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Nebraska School for the Deaf

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Nebraska Mute Journal.

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VOL. 19.

OMAHA, NEBRASKA, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 31, 1891.

NO. 3.

THE MINISTER'S DAUGHTER.

BY JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

In the minister's morning sermon,
He had told of the primal fall,
And how thenceforth the wrath of God
Rested on each and all.

And how, of his will and pleasure,
All souls, save a chosen few,
Were doomed to the quenchless burning,
And held in the way thereto.

Yet never by faith's unreason
A saintlier soul was tried,
And never the harsh old lesson
A tenderer heart boiled.

And, after the painful service
On that pleasant Sabbath day,
He walked with his little daughter,
Thro' the apple bloom of May.

Sweet in the fresh green meadows
Spurrow and blackbird sang;
Above him their tinted petals
The blossoming orchards hung.

Around on the wonderful glory
The minister looked and smiled;
"How good is the Lord who gives us
These gifts from his hand, my child!"

"Behold in the bloom of apples
And the violets in the sward
A hint of the old, lost beauty
Of the Garden of the Lord!"

Then up spake the little maiden,
Treading on snow and pink,
"O father, these pretty blossoms
Are very wicked, I think."

"Had there been no Garden of Eden,
There never had been a fall;
And if never a tree had blossomed,
God would have loved us all."

"Hush, child!" the father answered,
"By his decree man fell;
His ways are in clouds and darkness,
But he doeth all things well."

"And whether by his ordaining
To us cometh good or ill,
Joy or pain, or light or shadow,
We must fear and love him still."

"O, I fear him!" said the daughter,
"And I try to love him, too;
But I wish he was good and gentle,
And kind and loving as you."

The minister groaned in spirit
As the tremulous lips of pain
And wide, wet eyes uplifted
Questioned his own in vain.

Bowing his head, he pondered
The words of the little one;
Had he erred in his life-long teaching?
Had he wrong to his Master done?

To what grim and dreadful idol
Had he lent the holiest name?
Did his own heart, loving and human,
The God of his worship shame?

And lo! from the bloom and greenness,
From the tender skies above,
And the face of his little daughter,
He read a lesson of love.

No more as the cloudy terror
Of Sinai's mount of law,
But as Christ in the Syrian lilies
The vision of God he saw.

And as when, in the clefts of Horeb,
Of old was his presence known,
The dread ineffable glory
Was infinite Goodness alone.

Thereafter his hearers noted
In his prayers a tenderer strain,
And never the gospel of hatred
Burned on his lips again.

And the scolding tongue was prayerful,
And the blinded eyes found sight,
And hearts, as flint aforetime,
Grew soft in his warmth and light.

What I Live For.

I live for those who love me,
Whose hearts are kind and true;
For the heaven that smiles above me
And awaits my spirit too;
For all human ties that bind me,
For the task by God assigned me,
For the bright hopes yet to find me,
And the good that I can do.

I live to learn their story
Who suffered for my sake;
To emulate their glory
And follow in their wake;
Bards, patriots, martyrs, sages,
The heroes of all ages,
Whose deeds crowd History's pages
And Time's great volume make.

I live to hold communion
With all that is divine,
To feel there is a union
'Twixt Nature's heart and mine;
To profit by affliction,
Heap truth from fields of fiction,
Grow wiser from conviction
And fulfill God's grand design.

I live to hail that season
By gifted ones foretold,
When men shall live by reason
And not alone by gold;
When man to man united,
And every wrong thing righted,
The whole world shall be lighted
As Eden was of old.

I live for those who love me,
For those who know me true,
For the heaven that smiles above me
And awaits my spirit too;
For the cause that needs assistance,
For the wrong that needs resistance,
For the future in the distance
And the good that I can do.

—G. LINNÆUS BANKS.

A VACATION THAT DID GOOD.

"We must lay aside an extra five for repairs," said Burr Parker to his brother as the two were making preparation for a long anticipated vacation trip to the North Woods.

"Only I hope we won't have to use a cent that way. We want some extra flies," replied Jack.

"That makes me think—don't let us forget to ask father if he isn't going to give us our ammunition."

"Fraid he won't. Fact is, I don't like to ask. Say, Burr"—Jack turned from the gun he was polishing, with a perplexed look on his face—"father seems worried. You know he told us last fall that he couldn't afford to send us all on a vacation this summer, but if we had spunk enough to earn our own money we might go."

Well, haven't we? You and I have made a cool hundred dollars, counting on Uncle Ned's birthday gift money."

"Yet, but I suspect its going to crowd him to send mother and the babies down to the seashore, and they ought to go."

"And we oughtn't, you mean?" Burr looked up ruefully.

"No, I don't say that. We've earned it, and of course we can go; but I don't want to ask for a cent from father."

"He does look sort of peaked, that's so," mused Burr, after a minute of vigorous rubbing. "Say, when did he ever take a vacation?" he suddenly asked.

"Don't know—yes, I do, too," replied Jack. "Don't you remember when he took us all to Deerfield one summer when we were little shavers?"

"Whew! That's fully ten years ago!" exclaimed Burr, straightening himself up under the dignity of fifteen years.

"I don't see how he can stand it."

"Well, he don't—that's all about it. He's getting awfully worn. And it costs a heap for us all to go off so. We expect to spend our hundred, and it costs mother and the babies lots more than it does us. I've made up my mind never to stir another step on his earnings, and he staying here sweltering in business to keep us all going. Times are panicky, too, men say, and he has to economize. I heard him tell mother so."

"Look here, Jack Parker!" Burr thrust the gun into its case. "I feel awfully mean about going at all. Why not hang around here, and give our money to mother and the babies? We'll get up the river occasionally."

"That's a tremendous say and a tremendous do!" exclaimed Jack, dropping the rods he was fixing. "But, Burr, I can't help thinking how peaked father looks. I say—you know Joe Stout's father died last summer when all were up at the mountains, and folks said—"

"I know what they said," broke in Burr. "They said if he'd stopped work and rested up a little he might have lived. They said, too, his big family made such demands on him he couldn't and Joe was up in the woods then."

Well, we aren't going—so, there! Make demands! Not much, we aren't—and mother's got to go, and father, too."

"I don't know as he can," said Jack, slowly.

"He's got to—some way. Here, get these traps out of the way, Jack. I don't want to see them."

"Well, you beat me," returned Jack. "Do you know what his going means?"

"Yes, sir!" Burr promptly returned, as he swept the old flies into a drawer. "It means for you and me to boil in that little mill office in dog days, look after hands, smell grease and tar, and walk home to get an outside whiff of fresh air, as he was doing for ten years without stopping."

"That's just it, but"—

"No 'buts.' We'd have to if there was no father, and I'm going to begin right now, so that won't happen. We'll get rich and then go to the woods. Clear out of here."

The excited boy pushed Jack out of the room, locked the door, and, as he afterward declared, threw away the key.

It took some time for their father to realize that the boys meant what they said when they informed him that they were not going on the trip, but were to send him instead. Then it took some time to gain his consent, but every objection was coolly overruled.

"Every ten years, a summer off, I guess," said Jack, while Burr declared two boys were equal to one man and a piece over.

They knew enough about the business to keep things going straight for a month at least, with the aid of the confidential clerk, and so they were just going to run things. Mrs. Parker added her entreaties, when she saw the boys had determined upon it, and finally he agreed to go.

Then there was a little private talk which opened her eyes somewhat, and the result was that father, mother and babies decided to go to the old homestead in Deerfield, in place of the seashore, and see his old mother—a trip she found he had longed for.

"It will not cost more than a hundred for us all, and I shall not have to take out a cent from the business, thanks to you, boys; so I'll do as you say, and leave business behind," he announced to them in such a relieved tone that they exchanged glances, and Burr tossed up his hat in satisfaction.

The days were warm and dull, the work confining and trying, but the two kept at it—now in the office, now in the mill; "for there's no use of half doing it," Jack insisted; and it was so well done that the month extended into six weeks under the clerk's private report. Nobody but Mr. and Mrs. Parker knew just what a blessed vacation it had been, though the boys had guessed pretty closely, but as they took the car that night to the depot, to meet them, they learning what might have been.

"So Parker took a vacation?" said one gentleman by them to another at his side.

"Yes," returned the other, "and in the nick of time. Doctor Max tells me he was on the point of breaking down. It was all that saved him."

