The Columbus Journal.

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6-87 COLUMBUS, NEBRASKA.

LACE MAKING IN IRELAND.

BEAUTIFUL HANDIWORK OF ERIN'S MAIDS AND MATRONS.

Labor That Is Poorly Rewarded—Seven Months Making a Handkerchief That Would Bring Five Dollars—Statistics of Women Workers in the Industry.

In Limerick alone of all the Irish cities has there ever been anything like an attempt at manufacture of lace, and here lace making has been, during certain periods, extraordinarily successful. It was introduced in 1829 by a man named Walker, about twenty lace makers having been imported from Nottingham. By 1850 nearly 2,000 women and girls were employed in various branches of the work as tambourers, runners, darners, menders, washers, finishers, muslin embroiderers and lace open workers. The groundwork of all this lace is made by machinery. The quality has always been superb, far excelling any partly machine made lace manufactured either in England or upon the continent; but of late the industry has suffered from Swiss machine competition, and workers were never permitted to earn wages exceeding from three to seven shillings per week. The Carrickmacross lace derives its name from the introduction of both applique and guipure lace making into the parish of Carrickmacross, in County Monaghan, as early as 1820.

It is a most interesting region under the shadow of the Slieve-Beagh mountains, and the environments of the peasantry to this day are of the most primitive sort. The cabins, which seldom have more than one room from 8 to 12 feet square, and never more than 8 feet high, with earthen floors and straw thatched roofs. A hole in the roof end gives the smoke opportunity for escape, and where clay and stick chimneys are indulged in, an old firkin, or a few slivers of freestone rock, form the picturesque chimney pot. Potatoes, with occasionally a little buttermilk or sweet milk, constitute almost the only articles of food; and yet from out of the hands of the daughters and mothers of this region, and of County Armagh, into which Carrickmacross lace making has extended, come daintier fabrics in applique than were ever conceived in Brussels, and copies in guipure that are marvelous improvements upon the originals in Cretan.

INNISHMACSAINT LACE.

The Innishmacsaint lace comes from a region still more interesting, not only from the loveliness of the scenery about the upper and lower lakes of Lough Erne, that splendid northern rival of glorious Killarney in Kerry, but also from the singular beauty of the maidens and mothers who dwell and labor amid these mountains, vales, glens and upon these transcendent shores. Innishmacsaint itself is a dainty island half a mile from shore in upper Lough Erne. A famous abbey was founded here in the Sixth century, by St. Nenn or Nernid of the royal blood of Ireland. The saint's bell, ornamented with gold and silver, is still preserved here as a sacred and precious relic. The parish, partly in county Donegal and partly in Fermanagh, derives its name from the island of ruins, and the entire peasantry of this wild and beautiful region, in manner and dress, strikingly remind one of the picturesque folk of the Tyrol.

Nearly every family has a member who is a lace maker, and without organization, technical instruction, or any attention whatever to preserving or developing artistic effort, these blue eyed, black haired, red lipped women produce marvels in point lace as wonderful as were ever known in point d'Alencon. I found one worker who had been employed more than five months upon one handkerchief. She said two months more would be required to complete it. "What will you get for it?" I inquired. "Faith, an' I'm thinkin' a pound it'll bring. "And what will you do then?" I asked again. "Go to America, plase God!" was the reply. And yet the rich Belfast lace dealers showed me handkerchiefs by no means as rich and delicate for which they easily got $150 each.

LABOR BETTER PAID IN THE SOUTH.

Their peasant sisters of the south are more fortunate in the matter of training and just and generous supervision. The nuns of the Presentation convent at Youghal have assiduously striven for fifty years to not only secure the best copies from the most famous lace makers of southern Europe, but have insisted upon constant instruction. Dealing direct with the importing houses of America, they have been able to pay the best wages known in Ireland for women's labor. These fifty years of effort have also brought most magnificent artistic results. "Irish point," as the Youghal lace is called, is practically perfected into an original combination of old and modern stitches, closely resembling, and in many instances far superior to, some of the rarest specimens of Malines; and it is doubtful if today there can be found rarer, more exquisitely and marvelously designed work than comes from hundreds of homes of the sunny vales of Cork and Waterford.

