The Columbus Journal.

VOL. XX.—NO. 20. COLUMBUS, NEB., WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 4, 1889. WHOLE NO. 1,008.

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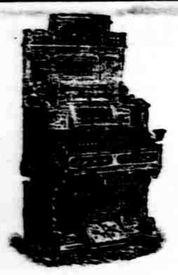

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6-42 COLUMBUS, NEBRASKA.

HER WORK IS NEVER DONE

SIMPLY BECAUSE THERE ISN'T ENOUGH SYSTEM ABOUT IT.

If Housekeeping Is Properly Systematized It Can Be Finished Just as Men's Labors Are—Plans Suggested by a Lady Who Has Studied the Subject.

Women are constantly complaining that their work never ends—that while a man works only during certain hours of the day they never get through. The principal reason, perhaps, is that they do not put enough thinking into their work.

"Why couldn't you tell me everything at once?" was the petulant protest of a child who had been sent up stairs to her mother's room first for a pair of scissors, then for a tape measure, then for a spool of cotton, and finally for a garment that was to be mended and had been forgotten.

The child received a sharp reproof for her impertinence, the mother placidly remaining quite oblivious of the fact that she also needed a reproof for her own heedlessness. The child recognized the injustice and didn't forget it. A little thought would have saved steps and temper; and it is this same thought that needs to go into the everyday work.

One trouble with women—many of them—is, they fail to recognize housekeeping as a business, to be carried on, as any business is, with dignity and with method. They regard it as a drudgery, and they fret and worry over it until both mind and body are disturbed, and the peace of the household is worried with contention. The mental atmosphere of the house mother is felt by every one, and she cannot be out of sorts without putting everybody else out. It may be impossible to keep from fretting, and a difficult task to be always serene; but one can more nearly approximate the latter condition and keep free from the former by having things so arranged about the house that everything will go like the traditional "clockwork."

Mrs. Cornelius, who has been the friend and counselor to so many young housekeepers, has arranged the work of the week in a few words of kindly advice. Nothing better has ever been written, and it is good enough to quote as a text. She has arranged this for the benefit of families whose pecuniary means allow an entirely comfortable, but not a costly, mode of living. You will see that it differs somewhat from the customary "Monday work," etc. She says: On Monday have the house swept and dusted, the clothes for the wash collected and such articles mended as should be before being washed. On Tuesday wash. In families where the washings are large it is better to delay the ironing till the next day but one. This gives time for doing some things necessarily omitted on washing day, for instance, baking if the size of the family makes it necessary (bake twice a week) and for folding the clothes, as one is better able to do the whole ironing in a day than if she was to perform this labor on the day immediately after the washing day.

Therefore on Wednesday bake and fold the clothes, on Thursday iron, on Friday have all parts of the house that are in constant use swept and dusted again, the brasses rubbed, the windows cleaned, and if there are closets to be cleaned let them be done on that day also. On Saturday bake and provide such a supply for the table as shall supersede the necessity of cooking on Sunday, which should be "the day of rest" for the house mother as well as for all the rest of the household.

Still another way is to wash on Monday, bake and do other things necessarily omitted on Tuesday, iron on Wednesday, mend and take your ease on Thursday, sweep and clean on Friday, bake on Saturday and lay out the clean linen for rooms, beds and individuals. This is the plan that is the most often followed. But there are improvements even upon this well tried method, if housekeepers are not so wedded to their ways as to be unwilling to try the experiment.

Women who do their own work, relying possibly upon young daughters for the little help they can give them outside of school hours, often find the laundry work, particularly the washing, the stumbling block. It is not always easy to get a woman to come for washing; it is an expensive matter to send to the laundry, and the only alternative is "do it yourself." The task is much simplified if the husband will send shirts and collars to the laundry, and there are comparatively few who cannot afford to do this. That part taken out, half the dread of the work is done. Summer or winter the shirts and collars are a bugbear, particularly as they are made. So begin by supposing that that part of the family linen goes to the laundry.