"So I hear, but I was afraid his business would go under. Morse has failed. Is Parker solid?"

"Tides through straight. His clerk tells me it hasn't cost him a cent, and these two boys of his—why, sir, do you know these two young fellows gave up their summer, sent him off, paid his way, and staid home to look after things in his place? Ah, sir, if there were more such thoughtful sons there would be fewer failures," the gentleman concluded, as the boys left the car unrecognized.

Is it to be wondered at that Jack and Burr saw through misty eyes as they entered the depot, or that the mist grew the thicker as, after mother

and babies, they turned to greet a tanned, ruddy-faced man whom they could hardly believe to be their father? But they wrung his hand with a glad heart as he beamed upon them with a fervent "God bless my boys!"

"And that was better than the biggest salmon ever hooked!" Burr exclaimed that night, dashing a shining drop that blurred his vision as he recalled it.

"Or bringing down a moose," returned Jack, hertily; adding, "Say, Burr. I never enjoyed a vacation so much in my life before."—*Congregationalist*.

Institution Notes.

We have received an invoice of about 225 new books for our library.—*Kansas Star*.

Last Saturday was "Pay day," and, of course, the teachers who had not drawn any pay since last June were made happy.—*Chronicle*.

We expect a deaf girl from Tousey, Ky., some time this week. She is seventeen years of age and has never been to school. She will have to enter the same class with little eight-year-old Castle and he will probably learn faster than she will. What a pity that the parents of deaf children are so careless about sending them to school.—*Deaf-Mute*.

One of the changes made at this institution, that we neglected to mention, is that that the male teachers are not required to be on duty a week. Each takes one day in every week in the month as formerly, but each teacher and the supervisor has charge of the dining-room.—*Missouri Record*.

It is a sad thing to see a bright deaf girl over seven years old standing at the blackboard by the side of little seven-year-old children, trying to learn from them how to form the letters of the alphabet. Such a sight would make any one believe in some kind of compulsory law.—*Oregon Sign*.

Superintendent Knott has begun work on his annual report which will be submitted to the Governor soon after the next meeting of the Board of Trustees. As he has been studying closely the workings of the Institution the deaf and their friends may depend upon it that the report will be unusually interesting.—*Chronicle*.

Some people complain that the words mute, and asylum will cling to the deaf in spite of every thing that can be done. They do seem a little apt to turn up when least expected. The *Optic* has suffered from their persistence. Last week we left out the word deaf-mute from the heading on our first page, but it managed to hold its place at the head of every other page of the paper. This week we will try to banish it from those.—*Optic*.

One of our own graduates has been honored by being made school trustee in his own locality. We thank God every time we hear of any well-merited honor being bestowed upon the deaf. Industry, intelligence and capability earned by the deaf deserve as much honor as those qualities in the hearing when there is as much manhood in the one as in the other. Let the march of progress and justice go on until civilization and Christianity will make it odious for any unforgotten man to dare say the deaf is "only half a man."—*Ohio Chronicle*.

Always throwing light on the matter is the only sort of speech worth speaking.—*Carlyle*.

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Black Gets A Black Eye.

A New York Judge Renders a Decision in favor of the R. S. Peale Reprint of the Encyclopedia Britannica.

[New York Special]—Judge Wallace, in the United States Circuit Court rendered a decision to-day refusing to grant an injunction against the firm of Knich Bros., to restrain them from selling the "Encyclopedia Britannica," published by R. S. Peale & Co., of Chicago. The complainants are the firm of Black & Co., publishers of the original work at Edinburgh, Scotland. In his decision Judge Wallace holds that rival publishers in this country have a legal right to use the contents of the original edition, except such portions of them as are covered by copyrights, secured by American authors. The defendant's work, he finds, has substituted new articles for these copyrighted ones.

This decision is a square set back to the book trust, and directly in the interest of education and general intelligence. As an educational factor in every household, no work in all literature is so important and desirable as this KING OF ENCYCLOPEDIAS, of which it has been said that "If all other books should be destroyed, the Bible excepted, the world would have lost very little of its information." Until recently its high cost has been a bar to its popular use, the price being \$5.00 per volume, \$125.00 for the set in the cheapest binding. But last year the publishing firm of R. S. Peale & Co. of Chicago issued a new reprint of this great work at the marvelous price of \$1.50 per volume. That the public were quick to appreciate so great a bargain is shown by the fact that over half a million volumes of this reprint were sold in less than six months. It is the attempt of the proprietors of the high priced edition to stop the sale of this desirable low priced edition, which Judge Wallace has effectually squelched by his decision. We learn that R. S. Peale & Co. have perfected their edition, correcting such minor defects as are inevitable in the first issue of so large a work and not only do they continue to furnish it at the marvelously low price quoted above, but they offer to deliver the complete set at once, on small easy payments to suit the convenience of customers. It is a thoroughly satisfactory edition, printed on good paper, strongly and handsomely bound and has new maps, later and better than any other edition. We advise all who want this greatest and best of all Encyclopedias to get particulars from the publishers, R. S. Peale & Co., Chicago.

Tricks with Water.

Many people are aware of the fact that claret slowly poured upon water will remain on the surface. Let's try to reverse the experiment, says the Boston Globe, by bringing the claret to the bottom of the glass without water and wine becoming mixed. In order to do this it is necessary that we call to our assistance the difference of the specific weight between hot and cold water.

Boiling water is carefully poured into a glass. A funnel whose tube reaches to the bottom of the glass is inserted, and a quantity of claret sufficient to fill one-fourth of the glass is added. The wine must be slowly poured along the inside wall of the funnel, and the latter must then be very carefully withdrawn. In order to complete the "tricolor," the black color is produced by mixing alcohol with ink, and this is carefully poured on top of the water. As alcohol is much lighter than water it will form a sharply outlined strata, and the three German national colors, while not in their regular order, are all found in the glass.

So far as the pyrotechnic display is concerned, it is, of course, only an illusion, although vivid enough to compensate for the trouble of experimenting. This same glass described above is placed into a bowl filled with cold water. As the hot water in the glass cools off gradually, drops of claret from the lower strata will shoot upward like skyrocket, while the dark drops will descend rapidly from the upper strata, and this spectacle will continue to go on until the liquids have become thoroughly mixed.



STUDY LAW AT HOME.

Take a course in the Sprague Correspondence School of Law. Send ten cent (stamp) for particulars to J. COTNER, Jr., Sec'y, No. 115 Whitney Block, DETROIT, - MICH.

The Perversity of Mankind.

"No, sir," said old Farmer Never-swett, "there wasn't a single blamed trespasser on my premises last season."

"What?" cried the summer boarder, "not through the whole hunting season?"

"No, sir; not a single, not a solitary."

"What did you do—stand guard all day with a gun?"

"No, sir; nary gun."

"Keep dogs loose all over your land?"

"No, sir; nary dog."

"Put up signs threatening to prosecute all caught upon your premise?"

"No, sir; not a single threat to prosecution."

"Wasn't there any game upon your place?"

"Place was just alive with rabbit, pheasant and quail, sir."

"How in the nation did you do it then?"

"Humph! easy enough. I just put up this sign:

COME OVER AND RAVAGE
ON THESE PREMISES
ALL YOU—PLEASE!

The dogs are all dead. The farmer has no gun.

And it is five miles to the Constable's. Shoot the hogs, steal the pumpkins, milk the cows, pull down the fences, set fire to stables, and come right up to tea when the bell rings.

"And, sir, do you know, these here human bein's are so perverse that after a hunter saw that there sign, you couldn't have hired him to come over the fence for \$50 cash."

Debt and Credit.

"Let bygones be bygones," said she, after she had managed to quarrel with him on the way home from the circus. He reflected awhile: "And is this the end?"

"It is, sir; all is over between us."

"Last Sunday night you said you loved me."

"I did then; I do not now."

"And you want bygones to be bygones?"

"Yes."

"Whose to pay for all the ice-cream?"

"Leave me, mercenary wretch! Name your price for your valuable services, and I will see it paid."

Next morning's post brought her the following:

MISS SMITH TO MR. SIMPKIN S., DR.

