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VOL. XV.—NO. 51.

THE LOST BATTLE

To his heart it struck such terror That he laughed a laugh of scorn— While the battle raged around him, With the sword so bravely won.

SOMETIME

A Practical Sermon Preached by the Collier Stairs.

Strangely enough, the cellar stairs preached it—at least they contributed that very important part, the application. Sister Searies had furnished the text in the morning, but then the sermon might have gone on from first to forty-seventh without Mrs. Barney's aid, had it not been for the cellar stairs.

Mrs. Barney was buried that day—she was always hurried—and it was warm and uncomfortable in the sunshiny, stove-heated kitchen, where she was hastening to and fro, growing fretted and tired without slackening her speed.

But then we shouldn't take it for granted just because it would be a whole day and something else would be crowded into it, murmured Nealie, to whom Nealie had been looking in at the door that possible day in the future very uncertain.

The mother did not answer, and the girl moved more slowly over the damp molder as her gaze wandered away to the hills where great trees were throwing cool shadows.

Nealie sighed but was silent, and presently Tim came in with an armful of wood.

"Nealie," he said, pausing near her table, "if you just sit this sleeve up a minute, I'll show you how to make a pair of drawers that will last you a year, and I just fit it against a nail."

He spoke low, but Mrs. Barney's quick ears caught the words.

"That jacket torn again, Tim? I thought you'd be taking care of it, and I just fit it against a nail."

Mrs. Barney shut the oven door with a snap, "Tim had the hired boy, and he'd heard but careless, and he was rather discouraging. Board and clothing sometimes appeared to her a high price for his services."

Tim took the tin pal pointed out to him, but he did not hurry as he passed with clouded face down the walk.

"I can't have five horses and carrying them takes a deal of comfort with these," was always Sister Searies's cheery comment upon her equipage.

"Why, it's all kind of red nice and jolly—if you wasn't hurt," declared Tommy, unable to express his enjoyment of the pretty room and the unusual family gathering any more clearly.

THE MOUNTAIN KING

A New Jersey Negro who is held to be 118 Years Old.

The oldest person perhaps now living in the United States is Sylvia Dubois, a negro and a former slave, who in August last celebrated her 116th birthday, and who lives in destitution on the bleak summit of the Sourland Mountain, in Hunterdon County, New Jersey.

"But, my dear boy," urged Sister Searies, "I don't know how to tell you, but you should really try to please and help her all you know. She is kind to you."

"Oh, yes, she's kind. Only when I see one of her kindred—a comely fellow; it generally hits a fellow hard enough to be uncomfortable," responded Tim.

"Well, I never thought of that before, but I do suppose that's why the Bible speaks of the Lord's loving kindness—tender mercy—because that's the most kindness in the world isn't one bit loving, and so much mercy that is only duty and not tenderness."

"For the bony bestowed upon us in the world is not to be grateful, murmured Mr. Barney, with head bowed low over his plate.

"I'm glad to see you're so glad to get most quickly and easily. When we have a summer-kitchen we can begin to live as other people do."

"If we can't all as old as Methuselah, to be honest Master Tommie, I'll undertake which was perfectly absurd; 'anyway, the chickens will be if we can't have any cooked till that time.'"

"Too long a time it proved, for while she meditated, an insoucious board slipped beneath her feet, plunging her down the dark, narrow stairway, against the rough stone wall, and then upon the hard floor of the cellar.

"When she returned to consciousness a strange voice—the physician's—was saying, 'The bones broken, though it's a wonder her neck wasn't, falling in the way she did.'"

Slowly she opened her eyes upon a confused mingling of anxious faces, wet cheeks and bottles of medicine, and a doctor who was talking to her.

"The swine plague. Hog-cholera. Not caused by feeding in a clean corn."

Since hog-cholera has reappeared, to plague the farmer, the theory that the maldy is caused by feeding corn exclusively, is again brought forward.

"I gathered in the mother's eyes, but she had found her cue and she meant to follow it. She said, 'I thought for the days that I saw a little now and then on garments for Tim, or look over seeds for Nealie's planting; see slowly, but surely.'"