That leaves a washing larger than most women want to do at once; so on Friday, when the rooms are swept and dusted, change the bed linen. Friday evening put it to soak, and it is a very easy matter on Saturday morning to boil it and hang it out. The bed linen is not hard, but large and heavy, and it is a good deal gotten out of the way, and the Monday wash does not seem nearly so hard. The baking can then be done, and you will be all ready for Sunday. On Monday the remainder of the washing can be done. On Tuesday the clothes may be folded and necessary baking done. On Wednesday the ironing; Thursday may be a rather restful day. That is, the basket of clothes looked over and mended, and no extra work done. That brings you around again to Friday, with its cleaning.

Now, here are the ways all ready laid out for you, and you may take which you like. Only, whichever way you decide, keep to that way, and don't be perpetually trying experiments. In that way you lose all ideas of system.

There are times when sickness or some untoward circumstance will put everything awry, and make it impossible that you shall carry out your idea and plan; but that is only a temporary upset that will come to every one in every branch of business. The only thing is not to worry over, and to "catch up" as quickly as you can.—New York News.

HOW FISHES CLIMB HILLS.

A Curious and Interesting Story of Some of Their Habits.

In that fascinating book on natural history, "A Frozen Dragon," is an explanation of the phenomenon that trout are often found in mountain streams, far up toward their source, in deep pools and eddies:

In one pool, out of which led a direct fall of three feet, there were numbers of the richly tinted little creatures, that to have attained their position must either have swum up the fall or gone around by land. After catching a number I began to frighten the others to see what they would do.

Some dashed at the little fall and disappeared, while others darted over and swam down stream. Still farther up I found the speckled game, until finally the passage became so difficult that I was obliged to turn back. In the village I chanced to mention the subject to a friend who owned the mill on the same stream, and he told me that the fishes' ascent was a puzzle to him, until one day his boy called him out to the dam, where the riddle was solved. The dam was nearly four feet high, and to relieve the stream several auger holes had been bored in it, allowing a small stream of water to jet forcibly out and to go splashing down into the clear pool below. As my friend approached the spot and looked through the bushes several large sized trout were seen moving under the mimic fall, evidently in great excitement, and darting into it as if enjoying the splash and roar of the water.

Suddenly one of the fish made a quick rush that sent it up the falling stream, so that it almost gained the top; but by an unlucky turn it was caught and thrown back into the pool, where it darted away, evidently much startled.

Soon another made the attempt, darting at it like the first, and then rapidly swimming up the fall, but only to meet the fate of its predecessor. This was tried a number of times, until finally a trout larger than the others made a dash, mounted the stream, and entered the round hole.

The observers were almost ready to clap their hands, but it was not successful yet. As the water stopped flowing for a moment, they saw that, though the athletic trout had surmounted the fall, the hole was too small for it to pass through, and there the poor fish was lodged. The lookers on hastened to relieve it, and found that its side or pectoral fins were caught in the wood, but, by pushing the fish ahead, which you may be sure they did, they liberated it, and it darted away into the upper pond.

Here, then, was the explanation. The trout climbed the mountain by swimming up the falls, darting up the foaming masses, and adopting every expedient to accomplish their journey. For these fish deposit their eggs high up stream, so that the young fry, when hatched, may not be disturbed by predatory fish and other foes living in the lower waters.

Instances of Will Power.

Three stories were told over after dinner cigars the other day, showing the power of man's will. One was of a young officer in the English army, who was peculiarly stubborn and irascible. He had been confined to his bed after a severe attack of the heart, and was unable to move. His physician asked one of his fellow officers to warn him that he would never get out of bed again, that he might arrange his affairs before death. When the sick man was told what the doctor had said, he arose in bed excitedly and said: "I will never get up again, eh? I will walk to the doctor myself and show him." He jumped to the floor, walked across the room and fell dead.

The other was about a sheriff out west, who, when arresting a man, was stabbed through the heart. He seised the man by the shoulders, after the blade had struck him, pressed him to the ground, drew his revolver, and deliberately thrusting it down the struggling prisoner's throat, pulled the trigger at the instant he himself died.