To 4x rides, \$4 each.....	24 00
To 15 oyster soups at church festivals..	7 50
To 15 suppers at church festivals, \$1....	15 00
To 15 hacks at church festivals, \$1.50...	22 50
To 42 tickets to theatre.....	42 00
To librettos (10), 25c.....	2 50
To suit of clothes (per intimidation)....	50 00
To boots blacked and shaved, say.....	20 00
To 46 broken promises.....	25
To 1 broken heart.....	500 00
To 60 ice creams.....	15 00
To raising my hopes, etc.....	5,000 00
To firing me out after the circus.....	1 20
Total.....	\$5,699 50

By going with another fellow (4).....	8 00
By Healing broken heart (3).....	45
By hugging me (400).....	400 00
By sitting on my lap (20).....	1,000 00
By extinguishing hopes.....	75
By first kiss.....	2,000 00
By 220,200 kisses and hugs, 1 cent.....	2,202 00
Total.....	\$5,699 20
Balance due.....	75

Total.... \$5,699 95
Will call to-morrow night and collect balance due.

She met him at the door. "Come in to the parlor, Chawley," she said, "and I'll pay you." An hour afterward she was contracting a fresh debt at an ice cream saloon near by.—Chicago Tribune.

Whoever makes the fewest persons uneasy is the best bred in any company.—Dean Swift.

The Venice of the North.

Amsterdam, the Venezia of the North, is a city of 400,000 people; and is built on ninety islands, being honeycombed by canals and great "grachts."

"The city," says Thackeray, "is as good as Venice, with a superadded humor and grotesqueness which gives the sightseer the most singular rest and pleasure. A run, through Pekin one could hardly fancy to be more odd, strange, and yet familiar. This rush, crowd, and prodigious vitality; this immense swarm of life; these busy waters, crowding barges, swinging draw-bridges, piled ancient gables, spacious markets teeming with people; that ever-wonderful Jews quarter; that dear old world of painting and the past, yet alive and throbbing and palpable, actual and yet passing before you swiftly and strangely as a dream!"

The heart of the city is the Dam, which an old worthy several hundred years ago constructed across the river Amstel. He also built a castle on this embankment. It is now a plaza, somewhat smaller than Union Square, and on its front the royal Palace, the Exchange and other buildings. Walking by the Exchange, I was astonished at the boys with drums running in and out, and the frightful uproar we heard and the excitement we saw inside. It was as though all the boys were at once celebrating the Fourth of July and making up with their drums and lungs what they lacked in the shape of power. We could not understand it, until later we were told of the reason. It was "Drumming Week."

This again illustrates the Dutch tenacity of tradition. In the Spanish war an Amsterdam boy revealed to the authorities a plot of the Spaniards to blow up the building. On being pressed to accept a money reward he refused, but asked that the boys of the city be allowed to drum in the Exchange for one week every year, and, though they have drummed for 200 years, we saw no evidence of flagging enthusiasm for the custom.

We went through the royal Palace, which was built at a cost of \$5,000,000 in 1648 for the town hall, but was converted into a palace by King Louis, Napoleon's brother, in 1800. From the outside it is square and sombre; within it is coldly grand. The King is an old fogey, and will allow no gas or electric lights in any of his palaces. I remarked that he was sensible to warm his bed chamber with an American stove. But our guide pointed out that, though it was labeled "Crown Jewel" and "Detroit Stove Works," it was only an imitation and really was made in Frankfurt.

There is more cafe life here than in Paris. Men, with their wives and families sit in the cafes all the evening; the men smoking (and they smoke vile tobacco) and drinking beer, rarely more than two glasses of an evening the women sipping coffee, or possibly beer, more often eating an ice and chatting and visiting.

One of our most enjoyable excursions was to the Isle of Marken, on which is a fishing village. We tacked out of the shallow harbor in an blunt-prowed sloop, which instead of a keel or centreboard, had lee-boards contrivances that look like butterfly wings, but help amazingly to hold the boat from drifting. Our skipper was dressed in the Marken costume—knee breeches, blue woolen socks, wooden shoes, a flannel shirt, a broad-brimmed felt hat.

The dress of the women of Marken is curious. It has not changed its fashion for 500 years. Wooden shoes, of course; a dark army-blue skirt; a red bodice, gaudily figured, but the sleeves of plain red; a neat white apron, and a cap on the head completes the costume. The hair is

curled, and from each temple hang two long curls on either side of the face.

The village is built on seven hills, as protection from high spring tides. The beds are built into the wall, like the berths on ship-board. To see these solemn people dressed so comically was a constant source of hilarity, but they did not seem to mind.

So dreamy, so delightful, so unique have we found Holland that it is with regret we leave this interesting country. After visiting Ruks Museum, and seeing the glories and trophies and art of Holland, we were reminded of Prof. Baird's quotation about Holland. A Dutchman said: "Yes, Holland is a small country; but we are a great people." They are, indeed.—*Mail and Express.*

Tricking the Parsons.

Every now and then one hears of large fees paid to clergymen by rejoicing bridegrooms, says the *New York World*. One does not so often hear of the impositions sometimes put upon those who tie the matrimonial knot and who suffer under the social custom which forbids a minister to perform the service of marrying lovers at a fixed rate stipulated for by contract.

But love and marriage do not change the nature of men, and there are mean—very mean—bridegrooms who do not hesitate to trick and cheat the good pastors who bind them in the ties of matrimony.

There is a minister in Brooklyn who told the writer a harrowing tale of deception of which he was the victim. After he had performed the marriage ceremony for a young couple at the parsonage, the bridegroom slipped a fat envelope between the leaves of the family bible, nodding pleasantly, as if to say: "You've well earned it." The clergyman nodded thankfully.

"When I opened that envelope," he said, "what do you suppose I found in it?"

"A goodly sum in bills?"

"No, sir! No, sir! Twenty sheets of copy paper such as reporters use. And on the last sheet was written: Economy is wealth. Please don't squander this. Wipe your razor on it."

"I think," said the domine that minister should be empowered to declare some marriages void."

Dr. Howard, whom everybody in Flatbush, L. I., will remember, had a similar experience. He was routed out at midnight to marry a couple and was compelled to arouse his family to act as witnesses. He was given a fat package by the bridegroom upon the latter's departure. The good doctor spent half an hour or so unwinding paper after paper from that package, only to find at last a silver quarter which had been used as a sleeve button. One face had been ground smooth and ornamented with a monogram.

Dominie Johnson, whom old Brooklynites will recollect, was "taken in" once in much the same way. A Would-be Benedict wrote to him to engage his services in tying the matrimonial knot, and hinted that he was saving a roll of \$5 gold pieces with which to fee the doctor.

"An evening or two later," said the clergyman, in telling the story, "he honored me with a call. He was accompanied by one of the prettiest little women I ever saw. I performed the ceremony, and he insisted upon my kissing the bride. He made an officious display of a long thin roll well wrapped in tin foil, and as I bowed him out he slid it slyly into my side pocket. When I returned to my library I examined the roll and found—"

"What?"

"A clothespin surrounded with ten-penny nails! A month or two afterward he wrote to me from St. Louis saying that he had charged me the

wedding fee I was to have received for kissing his bride."

"There is a halter awaiting that knave," concluded the clergyman warmly, "and I never read of a hanging that I do not wonder if he isn't the victim traveling to glory under an alias."

A clergyman who once held a charge near Wyandotte, Kas., was given a horse and carriage by a couple whom he had just married. They had driven to his parsonage from Wichita and they left by train. Soon afterwards the parson drove his new horse to Wichita.

"I didn't get back for a week," and the clergyman, shaking his head dolefully. "The man not only stole the woman, but the horse and wagon from her husband, and the rig was recognized and I was clapped into jail on a charge of horse stealing. Of course everything was finally straightened out, but somehow or other I could never make up my mind to forgive that man."

The Capitol by Moonlight.

A well known newspaper man of this city who was stationed at Washington while President Garfield was suffering from his wound in the white house, had occasion to go one night beyond the capitol on business. It was a beautiful moonlight night, and on his return he sat down on the rim of a basin facing its east front. While he was silently admiring the great pile and its majestic dome, a tall, spare man sat down about ten feet from him and said: "Young man, you are looking at one of the grandest sights that civilization affords. I have been all over the world, pretty nearly. I have seen St. Paul's and St. Peter's; but for grandeur and dignity of architecture this structure excels them. To appreciate it fully it must be seen from this point on a night like this. Then all its beauties are glorified, and its few trifling faults are shadowed into obscurity. The Italian says: 'See Naples and die.' For my part I cannot see how any American can view the capitol without feeling prouder of his country than he was before."

