

THE NEBRASKA ADVERTISER

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NEMAHA, - - - - - NEBRASKA.

OH MY DEARIE.

Oh, my dearie, dearie, dearie!
Life's a wondrous thing and cheery!
Never dark and never dreary!
All its blooms are sweet with dew!
And the mocking bird is singing,
Swinging low and high and singing,
And my every thought is winging
Out across the world to you!

Life's a wondrous thing; a potion
Stirred by breezes from the ocean,
And its every sweet emotion
Dear, is born of dreams of you!

And I lift the chalice gladly,
Slowly, slowly, never sadly;
Never quickly, never madly;
'Tis a most enchanting brew!

Drain it slowly, slowly, slowly,
With a spirit meek and lowly,
'Tis a wondrous brew and holy;
Life is good! It gave me you!
And I'm glad, dear, in my telling
Can you see the gladness dwelling
In my heart and feel its swelling?
Ah, life's skies are arched and blue!

Dear, when I am lowly lying;
When my last faint breath comes sighing,
And my spirit preens for flying,
And life's cup is drained and through,
I shall end it, never shrinking,
With no sad regret or thinking,
All of it was worth the drinking!
It was sweet with love of you!
—J. M. Lewis, in Houston Post.

Mabel ♦ ♦ ♦ ♦
Versus ♦ ♦ ♦ ♦
Mabelle.

BY CHARLOTTE SEDGWICK.

IT was Mat Bronson who put the idea into our heads—which, indeed, were ready enough to receive it. I knew that Mat was cross that afternoon just by the way he slammed his wheel against the veranda and came charging up the steps.

"See here, Molly," was his only greeting—always having lived next door, he is not always very ceremonious—"why don't you girls take this nonsense out of Mabel Rogers?"

I asked him, "What nonsense?" I knew well enough, but Mat has such an exasperating way of breaking into a subject!

"Don't be unnecessarily dense," was all the satisfaction I received. "I tell you, Molly, I'm sick of Mabel's city airs and affectations, and so are the other fellows. They're all beginning to keep shy of her."

It was wicked of me, but I could not resist.

"And yet," I said, "when Mr. Matthew Bronson came home from college, about two weeks ago, he said it was refreshing to find one really stunning girl in town—a girl with some style and manner, a girl who knew what was what. And he considered it such a pity that the rest of the Harwich girls couldn't visit somebody in New York, and—"

But that was as far as I got, for Mat was fairly snorting something about its being just like a girl to remember everything a fellow ever said, and rake it up after he had changed his mind.

Then, when he felt a little more comfortable, he said he thought it was somebody's duty to make Mabel "cut it out," as he expressed it. Her father did not care to, it seemed, and her aunt did not dare to, so he thought it was left for us—his sister Nell and me—as Mabel's most intimate friends. She was too fine a girl to be spoiled by such silliness. If it were one of the boys, now, the other boys would "take it out of him mighty quick!"

Nell had come up on the veranda during this oration, and she asked Mat, sarcastically, what method he would suggest. Would he advise us to put Mabel on the floor and sit on her until she promised to be nice and natural again? She believed that was the usual mode of procedure with boys.

But Matthew only shook his head and hinted darkly that girls had "ways;" he did not know how they did things, but he knew they did. He could not tell, for instance, how they had made Ned Bates stop smoking—but they had.

Nell gave me a funny little look and said that she guessed Ned could not tell, either, and I hurried to ask if Mabel had been doing anything new and striking. She was certainly interesting in those days.

"I was over there a little while ago," said Mat, "to see if she would go to Edith's party with me. That new maid held me up at the door for a card—wouldn't let me in without it, either—and ordered me to walk into the 'drawing-room' while she took the card to Miss Mabelle. Mabel had seen me from the window, too."

"Oh," I interrupted, "did you hear how she tried to make Timothy wear livery when he took the horses out? Fancy it—Old Tim! Of course he wouldn't, and for once Mr. Rogers interfered. He said that he would pay the extra maid and change his dinner-levy and call her Mabelle, but he

wouldn't let her make a fool of Tim, too."