The third story was regarding another officer who was hunting down a thief. The man thought he had given his pursuer the slip, but just as he entered one door of a railroad car the officer appeared in the other. The thief instantly fired, the bullet penetrating his pursuer's brain. The officer, however, returned the shot, bringing his man to the ground. He then dragged himself along the aisle of the car, firing as he crawled, until his revolver was empty. He was dead when he was picked up a second after he ceased to shoot.—Boston Gazette.

Concerning Watermelons.

Good, sound watermelons, not cracked, kept in a shady place, will keep three or four weeks. Many attempts have been made to keep them all winter, but the fruit preservers have not as yet made a success of it. Some proposed to do it by varnishing the outside, so as to exclude the air. George Blank, however, who is a big dealer in watermelons at Pier 27, North river, says that the best way to keep a melon all winter is to bury it in the ground where it will not freeze. No attempt has been made to keep watermelons all the year round as a commercial speculation, except that a few have occasionally been put in cold storage, and once in a while a gardener raises a few in a hothouse for the benefit of those who do not like anything that is got in the normal way.

Among melon dealers the belief is widespread that the fruit is good for kidney troubles. The effect upon the kidneys is almost as quickly perceptible as that of asparagus, while to the fevered tongue the taste is as delicious as that of an orange. It is of the utmost importance that melons should be kept free from cracks. Very soon after a melon is cracked it begins to get sour.—New York Sun.

Facts About Life.

The statistics recently published by a leading life insurance company contain many interesting points.

Americans live longer than our foreign born citizens.

Among foreigners next to the Americans stand the Irish, English and Germans, in the order named.

Few Germans or Englishmen die of apoplexy.

Germans furnish the highest percentage of suicide.

Native Americans are comparatively free from diseases of the liver.

Typhoid fever has the most victims in the northwest and the fewest in the south, but in the latter section there is a large mortality from other zymotic diseases and more liver disease, but less kidney disease.—Atlanta Constitution.

Wanted—A Book on Peerage.

Apropos of much that has appeared about the Duff family, a book which remains to be written is a genuine and true history of the peerage of the United Kingdom. The large volumes of romance and fiction styled "Peerages," at present circulating in the kingdom, are completely ridiculous and thoroughly misleading. With regard to modern creations, their audacious annihilation of facts is sublime.—London Truth.

THE ALUMINUM AGE.

THE CHILD IS BORN THAT WILL SEE IT FULLY REALIZED.

The Most Widely Distributed, Most Useful and Now Most Difficult Metal to Handle—But in Time Inventors Will Do Even Better Than the Seymour Method.

To aluminum enthusiasts the death of Fred J. Seymour will be most keenly felt. For the man who believed, and believes, that it is the metal of the future, and that it is being developed through slow stages, there is some consolation left.

Others are at work at this moment—perhaps hundreds of them—as many, no doubt, as are at work on any other one thing, striving by night and by day to usher in the aluminum millennium at the earliest possible date, with every chance of success in their favor.

The metal is known to exist in every clay bank and in every rock, great and small; it is more plentiful than all other metals combined; the modus operandi whereby it is separated is well known to chemists and mineralogists already; the objective point of all this research is cheapness. The Seymour process did the work more cheaply than any other yet devised: hence the lamentations over his death.

CONFLICTING STORIES.

Even with the Seymour process the cost of producing aluminum has been so great as to exclude it from general use.

It has been announced at least a half dozen times that a new and cheaper mode of chemically extracting the precious metal from its earthly base had "just been discovered." Still it was worth $4,000 a ton, according to Maj. Powell, of the geological survey.

The newspapers reported the shipment of 150 pounds of chemically pure aluminum, manufactured under a new process, from Newport, Ky., to London, England, in August, 1888.