The newspaper man interrupted him with: "Why, General Sherman, I never suspected you of having such a poetic strain in your nature."

General Sherman, recognizing his listener by his voice, came down from the clouds at once and explained:

"I have always admired the capitol and it looks particularly well to-night."—*Omaha World Herald.*

Hunting Guinea Eggs.

To find a guinea nest was the very poetry of egg hunting. The creatures are half wild, and feed far afield. The bush pasture was their chosen haunt, and had such store of hidden nooks, such clumps of brake and briar, such steep grassy banks, such tangle of sedge and dewberry and plum thicket, that we would never have found an egg but for the bird's queer habit. When the hen goes to the nest her mate stands guard over her on the nearest bare spot, and fills the air with his buzzing cry.

Following the sound, we come upon the pair. Madam chooses her home daintily, and deeply hollows the clean, dry earth out of it. Flowers often nod above it, grass is sure to spring greenly about the edge. Overhead is always shelter of some sort, for the maker knows instinctively that sunshine will addle her precious eggs. Her small cousin, the partridge, so admires her taste that sometimes she decides to share the nest.

Sometimes, too, a hen of independent mind comes a-grasshoppering into the bush pasture, and puts her eggs into such shelter. Very often we found forty eggs to the nest. And when we

took them out it was always with a silverspoon. Black mammy taught us, "Ef yer puts han in dar, de guinea'll smell it an' quit de nes." Whatever the reason, the fact was none the less fact.—*Harper's Young People.*

Brave Little Kate

I am going to tell you a true story of a brave little girl. Near a large town in a new part of our country there is a place where a railroad track crosses a brook on a high bridge. Not far from the bridge lives the little girl I am going to tell you about. Her name is Kate. One stormy night not long ago, as little Kate stood looking out of the window, watching for her father to come home, she saw that a train was coming along the track. She could not see the cars, the night was too dark for that, but she could see the bright light on the front of the engine. While the little girl was looking, and just as the train had got to the brook near by, all at once the engine light seemed to fall and go out. Kate looked again, but no light was to be seen. Then the little girl was afraid that something was wrong. She got a lantern and ran down towards the railroad track. When she got there she found that the bridge was gone, that the rain had washed it away. Then Kate knew that far below in the foaming water lay the engine and the train she had seen from the window. Now, Kate had often watched the trains go by so she knew just when to look for them. As she stood there by the broken bridge, it came into her mind that another train would soon come rushing along. The brave girl made up her mind to save this other train if she could. She started to run back to the nearest station, a mile away. Before she reached this station she had to cross a long, high bridge over a broad river. It is not easy to cross this bridge even in the day time; and this was a dark, stormy night. Worse than all, just as Kate got to the bridge the wind blew out the light in her lantern. But little Kate did not give up. The brave girl crept along the beams on her hands and knees, till she reached the other side of the river. Then she jumped to her feet, and ran on again till she came to the station. Her clothes were torn and wet, she could hardly speak. All she could say was "Stop the train! stop the train!" Then she fell fainting on the ground. Kate was just in time. In a minute more the cars came along and the men at the station ran out and stopped them. Was not Kate a brave girl? Think of all the people in the cars, men, women and children! and all of them saved by one little girl! How glad they were, and how happy Kate was! Children, how much good even a little girl can do if she is quick to think and brave to act!—*Selected.*

Making Their Wills.

Judge: "I've made me will, said an Irishman who belonged to a quarrelsome family. "But if they fight over it after I'm dead, sure I'll write a codicil that'll make 'em dance!" Another worthy man was differently afflicted.

An elderly gentleman who knew something of law lived in a Irish village where no solicitor had ever penetrated, and was in the habit of arranging the disputes of his neighbors and making their wills.

At an early hour one morning he was aroused from his slumbers by a loud knocking at gate, and putting his head out of the window, he asked who was there.

"It's me, yer honor—Paddy Flaherty. I could not get a wink of sleep thinking of the will I have made."

"What's the matter with the will?" said the amateur lawyer.

"Matter, indeed!" replied Pat. "Sure I've not left myself a three-legged stool to sit upon."

NEBRASKA MUTE JOURNAL

Omaha, Neb., Oct. 31, 1891.

THE NEBRASKA MUTE JOURNAL will be issued twice in every month of the year. The subscription price is SEVENTY-FIVE (75) cents per annum IN ADVANCE.

All communications connected with the paper should be addressed to NEBRASKA MUTE JOURNAL, Institute for the Deaf and Dumb, OMAHA, NEB.

One Copy FREE to persons getting up clubs of Five new subscribers, and sending us for 1891.

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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. Application 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, of 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. Tuition will be out of session each year. It is of the utmost importance that all should be present at the commencement of the Session.

The Nebraska Journal has surprised all its contemporaries by adopting a novelty in advertising, by having part of it set up entirely in the manual alphabet of the deaf. It is a method adopted to introduce the alphabet among the hearing people. We think it is a good idea, but it is a puzzle to the advertisers to see their business cards put half in language that they cannot read, and which must have caused a comical laugh on their part at first sight.—*Critic*.

The paper issued at the Omaha Institution, called the *Nebraska Mute Journal*, has adopted a method, both original and unique, to disseminate a knowledge of the manual alphabet among the public in general. The scheme consists in advertisements of business houses, in Omaha, the firm names and other important lines being "set" in letters of the manual alphabet of the deaf, of which the Institution print on separate bodies, so they can be set up

the same as any other type. The effect of so many lines in the finger-alphabet, sandwiched between plain and ornamental job types, is quite startling. Tasteful symmetrical appearance in the composition is sacrificed, but as the main point is to catch the attention of the public, in the hope that the public will memorize the alphabet, there is not a shadow of doubt concerning the effectiveness.—*Journal*.

We are pleased to note that the articulation department at the college starts off with bright prospects, having three teachers at work. This is a matter of great satisfaction to all oralists. We congratulate Dr. Gallaudet upon this consummation of a long cherished hope. This should mark an era in the advancement of the college. The objections which oral schools have advanced toward the college are now removed and we hope to see many names enrolled as students from those schools. Dr. Gallaudet is not slow to adopt methods which he sees to be good and add departments as rapidly as they are required and the funds are at hand to establish them. We hope to see the very highest perfection attainable of articulation methods and results from this new move of the college.

Some boys think it smart to do a mean trick and then be sly about it, look innocent, deny all knowledge of it, try to lie out of it if accused. If caught they try to get up some excuse or throw the blame on some one else. They will say the others do it too, and that is the lamest of all excuses. That is not the kind of stuff the best men are made of. That is not the material to use in building up good, strong characters. It won't do it. The way to have a good character is to build it up. You can't jump from a mean sneak of a boy, respected by nobody and despised by everybody who loves truth and honesty, into a truthful, honest boy who has the confidence of good people, the distance between the two is too great. You will have to bridge the way. You will have to make a character before you have it. You will have to earn respect and confidence before they are yours.

If the Nebraska Journal thinks the public will take time and effort to spell out the manual alphabet print in its advertisements, it is probably much mistaken. We would not be surprised if the advertisers ordered the "gingerbread" work off their notices as being too confusing for utility. There are better ways of educating the public in the speech of the fingers.—*Mutes Register*.

Name your better way, *Register*, and tell us of its success. You just ought to hear the comments made by the advertisers; how the little ones gather round and spell out the words to see what they mean. The advertisers entered into this scheme for the very novelty of it. The papers get into the schools and are passed round. We have heard of them from other states even. It is the novelty of the thing that wins.

A Jacksonville, Illinois, paper says: Secretary Wines, of the Illinois State Board of Charities, has asked the State Board of Agriculture, which has the disposal of the \$800,000 appropriated by the Illinois Legislature for the World's Fair, for a portion of the funds to be set aside for the Institution for the Deaf to make an exhibit. Dr. Gillett's plans are to take about one hundred of his pupils to Chicago for six months to illustrate the methods employed in every branch of the work with the deaf. Or in other words to establish a branch of his school on the World's Fair grounds.—*Silent Education*.

