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Nebraska State Journal.

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VOL. 17.

OMAHA, NEBRASKA, TUESDAY, JUNE 10, 1890.

NO. 15.

HOLD FAST.

Hold fast to hope: though suns have set
And rayless night the earth o'erspread.
In order, strength and beauty yet
Heaven's countless shining hosts are led.

Hold fast: what boots the temper's strife?
Though waves may roar and winds may
wall.

Thy buoyant bark—a thing of life—
Shall face unharmed the fiercest gale.

Hold fast: though cruel wrong bear away,
The right shall triumph; strife shall
cease.

And, soon or late, shall come a day
Of clearer vision, deeper peace.

Hold fast: no tide of war or wave
Can move the anchor of thy trust;
Heaven-held strong shall it be to save
When earthly thrones have turned to
dust.

Hold fast: the sun no more may rise
And moons may wax and wane no more.
Still where thou art shall cloudless skies
Bend bright above a peaceful shore.

—Luella Clark, in Union Signal.

This Story we reprint from the *Youth's Companion* of May 29th. It is the prize story for girls in the competition of 1889. The writer received one thousand dollars for the story.

"WAY OUT 'N THE PRAIRIE KENTRY."

Sylvester Wright lay on a tumbled bed and gazed vacantly out of the window. His farm was situated near the source of one of the many small streams that flow into the Alleghany River. Its soil was not fertile. Because of continued shiftless tillage it was now overrun with briars and weeds.

The house, primitive construction, was sadly out of repair. One corner had settled. Its windows were set askew, and the whole structure, owing to the persistent westerly winds, leaned gently toward the east.

No paint marred the soft gray of its weather-boards, and the interior, seen through the open door, disclosed neither comfort nor beauty.

Unlettered and unthinking, with little conception of the great questions involved, Sylvester had marched with thousands of his countrymen into the great Civil War. He went because his neighbors went, swept away by the eloquence of recruiting officers and the excitement of war meetings; and he had fought as other men had fought, with the courage born of discipline and of pride.

The war was over. Back to his home and his family and farm he had gone, shattered in health, unlettered as before, but with his mind quickened by contact with the great tragedy. To support the family the farm had been mortgaged during his absence. His two children were grown almost out of his knowledge, and his wife, always frail, was now an invalid.

Patiently he worked at the stubborn land, but the marrow of his physical manhood had been left in the swamps of Virginia, and the spirit of the camp was upon him. Constant labor had become irksome. He yearned for the alternating listless inactivity and wild excitement of the soldier's life.

Matters on the farm grew gradually worse. Each year found his wife more frail, until finally she faded away. Little by little his debts grew in volume, and his body less able to stand the strain of daily toil.

The children, however, in a dull, thriftless way assumed more and more the care of the farm, until one day the father took to his bed a helpless invalid. The failure of his strength had

been so gradual, that this caused no mental shock to either parent or children.

And now day in and out his voice could be heard, sometimes querulous, but oftener cheerfully reciting to his children the story of his army life, its victories and defeats, its lights and shadows. One day his daughter, a tall young girl, angular in form and uncouth in dress, came into the living room, and he called, "Lindy! Lindy! I want ter speak ter yer."

The girl came, and standing by the bed replied, "What 'cher want, par?" "Wal, Lindy," he returned, "I want ter tell yer that I'm afeared I've got ter go purty soon, an' I want ter give yer some advise."

"Par, yer aint goin' ter die 'n a long time," the daughter replied, pushing the straggling gray hair back from the emaciated face. "Don' yer say thet."

"Yas, Lindy," he returned, "thar aint no harm in talkin' uv it, an' thar be suthin' I want ter say. Yer know yer brother Silas air a-needin' uv some one fur tew lean on, an' arter I'm gone I want yer ter kinder stay hy 'im, an' you an' him ter hang tergether like."

"Yer know, Lindy, as I've told yer, I be a soldier; an' I've hearn tell uv how ther goverment be a-givin' tew every soldier a farm away out 'n the prairie kentry."

"Now arter I'm gone, Lindy, I don' want you 'n' Silas ter try ter keep this yer farm, 'ca'se yer can't; but jes' ter pack an' go out 'n ther prairie kentry, an' git one uv them farms ther goverment's givin' tew ther soldiers."

"I'm supposin' ther soldier oughter go himsel', but yer to tell 'em how hard I tried ter git thar; an' how 'twar on'y weakness uv body 't kep' me back; an' tell 'em yer ther children uv a soldier—jes' as true a soldier as ever fit, an' I'm thinkin' they'll let yer hev ther land."

"How fur's it, par, out 'n the prairie kentry? How'll we git thar?" the daughter asked.

"I'd know," he replied. "But it air a good stretch ter go thar—mebby five 'undred mile. But yer kin go thar along uv ther hosses an' waggin. Yer see, darter, folks kin dew a mighty sight when they hev tew."

"An', darter, if they say as how yer can't hev the lan' 'ca'se yer father, who war a soldier, didn' git it, jes' tell 'em as how he war a true soldier an' fit fur four year. An' tell 'em as how he never war well arterwards, an' couldn' come out 'n git the land fur yer."

"Ther land out thar air level-like, an' easily ter work. I used ter hear them Western fellers a-tellin' 'erbout it in ther war. An', darter, it mus' be a good place ter go tew, an' don' yer an' Silas miss it when yer old father's dead an' yer kin do nuthin' more fur 'im!"

"Now, darter," the old man insisted, plaintively; "gimme yer hope-ter-die promise ye'll take Silas an' go, now dew!"

"Yas, par—we'll-go," she replied, slowly. The father seemed content, and soon felt into a troubled sleep.

Presently heavy footsteps were heard outside, and a tall youth entered noisily.

Melinda raised her hand in an attitude of warning, and, nodding toward the room where the father slept, said in a subdued voice, "Par's purty bad ter day. He's been a-talkin' 'sif war a-goin' ter die, an' I'm afeared he air."

While speaking to her brother, tears came into her eyes and fell unheeded.

"Yer don' say!" the other replied in alarm. "What's he been a-sayin'?"

"He's been a-sayin' the girl returned, "as how he war a-goin' ter die, an' a-tellin' uv me 't we mus' go out 'n ther prairie kentry."

The lad went softly and looked at the sleeper, and then turning looked quietly at the girl.

Like his sister, he was tall and angular. There was slight evidence of youthful roundness in his figure. He was older than Melinda, and his clothing, like hers, was of coarse material and uncouth style. His shoulders had already assumed the stoop to which hard labor in the field bends many shoulders. In his attitude and countenance was depicted the nervous and uncertain temperament of one never sure of himself, and this seemed not so much born of the occasion as a result of his birth and training.

Thus the brother and sister stood looking at each other—not sympathetically—but hopelessly, vacantly, as stricken, unprotected dumb creatures might. The lad began to weep, and after a moment Melinda turned listlessly and left the room.

The invalid moved uneasily upon his pillow, and then in a querulous voice called, "Lindy."

The lad started nervously, and, going to the door, replied, "Lindy's gone som'ers. What's wan', par?"

"Be thet yew, Silas?" the father returned, "Come in w'ile I tell yer su'thin'."

The boy stopped to the bed, and the man in a weak voice continued. "Silas, I aint long fur this worl', an' I've bin a-talkin' 'erbout yew an' Lindy, an' w'at 'twar bes' fur yer dew arter I'm gone."

"O par, don' yer talk like thet?" the lad said, huskily; "me an' Lindy can't git erlong 'thout yer."

"But God says yer mus'," the father replied, "an' He'll perwide a way. But as I war a-sayin', yer know as how Lindy aint jes' as able as some ter took arter herself, an' see 't air a-needin' some'un fur tew lean on. So I want yer tew stick by 'er, an' see 't, she don' hev no more trouble 'n folks natch'ly hev."

"I've been a-tellin' 'er how't yer c'u'd go out 'n ther prairie kentry an' git one uv them farms th' goverment's givin' tew them as air soldier; an' I've told 'er if them as hev the dewidin' uv ther lan' sh'uld objec' ter yer bevin' yourn, 'ca'se I did' come an' git it fur yer, how't yew an' her war ter tell 'em I war a true soldier an' never show'd no white feather, an' thet I war sick and c'uld'n't come. I've my honor'ble discharge—it air under ther pillar, yer kiu show 'em thet."

The invalid fumbled among his pillows and found a folded paper.

"Thar it be, Olias," he continued, triumphantly, "an' an' it says I war a hones' soldier fur Square Limbll down tew Olean, he read it ter me onct."

"Don' tell Lindy 't I said orter hev some 'un fur ter look arter 'er, fur it might hurt her feelin's," he continued, as Melinda came slowly into the room.

With an effort the father sat up and asked that pillows be pnt at his back, and then, taking their hands in his, said in the quavering voice of one who has been long ill:

"My children, I'm goin' ter die, an' when I'm gone I want yer ter remember thet I war a soldier. I aint got nuthin' else ter leave yer, an' I war on'y a private, but I war a soldier an' a brave one tew—an' ter hev ben a volenteer soldier, willin', brave an' true, air suthin' ter be proud uv—an' I want yer ter remember thet's w'at yer father war. An' yer mustant hev hard feelin's agin them boys in gray, fur they war thar ther same as we—war thar ter dew an' die, an' they war doin' as ther spirit tol' 'em ac'ordin' ter their light."