Mat said, "Good for him! I didn't know he had the spirit."

Then he told how he asked Mabel to go to the party, and she wanted to know if he did not think that sort of thing "so country." Mat asked her what sort of thing, and she said, thinking you must always go to places with boys. And her aunt preferred her to go just with one of the maids.

Then Mat had said things. He told her that was all right in a city, but in the country, where they had been neighbors all their lives, it was simply ridiculous. He finished by telling her that she could go with one of the maids until the end of her days, so far as Mr. Matthew Bronson was concerned. Then Mabel told him not to act like a small boy, and he came away.

Nell and I screamed. To be called a small boy is so irritating—when one is! And Mat is undeniably undersized.

But he did not see the cause of our mirth. He said, severely:

"It's all very well to laugh, but I think it's your duty to make her drop it, if you can. You think it over."

So Nell and I thought it over. To tell the truth, we felt flattered by Mat's confidence in our power to do something, and we agreed with him in thinking that something ought to be done.

Mabel Rogers used to be considered the prettiest, brightest, most popular girl in town before she went to visit her New York cousins; but that visit nearly spoiled her. When she came back her aim in life was to look and act and talk like the city girls she had met, and of course she overdid it. No city girl ever would have recognized herself as the original of Mabel's exaggerated imitation.

She wore her pompadour about three sizes too big; her manner was all "gush," and her affected way of talking made it a standing joke in town that "Mabel Rogers went to New York on the cars; Mabelle Wogehrs came back from New York on the cars."

What Mabel needed most, I think, was a brother. I have noticed that the girls who have brothers are not so apt to get silly little airs and affectations as other girls are. I have often wished I had a brother, but Mat does very well. He keeps me supplied with many of the comforts of one, particularly in the matter of frank criticism.

Nell and I thought it all over for several days. We thought hard. It takes hard thinking, I have discovered, to find a really successful way of not minding your own business. In the end, I am sure we would have given it up if Nell had not had an idea in Latin. She is always having ideas in Latin.

She had this one while we were reading in the hammock one afternoon, and she gave a little bounce that made the hammock flop and throw us out on the ground. Our hammock has the floppiest disposition, anyhow.

Then, while we sat there on the ground, weak from laughing, she explained that she had the loveliest idea. I said it seemed to have quite upset her, but she utterly snubbed my poor pun.

"I just found in this book," she went on, "Similia similibus curantur. I wonder we didn't think of it before."

"Translate it," I said. I never have ideas in Latin myself.

"And you expect to enter college this fall!" Nell said, significantly. "Like cures like," of course, my dear, I've heard it somewhere before," she added, honestly.

"You mean—" I began.

"Exactly," Nellie assured me. "We'll just try being affected ourselves, and let Mabel see how silly it is."

I had my doubts. I said that Mabel would be more likely to see that we were just rude, and perhaps we would only offend her instead of reforming her. Mother agreed with me, too. She advised us, if we really felt called on to mend Mabel's ways, to tell her frankly what we thought, instead of using a method that was so likely to be misunderstood.

But Nell and I agreed that we did not have the courage to do that, and besides, this other way would be more fun. Mother smiled and did not say any more. She never nags, and she never says, "I told you so, my dear!" She just lets me find out a good many things for myself.

So Nell and I spent several days in learning how to do it. We studied Mabel pretty closely, and I confess I had a kind of sneaking feeling, for she is one of the sweetest, frankest, most generous girls I ever knew.

But at last we considered our education completed, and one afternoon we started out, with trailing skirts—borrowed—and absurdly beponadoured heads, to make a formal call on Mabel. We flattered ourselves that we had acquired the correct accent, and our manner was affected to a point several degrees above Mabel's. We tried it on Mat before we started, and he nearly had a fit.

At Mabel's house we usually walk right in and announce ourselves, but this afternoon we rang the bell and brought Maggie with her tray. I know she was surprised, but she was "game," as Mat would have said.