The same account, besides telling us it was the first of the metal ever extracted from clays for the purpose of shipment in the United States, tells us how it sold for fifty cents per pound. Both allegations must be untrue, as the Engineering Journal of March this year gives a tabular exhibit of the value of rare metals in which it classes aluminum as being worth $8.50 per pound. The Journal is good authority, too.

About the time of this reported shipment of aluminum from Kentucky another and more startling story was cabled from Germany. According to the German Don Quixote aluminum was being rapidly turned out in 100 pound bars at the Krupp gun works at a cost of less than twenty cents per pound. Teutonic "goaheadness" did not cast a bar and a half and then make a shipment like they did in the land of blue grass, but they turned them out in great bars as rapidly as a wood chopper would sticks of wood and piled them up for future use, perhaps with a view to cornering the aluminum age!

This metal of the future, of which so much has been said, was discovered by Professor Wohler in 1828. While seeking to settle in his own mind the question as to what were the component parts of common clays, and while fusing a mass of the yellow mud at a white heat under the blow pipe, he accidently obtained a single minute globule or bead of what was to him and the rest of the scientific world at that time a new metal. Subsequently by various chemical tests he proved the drop to be the precious aluminum. He surely did not consider his discovery of grave importance, otherwise he would have given it more attention than he did; as it was, it appears that he did not experiment with the aluminum idea in view again for something like eighteen years. In 1846 he rediscovered it in a mixture of cloride of aluminum and common salt. This time the metal was obtained in quantities sufficient for more extensive examination. It was found to be a white metal between the color of zinc and silver, but with a more bluish tinge than that found in the last named metal.

Its specific gravity is from 2.5 to 2.67, according to purity, that of the average grade being about 2½ times heavier than water. It is four times as light as silver—in other words, a coin the size of a silver dollar made of aluminum would weigh about the same as a twenty cent piece in silver. It has great rigidity and tenacity; is nearly as hard as iron, but can be wrought into wire as fine as spider webs after being thoroughly annealed.

WONDERFUL QUALITIES.

By being subjected to the goldbeater's art, a piece of aluminum the size of a dime may be beaten into a sheet several feet square, so great is its tenacity. Only two metals known can be rolled into a sheet as thin as it can, and they are gold and silver. When it does at last come into general use, and the advent of that era will not be retarded much by the man whose death furnishes the text for this article, it will be used for everything and put to every purpose to which iron, steel and wood are now put. Its adaptability to ship building is very apparent.

Great steamships, the size of the largest Cunards, with the same tonnage and the same number of exposed linear feet, if constructed of aluminum from keel to the top of the masts, instead of drawing eighteen to twenty-six feet, would not draw more than four or five. In the days of the future aluminites deep water conventions will be useless assemblages.

It holds a polish the best of any metal known, there being but few elements that will cause it to tarnish or turn black. Rust, too, is a quality unknown to this wonderful white metal. Boiling water will not affect its luster, which is retained for an indefinite period in any atmosphere. Strong nitric acid ravenously attacks silver, but has no effect whatever upon aluminum. Gold or platinum will be ruined if plunged into a bath of sulphuret of potassium or melted niter; aluminum comes out bright and shiny as if from a bath of pure cold water.—John W. Wright in St. Louis Republic.

Wedding Rings.

If marriage is not a failure there isn't a question as to the indifferent regard in which the wedding ring is held. Even the jeweler has a semi-contemptuous way of presenting the tray of plain gold bands and the tantalizing preference for dismal tunes which he hums or whistles softly, but none the less significantly, as he makes a note of the initials to be inscribed. Very young brides wear the yellow band, but in swell circles young married ladies have the bravado to lay aside the emblem of undying love as soon as the honeymoon is over.

Among older wives the ring is discarded altogether, and if you inquire about it the matron will calmly tell you it's such an unfashionable piece of jewelry to be obliged to wear and as a result the young lady daughters in the family are married with a seal ring, not one of which can be procured for the paltry $7, the price of the yellow band. Emeralds, rubies and turquois, set in small but brilliant diamonds, are popular as wedding jewels, and not a few bridegrooms have wedded their ideal with a marquise of diamonds.