"An' 'erbout thet prairie kentry, yew children mus' go thar! I've bin tellin' yer 'erbout it, an' yer mus' n't be a-missin' uv ther chance. Hang tergether, children, 'ca'se it'll be fur ther bea'."

The invalid's voice grew weaker, the pauses between the sentences longer, and when he ceased speaking, he sank exhausted upon the pillow. His children ministered to him according to their knowledge, doing him service as sincere as the human heart can lavish.

He appeared better shortly, and the daughter commenced preparing the evening meal. Silas sat by the bed, waiting and watching.

For a week the father lingered, growing weaker day after day, and then, upon going into his room one morning, his children found the emaciated body, but the soldier spirit had passed across the border and joined its comrades in the silent world beyond.

Melinda and Silas, aided by the sympathetic neighbors and a local exhorter, buried their father in a little plot of ground set apart on the farm for that purpose. Then followed slow, hesitating preparations for their journey into the new country—the fabulous prairie their father had told them of, and to which he had so earnestly urged them to go.

Tears were shed in silence, hopeless despondency clouded their spirits, but they were simple folk, and had been accustomed to do as they were told, and to rely upon the judgment of others. It did not occur to either of them that they should not do what their father had suggested.

Their preparations are slowly made. The fall and winter passed before they were completed. All that could be sold was turned into money, and much effort was expended in completing the tent wagon which was to be their home for they know not how long.

One morning in April the vehicle, with its homemade canopy, was drawn up in front of the cabin, preparatory to the start. The outfit was not handsome. Lack of materials had enforced rigid economy in its construction. The canopy was not clean and white like that of the traditional van, but was made of pieces of cloth of various colors. A liberal coat of pitch, unevenly applied, further heightened its mottled appearance.

The hoops that held the tent were not uniform in size nor bent in a true circle, and this gave the wagon a tilted appearance anything but reassuring. The horses, too, were as angular and uncouth as the wagon and its owners.

(Continued on Eighth Page.)

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William Kline, Harrisburg, Pa., writes: "I have never known anything to sell like your album. Yesterday I took care enough to pay me over \$25." **W. J. ELMORE, Bangor, Me.,** writes: "I take an order for your album at almost every house I visit. My profit is often as much as \$20 for a single day's work." Others are doing quite as well; we have not space to give extracts from their letters. Every one who takes hold of this grand business takes up grand profits. **Shall we start YOU in this business, reader? Write to us and learn all about it for yourself.** We are starting many; we will start you if you don't delay until another gets ahead of you in your part of the country. If you take hold you will be able to pick up gold fast. **Head-Office account of a forced manufacturer's sale 125,000 ten dollar Photograph Albums are to be sold to the people for \$2 each. Bound in Royal Crimson Silk Velvet Plush, charmingly decorated inside. Handsomest albums in the world. Largest size, greatest bargains ever known. Agents wanted. Liberal terms. Big money for agents. Any one can become a successful agent. Sell itself on sight—little or no talking necessary. Wherever shown, every one wants to purchase. Agents take thousands of orders with rapidity never before known. Great profits await every worker. Agents are making fortunes. Ladies make as much as men. You, reader, can do as well as any one. Full information and terms free, to those who write for same, with particulars and terms for our Family Bibles, Books and Periodicals. After you know all, should you conclude to go no further, why no harm is done. Address **E. C. ALLEN & CO., AUGUSTA, MAINE.****

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BRIGHT BREVITIES.

Silence is golden. Of course it is the other fellow's silence that is meant.

When a short man falls in love with a tall girl, he usually buys a stove-pipe hat.

Success, in the majority of instances, depends on knowing how long it takes to succeed.

A poor girl has to be awfully good looking to be pretty, and a rich girl has to be awfully homely to be ugly.

Dignity is a good thing; but if you're in the rear of a big crowd and wish to see the procession, don't stand on it. Get on a barrel.

It is one great cause of trouble in this world that the person who talks is thinking of one thing and the person who listens is thinking of another.

The spendthrift young man is not unlike a buzz-saw; he scatters a good deal of dust while running around and has nothing but his board to show for it.

Because a young lady loves a young gentleman is one reason why she should marry him. There may be a hundred reasons why she should not marry him.

Take all admonitions thankfully, in what time or place so over given; but afterward, not being culpable, take a time or place more convenient to let him know it who gave them.

In nature the valuable and the beautiful usually go hand-in-hand, and if we do not always trace their union it is because our limited experience has not yet fathomed all her secrets.

ARTICLES OF ANTIQUITY.

On exhibition at the Third National Bank in Scranton is a check bearing the signature of George Washington. It was drawn just three months and one day before his death.

A resident of New York lately bought for \$1,125 the jewel casket of carved ivory presented to Columbus, according to the Latin inscription on the lid, by Ferdinand and Isabella in 1503.

Queen Elizabeth's prayer-book is shown in the Tudor exhibition in London. It is bound in enamelled gold, and printed by A. Barker in 1574, and it is one of the chief wonders of the Tudors shown.

The speech with which Oliver Cromwell turned Parliament out of doors in 1653 has come to light through the researches of Dr. Wolfgang Michael, and there is strong evidence that it is authentic.

The most valuable book in the world, according to the Rivista Tipografica, is the Hebraic Bible, at the Vatican. In 1512 the Jews of Venice tried to buy it of Pope Junius II. for its weight in gold. It is so large and heavy that two men can scarcely lift it, and would have brought \$100,000 if the Pope had not refused to negotiate.

The British Museum has one of the pillars presented by King Croesus, of Lydia, to the famous Temple of Ephesus. It has been pieced together by Dr. Murray, of the museum, and bears its own certificate in the words on the base: "Croesus the King dedicated me." Rude figures in relief encircle the drum of the column. The pillar belonged to the old temple destroyed at the birth of Alexander the Great.

An autograph letter of Richard I I I. was sold in England recently for about \$5.25 per inch of surface. It was written at Barnard Castle, in Durham, August 4, 1480, or about three years before the crook-back Duke of Gloucester, then Constable and Admiral of England, came to the throne, and is described as "slightly tinged and torn, but written in a small, clear hand pasted on a clean sheet of white paper, and inclosed in a glazed oak frame."

A very old MS. has just come to light in Egypt. It is the will written upon parchment, of a noble Egyptian of the name of Sekiah, in which the testator states that he leaves all his property to his brother, a priest of Osiris. A second piece of writing was also found, in which Sekiah commends his little daughter to his brother's care, and in which he states that he wishes her, upon attaining her majority, to have full control of her own money matters. Both documents are drawn up in a most concise and lawyer-like manner. The manuscript are about five thousand years old.

A SAD STORY INDEED.

CRIME, MISERY AND POVERTY BROUGHT ON BY THE LOVE FOR LIQUOR.

Looking over the daily papers not long since, this heading appeared among the local items: "A sad story." It was a short, concise story, printed in ten lines of the column devoted to items of a local nature: "Frank Talbot, a young man twenty-six years old, died in the jail last night of consumption. He had been committed for drunkenness the week before. When he was told that he could not live long, he gave his story to the physician. He had been living in the city under an assumed name for a year, because he did not wish to disgrace his friends. His family did not know where he was, although they had always been kind to him, and tried to do all they could to save him. But liquor had made a complete slave of him. He had a good position in his native town, but lost it, because his head was not kept level enough to fill the responsibilities. He would have his spleens. Being naturally of a delicate constitution, the exposures incident to a vagrant, drunkard's life, had told upon him. His friends were notified of his illness, but he had passed away before their arrival."

A sad, sad story indeed! But the boy who heard it read said: "He needn't have been a drunkard; he might have behaved himself."

Yes, yes, he might have been somebody of whom his friends would have been proud, but instead of that he was a source of sorrow and of shame to them. That young man had good parents and good Christian teachings, but liquor was his master. Once he was a temperate, happy boy, but some time he took a first drink, and that was the beginning of all his ruin and shame. You boys may not have as yet been tempted by this form of evil, but the temptation is sure to come to you, as it had to others. Many a boy as bright, as well beloved, as well brought up and cared for as you have been, has become a drunkard. Older tempters have argued with him that a man who can not drink as much as he thinks good for him, and no more, is not a very strong character. But let me tell you, my boys, the only safety from being overcome by strong drink is to let it entirely alone. No arguments for or against will be necessary then. The power of the habit of liquor-drinking once formed, is something very hard to be overcome.

In the police reports of a daily paper a few weeks since, the arrest of a middle-aged man for a serious crime was mentioned. His crime, and two-thirds of all the crimes committed, were due to the same cause—strong drink. Following the notice was this statement made by the prisoner.

"Drink was the cause of my ruin. Nobody knows the power of such an appetite but the man who has suffered

from it. Years ago I took my dying mother's hand and promised her I would never take another drop. I meant just what I said. I tried hard to keep my promise, but the terrible thirst for liquor overcame me, and in a few weeks I was drinking as hard as ever. Two years ago my little girl died. She begged me on her death-bed to stop drinking, and I promised her I would. I called upon God to witness the promise. I wanted to keep it, but after my little girl had gone, the terrible thirst for liquor came again. I fought against it, but it overpowered me. Drink had destroyed my will-power. I loved my child, but chains were forged about me that I could not break."