COLUMBUS, NEB., WEDNESDAY, APRIL 15, 1885.

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LIFE IN ICELAND.

Once Customs of the People in the Land of Eternal Snow.

Mrs. Olaf Kruger is an intelligent little Esquimau woman, twenty-seven years of age. She relates that she was born in the northern part of Greenland, and lived there until she was fifteen years of age, when reports having reached her father of the warmer, richer country of Iceland, the family emigrated there on a dog-sled.

Having a great desire to satisfy her curiosity concerning us, she came with a number of Icelanders to British America, and from the Eastern coast finally came to Manitoba.

"We make our fire in the center of the snow-house. The fires are made of lean meat, oil and bones, for we have no wood in my country—not as much as one match. Fires are started with a flint, but flints are very scarce and the man who owns one is considered a rich man off the house, and as we use oil on our faces, the smoke and oil make us of a dark color. We never wash, for there is no water and it would freeze on our faces."

"I will explain for you how we hunt in my country. The men kill the walrus, bears and seals. The first man who sticks his spear into the animal divides with the others. The meat is eaten raw. The people like best the blood and fat. The skins are used for clothes, which are sewed up like a man's sinews. Our sleds are made of skins and bones, and are drawn by dogs. When the dogs are well trained they are driven without reins."

"The beds of my country are made of the furs; a whole family sleep in one bed. If a man lives alone he makes the furs into a sack and crawls into it when he wants to sleep. We sleep when we are sleepy, and eat when we are hungry. Our night-time lasts for six months, but we always have light enough from the snow and stars. Our daytime we do not like—the sunlight is too bright, and the sun is so hot that it would melt our heads. The two months, twilight is the most pleasant time."

"My people grow no taller than a child of eight in my country and they never live to be over sixty years of age. This climate," concluded Mrs. Kruger, "weakens me. It is very warm here, and indeed the little lady was very sleek and plump, but her arms, short arms they were, and peculiarly shaped. The arms of the Esquimau men are straight, from being cold-springs, and of a motive power, being only a few inches, her weight one hundred and twenty pounds."

"What did you think of the people of this country when you first saw them?" she asked Mrs. Kruger. "Oh," she replied, "they looked so big they almost scared me to death; and I was much frightened when I first saw a black woman. I thought she was very strange."

Mrs. Kruger has sent for her sisters who are in Iceland to join her.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

"GRANDFATHER'S CLOCK." Why It is Superior as a Time-keeper to Modern Time Pieces. If it were not for that we might designate as meteorological changes, the problem of the accurate measurement of time would be solved if we had a heavy pendulum driven uniformly over a cone.

Progress in Servia. Servia has made great progress in the last half century. Fifty years ago a Serb would as soon have expected his pigs to read as his daughter. Nor was this wonderful, if we remember that Prince Milosh, the swineherd whom God inspired to deliver Servia, could neither read nor write, and that this ruler was not more ignorant than his subjects.

—I wonder why when I get a picture of myself it should have a scrub nose and eyes turned in, with an expression that would alarm a stone dog. A sweet child I adored came to me once and said: "Ma wants to know where you had your potygrug taken." "At Co. & Co.," I responded cheerfully; it was a pleasure to know that one person who had seen my picture appreciated it.

—The "All Sorts" man of the Boston Post asks us how we make "greens" and "amithereans" rhyme. The gentleman who asks the question has been asked questions were allowed they would kill all newspaper poetry in a week.—Lynn Bee.

—Kate Field tells how the Mormon inquisitor, she says, whatever they are most opposed to; whatever they don't want, make them have. Just what we have always said. Give them millions of dollars, and they will say, "Oh, six-tion cents!" Yonkers Statesman.

—The "All Sorts" man of the Boston Post asks us how we make "greens" and "amithereans" rhyme. The gentleman who asks the question has been asked questions were allowed they would kill all newspaper poetry in a week.—Lynn Bee.

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