As we gravely presented our cards

and asked for 'Miss Wogehrs and Miss Mabelle,' her face was as expressionless as if we were perfect strangers. She quietly showed us into the parlor and went to "tell the ladies." She came back in a minute to say that Miss Rogers was out, but Miss Mabelle would be down in a minute.

Nell and I wondered afterward if she gave Mabel a hint. We have never found out.

Perhaps our sending our cards warned Mabel. At any rate, when she came into the parlor nothing in her manner suggested that there was anything unusual about us. She had played tennis with us all the morning, too.

She said, "Auntie will be so sorry to miss your call! How do you do, Mary—and Helen?"

Then she shook hands with us both, explaining how glad she was to see us, and how long it was since we had met.

She was simply delicious, and for a moment Nell and I were staggered. We thought we were ready for anything, but this perfect composure nearly routed us.

Then Nell rallied and "went into action." Nell Bronson is nothing if not thoroughgoing, and she is a born actress. It was the funniest thing I ever saw—those two girls matching their imitation city manners against each other. I stayed out, for the most part. I had all I could do to keep from laughing and spoiling it all; and besides, Nell did not need any help.

They talked about the weather; about Edith's party, which Mabel pronounced a "charming bit of local color, but so country, you know." Then she described a party she had attended in New York.

Nell said, feelingly, that it must be terribly stupid to live in a country town when one was used to the city. Mabel said it was—oh, unspeakably stupid! (She had been in New York just five weeks!) There was no society in Harwich. Of course there were nice people, but no society. Nobody knew how to entertain, except, perhaps, Mrs. Mertiweather, and she really was a New Yorker.

So the girls went on, and I think they would have kept it up indefinitely only I rose to go, fairly bursting with swallowed laughter. Nell got up, too, and Mabel.

"Must you go?" she said. "But you will come again? Mary, love, pardon me, but your hat is a bit too far forward. Do you mind if I fix it? There! Really, one needs to have lived in a city to get things just right."

Then she asked us if we would let her show us some day how to do our hair. And she insisted on showing Nell how to put her belt on "the new way." And as we started down the steps she offered suggestions about the "correct way" of holding up our skirts, which Nell and I had caught up anyhow, to keep from falling all over the miserable things.

I watched Mabel closely to see if she meant mischief, but her face was as innocent as a baby's. She seemed to be doing it all out of the kindness of her heart. She honestly wanted to help. I thought, and she appeared positively flattered by our wanting to be like her!

The noble duke of York, or whoever it was, who marched up the hill and then marched down again, has my sympathy. I know exactly how he felt. Nell and I felt like that when we marched down the hill from Mabel's.

We came away in good order, however. We did not run until we were round the corner; and then we did not stop running until we were safe in Nell's little "den," where we dropped on the divan and proceeded to have hysterics, all by ourselves, as we supposed.

But in a minute we heard Mat politely inquiring from the door if he could be of any assistance, and in the next breath impolitely advising us to "stop snorting" and tell him what the "row" was.

Nell sat up, mopping her eyes, and tried to explain. "O M-Mat," she choked, "it's the f-funniest thing! Mabel never saw the p-point! She thought we really wanted to be l-like her. Molly, I shall die!" and she collapsed again.

"Hurrah for Mabel! She's all right!" was the only sympathy that we got from Matthew. "Of course she was just bluffing you, and it serves you right! Girls never can mind their own business, anyhow. They're all the time meddling."

That brought Nell and me to in a hurry. We started for that wretched boy, but he was too quick for us. He dodged into his room and locked the door, so we had to content ourselves with telling him through the keyhole our opinion of boys in general and of Matthew Bronson in particular.

Nell said it was just like a boy, anyway. If you took his advice and succeeded, he was a wonder; if you failed, you were a meddler.

Oh, we said several things, and we could have said many more, only before we came to them somebody ran up the stairs and distracted our attention. It was Mabel.

"I've come to return your calls, girls," she said, "and I couldn't wait to send up cards."

Nell and I just stared. She was

speaking in her old, natural way, and somehow I knew she had been crying.