So you see, boys, how very hard it is to reform after one has formed the habit of drinking. The problem of rescuing the country from this terrible curse is agitating the wisest heads. They feel that it must be driven out; but what is the best way to do it? That is the question. You boys can solve the problem, as far as you are individually concerned, by being determined that you will never take even one drink. If every boy would make that resolution, and keep it, old King Alcohol's head would soon tumble off and roll into the bottomless abyss.

This is a very serious matter, and in view of the ruined lives—thousands of them—the broken-hearted mothers, the sorrowing friends, and the unlimited amount of human misery caused by this power for evil, I beg that you will consider this momentous subject and pledge yourselves to do all you can, in the name and with the help of the Lord, to exterminate "the Serpent of the Still."—Susan Teall Perry, in N. Y. Evangelist.

TURTLES IN HARNESS.

A NEW BUT NOT VERY SUCCESSFUL MEANS OF MARINE TRACTION.

A paper published at Saigon, in French Cochinchina, gives an account of a singular experiment recently made in that colony with a new means of motive power. A French resident of the town of Ha-tien, a small port on the Gulf of Siam, conceived the idea that it would be perfectly practicable to make the immense turtle, which are not uncommon in those parts, and which swim with no little rapidity, do service in drawing boats.

He purchased two large turtles at a cost of twenty dollars, and fitted them out with a neat harness, with reins. Then he obtained a light, open boat, about fifteen feet long, and attached his turtles to it by means of traces.

Then, holding his reins fast, he set out on a little voyage with the turtle team. The creatures paddled along very prettily, at a rate somewhat exceeding the ordinary walking gait of a man.

As they directed their canoe toward the open sea, and as the weather was calm and beautiful and the voyage exceedingly pleasant, it did not occur to the Frenchman to make any very thorough test of his ability to guide the animals.

Much delighted, indeed, with the success of his experiment, he kept on and on, until he presently noted that he was already a considerable distance out at sea, and that the sun was setting.

The interested navigator then attempted to turn his team about, but the turtles resisted any such movement. They had evidently made up their minds to go to sea, and they would not be dissuaded from their purpose.

The driver pulled his reins until he upset the turtles in the water, but as often as they regained the use of their flippers they set out again for

the middle of the sea.

Night settled down rapidly. Luckily, the inventor of the new means of marine traction had brought with him a pair of oars, and as a last resort he took a knife, cut the tugs and let the sea steeds, harnesses, reins and all, go their way.

Then he rowed back laboriously to his village, lamenting his expenditure on the turtles, and resolving not to try any further experiments in navigation.—E.x.

COOLING MILK.

SOMETHING ABOUT THE USE OF AMMONIA WHERE ICE CAN NOT BE OBTAINED.

The chemist of the Victorian Government gives some interesting information about cooling milk by the use of ammonia.

In butter making—if uniformly high quality butter is desired—as soon as possible after milk comes from the cow, the cream should be separated by the centrifugal separator. Then immediately, and preparatory to churning, the cream, if not already cool, should be cooled down to a temperature not exceeding 55 degrees Fahrenheit. The main object of cooling is to harden the fat globules, so that, during the churning, they may fall together in firm grains. The butter thus obtains a "granular" structure, rendering it mors thoroughly cleansable from the butter-milk; it also acquires a waxy consistency, whereby its keeping qualities and palatableness are improved. For cooling the milk various appliances are in use.

Where the operations are on a fairly large scale, a small ice machine will be found most suitable and economical. Ice machines capable of producing four hundred pounds of ice daily, at an estimated cost of six shillings per diem, are now being placed on the Melbourne market. Such machines could easily be used on large farms, and would probably be found well suited for district milk and dairy factories. The cart bringing the milk to these factories could take back with them their daily supply of ice.

Where ice is not procurable and there is not a sufficient supply of cold water for cooling purposes, perhaps no simpler and cheaper means can be adopted than "freezing mixtures." If crystals of ammoniac nitrate and chloride be dissolved by gentle stirring in water, in the following proportions: Six and two-thirds pounds ammoniac nitrate, three and one-third pounds ammoniac chloride, ten pounds (one gallon) of water, the temperature of the mixture will quickly fall 51 degrees Fahrenheit.

Thus, if the temperature of the water was originally 75 degrees Fahrenheit, it would, after solution of the salts, fall to 24 degrees Fahrenheit, or 8 degrees below freezing point. If a long, narrow tin containing such solution be stirred about in a cream can, it will in a few minutes reduce the cream to the required temperature. The cooling salts having been once dissolved, may be re-obtained for further use by evaporating the solution to dryness. The evaporation may be in open, shallow pans with fire, or even the sun and hot wind may be sufficient. Or it may be conveniently done in old kerosene tins cut in half lengthwise. If a fire be used for evaporation, it should be a gentle fire, and the solution should not do more than simmer, otherwise there may be loss from splashing.

NEBRASKA MUTE JOURNAL

Omaha, Neb., June 10, 1890.

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RULES AND REGULATIONS.

- I. The Nebraska Institute for the Deaf and Dumb is Educational, and children of parents living in the State, are admitted to all its privileges FREE.
- II. The applicant for admission must be of good moral habits, between the age of seven and twenty-five, of sound mind, and free from contagious disease. Persons either younger or older may be admitted at the discretion of the authorities.
- III. Each pupil should come with suitable clothing to last one year. The clothing should be marked. A few dollars should be left with the Principal for repair of shoes, etc.
- IV. No pupil will be allowed to leave the Institute before the close of the term, without permission of the Principal.
- V. Pupils will be required to conform alike to the Rules and Regulations.
- VI. Applications for admission or information should be made to the Principal of the Institute for Deaf and Dumb, Omaha, Nebraska.
- VII. Information is required before entering on the following points:
 1. Full name of applicant, and residence.
 2. Year, month and day of birth.
 3. Cause of deafness, (if known.)
 4. Whether deaf from birth?
 5. If not, at what age and from what cause?
 6. Has the child had scarlet fever, measles or whooping cough?
 7. Has the child been vaccinated?
 8. Are there any deaf and dumb relatives?
 9. Are the parents related?
 10. Name and Post Office address of parents.
- VIII. There will be one Session each year. It is of the utmost importance that all should be present at the commencement of the Session.

About four hundred invitations for the closing exercises were sent out. These will not reach all our "dear five hundred friends," but the rest will come any way. They know us well enough to come without a card.

A water spout burst near the Iowa school on the 4th of June, and the whole campus was flooded in less than no time. The bridge between the Institute and the city was washed away, and their communication with the city gone. The water from mosquito creek backed up on them, and the water was very damp for some time. We hear nobody was hurt but every body scared. We passed through just such an experience there in times gone by. The Iowa school had better move its farm up on the hills.

We have always noticed that a courteous kindly person has a better time wherever he goes than an unsocial crusty individual has. An Institute has all manner of visitors from

the highest circles to the lowest. Some people are nice to entertain, interested, friendly and agreeable. Others are like sticks. Among our many late visitors was a young man from another Institution. His father and grandfather, uncles, aunts and cousins have been and are instructors of the deaf. His father is an honored superintendent of a western school for the deaf. This bright young man made himself thoroughly at home, greeted every child he met in a friendly manner and showed his interest in them all. Every body enjoyed his visit and felt that he was one of us. Though he only staid a few hours, we knew him well. We will watch this young man's career with interest, for he is sure to attain prominence in his life's work. There is nothing like being friendly and kind if you intend to work among the children.

As we sum up the year's work we feel that we have had a good year. We have had good health among our children. No epidemic, no serious sickness and but a few ailments of any kind. In this particular we feel grateful. Our progress in school work has been up to the standard. The teachers have been faithful and ready to perform the duties assigned them loyally. In the trades advance steps have been taken. We have better carpenters, better printers and better dressmakers than we have ever had. In art we have better results than ever before. So that on the whole we feel like congratulating the state, the Institute and ourselves that we have done as well, and make as good showing as we do. While we have no graduates for this commencement, we have a large class ready for the next. We could have crowded two or three through, but we decided that it was better for them and the school that we wait a year. If all return and complete the course we will have a graduating class next year of nearly a dozen. We hope all will do so. We desire that every pupil shall leave the school with the seal of its approval and commendation. We hope none will remain at home who should come and finish up. And while we feel moderately well satisfied with this year's work, we desire to make next year's better. With this in view we hope every one will enjoy to the fullest degree the summer visit to home and friends, and come back promptly on the opening of school to continue work to a finish.

HOW TO TEACH DULL PUPILS SUCCESSFULLY.

My long experience in teaching shows plainly that kindness, patience, watchfulness, firmness and plenty of constant and uniformly cheerful work are the best things with which to teach dull pupils and convert most or all of them into bright ones. It further shows that complaining to, or scolding them about their dullness or stupidity is equal to quenching their little sparks of interest in school-work. These sparks can and should be guarded so as to be well increased. The oftener these pupils go through the same studies without being promoted to higher classes on account of their failure to pass the examination in the studies, the less they like the school-work, and the more difficult it seems to be for them to master the "old and dry" studies.

As a rule these pupils are always naturally interested in listening to stories of what have happened every day in the different parts of the world, as mentioned in daily newspapers, for them to put to writing for practice in language as well as

for amusement. They will listen to them, when told to, as quickly as they accept and take hot cakes offered to them. Take care to tell them useful, instructive, funny, interesting and exciting stories such as will call the use of the words contained in their "dry and old" studies without their knowing or suspecting as often as possible every day in the schoolroom. While going through the studies the pupils meet the words thus used with deep pleasure, as they understand their meanings clearly, which remind them of the stories that have been told them before. This certainly increases their inclination more and more to cultivate their comprehensive, reasoning and memorizing powers, and also to keep their language improving during both their school and leisure hours. F. L. R.

