a forgery of those wily priests, the Brahmans. I remember, too, how, when I was at school at Leipzig (and a very good school it was, with such masters as Nobbe, Forbiger, Funkhaenel and Palm-an old school. too, which could boast of Leibnitz among its former pupils)-I remember, I say, one of our masters (Dr. Klee)

telling us some afternoon, when it was too hot to do any serious work, that there was a language spoken in India which was much the same as Greek and Latin, nay, as German and Russian. At first we thought it was a joke, but when one saw the parallel columns of numerals, pronouns and verbs in Sanskrit, Greek, and Latin written on the black-

board, one felt in the presence of facts, before which one had to bow. All one's ideas of Adam and Eve, and the Para-

dise, and the tower of Babel, and Shem. Ham and Japhet, with Homer and Eneas and Virgil, too, seemed to be whirling round and round, till at last one picked up the fragments and tried to build up a new world, and to live with a new historical consciousness.-Contemporary Review.

are rapidly gaining in favor.

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