A bride of a month ago was married with a serpentine ring, composed of two snakes exquisitely carved, each with a precious jewel in its head. To show the low degree of enthusiasm for the time honored symbol of conjugal love at the last coaching club dinner party given in the Brunswick, but three ladies out of forty, all attended by their husbands, wore the plain gold band. There were clusters of diamonds, circlets of pearls and solitaire stones by the quart, but the single trio displayed the simple yellow hoop.

Grass widows find the band particularly obnoxious, and those gay and festive wives who have a few more links of freedom than is wholesome never give it position outside of the jewel casket. At the resorts and in social gatherings one hears frequent outbursts from the young and innocent society men who protest against what they consider misplacement of the only badge that distinguishes a married woman from a spinster.—New York World.

Very Old Bread.

A German who visited Pompeii writes as follows concerning the bread discovered there: "In one room are shown in well closed glass cases, side by side with some precious objects, the oldest bread, which was found in an oven—of which more by and by—burnt, of course. This bread is round and has four cuts, and may have weighed when fresh about three or four pounds. To this day bread like this is baked in Naples and the neighborhood, a proof of how little advanced the baker's trade is in the south of Italy. Our guide assured me that some of this bread had been sold to foreign museums for enormous sums of money, and that before me would not be sold at all, no matter what was the price offered. Having seen this bread, I was curious to see the oven in which it had been baked and found. After a most interesting tour through the streets of Pompeii, we found ourselves suddenly before the house of the Pompeiian baker.

"The houses are not built like ours of today. They are without windows, with an entrance into the interior, which is a square, open hall, or rather yard, which, in the better class of houses, contains a fountain and water basin. Into this yard the doors from all the rooms open. The streets serve as drains for the houses as well as the streets. Great blocks of stone serve as stepping stones to pass from one side of the street to the other. Within the house was also placed the baking room, and the oven was built of basaltic stones, which were still in good preservation. This oven was very much like those which we see in country bakeries of the present day. In the same room, a little away from the oven, stood also a corn mill, of dark gray stones, similar to our old sugar mills. There was a hole in the upper stone, with a bar to pass through, which slaves or donkeys had to turn around."—Confectioners' Journal.

The Best Dressed Men in London.

Although the London men about town are the best dressed in the world, there is little or no adoration of the male beauty here. It is one of the most difficult things imaginable to find out the Englishmen who are considered to be on the summit of fashion in the matter of clothes, unless one knows them personally. Portraits of society women of all kinds and ranks are to be seen in profusion here, but never a portrait of a society man unless he happens to hold some public office of prominence. English swelldom has a great deal of sameness about it.

To begin with, the swell must have a title or be a military man, and as all titled Englishmen have something to do with the army, the militia, the yeomanry or the volunteers, all swells of the first water are military officers of some kind. Before a young titled Englishman can be qualified to become a credit to his family and the British aristocracy he must have been to Eton, to Oxford and have held a commission in the Guards. It doesn't matter how long he holds the commission. Then, again, the personal appearance of the most admired men of this type is apt to be wanting in variety. They run about six feet in height, have broad shoulders, deep chests and comparatively small waists, for which three latter things the tailor may be partly responsible. They, almost without exception, shave all their face but the upper lip, where they grow as big and curly a mustache as possible.—Blakely Hall in Clothier and Furnisher.

"General."

With all their democratic theories and feelings, Americans are not a whit behind the rest of the world in a fondness for honorary titles.

When Samuel C. Pomeroy, afterward Senator Pomeroy, was on his way from Massachusetts to settle in Kansas, his traveling companion, a man familiar with western customs, said to him:

"Pomeroy, a man on the frontier is nobody without a handle to his name. You must certainly have one of some kind or other."

Mr. Pomeroy declared that he was not entitled to any, but his friend persisted:

"You were once a member of the Massachusetts general court, weren't you?"

"Yes."

"Well, that will answer perfectly."