TO THE PARENTS.

Your loved ones we again return to you. We have had their care and training in our hands for nine months. We hope that you will be able to see some improvement in them. We hope that they are better boys and girls than when they came to us last September. If they are not, it is a matter of deep regret to us. We have tried to do our part toward them. We feel that the general work of the year has been good. Some have made more rapid progress than others; this however, is true of all schools.

We hope that you will have a happy time with those who have been separated from you for so long a period. We hope that when the opening day comes to begin another term, you will not allow anything to stand in the way of a prompt return to school. You might perhaps think that a few days would not make any difference and that you would like to finish this, or complete that, before Johnny or Mary goes back to school. But it does make a difference. The teacher who is able to start out the first day with a full class is ready to organize his work, and give all an equal show. He has the advantage of the teacher who can not get his work arranged because of absentees. And those who are prompt are at a disadvantage in this, because of the tardiness of a few. When the tardy ones get in, the teacher is obliged to go back and do the work over again for their benefit which you can see is an injustice to the balance of the class. Then there is another point to which we wish to call your attention, that is, the matter of calling children home. In case of sickness or death in the family, this is justifiable, but hardly in any other case. These children are deaf, and because they are deaf, they should have every opportunity possible for education. If any extra labor is to be done, let the children who have all their faculties be the ones to do it, and let the deaf one come to school. Because this one is deaf he will always be at a disadvantage in the battle of life, and therefore should be favored now.

TO THE GIRLS.

In a recent issue of the JOURNAL the editor wrote a short advisory letter to the boys. Some of the girls thought it but fair that we should send them a parting word, and here it is. Much of the success and the good name which this school bears is attributable to you. The pleasant home which you make by your lady-like behavior, your readiness to do your part to make home happy, have contributed largely to the pleasant and happy times we have had. Soon you will leave these pleasant surroundings for your home vacation. We wish you a most pleasant vacation. And we wish

you to carry home with you, and keep with you, the pleasant sunshine and make your home as pleasant for the vacation as you have made this during the term.

We have nothing but compliments for our girls. We hope every one of you will be here on the opening day of the next term to take up the duties here which are to fit you for the realities of life. To you more than to the boys does our mind go out in anxiety for your future. While many temptations are put in the way of the boys, your path way in life is beset with snares and pit falls. You will meet those who will be delighted to lead you astray. There are those of your own sex who will pretend to be your friends but only for evil. You will have your own battle to fight, neither father, nor mother, nor brother, nor sister, nor teacher, nor friend, can fight it for you. They all will aid you, but the fight must be your own. With the help of the Divine Master you can win. Our object here is to develop within you correct moral principles and to prepare you to support yourselves on leaving school, by honest labor. Some of you will be well equipped to do this. Some of you will doubtless consider that the best thing to do when you leave is to commit matrimony. In this we would give Davy Crockett's motto. "Be sure you are right, then go ahead." This advice we would give you, do not put yourselves in the hands of any one for sale in the matrimonial market. If a young man seeks your hand, be sure that he has your heart, and that you have his. But first of all be sure that he deserves it before he gets it. Demand of him all that he requires of you, be sure that his character is without blemish, that his heart is pure, that he loves you because of the beauty he sees in your character and life. Never let your heart get away with your judgment. If a young man wants a housekeeper or a cook, let him hire one. He can find one for three dollars per week, and you can with safety tell him to pass on. But it is a different matter when he talks of the queen of his home, the joy of his heart, the companion of his future. Think on these things.

THE DEAF AMONG THE HEARING.

The dispersion of pupils suggests to the mind of the writer the probable experience of some of them.

Some pupil will be a kind of oddity in the community where he lives.

When he moves through the village street, men and boys will look at him with a kindly grin. When he has passed the men will look at each other, say something, and probably all will laugh.

If he stops to write a few sentences with a friend, or on business, everybody will look askance with a curious, rather green, but friendly expression of interest.

Should he happen to meet a deaf mute acquaintance, or other person familiar with the sign language, and engage in conversation, the spectators will stand around and gape—gape with open eyes and probably with open mouths and with the same friendly, idiotic grin! When the mutes separate, some of onlookers will look the other way, while others will nod their heads and blink in keen appreciation of all that has been said, and in honest, and kindly expression of their well wishes and hearty approval of the mute, and of their own pleasure at his presence. Some one will "say a Joke," as the mute departs; all will laugh, one will say that he "knew a deaf and dumb man once who was smarter than chain

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lightning" "Could do anything," etc. Probably the deaf man whom he knew, *did* have common sense, and fairly good breeding! Alas, that people possessing those qualities are so rare! Meanwhile, what must be the effect of such behavior upon the sensitive nature of the mute?

Many persons know enough not to openly admire or wonder at any human being in his presence. Is it not just as well not to notice any peculiarity in a person, friend or stranger, be he blind, or deformed, or deaf. The deaf are debarred from society to a large degree, at best, but let us not add to their feeling of loneliness, the idea that they are weird, or strange, or even odd, or peculiar.

To the kindly disposed may the writer suggest that a friendly word? A few sentences written to the deaf add a joy and a drop of sweetness to life that few people would suspect.

A shake of the hand will be remembered for a life-time. Say "I am pleased to be your friend." "I know where you live." "I am acquainted with your father." "Your mother is a pleasant lady." "The baby at your house is very smart." "I know about your school at Omaha," or say anything to let the person into the circle of your thoughts and interests and he will repay you with an affection as true as—if he could speak.

Why not ask him to come to church and Sunday-school? God is there and a religious atmosphere prevails. Possibly the deaf will carry away as much of the sermon as some of the hearing. The deaf are persons. T. F. M.

LOCALS

Miss Beck, the small boys' supervisor, will spend the vacation at home.

One of the young ladies in the Iowa school died last week. She was not sick long.

Little Ray is here again as bright and happy as ever. Her voice rings out through the halls, as she sings her pretty songs.

Our invitation cards and programs were printed in the office here, and much nice job work is done by our printers under the direction of the foreman, Mr. E. E. Smith.

Miss Watkins has not arranged any plans for the summer. Thinks she will not attend the convention until it meets in Omaha or Council Bluffs.

Mr. Woodburn won't say what he will do. From the way he patronizes the Missouri Pacific with his grip, it seems as if he might—do most any thing, but he won't tell.

Miss Murray will spend her vacation in Iowa City, where she had lived for many years. She has accomplished much with her classes this year, and is ready for a good rest at home.

Mr. and Mrs. Taylor don't know about going to the convention this summer. They have too much fruit on their place, and too many improvements to make to leave home long at a time.

Mr. and Mrs. Mosely think it is too hot to go to the convention. They would rather camp out on some pleasant stream, tent out and fish. Besides the rates will come up and "it is quite a little way to New York."

Prof. and Mrs. Southwick, from the Iowa school, spent a day and night here recently. Mr. Southwick has taught in the Iowa School for thirty-one years. He lectured to the school Sunday morning on the text "God is love." The officers and children were much pleased with their visit.

Miss McClure intends to teach in Faribault next year, and Miss Zorbaugh will teach here. Miss McClure wishes to be with her brother who is teaching in Minnesota.

Miss Buxton, Supt. Walker's private secretary, took advantage of the rate war, and made Iowa and Nebraska a visit. She is a pleasant young lady, and we enjoyed her short visit here.

One of the less wise girls was lonesome during Mrs. Gillespie's absence and spelled to a companion: "It is *slim* without Mrs. Gillespie." Considering the matron's size, it was a funny word to use.

Our superintendent does not wear jewelry as a general thing, but since his birthday he wears a small delicate band of gold, with a bright diamond set, glittering forth the love of his children and officers, on his little finger.

Mr. Reid won't go to the convention. He must look after his chickens. He can make more money raising "hens" than going to New York. New York is too far away from Omaha to be much of an attraction in hot weather.

Mr. Gladwin, our engineer, is having an addition to his house. The carpenter boys are doing the work and making a nice job of it under the direction of the foreman, Mr. Bray. Mr. Pospisil, a deaf man, is also building a home near the Institute and Mr. Taylor is having a barn put up. The carpenter boys are doing all this work.

The painters have been busy in the front halls, and every thing looks fine. The girls' large parlor has been painted and decorated for the art exhibit, and Miss Murry has arranged her pictures in good shape. The drawings, paintings, sketchings, etchings, etc, in their carved frames are very handsome, all done by the artists of the school for the deaf.

The low rates should have lasted two days longer, then we could have got home cheap. But the railroad companies must be tired of handling so much baggage and travellers, almost free. People have gone off on journeys that never could afford to before, and trains have simply been packed for several weeks.

Mrs. Gillespie and Mabella took a flying trip to Missouri last week to see the home folks again. They also went to Harrisonville to get Little Ray, who generally spends a few weeks here in vacation. The days are much warmer in Missouri than in Nebraska, and the cherries and strawberries are ripe sooner, and the roses bloom earlier.