"I want to tell you that I'm very grateful to you," she went on. "I was furious at first, for I think it was a pretty mean way of telling me that I've been a goose, but I suppose I deserved it. Only, instead of discussing me behind my back and letting me keep on being a goose so long, I think you might have told me frankly."

Then her voice began to tremble and she stopped. Things looked pretty squally, and Nell and I could not seem to think of a thing to say. We simply stood there and felt mean. And then suddenly the door flew open and that blessed boy came bounding out. I could have hugged him!

"I beg to inquire," he said, solemnly, "whether I have the pleasure of addressing Miss Mabelle Wogehrs or Miss Mabel Rogers?"

"Mabel Rogers," Mabel said, laughing. "I just came back from New York this afternoon. Come on, Mat! Let's show these little girls here how to play tennis. Go change your skirts, my dears!"

Mabel is all right!—Youth's Companion.

REASON INADEQUATE.

An Illustrative Instance of the Efficacy of Direct Revelation.

In the struggle between rationalism and faith in revelation which disturbed the second half of the eighteenth century and has been many times renewed in our time, Hume was the recognized leader of the rationalist philosophy. One of his essays on natural religion, relates Youth's Companion, called forth a reply from Robertson, the historian, who maintained that man's reason as applied to nature is inadequate, and cannot arrive at the highest religious ideas without direct revelation.

Hume and Robertson were antagonists in their philosophy, and also in some of their ideas of history, but they were warm friends. One evening, during a gathering of literary people at Robertson's house, the conversation turned to the controversy between natural and revealed religion. Hume urged his views with his fine intellectual subtlety, and Robertson rejoined with an equally adroit defense of revelation.

When Hume rose to depart, somewhat early, his host started to follow him to the door with a candle.

"Pray don't trouble yourself," said Hume, with humorous significance. "I find the light of nature always sufficient."

Unfortunately for the aptness of his remark, he stumbled in the dark, and pitched through the open front door down the steps. Doctor Robertson ran after him with the candle, and holding it over him, helped him to rise. The chance was too good to miss, and when he saw that Hume was not seriously hurt, he said, quietly:

"Mr. Hume, you had better have a light from above."

Jud Odom on Women.

"I never was shy about women. I never could understand why some men who can break a mustang before breakfast and shave in the dark and get all left-handed and full of perspiration and excuses when they see a bolt of calico draped around what belongs in it. Inside of eight minutes me and Miss Willilla was aggravating the croquet balls around as amiable as second cousins. She gave me a dig about the quantity of canned fruit I had eaten, and I got back at her, flat-footed, about how a certain lady named Eve started the fruit trouble in the first free-grass pasture—'Over in Palestine, wasn't it?' says I, as easy and pat as roping a one-year-old."

"That was how I acquired cordiality for the proximities of Miss Willilla Learlight; and the disposition grew larger as time passed. She was stopping at Pimienta Crossing for her health, which was very good, and for the climate, which was 40 per cent. hotter than Palestine. I rode over to see her once every week for a while; and then I figured it out that if I doubled the number of trips I would see her twice as often."—McClure's.

"Sunday Folks."

When Dr. John Cairns went from Scotland to Ireland for rest and travel in 1864, he was at once delighted by discovering from the guides who showed him about that most of the landed gentry were "Sunday folks."

"That's a fine castle," he would say, pointing to a big house set like a crown on some rocky hill.

"Yes, sorr," said his guide, "'Tis Sir John O'Connor's," or "'Tis Sir Rory Moore's." He always added, "He's a Sundah mon."

At last Dr. Cairns grew curious. "What is a Sunday man?" he asked. "Well, sorr, it do be a mon that has so many writs out agin him for debt that he stays shut up tight in his house all the week, and only comes out on Sundah, when the law protects him."

Dr. Cairns' opinion of the landed gentry underwent a change.—Youth's Companion.

ANTI-SITTING DEVICE.

Central American Inventor's Idea for Making Biddy Forget Her Dream of Maternity.

When a hen gets a notion into her diminutive brain that it is her mission to lead a bunch of downy-covered chicks over the garden it is a very difficult thing to convince her otherwise. There may be many excellent reasons advanced by the farmer why it is not desired that she should take upon herself this unselfish duty; but no matter how many or excellent are his reasons, they carry no weight with the hen.