We are glad to see that there is a prospect for the Illinois School to make an exhibit. We hope that a part of this appropriation may be used as here suggested. It would be a wonderful advertisement for the Illinois school, and a deserved one. If anybody can work a scheme of that kind, we will trust Dr. Gillett and Fred Wines to do it.

Aural instruction progresses in our school as usual. It is such a natural matter that it is just like any other feature of the work. That the semi-deaf can be taught to hear, and to talk is so matter of fact we rarely think to speak of it, as though it were not universally adopted in the schools. Among the new admissions this year—nineteen to date—five of them are classed as partially deaf and are put in the aural department. We have in this department altogether twenty-five.

This makes a large percentage of our school classed as aural pupils. They do much the same work the others do. They do it as well and in addition receive the cultivation of their hearing powers and vocal organs. The teachers in this department would not concede for a minute that their children do not do as good work in the subject matter, and develop mentally as fast as those in the other schools.

From our own observation we would say that they are correct. We keep up this feature and have seen no reason to weaken in advocating it. We insist that schools which do not take cognizance of this demonstrated fact, that semi-deaf children can be taught to hear, do an absolute injury to a large percentage of the whole class of the deaf. To teach these in classes other than oral and aural, is doing them rank injustice. We say this advisedly, and not caring whom it hits. We know some teachers who don't care to depart from the old and beaten path, methods which they have used for years with success, are good enough, anything else they consider as futile. Now we just want to suggest that they would better catch up with the procession. The world moves, and if they do not move with it they will be left behind.

Some institutions introduce oral and aural methods into their work about as freely as a sick man takes calomel because he has to. Public sentiment demands it. All this talk, between the ultra sign method fellows, and the radical oral method fellows, about the mental development feature, we consider of very little consequence.

We are reminded of the wisdom of Horace Greeley in discussing the methods of the how of resuming specie payments. He said the way to resume is

to resume.

That is the way we feel about developing mental ability.

Peterified.

We recently heard the following related in such a facetious manner that it made a deep impression on our repertorial mind.

Two students were in the mountains of Colorado, looking for specimens. One day as they were chipping from the rocks any old miner approached. "Hello pards," whaters you doing? Oh we are getting specimens. Getting what? Getting specimens of petrified wood. Oh! what are you giving me? Say, just come with me over thar in the gulch. And Ill show you peterified wood that is peterified. Why there is a man peterified over there. Oh no, you don't mean that! Yes I do. The man stands there with a gun shooting at a bird. And there is the gun and the smoke, and the bird, and the feathers flying off of the bird, and all are peterified. Oh no, said the students that cannot be, this is contrary to the laws of gravity. If the

bird was petrified it would fall to the ground. I tell you the man is peterified, and the gun, and smoke, and feathers, and bird, and the laws of gravity themselves are peterified, everything is peterified over in that gulch.

In Memoriam of Alonzo Hilton Davis.

Editor JOURNAL:—I received to-day the sad intelligence of the death of my friend, Alonzo Hilton Davis,—Omaha's Poet. There is no sadder period in life than that in which the clock of time marks the departure of some cherished friend, from that hour their presence is lost, and the smile that was wont to greet us returns, no more to cheer and to bless. The eye that looked upon us so benignantly in life is closed.

The countenance that beamed with goodness is changed; the voice that never spoke except in tones of kindness and friendship is silent—still as the calmness of the evening or the unbroken silence of the tomb. We follow our friend to the great charnel-house of the dead and we recall from time in imagination, their presence and try to think they are with us still, but no fancied presence can supply living realities.

It is a joy to us while living and a consolation to surviving friends, to know that we are appreciated, and that the work of our hands shall stand as mementoes that we once lived, and that the work of our hands is indelibly fixed upon the records of time as well as upon the tender memories of the heart.

There is no better criterion of an intellectual and moral worth than the general esteem in which Brother Davis it held wherever known.

A long social and business acquaintance has endeared him to the people as no other name outside of Omaha, and to-day hundreds mourn. Education, talent and social position raised him above his fellowmen, but he chose to walk with the rank and file, and the rank and file will ever hold him in living remembrance.

Father away from earth—
To shine in heaven above;
To light a path through the clouds of death,
To the golden land of love.

G. E. F.

An Accurate Boy.

Do well what you have to do. Never do a thing by halves." The thorough and accurate, who put their whole heart into the business at hand, and do their best, are the ones to succeed.

There was a young man once in the office of a railway superintendent. He was in a situation that four hundred boys in the city would have wished to get. It was honorable, and "it paid well," besides being in the line of promotion. How did he get it? Not by having a rich father, for he was the son of a laborer. The secret was his accuracy. His leisure time he used in improving his writing and arithmetic. After a while he learned to telegraph. At each step his employer praised his accuracy, and relied on what he did, because he had always found him right. And it is thus in every occupation. The accurate boy is the favored boy. If a carpenter must stand at his journeyman's elbow to be sure that his work is right, or if a cashier must run over the house-keeper's columns, he might as well do the work himself as employ another to do it in that way; and it is very certain that the employer will get rid of such an inaccurate workman as soon as he can.—*Selected*.



\$1000.00 a year is being made by John R. Goodwin, 100 N. 1st St., Omaha, Neb. He has a secret which he will not tell, but we can teach you quickly how to earn from \$5 to \$10 a day at the start, and more as you go on. Both sexes, all ages. In any part of the world, you can communicate at home, giving only your time and spare moments only to the work. All is done by mail. Send for every book. We start you furnishing everything. EASY, SPEEDY, LEARNED. PARTICULARS FREE. Address at once, STINSON, 3040, PORTLAND, OREGON.

LOCALS.

Now is the time to admire the "sear and yellow leaf."

These pleasant days, and the motor cars, bring plenty of school visitors.

Prof. Mosely is back in school again. We are glad he is so soon able to take his place again.

Benson can entertain delegates to the Methodist Conference if she builds as she blows and booms.

The baby girls, under Mrs. Richard's instruction, have finished their first quilt. They are very proud of it.

The girls are gathering pods out on the prairie, and making numerous puff balls, and other pretty things.

New bloaks are the style now among the ladies here. Some of the them are beauties, and all of different styles and prices.

Both pumps got out of kilter at once and left us in the lurch for a day. The engineer should manage to let only one break at a time.

Our next door neighbor, Mr. Parker looked after the decorations at the "Happy Hollow" party, and his choice palms, ferns, cut roses, etc., made an elegant display.

A couple hundred bushels of apples are picked and stored away. As they are not good "Keepers," we are using them up as fast as possible. The next trees we plant will bear winter apples. then they will last till spring.

Waldo Rothert, son of the Supt. in Iowa has been quite ill with Pneumonia. We hear he is now recovering. Waldo is a bright, gentlemanly boy, doing his best to get ready for the college at Washington.

We can almost believe that very soon the Missouri will flow towards its source, since the Ave Marie has been thrice sung in the First Presbyterian Church of our city. A decided step towards the "Unity of churches."

Visitors are numerous this fine weather, and are generally surprised at the ability of the children and the tact of the teachers. No teaching will succeed here; that is not full of soul, and body and energy and life of the teacher.

Society is again in the whirl, and people who can dress well and own snazzy, are stirring. Afternoons for ladies are not so popular as where the gentlemen are in it. Evening receptions are best, or "up" as we deaf folks say.

George Kennon lectured at the Grand on the Prisons of Siberia. While we had read of those horrid things in the Century, they seemed infinitely worse, as told by him in his graphic manner, and dressed in the low-down prison suit of a convict.

If any one doubts that we are a big city, let him stand at the corner of 16th and Farnams sts. and look north, south, east and west for miles and miles at the crowds of people, rushing up and down and everywhere. And there is generally a convention "in it."

When a man is nominated for Mayor, or Judge, or in fact anything, he must expect his private life to be "as a tale that is told," from the time he wears his first boots, until the day he is nominated. It is owing to his party, which paper the DEAF OR WORLD HERALD gets the life history first. Either one will do it justice.

Who is the boy that wants to tip his chair back on its hind legs? Why this the same fellow who wants to talk in line, and pick his teeth as he walks out. He don't want to fix his hands right, not put his hat in the proper place. In

fact he always wants to do just what he is told not to do. Nobody likes him, and he hates himself. He'll never be a man, but a great overgrown baby or booby. You all know him.