The children often play in the clover in the front lawn, so do the bumble bees. Two little fellows came running to the office: One was limping. The other boy spelled to Mr. Gillespie, "pain, much pain." Mr. Gillespie said, "what is the matter?" The boy again spelled "Bee." The explanation was sufficient.

On the evening of June 5th after the festivities of the day had passed, and the "wise pupils" were about to say good night to each other and retire to dreams, a delightful strain was heard. This was followed by music unsurpassed. Upon looking out the Walnut Hill Silver Cornet Band was seen with their torch lights discoursing sweet music. They were bent on doing their part towards making Mr. Gillespie's birthday joyous and happy. The Band has improved wonderfully and we are proud of it. They were invited in, and we had more music in the spacious dining-room. The ice-cream and strawberries were enjoyed by the boys and they went home wishing Mr. Gillespie many happy returns of the day.

Mr. S. P. Morse drove out recently and seeing the small boys out, stopped. Mr. Morse does not know signs and not much spelling, but he described a half circle from his breast downward. The circle was not small. The boys ran and called Mr. Gillespie, and Mr. Morse now thinks he is a good sign maker.

June 5th is our general picnic day, being Mr. Gillespie's birthday. Every 5th day of June the superintendent is one year older, and every 5th day of June the children celebrate. This time it was too cold. Strawberries, ice-cream and oranges were served, but not out doors. The cottage boys and young ladies had a social in the evening, and even without a picnic a good time was had. The cold weather still continues, up till the close of school.

Our good friend, Francis Murphy, has been captured. His business is to capture men. He has successfully been a "fisher of men." His great big Irish heart has at last been taken by Omaha, and by a fair lady of Council Bluffs. He was in love once before—twenty years ago, and now he has it again. He likes to be in love; it makes him happy. He will perhaps make our beautiful city his home, and the beautiful lady his wife soon. Francis Murphy is happy, and he ought to be. He has not only been a "fisher of men," but has won a Fisher unto himself that will stand by him and his great work until the end.

A BLIND DEAF MUTE TALKS.

**A REMARKABLE CASE IN THE PERKINS INSTITUTE FOR THE BLIND—
STORY OF HER ACQUIRING A
VOCABULARY.**

Boston special to the New York Sun: Little Helen Keller, the blind deaf mute of Tuscumbia, Ala., who has for several months been an inmate of the Perkins Institute for the Blind, at South Boston, has acquired the power of speech. She was the counterpart of Laura Bridgman, and scientific men throughout this country and in other countries have been deeply interested in her case. She was quick to learn, and the acuteness in her remaining senses, especially that of touch, was brought to perfection by constant practice. The quickness with which Helen Keller has always imbibed knowledge seems little less than a miracle. No child in the full possession of her faculties ever made such quick strides, it is said, and what she learned she retained. In one year she acquired a vocabulary of 1,500 words, the average vocabulary being from 1,200 to 1,400 words, even of those who can see. She recognizes her friends as soon as she comes in contact with them, either with their hands or dress, and not the faintest odor escapes her. She is passionately fond of music and dancing. She is made aware of the former by the vibrations of the floor, and of the latter by feeling the motions of the feet and the bending of the knees of her partner. Her vocabulary has now increased to over 3,000 words, which she can spell without a mistake and employ accurately in composition. "I must learn many things," is one of her favorite expressions, and she has acquired knowledge of French, German, Latin, and Greek that is remarkable under

the circumstances.

Now comes the most wonderful event of her history. Helen has known for a long time that other people spoke, and has been very eager to learn to talk herself. For instance, she had tried to say mamma and papa, accenting the first syllable. She had tried this by placing her hand on her teacher's throat and lips, getting the motion of them and duplicating it. The knowledge that people who were deaf could speak has been coming to her gradually ever since last October, but it was not until she heard the

STORY OF A CHILD IN NORWAY

who was deaf, dumb, and blind, and who, it was said, had learned to talk, that she really felt that she could learn. She began to make sounds, but they were quite unpleasant, and did not really constitute talk. Miss Fuller, principal of the Horace Mann School, and Miss Annie M. Sullivan, who has been Helen's instructor the past few years, have been tireless in their efforts to cultivate Helen's power of speech, and this is how they went to work to do it:

Miss Sullivan explained by the sign language how the little one should place her tongue so as to produce certain sounds which formed words. "Papa" and "mamma" were the first words she learned. She would place her little hand over her teacher's mouth, and in that way became acquainted with the lip movements. Then she learned the words "is" and "it," and in those four words she had the sounds of m, p, a, i, s, and t, which she could combine into a great many letters.

Little Helen was interviewed today by a *Journal* reporter, and for the first time in her life talked with a stranger. Her first question, addressed to her teacher, was: "Who is your company?" To be sure, the tone was a trifle guttural, and there was a slight pause after each word, but the tone was not especially disagreeable, and the enunciation was sufficiently distinct to be understood. "Where does he live?" was the next question, and this, too, was very intelligible. As the conversation progressed Helen seemed to speak with more ease and confidence. Occasionally, if she found difficulty in enunciating a word or syllable, she would touch her teacher's throat and lips with her fingers to get the motion, and then the difficulty would disappear. Some of the sentences which she uttered with surprising clearness, under the circumstances, were these: "I am learning to speak. Can you understand me?" "My mother will be so surprised to hear me speak. I am going to learn to make my voice sweet." "I am going home in June." "That will be very soon." "I shall talk to my dear little sister, and my parents and brothers and all."

The sample sentences coming from Helen Keller's mouth are evidences of one of the greatest of modern miracles. There is no such case as hers in this country, and but one other has been heard of in the world.

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WISE SAYINGS.

—As you learn, teach; as you get, give; as you receive, distribute.—Spurgeon.

—Despise not little duties; they have been to many a saved man an excellent discipline of humility.—Goulbourn.

—Giving for God is not the only way to gain Heavenly-mindedness; but our unwillingness to give for Him may stand in the way of our entering into fuller blessing.—Rev. P. L. Hunter.

—Give not thy tongue too great liberty lest it take thee prisoner. A word unspoken is, like the sword in the scabbard, thine. If vented, thy sword is in another's hand. If thou desire to be held wise, be so wise as to hold thy tongue.—Quarles.

—Our bodies are seven-day clocks that must be wound up as often as that, or they will run down. Failure must come sooner or later to the man who breaks the Sabbath. Inspiration has called it the Lord's day, and he who devotes it to the world is guilty of robbery.—Talmage, in N. Y. Observer.

—There is no greater mistake than to suppose that Christians can impress the world by agreeing with it. No; it is not conformity that we want; it is not being able to beat the world in its own way; but it is to stand apart and above it and produce the impression of a holy and separate life. This only can give us a true Christian power.—Bushnell.

—Our kindred dead are not lost to us as objects of affectionate thought; and we have no reason to suppose that we are lost to them as objects of thought. There is no mental destruction on either side. The living and the dead are simply so separated from each other for the time being that all conscious communion between them, while the former remain in this world, is completely suspended.—N. Y. Independent.

—Knowledge of God's will is not had at once, cases of conscience are not settled at once, nor is the ability to overcome derived at once. The conversion is the new birth; but to be born is not to be the man complete in feature and in mind, which groweth out of knowledge, experience, discipline of youth, observation of life, and the thousand appointed steps between the almost unconscious babe and the accomplished man. Even so the new birth is but the first germ of religion in the soul, which hath to be cherished, nursed, guarded, trained and taught by methods and means of grace as manifold and natural strength is reared by.—Living Thoughts.

—Our will leads our reasons more frequently than our reason leads our will. If we really want to do a thing, we can see a great many reasons why we should do it, and those reasons seem stronger and stronger the more we look at them. If, on the other hand, we are disinclined to a certain course of action, the reasons against it

multiply and strengthen in our minds. Rarely do we look at the reasons for or against a line of conduct under discussion, apart from our personal inclinations concerning it. Practically we decide what we are going to do in the premises, and then we look for reasons in support of our decision; nor do we look in vain.—S. S. Times.

CLEAN CHURCHES.

WHY THE HOUSE OF GOD SHOULD BE KEPT CLEAN FROM DUST AND DIRT.

If there is any truth in the saying, "Cleanliness is next to godliness," one of the places in which cleanliness should be evident is the House of God. Not only in the spiritual house of the human body, but in the house of brick or stone or wood erected to His praise. What is every body's business of course is nobody's and when there is no one on a church committee whose special business it is to see that the church building is kept in perfect order, except the sexton, whose ideas of cleanliness and order may be good or bad, things are pretty apt to go at loose ends. The writer recently visited one of our leading city churches, and not only could miniature clouds of dust be seen rising beneath the feet of the ushers, but the pew-backs were dusty, and even the pulpit carpet looked as if it needed a thorough sweeping. The Sunday-school room bore a look of general untidiness, and one could not help thinking that if one of the ladies of this church, in a charity call, found a family whose home looked as unkempt as this House of God, she would advise, first of all, a good house-cleaning. The church to which reference is made had some expensive frescos, the ornamentation of the house was rich, and the carpets and general furnishing were of the best. But for our part we should prefer to have worshipped God on a sanded floor, in plain pine pews, within whitewashed walls, to engaging in devotion in these circumstances of mingled luxury and squalor. Every once in a while we read of some church expending a few thousand dollars in decorating their audience-room. One who has an eye to these things can scarcely help wondering if it would not be sometimes quite as well to spend a hundred or so a year in keeping a church clean, as to spend several thousands once a decade in decorations, unless, indeed, the church can have both constant cleanliness and modern decoration. What is here said applies with special force to our rural churches. Most of us have listened to appeal for money to repair churches, and we have thought: There will not be much use to put this church in order if the people here do not keep it in better shape than they seem to have done in the past. An untidy, dusty, unkempt room, with cobwebby windows, exerts an unfavorable influence upon every worshiper. It is moral as well as physical. It speaks of lack of interest and general slackness among the members of the church. If the House of God is not luxuriously appointed, it can be made neat and clean. To keep it so is within the power of any congregation. It is shameful to have the condition of the House of God such as would bring a blush to the face of good housekeepers were a corresponding state of affairs discovered in their private dwellings.—*Watchman*.