There is also a black lace in silk, and a white lace in thread, both "pillow laces," made by the peasant women about the sleepy old town of Tallow, from instruction during the last half century by the nuns of St. Joseph's convent.

From the most conservative estimates it would seem that 20,000 women in Ireland are constantly employed in the various forms of lace making; 75,000 are at work in the linen spinning and weaving mills; 25,000 are employed in embroidery alone, and from 75,000 to 100,000 in such pursuits as knitting, shirt making, hem stitching, finishing, laundering and boxing; or, in round numbers, 200,000 Irish women in homes and factories are endlessly striving to hold their hovel homes and their beloved Ireland together, on wages which will not exceed an average of four shillings per week!—Cor. New York Commercial Advertiser.

STREET CAR MANNERS.

Observations Upon One or Two Common Types of Boorishness.

One day last week a car on one of the Traction company's lines became pretty well crowded with passengers, mostly ladies, before its trip was half made. In the corner next the rear door sat a well dressed lad of 16, evidently the son of parents in good circumstances. Within a space of two squares three old men, none of whom were less than 70, one nearly blind and all more or less crippled, got in the car. Seats were furnished for two of them by gentlemen who stood, and a gray haired lady gave the third her seat. The boy never moved or gave the least indication that he knew or cared whether older or helpless people were standing while he was comfortably seated.

If this boorish and ill mannered boy was the only one of his type it would be hardly worth while to refer to the matter; but, unfortunately, he is not. There are hundreds and thousands like him. In many cases, perhaps, these lads are more to be pitied than blamed. Any one who witnessed the selfishness and want of courtesy shown by the lad in question recognized that defective home training was at the root of his ill mannered selfishness. He had not been taught respect for age or sympathy for helplessness. Therefore, he failed to exercise either. Would it not be worth while for parents and teachers, while teaching the boys a good many other things, to teach them manners, too? If they can't be induced to do it from a love of good manners on their own part they should do it for very shame, for every exhibition of selfish boorishness like the one above mentioned is an advertisement to the world that all the world reads of a lack of proper home training. The boorish boy gives away his boorish parents or teachers.

In the same car, before it became quite so crowded, was another boor—the fellow who folds and unfolds his newspaper, digging his elbows into the passengers on each side of him while doing so. This fellow is in almost every morning and evening car. His elbows are worn sharp by constant practice, as thousands of his fellow riders can testify from painful experience. He is worse than the boy who hasn't been taught good manners and isn't old enough to have learned himself, for the newspaper boor is usually a full grown and often a middle aged man. There is another type of the newspaper boor found in most street cars. He is the fellow who gets in soon after the car starts and becomes so absorbed in his newspaper that he can't see other people standing, while he and his newspaper occupy the space of two or more seats.

Really, it is hardly to be wondered at that half grown boys sit in supreme and unconscious selfishness while crippled age stands, when they are furnished so many examples of boorish selfishness by those that should be their teachers and exemplars in courtesy. Can't some kind hearted and wealthy philanthropist be induced to find an institution for the refognation of the various adult street car boors, including, besides those just mentioned, the cross legged boor, the fellow whose cane or umbrella is stuck out to trip other passengers, and all the other examples of the genus boor? If these ill mannered fellows were reformed, perhaps the half grown lads might learn street car courtesy by the process of imitation.—Philadelphia Times.

In the House of a Rich Japanese.

The wealthy Japanese make no display either in the architecture of their houses or in the display of ornaments. In the way of furnishing, their pride is in the delicacy of their mats and the richness of the satin cushions. The chief room in the house of a rich Japanese is thus described: "The salon was about 25 feet long by 15 wide. At one end, in the corner, was a small raised platform in a little niche and on it a fine Imari vase three feet high, holding flowering branches of the cherry tree. Behind, upon the wall, hung a very valuable but very ugly kakamono of a god. Twelve blue satin foutons lay in two rows upon the floor and three standing lamps stood in a line between. A folding screen was placed to protect us from draught—and that was the entire furniture of the millionaire's drawing room. The 'mats' upon the floor were of the whitest and finest straw. The screen was a gorgeous one, with a battle scene painted upon a gold background." The Japanese keep their bric-a-brac in fire proof buildings, to be taken out one at a time and admired, and then replaced by another.—Chicago Times.