The new comer was accordingly introduced as "Gen. Pomeroy," and as long as he lived he was known by that title.—Youth's Companion.

"No Barking Allowed."

It was in Paris that the doorkeeper of a large block of apartments, having been bothered by the noise of dogs, put up in the court a placard, in large letters: "No Barking Allowed." This sign did not seem to make much impression upon the dogs, but it soon brought down an angry tenant.

"What do you mean," he shouted to the doorkeeper, "by putting up that sign?"

"Oh, you mustn't be offended, sir," said the doorkeeper. "The sign isn't intended for you; it's for your dog!"—Youth's Companion.

AN OVERSIGHT OF MAKE UP.

A sweet little baby brother
Had come to live with Flo,
An' she wanted it brought to the table,
That it might eat and grow.
"It must wait for awhile," said grandma,
In answer to her plea;
"For a little thing that hasn't teeth
Can't eat like you and me."

"Why hasn't it got teeth, grandma?"
Asked Flo in great surprise,
"Oh, my; but isn't it funny?
No teeth, but nose and eyes.
I guess," after thinking gravely,
"They must have been forgot.
Can't we buy him some like grandpa's?
I'd like to know why not."

That afternoon to the corner,
With paper and pen and ink,
Went Flo saying: "Don't talk to me,
If you do it'll 'sturb me think.
I'm writing a letter, grandma,
To send away to-night,
An' 'cause it's very 'portant
I want to get it right."

At last the letter was finished,
A wonderful thing to see,
And directed to "God in heaven."
"Please read it over to me,"
Said little Flo to her grandma,
"To see if it's right, you know."
And here is the letter written
To God by little Flo:

"DEAR GOD: The baby you brought us
Is awful nice and sweet,
But 'cause you forgot his toofies
The poor little thing can't eat.
That's why I'm writing this letter,
A-purpose to let you know;
Please come and finish the baby.
That's all. From LITTLE FLO."

—Pittsburg Post.

To Do Away With Drunkenness.

"I notice," said Col. John J. to The Man About Town, "that the daily press of the country is beginning to agitate as a means of doing away with the evil of drunkenness a remedy which I advocated several years ago. My idea was to build at public expense asylums where drunkards could be sent and kept in confinement until pronounced permanently cured by a competent physician. It was my opinion that these institutions should be maintained by money secured through a tax levied on the keepers of saloons, and I do not believe that there is one saloon keeper out of a hundred who would not favor such a plan. Such institutions, properly conducted, with a law requiring the confinement therein of every man detected in a state of intoxication would, I think, go far toward bringing about an abatement of the evil. It would cause a large percentage of the men who now make a practice of getting drunk to hesitate before making the venture. I had even gone so far as to draft a bill embodying the provisions outlined above, with the intention of having it introduced in the legislature, but at the earnest solicitation of a few friends, who deemed it an unwise measure, I allowed the matter to drop, although I felt then and still feel that it would be a good thing for the state to have some such law in operation."—St. Louis Republic.

A Chimpanzee's Joke.

In a recent lecture M. Romanes is reported as having strongly denied the existence of even a trace of any feeling of the ludicrous in the renowned chimpanzee "Sally." It may be worth while to record a small fact observed by me lately, tending, I think, to favor an opposite view.

Being alone with a friend in Sally's house, we tried to get her to obey the commands usually given by the keeper. The animal came to the bars of the cage to look at us, and, adopting the keeper's usual formula, I said: "Give me two straws, Sally." At first she appeared to take no notice, although she had been eying us rather eagerly before. I repeated the request with no further result; but on a second or third repetition she suddenly took up a large bundle of straw from the floor and thrust it through the bars at us, and then sat down with her back to us. Our request was perhaps unreasonable, seeing that we had no choice morsels of banana with which to reward her. She did not, however, seem ill tempered at our presumption, and the next instant was as lively as ever. It seems to me that her action on this occasion certainly came very near to an expression of humor. Rather sarcastic humor perhaps it was, but she certainly appeared to take pleasure in the spectacle of something incongruous, and this surely lies at the base of all sense of the ludicrous.—Nature.