HIS SUNDAY BREECHES.

HE RUINED THEM, BUT WON THE GIRL AFTER ALL.

Agnes Fletcher was the belle of Mount Pleasant. She was a tall and lithe creature, with all the piquancy and brilliant airs of a thorough brunette. Her black eyes sent many a

spark of lover's lightning into the hearts of the swains, but Ed Gibbs alone seemed to meet with her especial favor. He it was who most escorted her to church, opera and ball.

Now Agnes' mother was a thrifty Scotch lady, and never could be induced to believe that any bread other than of her own making was good enough for the table; and she was certainly a success as a bread-maker.

Well, one evening Ed and Agnes went to Asbury church together, and during their absence Mother Fletcher set her bread for morning, and placed it on a chair by the fire in the parlor stove; for it was winter, and no other place could give such steady heat as there. After church Ed escorted Agnes home, but, unusual thing to do, he accepted Agnes, invitation to "come in and sit a while."

They entered the parlor, where the lamp was burning dim, and Ed proceeded to the fire and sat in the most convenient chair. Ed got up immediately. He felt something soft clinging to his best trousers and he said so. Agnes turned on the light and fairly screamed with laughter, as poor Ed stood there a perfect fright of a sight. Mother Fletcher came running in, and when she beheld her baking spoiled she exclaimed:

"Lord love the mon, he's spoiled my bread."

"Yes, but how about my Sunday breeches?" said Ed.

"Sure enough, mon; sure enough," she said, and sent Agnes to the dining-room for a case-knife. Ed stood there and the ladies scraped him. But those dandy trousers never went to church again with Agnes. They were ruined. The story got out and Ed was the butt of the town for a long time. But they say that "pity is akin to love," and Mrs. Gibbs says to-day that she pitied the poor fellow so much that she commenced to love him that very night.—*E.e.*

DEVOTED WIVES.

Disraeli dedicated one of his novels "to the most severe of critics—but a perfect wife." Once, at a harvest-home of his tenants, he spoke of her as "the best wife in England." In a speech delivered at Edinburgh, he alluded to her as "that gracious lady to whom I owe so much of the happiness and success of my life." Edmund Burke, on the anniversary of his marriage, presented to Mrs. Burke a beautifully descriptive paper, "The Idea of a Wife," heading the manuscript thus: "The Character"—leaving her to fill up the blank. He repeatedly declared that "every care vanished the moment he entered under his roof."

Mrs. Disraeli was a pretty little woman, a voluble talker, and much older than her husband. Mrs. Burke was spoken of, even by her own sex, as all that was beautiful and amiable among women. But it was not a beautiful face, nor refined taste, nor mental culture that gave these two women their wonderful influence over the two statesmen. The secret of their power lay in their thoughtful devotion and intelligent sympathy.

Once Mrs. Disraeli rode to the House of Commons with her husband, when he was expected to make a great speech. On leaving the carriage, he crushed her fingers in closing the door. Without an exclamation of pain, she bade him "Good-evening," lest he might be so unnerved as to fail in his speech, and went to her place in the lady's gallery.

Mrs. Burke kept her husband's

accounts, regulated his pecuniary transactions, soothed his natural irritation, and made his home happy, that he might remain free and elastic for his public duties.

The wife of Sir William Hamilton, professor of logic and metaphysics, also illustrated the devotion of self-denying love. She identified herself with his work, and by her energy kept him from yielding to a naturally indolent disposition.

During the session of the University, he wrote his lectures on the night before the morning he delivered them. She sat up with him, and copied what he had illegibly written on rough sheets. The gray dawn of the morning often found the devoted amanuensis hard at work. She was his wise counsellor, and his playful, amusing friend. He leaned upon her, and that was the only reward she cared to receive.

The late William E. Forster, one of the most conscientious and industrious of modern English statesmen, married Jane Arnold, the daughter of Doctor Arnold of Rugby. For doing so he was expelled from the Society of Friends, which did not tolerate mixed marriages.

Many years afterward when he was one of her Majesty's Ministers, he said to a deputation of Quakers, who had waited upon him, "Your people turned me out of the Society for doing best thing I ever did in my life."

His wife was his constant adviser, to whom he submitted the most difficult questions, that she might guide him to the right solution. In his library, he wrote at one table, and she at another, for he loved to have her near to him, even when at work on social and political problems.—*Youth's Companion*.

A CURE FOR DIPHTHERIA.

The following remedy is said to be the best known, at least it is worth trying, for physicians seem powerless to cope with the disease successfully. At the first indication of diphtheria in the throat of a child make the room close; then take a tin cup and pour into it a quantity of tar and turpentine, equal parts. Then hold the cup over a fire so as to fill the room with fumes. The little patient, on inhaling the fumes, will cough up and spit out all the membranous matter, and the diphtheria will pass off. The fumes of the tar and turpentine loosen the matter in the throat, and thus afford the relief that has baffled the skill of physicians.—*Scientific American*.

PRESENCE OF MIND.

Jones had been spending the evening with a friend at the house of one of the latter's lady acquaintances.

"What did you think of our hostess?" asked his friend as they were coming away.

"I had never seen her before," replied Jones, who never allowed himself to be taken at a disadvantage, "but she must have changed greatly."—*Judge*.

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AN EXPERT.

Dumley—What's the matter, Brown? You look badly.

Brown—Yes; all bunged up with rheumatism again.

Dumley—Have you ever tried Dr. Wragley?

Brown—No. Is he familiar with rheumatism?

Dumley—He ought to be by this time; he has had it himself for over forty years.—*Harper's Bazar*.

JEST AND JOLLITY.

Mrs. Smithers—"Did you ever hear those hens cackle so?" Mr. S.—"Probably they are caroling a lay."

Claim-Jumpers are so unpopular in Oklahoma that a man who has a jumping toothache is regarded with suspicion.

The Duke of Orleans is to be married in prison. Mrs. Orleans will have the advantage of knowing where he is at night.

A professional giant and giantess, each seven feet in height, were married the other day in Cincinnati. A genuine wedding in high life.

In Hungary a man convicted of bigamy was compelled to live with both wives in the same house. Hence bigamy was rare in that country.

It is noticed that in the spring time of the year the newspapers which really have the welfare of the public at heart publish the advice: "Don't take off your undershirts too soon."

"A good memory is a blessing," says a writer, and it may be remarked that it is one that wealth can not buy. Just look at the man who became suddenly rich. He can not even remember the faces of his old friends.

"I suppose that you will soon find somebody to fill my shoes," said Mrs. Blankins who hadn't been feeling very well. "I doubt it very much," and he looked at her feet so significantly that she entirely lost her temper.

Congratulatory epistle to old chum about to be married—"I suppose I ought to wish you both happiness; but as I don't know the bride, I can not congratulate you, and as I know you altogether too well, I can not congratulate the bride."

An accepted authority says the spring onion is a great sleep inducer, and about equal to quinine for malaria. It is kept out of its most useful province by the prejudice against the odor. This may be overcome by hypnotism, and made a nasal delight.

A lady whose husband was the champion snorer of the community in which they resided, confided to a female friend the following painful intelligence: "My life has not been one of unalloyed delight. I have had the measles, the chicken-pox, the cholera, the typhoid fever and inflammatory rheumatism, but I never knew what real misfortune was until I married a burglar alarm."

SANITARY SUGGESTIONS.

The throwing out of slops around the house should be strictly prohibited, as the practice is very apt to lead to disease among members of the family.

Clean out the cellar. At the season of the year, when all nature is busily engaged in renovating everything out of doors, it is time that we were following her example in the house.

Spring sanitary measures should include everything in and around the house and out-buildings, and are so important that the time spent in carrying them out is used to good advantage.

Whitewash may be abundantly and cheaply supplied, and there is no reason why it should not be liberally applied. There is an odor of cleanliness about whitewash, but better still it is cleanliness itself, and likewise a deodorizer and disinfectant.

The household sink should be carefully looked after, and it is perhaps better to do away with a sink drain altogether. A swill-barrel upon wheels may be made to do the work of the sink drain. It can be kept just below the kitchen window, and have a pipe from the sink discharging into it. The barrel should be emptied daily upon some part of the garden where it will do good by means of the fertilizing matter it contains.

Good sanitation is necessary in and around the barns and sheds, for unless such places are kept clean the atmosphere of the home surroundings must of necessity be tainted all summer. Again, when manure is left to rankle and leach during summer in the neighborhood of the barn yard well, the water in the latter becomes polluted, and the milk of the cows drinking it can not be expected to be absolutely healthful.