A "Position Finder."

Maj. Watkins' "position finder," by which the guns of a battery or ship of war are concentrated by a single expert upon a definite object with the touch of a button in his remote place of observation, is making great progress. It will abolish much, if not all, of the interest in artillery practice. The gunners will have only to load, and then to take their directions as to elevation and training from a dial. They will generally be ignorant as to what they are firing at, and will probably have no knowledge whether or not their firing is effective. All their business will be to load, to watch the dial and to fire. If there is much smoke, so as to obscure their view, that will be so much the better, for it will conceal them from the enemy, while the position finder directs them from his place, which may be clear from such obscurity.—Exchange.

Moved to Poetry.

The village of North Waldoboro (Me.) is so happy at getting rid of an affliction that the village poet burst into song over the event, in The Waldoboro News. The affliction is described as "the most aggravating dog that ever lived," and his epitaph follows:

"Old Prince" is dead, that horrid cur.
They shot the rascal through the fur,
And all who know this cannie lad
Can ne'er a feeling have that's sad.
We can't forget his naughty tricks,
Nor how he killed the hens and chicks
Each cat he'd chase and kine and calf,
And bathed in Cushman's watering tub.

Henry Was a Success.

"Tell me, Uncle Charles," pleaded Amelia, "do you think that Henry will make a good husband?"

"I think he will," replied Uncle Charles, without hesitation. "I offered him a cigar last evening, and he took it as freely as it was given. When he opened his cost in search of a match he exposed his waistcoat, and its two upper pockets were filled with cigars. I have no hesitation in saying that Henry will prove a saving, economical husband."—Boston Transcript.

Superior to Dynamite.

Experiments first made in London with carbo-dynamite, one of the latest explosives, would seem to show that it possesses some important advantages over ordinary dynamite, among others that of considerably greater power, and the generation of much less noxious vapor when exploded in confined places. It is composed of nitro-glycerine absorbed by ten parts of a variety of carbon, and is claimed to be entirely unaffected by water.—New York Telegram.

A WATCHMAN'S STORY.

LIFE AMID THE DARKNESS OF THE RIVER PIERS IN NEW YORK.

Wharf Pirates and Their Schemes—Ingenious Plans for Robbing the Dock Warehouses—Fishermen Who Act as Confederates—Guards Who Have Lost Their Lives.

During a particularly heavy downpour of rain, the writer took refuge in the doorway of one of New York's largest warehouses. There he met the night watchman, a grizzled but kindly faced old man, who on being questioned spoke as follows regarding his calling. After a few silent whiffs at his pipe, during which he seemed meditating, he began:

I have been at this employment for the greater part of twenty years. My employer has about two hundred men, and controls nearly all the business of supplying watchmen, at a moment's notice, in this city. Is there variety in the work? Sure, so far as change of scene goes, for one night I may be sent to assist a regular bank watchman to stand guard over a vault containing many hundred thousands of dollars, or to watch a private residence in some swell locality, or I may have to roam about a huge warehouse all night. But generally we are kept busy on the river piers, either opened or covered, or perhaps a day or night at Erie Basin, or in Hoboken or Jersey City. And there is considerable danger as well as variety in the work. Not a great many years ago there were regularly organized gangs of river pirates, who made certain localities their stamping grounds, where they met to plan raids, eat, drink and sleep.

A LONESOME LIFE.

We have had to fight against these gangs for years, and at last they are pretty well cleaned out and we have fairly earned the gratitude of importers, shipping brokers and owners—in fact, of all honest men.

Sometimes the gloomy stillness of a night spent on a dark pier is almost insupportable. There is not enough noise to interest a man, and not enough indication of danger to sharpen his faculties; yet we must be always on the alert. Wharf rats are usually sly, but when they find naught but a man's life between them and their booty, they sometimes become exceedingly bold. They sneak along the docks, disappearing now and then in the dark to listen for the policeman's footsteps. Then they emerge. Their spies keep them well posted as to the kind and quality of the various cargoes. One will sometimes get on the docks as a peddler, or on some pretended errand while the cargo is being unloaded. In this manner they learn where fruit, nuts or any small packages are placed.