Mental Powers of Criminals.

The bearing of education on the character and reformation of criminals is discussed by Dr. Hamilton D. Way in a paper on the physical and industrial training of that class, which is published by the Industrial Education association. The author assumes that "it is a mistake to suppose that the criminal is naturally bright. Moral failure and blunted intellect, as a rule, go hand in hand. If bright, it is usually in a narrow line and self repeating." The criminal's malpractice has its origin in blunted or non-developed nervous areas, and is indicative of wrong headedness. Whatever may be said of the motives or incentives that led to crime, the fact remains that the head of the criminal is wrong. The time has gone by in which to argue that to educate the criminal is to make him a more accomplished and successful scamp. "It is through physical and mental training and their composite labor that the slumbering germs of manhood are fructified, maturing under a firm and unrelaxing discipline."

The criminal's mind, "while not diseased, is undeveloped, or it may be abnormally developed in certain directions; the smartness resulting therefrom partaking of low cunning and centering about self. He is deficient in stability and will power, and incapable of prolonged mental effort and application. His intellect travels in a rut, and fails him in an emergency. His moral nature shares in the imperfections of his physical and mental state." A training is advocated by the author that will awaken the slumbering faculties, and thus set the mind in a normal condition. This training had best not be given by persons connected with the prison, for it might thereby be unpleasantly associated with penal features, but by teachers brought in for the purpose. Dr. Way gives an interesting relation of experiments which he has made with prisoners in accordance with these views, the average results of which are very encouraging.—Popular Science Monthly.

Black Is White.

The word black (Anglo-Saxon blac, blak, bleak) is fundamentally the same as the old German blach now only to be found in two or three compounds, as blachfeld, a level or plain; blachmahl, the scum which floats on top when silver is melted, and blachfrost; and it meant originally "level." "bare" and was used to denote blackness, because blackness is (apparently) bare of color. But the nasalized form of black is blank, which also meant originally bare, and was used to denote whiteness, because whiteness is (apparently) bare of color. The same word was used to denote the two opposite things. From which it would seem that black is white.

To any one who shall point out a flaw in this etymological argument I shall endeavor to be grateful, provided he does not disturb the very satisfactory conclusion. This I should naturally resent. It may help him to a conclusion and serve as a further support to my contention to point out that black in Anglo-Saxon actually means "white" as well as "black," so that it is not in its nasalized form only that the same word is employed to express opposite things. Why is this, unless that to the primitive mind both white and black appeared to agree in being bare or void of color, and for that reason to deserve the same name? And here I cannot help harboring a suspicion, suggested by the old German blachfrost (which appears to be nearly obsolete, or only used in some localities), that our "black frost" meant originally a frost bare of accomplishments, as hoar, rime, and it is a coincidence only that it should be black in color and blacken the vegetation. But we have long lost hold of the original meaning, and believe it to refer to the color.—Notes and Queries.

Just a Fit.

If a boy sees a coat that fits him he sometimes puts it on before he knows it; or we may say the same thing in other words: "A guilty conscience needs no accuser."

Two school boys had quarreled and finally had engaged in a real stand up fight. The teacher got wind of the affair and called the combatants before him.

"He struck me," said one of the boys.

"He said I stole his knife," said the other.

"I said somebody stole it," said the first boy.

"Well, you meant me," replied the other.

"Why, Charlie," said the teacher, "if Willie had told me that somebody had stolen his knife, it would not have made me angry. I should not have thought that he meant me."

"Well, but you don't steal," was the ready answer.—Kind Words.

Not Angels Yet.

The reformers are not angels yet—not quite—and it is possible that they may make mistakes and are responsible for a good deal of injustice and unnecessary suffering. The trouble is that we go upon the theory that we are always right and that the other fellows are always wrong; that orthodoxy is our doxy, while heterodoxy is the other fellow's doxy.

As was hinted a little way back, perhaps we had better go slow in our alleged reforms, and be very considerate and charitable and tolerant while we are about it.