Care should be taken that the cellar drains are in proper working order, for during the winter they frequently become clogged and until cleared are unable to carry off the spring rains. Such drains are often sources of danger, if, as is sometimes the case, they lead to or discharge into cesspools where disease-dealing sewer gas is generated. See to it that such gas can not "back up" into the cellar or gain access to the house by means of the drain from the kitchen sink.

MARK TWAIN'S PRANKS.

A PECULIAR CUSTOM OF THE HUMORIST AT HIS HOME IN HARTFORD.

Whenever Mark Twain has a large dinner party at his home in Hartford, says the New York Commercial-Advertiser, particularly when he has any Englishmen for guests, he is in the habit, it is said, of rising at what he considers the proper moment, without any warning or explanation and beginning a set speech of a humorous kind. He usually occupies from fifteen to twenty minutes and does his best to entertain and tickle his auditors. Sometimes his efforts, always premeditated and carefully prepared, are highly successful; sometimes they are not. Humor can not be fabricated to order. But they are invariably laughed at, of course. It is an absolute requirement of common politeness that they should be, when a host demands laughter as a return for hospitality. Twain likes to be regarded as eccentric and original; and this is unquestionably original. No man that I have ever heard of, either here or abroad, regularly makes formal speeches at his own table, especially without premonition. Twain evidently thinks he has a reputation to sustain and he sustains it in the extraordinary manner described. He might be funny, if he chose, while keeping his seat; the position would not mar his fun. But that would not be sufficiently emphatic to suit him, so he prefers to impress his guests with a full consciousness of his premeditated determination to do something worthy of the occasion. It may be that he is thus seeking to advertise himself by his post-prandial harangues—a disposition with which he is sometimes credited. Doing the thing in that way is in itself so comical that he could not hope, however preposterous his jests might be, to say any thing half so good.—*Ex.*

QUEER SENATOR STEWART.

FUNNY EXAMPLES OF THE NEVADA LAW-MAKER'S ABSENT-MINDEDNESS.

It is asserted by friends of Senator Stewart, of Nevada, that if his absence of mind could be cut into strips and pasted together, end to end, it would reach twice around illimitable space and tie in a double bow knot. Out on the slope they used to tell a story of how he was hastening one morning to catch a train, when he suddenly stopped and said to his companion:

"There, by thunder, I've left my watch under my pillow."

"Let's go back and get it," said his friend.

"Hold on," replied the Senator, "I don't believe we'll have time;" and he drew the watch from his pocket, looked carefully at the face of it, counted the moments, and added: No, we won't

have time," and pressed on toward the station, saying: "Oh, well, I guess I can get along for a day without a watch."

It is also related that Senator Stewart dressed himself at a hotel one morning, putting his vest on wrong side out, and in a few moments presented himself at the office, excitedly rubbing the places where the pockets ought to be, and complaining that he had been robbed.

It might have been believed that these tales were works of imagination had not the Senator himself recently given testimony to their truth. The clerk of the Senate was monotonously calling the roll on some question in which Senator Stewart was not interested. The Senator sat with his elbows on his desk, his cheeks upon his hands and his eyes fixed upon vacancy, whither his mind had gone.

"Mr. Stewart," the clerk called.

There was a moment of silence. Senator Stewart continued to look at nothing.

"Mr. Stewart," the clerk called again, but Mr. Stewart did not hear him.

A brother Senator sitting near reached over and touched him. The light of consciousness was just returning to the dreamer's eyes when the clerk shouted once more: "Mr. Stewart!"

"I pass," said the Senator from Nevada.

OBEDIENCE.

During General Havelock's stay in England, a gentleman went one evening to his house in compliance with an invitation. In the course of conversation, Mrs. Havelock turned suddenly round to her husband, and said, "My dear, where is Henry?" referring to her son, whom she had not seen during the whole afternoon.

The Colonel started to his feet.

"Why, poor fellow! he's standing on London Bridge, and in this cold weather too! I told him to wait for me there at twelve o'clock today, and in the pressure of business, I quite forgot the appointment."

It was now about seven o'clock in the evening.

The Colonel at once rose, ordered a cab to be called; and as he went forth to deliver his son from his watch on London Bridge, he turned to excuse himself from his visitor, saying: "You see, sir, that is the discipline of a soldier's family."

In the course of an hour he returned with poor Harry, who seemed to have passed through the afternoon's experience with the greatest good humor.—*Le Couteur's Leader.*

BOYS, IMPROVE YOUR TIME.

There are a certain class of boys about every town and city who apparently do nothing but loaf, smoke cigars and cigarettes, and are neither a help to their parents nor an ornament to society. Nine-tenths of the convicts in the penitentiaries were street-loafers when they were boys and preferred to get a living in some other way than by honest labor and the sweat of their brow. Too many boys are growing up in idleness and are letting golden opportunities pass by undecided. Your boy-hood days are rapidly passing by and you will soon be called upon to take up the cares and responsibilities of manhood. A good education is offered to you in our public schools and one that will fit you for all active duties of life, but you are letting this precious gem slip through your fingers and instead of embracing this opportunity of securing a good education, as your parents wish you to do, you are seen on the street corner, stunting your mental and moral powers by the use of narcotics. Boys, there is a

future before you. If life is worth living it is worth living right. Get an education, learn a trade and try and make a man of yourself and let the world be better by your having lived in it.—*Mt. Agr Record.*

PANTHER AND BEAR.

A FIGHT TO THE FINISH SEEN IN A PENNSYLVANIA WILDERNESS.

Nelse Hoose hunts and traps wild animals in the dense forests of Sullivan County, Pa. He and his little family live on a patch of cleared land in the wilderness at the foot of Bald Mountain on Whippoorwill creek, and it is a poor season when Hoose doesn't secure deer and skins enough to keep him and his folks through the summer. He owns one cow, an old horse, a lot of chickens, two or three hogs and several dogs. But his most valuable property, he says, is a repeating rifle and two dozen steel traps. One day Hoose's cow wandered into the woods and stayed all night, and the next morning Hoose shouldered his rifle and went up the creek in search of her. In the course of an hour Hoose reached the mouth of a dark glen on the north side of South Mountain, and sat down on a fallen tree to rest. While he sat he heard a bear bellowing up the glen. The sound came nearer and nearer, and Hoose got upon the log and cocked his rifle. In a minute a big panther came trotting through the bushes, with a squealing cub bear in its mouth. It carried the cub as a cat does a mouse, and it didn't seem to be in a great hurry to get out of the glen.

Close at the panther's heels waddled the wailing mother bear. She was evidently afraid to tackle the panther, and the panther appeared to know it. But presently the panther put the cub on the ground, as if to get a better hold on its neck, when the bear plunged at the panther and caught it around the body, just in front of its hind legs. Like a flash the panther flung the cub into the air, yanked itself loose and pitched at the bear. The bear knocked the panther to one side, and a second stroke sent the big cat flying into the bushes. But at this stage of the fight the cub squealed once more and the mother bear, seeming to forget every thing but her young one, rushed to its rescue. She had not taken more than three or four steps when the panther sprang at her throat again. Its aim was true for it settled the claws of its fore feet in the bear's shoulder and its teeth in her neck. The bear struggled hard to shake the panther off, but she couldn't do it. Soon the panther tore the bear's entrails out with its hind claws and then it leaped away and went to smelling after the cub.

Hoose didn't wait any longer after that. He fired three Winchester bullets into the panther, killing it. The cub lay dead, the panther's teeth having crushed the tender bone in its neck. A little way up the glen the hunter found the bear's nest with a live cub in it, which he carried home. He didn't find his cow that day, but two days later he ran across her remains in a gorge four miles from where he shot the panther. She had been killed and partly devoured by panthers which, he says, are thicker in that region than he has known them to be in a number of years.—*Ex.*

(Continued from First Page.)

To Silas and Melinda, however, their turnout seemed a marvel of perfection. After inspecting its contents and ascertaining that nothing had been forgotten, they both turned and gazed sadly at the abandoned home.

Melinda, with her eyes fixed upon the forlorn little cemetery, said, "It dew look orfle lonesome like up thar, Silas, and I'm feelin' bad fur ter leave dad thar all erlone."

"I've been thinkin' 'erbout thet, tew," Silas returned, with a sob, "but we can't dew nuthin', Lindy, an' stayin' wouldn't do no good."

Without another word, they mounted the front seat of the van, Silas chirped to the horses, and the long, laborious journey began.

A settler's cabin stands in a wide expanse of gray prairie. Outside, it is raining steadily; inside, the sod roof leaks wofully.

To avoid the water that trickled down from the roof in all parts of the room, cloth had been stretched overhead from the wall on each side. By placing a weight at the centre, sufficiently heavy to cause a sag in the cloth, the water was induced to seek the lowest point, and then to drop into a basin set to receive it.

"Lindy," said the man, "it air lucky thet it doan rain orften in this er kentry."

"Yas, Silas, thet air so," she returned. "I'm a-thinkin' thet when par war tellin' 'erbout this er kentry, an' how yer didin' hev ter cl'ar it up, he wa'n't er knowin, how big er drawback 'twar not hev'in' timber."

"Yas," he replied, "an' I've ben a-thinkin' 't we've got 'erbout enough money ter git thet air timber an' them shingles, an' put er roof on this er cabin."

"Thet's so," said Melinda, "but, Silas, I've ben thinkin' these three years we've ben 'ere 'erbout, how lonesome it war fur dad way up'n thet graveyard onther farm."