No first class watchman will ever permit a stranger access to a dock after the big doors are once locked for the night. Formerly a deal of merchandise was stolen in broad daylight and virtually under the very eyes of the owners and others interested in preventing such occurrences. You must remember that when a ship or steamer is being unloaded there are usually over three hundred men about, 'longshoremen, stevedores, dock clerks and revenue officers, and in the confusion it was not such a difficult matter to pilfer small articles during the day; it was easier really to steal in the day when there was a crowd about than at night.

TRICKS OF THE THIEVES.

Many ingenious schemes to steal have been tried, and successfully, too. One of them was to row under a dock at low tide, and bore up through the flooring into barrels of sugar or hogsheads of whisky and molasses, and so let their booty flow into empty barrels which they placed in the boat. I've seen burly 'longshoremen take hold of a hogshead, brace themselves for a mighty effort, and then roll themselves head over heels with the barrel, which had previously been drained of its contents by these wharf rats. Fishing from the end of a pier and seizing small articles when a chance was presented, and dropping them into the hands of a confederate below, was a common dodge. Now, dock owners are very cautious about letting people fish from their loaded docks, unless the parties are well known.

Do we ever get injured? Yes, watchmen are often assaulted, and one is occasionally murdered. Since I've been in the business thirty of my associates have lost their lives while on duty. The thieves reason that dead men tell no tales. There are more murdered watchmen than murders convicted. Sometimes a tough character will lounge around the saloons alongshore until drunk, and then stray down to the dock looking for a place to sleep. To drive him away is to provoke him to a fight, and though we are armed, he is drunk and desperate. Of course it would never do to shoot him, simply because he wants to lie down quietly and sleep; public opinion would convict us. So we must endure his vile language, and permit him to remain at the risk of losing our positions, or incurring severe censure. At times words are altogether useless, and we must wield our night sticks to drive away these thieves and their accomplices, the dock loafers. The police themselves have no liking for river duty, particularly on dark or stormy nights. And I don't blame them.

At this point the old man drew his pipe from his mouth; the last spark of fire had been extinguished; and he slowly rose up, stretched himself, and with a remark about going his rounds, said good night and was gone.—New York Star.

Red Heads Are Risky.

"I should like to insure my life, but I would be considered a bad risk. I doubt if any of the first class companies would accept me."

These were the words of a big freckle faced, red haired individual whose usually merry countenance and abundant avoirdupois made him the picture of health.

"What in the world should make you a bad risk?" chorused a group of bystanders.

The first speaker blushed till his cheeks were as fiery a red as his matted locks, and then he answered softly: "My scarlet topknot is my bane. It is quite bad enough to invite the sobriquets of 'brick-top,' 'pinky' and the like, but when the insurance companies take a hand in the persecution it is enough to make a strong man weep."

The aggrieved individual resembled a consumptive as little as was possible, but his supposititious tendency to pulmonary affections was the only ground for the insurance men's boycott. The medical examiner of the leading life insurance company, who was questioned as to the alleged disparagement of red heads, replied that it was largely imaginary and exaggerated. "It is a fact, however," he continued, "that red headed persons have generally thin skins and are, as a rule, of a delicate constitution. A pale, thin face and a cowering consumptive form are often allied to a reddish complexion. Light hair, and especially red hair, often seems to betoken scrofulous disorders, and its presence may prejudice superficial examiners against the subject. It is a fact that red headed persons who show not the smallest trace of pulmonary trouble will sometimes develop consumption in an almost incredible time."—Philadelphia Record.

Pioneer Justice in Michigan.

A story that Judge Reilly occasionally repeats when the subject of Michigan justice is up for discussion, runs substantially as follows:

When Gratiot county, Michigan, first began to be disturbed by pioneers, and after it had its first justice of the peace, a farmer named Davison walked three miles to secure a warrant for the arrest of his neighbor named Meacham for assault and battery. To save the constable a six mile trip the defendant walked with the plaintiff. They encountered his honor just leaving his house with his gun on his shoulder, and Davison halted him with:

"Squire, I want a warrant for this man for striking me."