The will of the majority embodied in a statute will not change human nature, and policeman's club never convinces its victim that what he believes is right is morally wrong.—Atlanta Constitution.

A Law Abider.

"I don't want to break the law," he said, as he stood in the presence of Capt. Starkweather at police headquarters the other day.

"You are very kind," replied the captain. "What is your case?"

"My wife has skipped."

"Indeed."

"Yes, skipped out two days ago. As I said, I don't want to break the law. What is the customary rule in such cases?"

"Let her skip."

"I am not expected to pursue her and shoot somebody?"

"No."

"Thanks. She has skipped. Let her skip. If she returns I overlook and forgive. If she does not I marry the hired girl. Perfectly satisfactory, sir, all around, and I thank you for your kindness."—Detroit Free Press.

A Valuable Timepiece.

Chief of Police Packard, of Hartford, Conn., carries a watch that is indeed a novelty, as well as a valuable timepiece. Without opening the watch, the time of day or night to the minute can be ascertained. By pushing down a spring on the outer edge of the case, the hour is given by the striking of a miniature gong, as are also the quarter hours and minutes. If, in the night, the owner wishes to know the time, it is learned in a very few seconds, and is found out in this way: If it is six minutes to 3 o'clock, one of three little gongs will strike two; two gongs then strike alternately three strokes, each giving the three quarter hours, and another gong strikes nine—two hours, three quarters and nine minutes, making the exact time six minutes to 3. The chief said that eleven years ago the watch would cost $1,200, but at the present time the watches are sold for $450.—Boston Herald.

A Helping Hand.

Frederick Greenwood, in an article in The Nineteenth Century, makes a point in favor of helping the man who is in temporary trouble rather than the chronic poor. The point is a good one. Every well to do man can, by keeping his eyes and heart both open, keep from dropping into the slums some family that has met with temporary disaster. Those who are trying to help themselves are the ones least likely to get a helping hand. One church in a northern city keeps a private register of the financial condition of all members, and has it as the duty of the deacons to see that no one's misfortunes lower them in social position or break them up. Any one discovered to be in need is promptly, but secretly, relieved.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

A Classic.

Most parodies are cheap. They have not even the merit of satirical purpose. Once in a while, however, we find one that is so nonsensical on its surface and so exquisite in its deeper meaning that it belongs among the American classics. By the way, we should like to know who wrote the following verses. Can anybody tell us?

He killed the noble Mudjokivis,
With the skin he made him mittens,
Made them with the fur side inside;
Made them with the skin side outside;
He, to get the warm side inside,
Put the inside skin side outside;
He, to get the cold side outside,
Put the warm side fur side inside:
That's why he put the fur side inside,
Why he put the skin side outside,
Why he turned them inside outside.

—Washington Post.

1889.
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	$ 194,567 38
Overdrafts secured and unsecured	3,108 38
U. S. Bonds to secure circulation	15,000 00
Other stocks, bonds and mortgages	4,355 27
Due from approved reserve agents	15,974 22
Due from State Banks and bankers	6,498 56
Real Estate, Furniture and Fixtures	11,422 39
Current expenses and taxes paid	92 39
Premiums paid	1,250 00
Checks and other cash items	91 37
Bills of other Banks	710 00
Nickels and cents	69 86
Specie	4,522 75
Legal tender notes	4,345 00
Redemption fund with U. S. Treasurer (5 per cent. of circulation)	675 00
Total	$ 268,692 44

LIABILITIES.

Capital stock paid in	$ 60,000 00
Surplus fund	20,000 00
Undivided profits	5,692 44
National Bank notes outstanding	15,000 00
Individual deposits subject to check	66,172 00
Demand certificates of deposit	75,028 00
Notes and bills re-discounted	10,800 00
Total	$ 268,692 44

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O. T. ROEN, Cashier.
G. ANDERSON. P. ANDERSON.
JACOB GREISEN, HENRY RAGATZ,
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Apr29-1889

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