A number of the Iowa teachers made us a visit, in order to see how deaf people should be taught. They were judicious in not saying any thing which might be construed into flattery, but forgetting that our local editor could hear, some remarks were quietly made, about the nice order in study, going out and into meals, and particularly the good behavior in the dining-room. The teachers spent some time with the children in their rooms and took the whole family in generally. Hope they'll come again.

One of the editorial staff on the World Herald is a lady, a charming little woman, full of common sense, and fine feeling. She is the best writer of the outfit—says the most practical things in the pleasantest manner. Every body watches the Sunday World Herald to get her article. She looks after her home, makes her husband and the children happy, and is never behind in her work on the World Herald. She will probably weight about a hundred. We hope her salary is paid according to her weight, not physically, but according to the weight of her articles.

Mrs. Gillespie went shopping the other day, and started home with numerous packages of all sizes and grades. A box containing a handsome pair of shoes was dropped out of the carriage on 16th street. Before it was missed at home, a gentleman telephoned out that he had picked up the box, and had taken it to the merchant whose name was on the wrapper. Mr. Bryans remembered who bought the shoes. So they were sent out to the Inst. The man who picked up the shoes, is a scholar and a gentleman. He lives in Omaha, and is an honest man. We do not know his name, but we recognize in him the elements of truth and righteousness.

One hundred and twenty five hearty, hungry, healthy boys and girls to feed, teach, train, and make men and women of. Frances Willard says, "To bring up a child as he deserves to be brought up, you must begin at least one hundred years before his advent." But Frances, that is impossible. We've got to begin right now. Some of them are seven, some seventeen and on up to twenty-seven. We must take them with their uncanny forms as well as their blood, inherited, with ungoverned tempers, and uncouth manners, children, babies in one sense, men and women in another. We must gather them from all sorts of homes, good and bad, rich and poor. They must be fed, washed and taught and labored with. In short they must be made into men and women, self-supporting and respected. We are all working together with one accord to do this, in our Institute and if we fail in some cases, who can wonder at it?

The most important period of life is between the ages of fourteen and twenty-one; then the body and mind are the most susceptible of influences, good or bad, and those are largely under the control of the individual. It is just the special duty of every one to "take care of number one," and let no man ever blame another, no child reproach his parents for undeveloped strength, and blighted health, before he looks back to see if by his own neglect or his own action, he is not himself truly responsible. Chronicle.

Every thought, impression, observation can be, intelligibly and intelligently expressed by sign.

New York has seven millionaires editors, but they don't write much.

PUPILS' COLUMN.

Edward Huggins, James Boggs, Editors.

We are having bright and cool days.

On the night of the 20th of Oct. it rained a little and was drizzly.

While it is warm and pleasant, some of the Cottagers say that it seems like spring.

Mr. C. C. Wentz is still teaching in Mr. T. Moseley's class room, while he is sick. Mr. Moseley is nearly well now.

One week ago, Saturday night, some of the members of the Alpha Society met again, but they didn't organize.

Oct. 20, the pupils were glad to see Mr. Martin Kennealey again. Better late than never. This is Mr. Kennealey's second year in this school.

At dinner, one of the big girl with whom her two friends visited on the 18th of Oct., spelled "fat beans," but the big boys said that they were lima beans.

On election day, Mr. Hans Hanson will probably go to the city to see his father who will go there from Wallace, Neb., to vote and then his father will go to Council Bluffs on a visit to his old friends.

Three fashionably dressed ladies made the studio a look through, but left shortly afterwards. Their names could not be obtained.

Two weeks from last Saturday a deaf man, that lives in North Dakota, came here to visit. He staid two days. He had been at school in Canada, afterward at school in the U. S. for a shorter time and then again in Canada.

Miss Estella Forbes was very suddenly summoned home on the morning of the 24th, and later on a rumor spread that her niece was very sick but since she has made her appearance here. She reports her niece gradually but slowly recovering.

Last Monday a new pupil, a little girl, appeared in the dining-room, with her mother and a gentleman and, just after dinner, Mr. Wm. Marsh returned. There are one hundred and twenty-seven pupils now, but a few of the late pupils will be here soon. There are 15 more boys than girls.

The cook, had been invited by the Supt. to remove to new quarters and now we only see her very seldom. Last August, Mr. Supt. had several rooms made over the kitchen and since it is now fixed up, the cook won't have to trudge so far to reach the kitchen.

One of our last year's scribes is again posted on the press as a pencil waster or better known as editor this month, and if you would please give him some ideas I think he would never be tired of writing them. To wind up the conversation: Say, give him some news.

The new pump is out of order and wont play. So the shaying maker has erected a scaffold around it and expects to hang the pipes for refusing to work. The trouble is that the thing is out of order.

Mr. Geo. Ady made his appearance here on the 23rd of Oct., and we were surprised to learn later on that he was a comrade of the Superintendent's, who served in the same company during the war of the Rebellion. We were sorry to

learn that he could not stay. He left in a few minutes for home. His visit was only a glance through the school.

One of our editors, seeing the leaves fall and the branches becoming bare has thought of a piece that he has picked up in his brain and it is as follows.

"The trees may grow,
The leaves may bloom,
But yet they have their time;
'Cause soon the leaves will pass away,
And the stately trees will only be seen,
As dumb statues of the past."

The space between cottage and Industrial Building is gradually being cleared up after so many long weeks and I think in a few days it will be as it was before the drillers attacked the grounds. The last wagonload was removed on the 27th. I think in several days we will see a structure around the works, but to say to you frankly I don't know exactly when the brick pliers will be around.

The latest fake among the older pupils on art studies is painting and to produce a picture one must have time and patience. The one that goes to work but soon gets tired of it is considered no account, but the one that loves it, and stays at work until it is done, and who does not halt at intervals, is the one that is wanted. Always remember that patience and perseverance brings reward and honor to the one that does them.

Henry Porter was so unfortunate as to have his finger bitten. It occurred this way: Mrs. Taylor said to Henry that she would give him a gold piece on condition that he would go to the wall without opening his eyes. He thought he would get the prize and so volunteered to walk up to it. So he did but when within a few inches of it, he found his finger in a monster's jaws but was too slow to withdraw it, for that monster had springs and flew shut and bit poor Henry's finger until he begged to have his poor finger released and I think he would have knocked that boy down who put his mouth in his way.

On the 17th of Oct., the Council Bluffs Inst., second nine were here to play baseball with our nine. The latter won by the score of 15 to 8. The score stands as follows:

Omaha, 0 1 0 4 1 3 0 4 2 15 runs.
Council Bluffs, 2 1 1 1 0 0 1 2 0 8 runs
Base-hits—Omaha 24; Council Bluffs 8.
Errors—Omaha 5, Council Bluffs 5.
Batteries—Livingston and Jensen for Omaha; Mayman and Goodwin for Council Bluffs.
Struck out—by Livingston 19, by Herman 11.
Base on balls—by Livingston 24, by Herman 4.
Umpire, Fred Parli. Time: 2 1/2 hours.

Oct. 24th, the first nine of Council Bluffs school came over and crissed balls with us. The score is as follows: Council Bluffs 0 0 0 0 0 3 2 2 1-8.
Omaha 0 0 4 0 0 1 0 1 0-3.
Base-hits—Omaha 10; Council Bluffs 4.

Errors—Omaha 2, Council Bluffs 5.
Batteries—Appleby and Murdock for Council Bluffs; Livingston and Jensen for Omaha. Struck out—by Appleby 12, by Livingston 19. Base on balls—by Appleby 3, by Livingston 1. Two-base hit—Kiper 1, Livingston 1, Beahm 1. Three-base hit—Appleby 2. Home-run—Thierman of Omaha. Umpire James McEvoy. Time: 2 hours. The Council Bluffs players and the Omaha players will play baseball again next Spring.

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NEBRASKA MUTE JOURNAL

Omaha, Neb., Nov. 1, 1891.

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One Copy FREE to persons getting up clubs of five new subscribers, and sending us for 1891.

George Bancroft, Historian.

George Bancroft, whose death occurred at Washington on Saturday evening, Jan. '91 was the foremost among American historians. By the fidelity, conscientious impartiality and painstaking research of his work he had secured for himself the confidence and esteem of the entire public. He was in the front rank of the literary men for whom the United States is able to feel a just and honest pride. His work has permanency; were it to be suddenly lost, as its writer has been suddenly taken away, we should be at a loss for the where-withal to fill its place.