"I'm in an awful hurry," said the squire. "Come to-morrow."

"So'm I in a hurry, and I'm going to have a raising to-morrow."

"Meacham, did you hit him?" asked the justice.

"Yes."

"Davison, did you strike first?"

"No."

"Meacham, had you rather work for Davison three days than go to jail?"

"I guess so," answered Meacham.

"And will that satisfy you, Davison?"

"Yes."

"Then make tracks for home, and don't bother me another minute! My son has just come in with the news that an old bear and three cubs are up the same beech, down at the edge of the slashing, and I'm going to have some bear meat if it upsets the supreme bench of Michigan. Court stands adjourned at present."—Detroit Tribune.

Watch Screws.

It is asserted that the smallest screws in the world are those used in the production of watches. Thus, the fourth jewel wheel screw is the next thing to be invisible, and to the naked eye it looks like dust; with a glass, however, it is seen to be a small screw, with 280 threads to the inch, and with a very fine glass the threads may be seen quite clearly. These minute screws are 4-1,000th of an inch in diameter, and the heads are double; it is also estimated that an ordinary lady's thimble would hold 100,000 of these screws. No attempt is ever made to count them, the method pursued in determining the number being to place 100 of them on a very delicate balance, and the number of the whole amount is determined by the weight of these. After being cut the screws are hardened and put in frames, about 100 to the frame, heads up, this being done very rapidly by sense of touch instead of by sight, and the heads are then polished in an automatic machine 10,000 at a time. The plate on which the polishing is performed is covered with oil and a grinding compound, and on this the machine moves them rapidly by reversing motion.—New York Star.

It Seems They Do.

Do horses reason? A friend of The Portland Transcript thinks his does. He drove him to a watering trough the other day, into which some one had thrown the stump of an old broom. The horse held back his head in disgust, but presently took the offending broom between his teeth and threw it from the trough. Then he held back his head and waited for the water to run clear. Presently he smelled of it, but not being satisfied he waited again, and yet again. Finally he put his nose into the water and swashed it around, apparently to slop out all impurities before he consented to drink. Now how did the horse know that the water would run pure? It must have been the result of observation and memory. All horses know enough to refuse to drink impure water.—Horseman.

A Dog's Curious Death.

Mr. M. E. Butler, of Washington, this county, owned a large, unmanageable and vicious dog. Last Tuesday while all the men were at work in the field, the brute made an attack on a young son of Mr. Butler, who happened to have in his possession a pitchfork with which to defend himself. As the dog jumped for him the lad held out the fork, and the animal jumped against the tines, one of which penetrated the throat just under the jaw, killing him instantly. The death of the dog undoubtedly was the salvation of the child, as there is no doubt he would have killed him if he had had no means to defend himself.—Poughkeepsie Eagle.

Equine Inconsistency.

A horse is a queer animal. It knows more than any other animal, except a dog, and we have seen a dog that was afraid of its own shadow. The other day, while the horse of Charles Ketcham was standing at the station, the Walkill Valley and Erie trains both came rushing past it with steam blowing off. The horse not as much as raised its ears. The wind, however, moved a little piece of white paper on the ground about half the size of an envelope, and the horse was ready to make tracks for Comfort's Hill without heeding the notice on our new iron bridge.—Montgomery Standard.

Good Boys' Rewards.

Visiting Aunt—Ah! Johnnie, I am very glad to have your mother tell me that you are such a good little boy. Of course you know where all good little boys will go?

Johnnie—Yes, ma'am.

"Well, tell me."

"Their papas will take 'em to the circus."—Exchange.

The Penalty for Swearing at Horses.

A writer in a scientific magazine says the earth is being bored too much and is liable to lose its place among the heavenly bodies in consequence. The busy editor can sympathize with the earth. He is also likely to lose his place among the heavenly bodies from being bored too much—judging from the language he uses when the bore leaves.—Norristown Herald.