"An' I've ben a-thinkin' 'erbout thet, tew," returned Silas.

"Yer know, Silas," she continued, "how proud dad war uv hev'in' ben er soldier, an' how't he tol' us never ter fergit it; an' I've ben a-think' 'erbout this er Decoratin' Day, w'atther hev in ther month uv May, an' yer know, Silas, nobody 'll ever goway up thar onto ther farm an' be a-decoratin' uv dad's grave. But in them towns, I'vehearn tell as how every year ther folks air a-decoratin' ther graves uv them as war soldiers an' a-show'n' uv 'em respec'."

"An', Silas, it hev kinder come ter me thet dad orter be a-restin' in one uv them air big grave-yards, with a gravestone fur ter tell 'em thet he war a soldier, an' mebbly they'd be a-decoratin' uv his grave erlong uv them others that war soldiers. An', dad air deservin' uv it, fur he war a true soldier, an' if he's whar he'd be a-knowin' uv it, it 'ud please 'im fur ter know thet he war remembered. An' I've been thinkin' how we'd hev 'im changed, an' thet we'd orter be a-usin' uv ther money we've saved fur ter dew it. I know we're a-needin' uv it, but I'd be easier 'f dad war whar he'd be remembered."

"Wal, Lindy," Silas replied, slowly, "how be we a-goin' ter dew it?"

"I've ben a thinkin', Silas," she returned, "as how it be a-comin' on terspring, an' yew'd hev' ter put in ther craps, but I could go an' hev it done."

"But, Lindy," rejoined Silas, hopelessly, "it 'ud take mos' all ther money we've got ter git thar, an' then ther'd be nuthin' fur ter dew

with."

"I know it," Melinda replied, "but I in go erfoot an' stop erlong o' ther settlers."

"But, Lindy," the brother returned, "it air a mighty long road back tew ther farm."

"Wal," the girl rejoined, "I kin dew it—leastwise I'm willin' fer ter try."

A gaunt, hollow-cheeked, travel-stained girl stood in an undertaker's office. "Be ye one uv them a bodies?" she wearily asked. "We perform such services," the man answered, deferentially.

"I'm Lindy Wright," she continued, "an' I've come frum out'n't her prairie kentry, fur ter 'hev dad moved. What'll yer dew it fur?"

"Where was your father buried?" asked the undertaker.

"He's up ter ther farm on Dodge's Crick," she answered, "an' we're wantin' him brung ter the graveyard in this er town; fur yer know he war a soldier, an' we're wantin'—Silas an' me—fur ter hev 'is grave whar ther folks'll mebbly be a-decoratin' uv it on Decoratin' Day, fur Silas an' me air tew fur away ter dew it oursel'."

The undertaker named a price. Melinda was satisfied and inquired, "Can yer tell me whar I'll find a man what cuts gravestone?"

It was but a short distance to the marble-works, and, having arrived there, Melinda entered timidly and gazed wistfully upon the finished and unfinished stones. One with a dove inwrought pleased her more than any other.

Presently the proprietor came and said to her kindly, "What can I do for you, miss?"

She looked at him an instant silently, and then, with tears in her eyes, replied, "I want ter git a gravestone fur dad. I've come back frum ther prairie kentry fur ter hev 'im moved, an' fur ter git a gravestone, an' I want it afore Decoratin' Day, fur dad he war a soldier, an' Silas an' me wants his grave ter be whar mebbly ther folks'll decorate it on Decoratin' Day. Me and Silas air tew fur away," she added simply, and continued, "Dad air deservin' ter be remembered. He war in ther army, an' he war proud uv havin' ben a soldier."

"What was your father's name, and to what regiment did he belong?" the marble-worker asked:

"Sylvester Wright," she replied, "an' he war a private 'n Co. A uv ther 85 Regiment, New York Volunteers."

"Do you see any stone that you like?" he returned.

She pointed out the one with the dove

"Do you think you want that one?" he said. "The dove, you know, is an emblem of peace. Soldiers' head-stones are usually cut upon plain blocks."

"Wal," the girl replied, "dad war a soldier, but he war natch'ly peaceful tew—he wa'n't no fightin', quarrellin' man. It want thet 'erbout ther soldier he war proud uv, it war suthin' else. I kin feel what it war, but, stranger, I can't exac'ly tell yer 'erbout it."

"Yes, I think I understand," was the kind response.

On Decoration Day, Melinda went early to the cemetery. Walking slowly she came to her father's grave. Green sod covered the new earth, and when she saw the head-stone her eyes filled with grateful tears.

Chiselled in the white marble she saw:

*SYLVESTER WRIGHT,
BORN, AUG. 20, A. D., 1833.

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Robt. S. Wilcox, Manager

DIED, SEP. 9, A. D., 1872,

PRIVATE,

Co. A, 85th Reg., N. Y. Vols.

In the clear field below, the marble-worker, using the girl's own language, had cut the following sentence:

"AN' HE WAR PROUD UV HEVIN' BEN A SOLDIER."

Melinda lingered near the grave. She was absolutely at peace; the gratification and contentment of spirit that comes from a sense of duty accomplished had taken full possession of her.

Presently she heard distant music. Sweet and clear it came over the meadows and fields, each pulsation striking softly on her ear. Hastening to the gate, she saw a long line of people coming slowly along the distant road.

As the column filled by on its way to the large gate opening in from the north, she observed that some of the men wore plain clothes, and others uniforms of which she did not know the meanings.

Then came a body of men that Melinda instinctively knew were, like her father, soldiers. They walked with the same swinging route step, in character distinct from all the others, calling to the mind the long, weary marches of a moving army.

As they entered the cemetery, Melinda went back to her father's grave and stood waiting and expectant.

With uncovered heads the men from the long column that had entered the cemetery marched here there and to the soldiers' graves, depositing flowers in silence. They came near where Melinda stood, and passed, leaving no tribute.

The girl's heart sank. She almost cried aloud with pain. She had counted so much on this tribute to her father's memory, and the disappointment was so sharp and bitter, that, losing all self-control and weeping convulsively, she threw herself upon the newly made grave.

The music commenced again, a sad refrain. She could hear it going farther and farther away.

Then it seemed to come nearer, and she felt like one in a dream. Nearer and nearer it came, and lifting her head she saw through her falling tears the people passing, and each one cast a flower beside the head-stone of her father's grave.

Then came the children, each with their tribute. The little girls, all in white, with their tiny fingers threw kisses as they passed to the forlorn and fatherless girl beyond.

Presently some one lifted her kindly and spoke to her soothingly. In a few moments so many flowers had been thrown upon the grave that it could not be seen, and like a beautiful pillow they were banked high against the head-stone. Then, overcome with gladness, the poor girl cried aloud in the fulness of her joy.

She remained at the grave until all others had gone, and then with an expression that came nearer being beautiful than any her features had ever known, went to her abiding place.

In a little while her landlady called, saying that some one had asked

for her. Wondering she went to the door. There, drawn up in line, she saw the men she had recognized as soldiers in the morning.

After a military salute the commander stepped forward and said, "Miss Wright, G. D. Bayard Post No. 222, G. A. R., desires me to present to you, the daughter of a soldier, this package, and we want you to know that we think the daughter of Sylvester Wright is as true and noble and as worthy of our deepest as the grandest woman in the land."

The embarrassed girl was silent and confused, and then replied hesitatingly and in a troubled voice, "Mister, I don' know what 'cher mean."

To this the man replied, with a grave smile. "We do, and that is glory enough for one day." Then the line of men took off their hats, and at the word of command reformed in column, and marched away. The bewildered girl went to her room, and there opening the package, she found sufficient money to take her back the to new home in the West.

"Silas," said Melinda to her brother, when they were once more together in the cabin in the midst of the wide gray prairie, "Arter they'd gone out uv ther graveyard thet mornin', I looked an' thar war more posies on dad's grave than ther others. An' them soldiers comed ter ther house un' fetched ther money. How be yer supposin' thet air come ter be?"

"Wal, I'm supposin'," returned Silas, after a moment, "thet they'd know'd dad when he war in ther war, an' war amakin' up fur ther three years when he dindn' hev no decoratin'."

"Wal, Silas," the girl rejoined, "I'd never thought o' thet. Thet's so, I guess."—Fred L. Eaton

Prof. C. R. Watson, teacher of the second class, spent last Sunday visiting the Nebraska and Iowa Institutions. Arriving in Omaha he was driven out to the school by Supt. Gillespie. Upon their arrival they were met by Mrs. Gillespie, wife of the worthy Superintendent. Mr. Watson says that the Omaha Institution is one of the finest schools he has ever visited. Before leaving for the Council Bluffs Institution Dr. Gillespie called in a number of the young lady pupils and had them go through an exercise called "Sign Song." Two of the teachers sang a very familiar hymn and the Professor says that it was wonderful to see the pupils keep such perfect time to the music. Mr. Watson says that his visit to the Nebraska school is one that he shall not soon forget. Arriving in Council Bluffs he was driven out to the Institution by his friend Prof. McDermid, one of the Iowa Teachers. After supper Prof. Rothert, the superintendent of the Institution showed him through the industrial departments where the pupils are taught five different trades. These departments are under Mr. Rothert's direct supervision. Mr. Watson returned to Olathe Monday morning in time for school.—Kansas Star.