George Bancroft was born in Worcester, Mass., on Oct 3, 1800. Essentially a New England man in his methods of thought, he belonged to what Oliver Wendell Holmes has called the "Brahmin type." His father, the Rev. Dr. Aaron Bancroft, was an eminent Unitarian minister of Worcester. The son was a quick thinker and student and at 13 entered Harvard; five years later he went to the university of Göttingen, where he studied history and philology. He traveled through Germany, Italy, Switzerland and Great Britain at different times during his stay at the university, but in 1820 he graduated with the degree of Ph. D., returning to America two years later to take a position as Greek tutor in Harvard. It was an evidence of the earnestness of his efforts that he was the first man to quit Göttingen at the early age of 20. He had even then made himself known to such men as Schleiermacher, Von Humboldt and Goethe.

Throughout his subsequent brilliant career Bancroft undertook and carried to successful completion a number of projects. His experiences were varied, and he is himself a conspicuous figure in American history. His energy was boundless and his capacity for labor unlimited. During 1823 he founded, together with Dr. Joseph Cogswell, the Round-Hill school at Northampton, Mass., and published a volume of poems. In 1824 his translation of Herodotus' "Politics of Ancient Greece" was issued. At that time he had already begun to write his great history and had commenced a collection of materials therefor. The first volume did not, however, appear until 1834. Long before this time he had avowed his principles to universal suffrage and uncompromising democracy. In 1838 he was appointed collector of Boston by President Van Buren. He then took an active part in politics and also became interested in the philosophical movement called transcendentalism. The third volume of his history was issued in 1840. He was afterward nominated for governor of Massachusetts by the democratic party, and at the election received the largest vote ever polled before by a candidate of his party. A member of Polk's cabinet as secretary of the navy in 1845, he was sent in 1846 as minister to Great Britain, where he successfully urged upon the British government the adoption of more liberal navigation laws. Returning from Eu-

rope, Bancroft devoted himself almost wholly to literary labor. It was in February, 1833, that he delivered the address before congress in memory of Abraham Lincoln. In May, 1867, he returned to the diplomatic field, taking the appointment as minister to Prussia; in May, 1867, he was accredited to the North German confederation and in 1871 to the German empire, being finally recalled at his own request in 1874, but not before having assisted in concluding several important treaties relating especially to the naturalization of Germans in America.

For the last ten or twelve years Mr. Bancroft had busied himself with literary work. After the publication of the tenth and last volume of his life-work, "The History of the United States," in 1868, he became interested in different projects for historical writings, and up to within the last few years frequently had no less than nine secretaries and stenographers at work with him. One of the latest of the works thus undertaken was a two-volume treatise on the "Formation of the Federal Constitution."

Personally Mr. Bancroft was lovable and of a kindly disposition. Since Mrs. Bancroft's death in 1833 he had been alone in Washington during the winters, retiring to spend the summers in Newport. He liked the society of public men of the best kind, and was on intimate terms with ex-President Arthur and his cabinet. A democrat in politics, he was catholic in the liberality of his views, and greatly admired and esteemed Mr. Arthur. At the whitehouse receptions Mr. Bancroft's striking figure, with his long and snow-white hair and beard, was sure to be seen, holding an impromptu reception of his own. He was a great horseman, and a frequent afternoon spectacle on the Washington streets, was that of the great historian mounted on a stout cob and cantering contentedly out toward the country.

His gifts were esteemed and appreciated by many of the most famous men of his time. He was probably the one man in this country who had known and conversed intimately with Byron and Goethe. Of his work much is known so widely that description is needless. He did many things, and whatever he did was well done. But his great historical work will take rank with any of the best of the great literary endeavors of his fellow countrymen. He was indefatigable in research; right in his adherence to truth. He was not an epigrammatist like Froude, nor a brilliant and florid writer, but as a historian, simply fulfilling the historian's duty of impartially recording the development of nations he was without a superior.

Apron Strings.

"I promised my mother I would be home at six o'clock."

"But what harm will an hour more do?"

"It will make my mother worry, and I shall break my word."

"Before I'd be tied to a woman's apron strings?"

"My mother doesn't wear aprons," said the first speaker with a laugh, "except in the kitchen sometimes, and I don't know as I ever noticed any strings."

"You know what I mean. Can't you stay and see the game finished?"

"I could stay, but I will not. I made a promise to my mother, and I am going to keep it."

"Good boy!" said a hoarse voice just back of the two boys.

They turned to see an old man poorly clad and very feeble.

"Abraham Lincoln once told a young man" the stranger resumed, "to cut the acquaintance of every person who talked slightly of his mother's apron strings, and it is a very safe thing to do, as I know from experience."

It was just such talk that brought me to ruin and disgrace, for I was ashamed not to do as other boys did, and when they made fun of mother I laughed, too—God forgive me! There came a time when it was too late—and now there were tears in the old eyes—"when I would gladly have been made a prisoner, tied by these same apron strings, in a dark room, with bread and water for my fare. Always keep your engagement with your mother. Never disappoint her if you can possibly help it, and when advised to cut loose from her apron-strings cut the adviser, and take a tighter clutch of the apron-strings. This will bring joy and long life to your mother, the best friend you have in the world, and will insure you a noble future, for it is impossible for a good son to be a bad man."

It was an excellent sign that both boys listened attentively, and both said "Thank you" at the conclusion of the stranger's lecture, and they left the ball grounds together, silent and thoughtful. At last the apron-string critic remarked, with a deep-drawn sigh:

"That old man has made me goose-flesh all over."

"Oh, Dick" said his companion, "just think what lovely mothers we have both got!"

"Yes, and if anything were to happen to them, and we hadn't done right! You'll never hear apron-strings out of my mouth again."—*Harper's Young People.*

How To Avoid Poison Vines.

THERE need be no trouble in identifying the poison ivy in any of its forms. The hairy trunk will often serve us, but there are two other features which are of much more value. First, let us remember that its leaves are always grouped in threes, whatever the outlines of their more or less wavy margins. In some sections the plant is always called the "three-leaved ivy."

Four things need to be committed to memory to insure safety against our poison sumachs:

1. The three-leaved ivy is dangerous.
2. The five-leaved ivy is harmless.
3. The poison sumachs have white-berries.
4. No red-berried sumach is poisonous.

Both the poison ivy and the poison sumach, though unlike in appearance of foliage, have similar white berries growing in small slender clusters from the axils of the leaves. In all other sumaches the berries are red, and in close bunches at the ends of the branches, and, far from being dangerous, yield a frosty-looking acid which is most agreeable to the taste, and wholesome withal. With these precepts fixed in the mind no one need fear the dangers of the thickets.—*From Harper's Young People.*

What I Have Learned.

That old stocking legs make nice sleeve protectors.

That powdered chalk and vinegar are good for a burn.

That a coarse comb is good to smooth the fringe of towels, napkins, tides, etc.

That an egg well beaten in a glass of milk, and sweetened, makes a nice strengthening drink for a teething child.

That equal parts of bay rum, borax and ammonia make a nice preparation for cleaning the head; apply freely to the scalp with a brush, and then wash in clear water.

That a featherbed or mattress will remain clean and in an excellent condition for years if kept in a case made of common sheeting, which can be removed and washed at will.

That biscuits can be warmed to be as

good as when just baked by placing them in the oven dry, covered closely with a tin. It is a great improvement over the old way of wetting them.—*Good Housekeeping.*

Time Was Precious.

German scholars are famous for their economy of odd minutes.

Herr Schymidt is an absent-minded teacher of music. One of his pupils asked him:

"At what o'clock do you want me to come to your house tomorrow to take my lesson?"

"Oh 'vell' choost come ven you gets ready; but be sure you vas on time, for I don't vant to be kept waiting."—*Texas Siftings.*

How to Act When Clothes Take Fire.

Seize blanket, shawl, overcoat or rug—anything of the sort indeed that is most convenient—spread it out as widely as possible, throw it around the victim and grasp tightly. This saves the face, which is the great object. Then throw the victim on the floor and the fire may be put out at comparative leisure. If the victim is alone, he or she may escape serious injury in most cases by falling upon the floor and rolling over till help arrives. Unfortunately, this is an accident which in most cases deprives both victim and bystander of all judgement and presence of mind.—*Sel.*

The Salmon Knot.