THE DIAMOND CUTTERS.

HOW THEY WORK AND WHAT THEY EARN IN NEW YORK CITY.

One Hundred Men Who Make High Wages at the Nice Work—Something About the Method of Grinding and Polishing the Beautiful Stones.

The fifteen diamond cutting concerns of New York polish 10,000 carats of rough diamonds each year, rather more than the annual output of the Brazilian mines. One hundred skilled workmen are employed in the trade, and the bosses say that the diamond cutters of New York are the best in the world. The business has grown up within ten or fifteen years, but already most of the apprentices are native Americans. A clever lad beginning the trade at 15 may become a skilled workman in five or six years. The best diamond cutters under favorable conditions earn from $40 to $60 a week. These are better wages than those earned by any save the most famous foreign diamond cutters. Workmen here are more intelligent and trustworthy than those of Holland, France or England, the chief diamond cutting countries of Europe. Theft is common abroad, but unusual here.

KEEPING THE RECORDS.

In looking about a diamond cutting establishment one would hardly suspect the precious character of the material in use. The floors are bare, the windows are open, and any one may enter by the door unchallenged. Much is trusted to the honesty of the workman, but some simple precautions are taken. When a diamond cutter receives an invoice of stones he carefully studies each one, and takes note of its color, size, weight and shape. The whiter ones look like bits of clear alum, the darker like clouded quartz. The rarest and costliest stones are of sky blue, pink and black. Ordinarily, however, the pure water colored diamond without tint or flaw is most sought after.

When the boss cutter has made accurate record of his rough diamonds he divides them into groups of four or five and gives a group to each workman. From that time forth the man to whom they are intrusted is responsible for the stones. He returns them each night to the boss, and the progress of the work is carefully noted. In this way it is made extremely difficult for fraud to be practiced. A cutter is seldom permitted to polish a stone belonging to any one but the boss. Doubtless the workman would be careful to avoid confusion, but mistakes might arise. Now and then a clever substitution is managed, and once in a long while outright theft is committed.

The first work done upon the rough diamond is cleaving. The stone is placed in a peculiar cement that softens easily and hardens quickly. A little notch on the line of cleavage is made with another diamond, the edge of an old razor is placed in this notch, and with a smart blow of the hammer the diamond is split. Of course, when a diamond can be worked whole it is not split. After cleaving comes cutting. The diamond is placed in a little mass of cement on the end of a stick, and scraped with another diamond similarly imbedded. The cutter has six points presented to him, and he begins with the one that seems most promising. His choice decides which shall be the upper surface of the diamond, for in the "brilliant" cutting, which is the most difficult and the one almost generally practiced here, the exposed surface is slightly flattened, while the under side runs to the apex of a pyramid. In this way eight or ten facets are made.

From the cutter the stone goes to the grinder or polisher, who patiently turns it and turns it until the swiftly whirling wheel has cut upon the surface fifty-eight tiny facets. These fifty-eight facets appear upon every diamond cut as a brilliant, whether it be a ten carat stone as broad as your thumb nail, or a tiny spark not bigger than two pin heads. Now and then a stone is spoiled in the polishing; sometimes one is found that cannot be made to shape itself into the fifty-eight facets. The wheel on which the stones are polished is a soft iron disk lined with innumerable curved rays running from center to circumference. This is sprinkled with diamond dust and sweet oil. The moment a scratch appears on the wheel the diamond must be removed to some other part of the surface.

The finished stone comes from the wheel covered with gummy oil, but a ten minute bath in sulphuric acid leaves the surface clean and brilliant. Diamonds pendant from pearly ears or shining on snowy throats never look so beautiful as they look unset and heaped together upon oiled paper at the diamond cutter's.

Nothing is wasted at the diamond cutter's. Boort, which is the name given to diamond chippings that cannot be polished, is placed in a steel mortar exactly like an old fashioned churn and brayed into powder for the polisher. Not a single carat is lost, for the mortar is dust proof and the pestle fits so close that the particles cannot rise from the bottom.