Being chased from one nest, she will take her place on another, and in the absence of eggs she will set on anything, from a load of cobblestones to a watermelon. Foiled at one effort, she will make another, and cling to the object of her ambition with a persistence worthy of a greater cause, until the aggravated farmer is almost ready to wring her neck.

The means of preventing a hen from setting seems like a very humble problem to occupy the throbbing brain of an inventor, but the matter has been recently attacked by a genius of British Honduras, who is so sure that he has found the solution of this mighty matter that he has gone to the trouble of taking out patent papers in this and other countries.

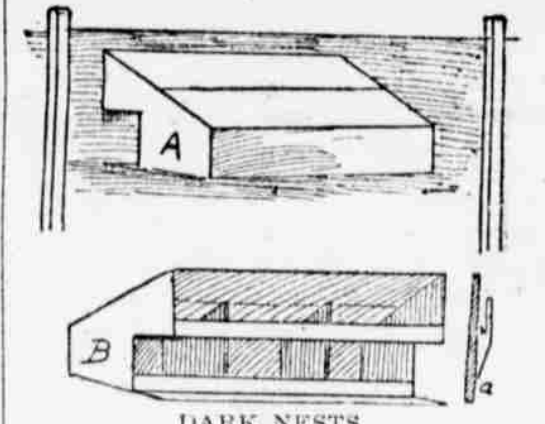
The apparatus consists merely of a loop of wire adapted to fasten to her leg and encircle the limb in such a manner that the fowl's freedom of foot is not interfered with in her ordinary rambles about the barnyard in search of food; but the moment she tries to locate herself on a nest she finds a yawning chasm between them.

She may hover around and over the nest, but it refuses to receive her rotund form. This is because the wire loop which has been fastened to her prevents her from bending her leg, as is necessary to assume the setting posture. It is said that after repeated efforts to find a hospitable nest she gives up her task and forgets her dream of maternity.—Philadelphia Press.

WHEN HENS EAT EGGS.

Dark Nests, Built According to Lines Here Laid Down, Usually Effect a Cure.

Where egg eating is a habit among fowls, dark nests will be found very serviceable; as it becomes practically impossible for a fowl to strike an egg hard enough to break it when it is in a semi-light. In the arrangement shown



DARK NESTS. (A, Rear View; B, Front View.)

here the hens enter the nest at B, from which the lower board has been removed to show the arrangement of partitions between the three nests. When this board is on, the nests are light enough for the fowls to find them, but too dark for them to see the eggs very distinctly. At A is seen the rear of the next box, which has a cover that can be raised up when the eggs are to be gathered or the nests renewed. Such nest boxes should not be nailed to the floor or partition wall, but should be hooked fast, so that they may from time to time be removed and thoroughly disinfected.—Poultry Craft.

Advantages of Incubators.

Among the numerous advantages of the incubator over the hen may be mentioned the following: The incubator is always ready for business while a hen only sits when she feels like it. It is less work to care for an incubator than for a sufficient number of hens to hatch the same number of chickens. The greater the egg capacity used, the more time is saved over that required for the care of the hens. The chickens are so much more uniform in size and age that they are more easily cared for, more cheaply fed and present a much more attractive appearance when fitted for the market. Again chickens hatched in incubators are always free from lice and generally remain so till they are large enough not to be much injured by them, a thing that can rarely be said of hen-hatched chickens.—Prairie Farmer.

Big Profit in Mushrooms.

The growing of mushrooms for market has become an industry of considerable importance in this country. It has, however, been handicapped in its development by the fact that it was necessary to import most of the spawn, which are exceedingly difficult to grow. The department of agriculture announces that it has discovered a simple and practical method by which not only a high grade of the spawn of the cultivated mushroom, but of many of the wild varieties, may be produced. It is believed that the use of this method will obviate the necessity of importing the 2,300,000 pounds of mushrooms we now get from France annually.—Rural World.