The "salmon tie" is the latest. It is so called because the energetic fish of the name couldn't possibly pull it loose although the fisherman could the instant need should come for a new fly or a better one. In the cut you see the old bow-knot and beneath it a shoe with the salmon knot. According to the New York Tribune this is the way the salmon knot is "achieved":

"Tie an ordinary bow-knot, but do not draw it tight nor make it close to the shoe. Now take the loop and end of one side and put it over and through the knot. Draw tight like an ordinary bow-knot, and it is done. To untie it simply pull the ends, as in the common bow-knot."

Scratching Matches on Glass.

At a cigar stand the scribe saw a man scratch a match on a convenient pane of glass and, to his surprise, it lighted as readily as though the glass had been sand paper. To those who have been accustomed to seeing people search for a rough surface on which to scratch a match it would be rather startling. Not only ordinary matches but even the safety matches, usually unlightable except on the box in which they come, can be lighted on glass.—*Brunswick (Me.)—Telephone.*

Heavy Thunder.—A traveller stopping at a village inn during a thunderstorm, said to a by-stander. "Why, you have heavy thunder here." "Yes," replied the man we do, considering the number of inhabitants."

A stranger called at forty-eight different houses in Cleveland and asked, "Is the boss home?" There was no man home in any one instance, and yet forty seven of the women promptly replied, "Yes, sir; what do you want?"

It is easy to tell when a man is flattering your neighbor, but it isn't so easy to decide when he is flattering you.—*Somerville Journal.*

Here are four good habits—punctuality, accuracy, steadiness, despatch. They prevent waste of time and mistake of vital importance. Well-doing and great opportunities of usefulness are promoted by two last.—*Museum.*

Carriages are run by electricity in Berlin.

The Careless Boy.

"Where's my hat?"

"Who's seen my knife?"

"Who turned my coat wrong side out and slung it under the lounge?"

There you go, my boy! When you came into the house last evening you flung your hat across the room, jumped out of your shoes and kicked 'em right and left, wriggled out of your coat and gave it a toss, and now you are annoyed because each article has not gathered itself into a chair to be ready for you when you dress in the morning. Who cut those shoestrings? You did it to save one minute's time in untying them! Your knife is under the bed, where it rolled when you hopped, skipped, and jumped out of your pants. Your collar is down behind the bureau, one of your socks on the foot of the bed, and your vest may be in the kitchen wood-box for all you know.

Now, then, my way has always been the easiest way. I had rather fling my hat down than to hang it up; I'd rather kick my boots under the lounge than place 'em in the hall; I'd rather run the risk of spoiling a new coat than to change it. I own right up to being reckless and slovenly, but, ah, me! have not I had to pay for it ten times over. Now, set your foot right down and determine to have order. It is a trait that can be acquired. An orderly man can make two suits of clothes last longer and look better than a slovenly man can so with four. He can save an hour per day more than the man who flings things helter skelter. He stands twice the show to get a situation and keep it, and five times the show to conduct a business with profit.

An orderly man will be an accurate man. If he is a carpenter, every joint will fit. If he is a turner his goods will look neat. If he is a merchant, his books will show neither blots nor errors. An orderly man is most always an economical man, and a prudent one. If you should ask me how to become rich, I should answer: "Be orderly—accurate."

Now, about school. Nine boys out of ten look upon school as something in the light of a juvenile prison. They are more than half right. The idea seems to be to command a boy to open his mouth and swallow as fast and as much as he can bite off, and many of the rules and regulations are too capacious to have come from sensible men. But, hark you; ignorance means vice, crime—degradation. The man without education must make his muscles earn him a dollar a day, where brains would earn him \$5. The more ignorant the man the more naturally he becomes a law-breaker. Education will enable you to compete with capital. It will make capital for you. Only, if you were my boy I'd educate you in particular and not in general. I mean by that, if you want to be a lawyer I wouldn't let you fritter away two or three years in algebra, astronomy and the dead languages. If you wanted to become a doctor I wouldn't educate you for a lawyer. If you had a fancy to become a civil engineer I'd push you in algebra instead of colonial history. As the case stands in our schools to day every boy must study what one does. No two of them will probably follow the same pursuit in life, but all were thrown into the same hopper and the mill set going.

Now about recreation. A boy who attends school five days a week should not be set to splitting wood or hoeing corn on the sixth. The labor of going to school is just as hard for a growing boy as shoving a jack-plane is for a man. Saturday ought to be his own day, and so acknowledged. Twenty-five years ago the father who couldn't find other work for his boy would

throw down a fence and tell him to rebuild. The idea was to work him. No thought was given to the anatomy of a boy. Nobody seemed to realize that his bones were soft, his joints easily put out of order, and his muscles in such condition that too much work must use him up. Find me a stiff-legged man, a bowbacked man, a lopshouldered man, a man whose spinal column is out of plumb, and I'll prove to you nine times out of ten that he was overworked as a boy.—*Detroit Free Press.*

Royal Hobbies.

The collecting hobby of royalty is on the increase; thus Prince Regent of Bavaria has a large collection of beetles—the most complete in Germany—and is also a great observer of the habits of ants, bees, flies, moths, etc. Of other royal persons, King Oscar of Sweden may be mentioned as a collector of books of poems with autographs of writers. The Czar Alexander III has preserved and increased his collection of birds' eggs and postage stamps begun when a boy, and the King of Roumania's ambition consists in bringing together the largest number of autographs of all well-known personages throughout the world. The ex-Emperor of Brazil possesses the most complete collection of butterflies, and the Queen of Italy is very fond of continually adding to her already large collection of gloves, boots, and shoes worn at different periods at Italian courts—including for example, Nero's sandals, Rienzi's throne shoe, a pair of white slippers and a fan which they say belonged to Mary, Queen of Scots, shoes worn by Queen Anne, by Marie Antoinette, the Empress Josephine, etc.—*Silent World.*

Reading a Dollar.

What is the "milling" on a dollar or other coin? Probably not one person in five hundred would answer this simple question correctly. There is a popular belief that the corrugations on the rim of a dollar are the milling. A San Francisco *Cronicle* reporter thought so too, until the point happened to arise in a conversation with C. M. Gorham, coiner at the mint, the other day.

Mr. Gorham went into the coining room and picked up a "blank," a round piece of plain silver cut out of a silver bar. It had gone through one machine, which had slightly rounded the edges. The blank was dropped in a milling machine, and when it came out a second or two later the rim was flat and the edges of the rim were raised a little above the level of the sides. The verb "milling" used in this connection is this raising of the rim of a blank piece of money, and the noun "milling" is this plain raised rim without reference to any corrugations anywhere. The purpose of the milling is to protect the surface of the sides from wear.

The milled blank was dropped into a stamping machine, from which it dropped a perfect dollar. While in the machine the piece dropped into a corrugated collar, and the piece expanding under great pressure, the rim was forced into the corrugations and became similarly corrugated. These parallel notches or corrugations, generally called the milling, constitute the "reading." The term is adapted from its architectural use to express a small convex molding, especially when such moldings are multiplied, parallel to each other.

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A Horse as a Policeman.

J. W. Evans, a South Chattanooga coal and wood dealer, owns a horse which he calls U. S. Grant. Like the great general, the horse is smart. He is also very sensitive. The other night a negro was wandering around in the coal yard. The horse was there also, and thinking the negro did not belong there, he ran him out. The darkey got over the fence just as the horse reached it. Had the negro been two minutes later he would have been a fit subject for the coroner. The negro turned out to be an employ who had left his coat. The next day Grant got into the cat bin. He was caught and whipped. This hurt Grant's feelings, and thinking his smartness was not appreciated, he went away. An effort was made to catch him, but it proved fruitless. Yesterday Grant stalked into the office, where Mr. Evans and his clerk were talking over business matters. He could not be prevailed upon to get out until a tray of oats was put up for him in the buggy-shed, which could be seen from the back window of the office.

Mr. Evans says that Grant is a Kentucky blue-grass horse. His is 11 years old and is blind in one eye. He rarely ever is worked but is occasionally taken out hunting.—Chattanooga Times.

If the Sunday had not been observed as a day of rest during the last

three centuries, I have not the slightest doubt that we should have been at this moment a poorer people and less civilized.—Macaulay.

NUMBER TWO.

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