Sometimes stones are injured in the setting. Perhaps an accidental blow breaks a brittle corner, perhaps too much heat clouds the surface. Diamonds thus injured, however, may be repaired. As a matter of fact, the diamond is almost indestructible. It loses nothing by long wearing and acids cannot injure it. The prevalent idea that soap and water dim the luster of the diamond is a mistake.—New York Sun.

Sapristi! Morbleu!

It is curious that we are quite unable to realize the enormity of some of the commonest continental oaths. We can, of course, to a certain extent, appraise such terms as Sacre, Sapristi and Morbleu (euphemistic for Mort Dieu), but, on the other hand, we wholly fail to appreciate the swearing value of Mille tonnerres and Tausend Donnerwetter. Even though these latter be regarded as an invocation of Thor, the god of thunder and summer heat, we cannot see anything very dreadful or juratory in them. Anglicised they become perfectly harmless, and would indeed be welcomed in the room of some of our own more opprobrious idioms. "Thunder" or even "Thunder and lightning!" we consider a very temperate exclamation; so, too, thought the author of the tragic story of the "Bagman's Dog," which may be consulted with advantage on this head.

Applying the Johnsonian maxim of "claret for boys, port for men, and brandy for heroes," we should certainly be inclined to class either or both of them with the claret, nay, even with the yet milder variety of Gladstonian claret, a vintage happily unknown to the learned doctor. To our insular minds they convey absolutely no idea of impropriety. We might go about Donnerwettering for a month together, and not feel one atom the better for it, or the worse; while our character for propriety and decent speech would not be one whit damaged, whatever might be thought of our sanity. The German soul, however, is conscious of a distinct sense of relief after a judicious indulgence in the same pastime. Hence we are confronted by the strange paradox that what is a round oath in one country is not even a smart ejaculation in the next.—Macmillan's Magazine.

An Indianapolis Troubadour.

A party of young men were out serenading their loves the other night. The hour was waxing late. They passed a residence on Cherry street where a youngster in an upper window was screaming with all the strength of its infantile lungs, and the "old man" was pacing the floor, attempting to lull the household pride and joy. The mother was bestirring herself for some remedy to quiet its colicky pains. Instantly one of the mad wags of the party threw himself into troubadour attitude under the window, and thrumming the accompaniment on his guitar, with a clear voice sang:

Married, married,
Oh, what bliss;
Lots of love and kiss, kiss, kiss.

Married, married,
Oh, what a sell—
Things are altered, quite altered; well, well, well

The humor of the thing seized his companions at first gasp, and they all fled in wild haste, but the singer soared until there was an intensified howl from the youngster upstairs, showing that he had been pitched headlong to the bed. The house shook as the "old man" broke for his shotgun, and just as the window shutters flew open with a crash, the troubadour, realizing the imminent danger to which he was exposed, fled wildly down a convenient alley. Happily, the shotgun was of the smooth bore variety, and the gallant troubadour says it scattered from Fall creek to Washington street.

It was some time before he found his companions, and since then he has abandoned that quarter of the city.—Indianapolis News.

Banking for Chinese.

One of the largest of Boston's banking houses makes a specialty of deposit accounts with the Chinese of the city, who all place their money in this establishment's hands. The aggregate of such deposits made by the gentry of the flowery land is at any one time very large, while the personal accounts of the fantan gamblers, who are the rich men of the celestial colony here, run far up into the thousands of dollars. An important part of the business done with them consists in selling drafts for money sent to Asia.

Much trouble was found at first in keeping accounts with these pig tailed capitalists, owing to the curious fact that each Chinaman, as a rule, has several names, which are employed in such a manner as to be a trifle confusing. He always has at least three, and sometimes more. He has one name as a boy. When he gets to be a man he takes a new one. Upon going into business he adopts a third. No one of these three seems to be used in connection with the others, and, inasmuch as a fresh designation is accepted every time he goes into a new laundry enterprise, the paying teller finds some difficulty now and then in securing a satisfactory identification. When a laundry is sold out, too, the proprietor's business name goes with it to the purchaser, and thus transfers of personal titles are constantly taking place, occasioning no end of confusion. But banking for Chinamen is an occupation all by itself, and must be acquired by special study.—Washington Star.

Steamboating.

I still have faith in a revival of the steamboat business on the Mississippi, but it will not take place until a better class of boats are adopted. What is needed are boats of smaller dimensions that can make good time. The heavy steamboats have done more to kill the steamboat traffic than all other influences combined. They can carry heavy cargoes, but they are too slow, and in seasons of low water they cannot run at all. If a system of lighter boats that would run on any ordinary stage of water, and built with reference to speed, was adopted, it would result in an increased river traffic, both in freight and passenger departments. Thirty years ago the heavy passenger boats were withdrawn from the upper Ohio river, between Pittsburg and Cincinnati. Later, lighter boats were adopted, and now there is more passenger business between those points than there was while the large boats were being operated. The passenger traffic is mostly way business, but on an ordinary trip now from Cincinnati to Pittsburg a boat usually handles from 400 to 500 passengers. There is also a vast difference in the expense of operating large and small steamboats.—Mississippi River Captain.

Gladstone's Church.

Hawarden church is as much an object of curiosity as any other feature of the place, from the fact that Gladstone has so often read the service there. It, too, overlooks the river Dee. It is of rather ancient construction, and like the castle has been greatly altered and added to. Pictures of Mr. Gladstone reading the service in this church have been often drawn. His manner while so doing is characteristic. Holding himself erect he gives forth his lines in a clear and penetrating voice, every word being easily heard and grasped. With his right hand he follows the lines down the Bible as he reads them, while with his left he clutches the high candlestick beside him for support.

She Shot a Crane at Forty-seven Yards.

Miss Mattie Ghan, who lives near Lynesville, in this county, killed a crane one day last week that measured six feet four and a half inches from tip to tip of its wings, and was five feet seven inches high. It had a fish in its mouth when shot, and Miss G. showed her skill in handling a gun when it is known that the crane was forty-seven yards from her when she shot.—Crawfordville Democrat.

Nevada's Deep Mines.

In Nevada electricity runs the very deep mines, and has increased production 25 per cent. The men who work 2,100 feet deep live about two years, notwithstanding the fact that they work only two hours per day. They get more pay than eight hour men. They work fifteen minutes and rest forty-five.—Exchange.

1887.

REPORT OF THE CONDITION

—OF THE—

First National Bank

COLUMBUS,

In the State of Nebraska, at the close of business, July 12th, 1889:

RESOURCES.

Loans and Discounts	$ 104,567 32
Overdrafts secured and unsecured	3,198 20
U. S. Bonds to secure circulation	15,000 00
Other stocks, bonds and mortgages	4,200 27
Due from approved reserve agents	15,074 22
Due from State Banks and bankers	4,401 50
Real Estate, Furniture and Fixtures	11,822 38
Current expenses and taxes paid	66 20
Premiums paid	1,500 00
Checks and other cash items	91 37
Bills of other Banks	730 00
Nickels and cents	69 04
Specie	4,372 75
Legal tender notes	4,315 00
Redemption fund with U. S. Treasurer (5 per cent. of circulation)	675 00
Total	$ 170,591 44

LIABILITIES.

Capital stock paid in	$ 60,000 00
Surplus fund	20,000 00
Undivided profits	5,893 42
National Bank notes outstanding	13,500 00
Individual deposits subject to check	64,172 04
Demand certificates of deposit	75,026 00
Notes and bills re-discounted	10,000 20
Total	$ 170,591 44

DIRECTORS.

A. ANDERSON, Pres't.
J. H. GALLEY, Vice Pres't.
O. T. ROEN, Cashier.
G. ANDERSON. P. ANDERSON.
JACOB GREISEN, HENRY HAGATZ,
JOHN J. SULLIVAN.

Apr28-'89tf

Business Cards.

J. N. McLEAN,

DEUTCHER ADVOKAT,

Office over Columbus State Bank, Columbus, Nebraska. 29

SULLIVAN & REEDER,

ATTORNEYS AT LAW,

Office over First National Bank, Columbus, Nebraska. 30-tf

JOHN EUSDEN,

COUNTY SURVEYOR.

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