

THE NEBRASKA ADVERTISER

W. W. SANDERS, Publisher.

NEMAH, - - - - - NEBRASKA.

THOUGHTS AT EVE.

When the flickering firelights flaming shadows on the wall do cast, Memory comes to hold and haunt me with the memories of the past.

And my heavy heart turns backward, though the years have onward rolled, To the happy time of childhood, to the youthful days of old.

Early scenes and early pleasures now are pictured to my eyes; Deeds and words of playmates distant thronging round my heart will rise.

Now I hear their childish laughter ring within ancestral halls, And their hurrying footsteps loudly sound within the ancient halls.

For in kindness now the distance answers to my longing sigh, When I think of what to-day is and the days that have gone by.

For in fancy now I listen to those tales in childhood told— Feats of valor done in battle, done by warriors strong and bold.

Nor our souls were little doubting that the stories they were true, And our throbbing hearts would echo every deed our hero'd do.

Then our lives were full of gladness, never came a thought of sorrow With the anguish of to-day, with the pain that comes to-morrow.

Life is but a struggle, ceaseless; nothing comes to him who'll wait; Who will strive must battle ever against the crushing hand of fate.

Man is but her plaything lightest, that she gives no heavy thought, Though 'tis said for some wise purpose mankind in the world was brought.

This lesson man is learning, that the coming years will teach; All with weary effort striving for the things beyond their reach.

This we know not, nor our childish hearts had learned, That to fame and fortune highest ever would our souls be turned;

Till we sicken in the struggle of the never-ending strife, And we long but for one moment of our happy childhood life.

Thus my thoughts are backward turning when the dying day is dead, When the dreary shadows gather and the wings of night are spread.

And I gaze into the darkness, gaze so blankly out my door, Eerie shadows round me stealing faintly fall upon the floor.

—Winfield Spiers, in Philadelphia Press.

POLITICS AND FISH.

BY JOHN BUCHAN.

THE farmer of Clachlands was a tory, stern and unbending. It was the tradition of his family, from his grandfather, who had been land steward to Lord Manorwater, down to his father, who had once seconded a vote of confidence in the sitting member. Such traditions, he felt, were not to be lightly despised; things might change, empires might wax and wane, but his obligation continued; a sort of perverted noblesse oblige was the farmer's watchword in life; and, by dint of much energy and bad language, he lived up to it.

As fate would have it, the Clachlands plowman was a radical of radicals. He had imbibed his opinions early in life from a speaker on the green of Marchthorn, and ever since, by the help of a weekly penny paper and an odd volume of Gladstone's speech, had continued his education. Such opinions in a conservative country side carry with them a reputation for either abnormal cleverness or abnormal folly. The fact that he was a keen fisher, a famed singer of songs, and the best judge of horses in the place, caused the verdict of his neighbors to incline to the former, and he passed for something of an oracle among his fellows. The blacksmith, who was the critic of the neighborhood, summed up his character in a few words: "Him," said he in a tone of mingled dislike and admiration, "him! He would sweep white as black the morn, and dod! he would prove it tae."

It so happened in the early summer, when the land was green, and the trout plashed in the river, that her majesty's government saw fit to appeal to an intelligent country. Among a people whose politics fought hard with their religion for a monopoly of their interests, feeling ran high and brotherly kindness departed. Houses were divided against themselves. Men formerly of no consideration found themselves suddenly important, and discovered that their intellects and conscience, which they had hitherto valued at little, were things of serious interest to their betters. The lurid light of publicity was shed upon the lives of the rival candidates; men formerly accounted worthy and respectable were proved no better than whitened sepulchers, and each man was filled with a morbid concern for his fellow's character and beliefs.

The farmer of Clachlands called a meeting of his laborers in the great dusty barn, which had been the scene of many similar gatherings. His speech on the occasion was vigorous and to the point: "Ye are a' my men," he said, "an' I'll see that ye vote richt. Ye're

uneducated folk, and ken naething about the matter, sae ye just tak' my word for't, that the tories are in the richt and vote accordingly. I've been a guid maister to ye, and it's shurely better to pleasure me, than a wheen leevin' seondrels whae tramp the country wi' leather bags and printit trash."

Then arose from the back the plowman, strong in his convictions: "Listen to me, ye men," says he: "just vote as ye think best. The maister's a guid maister, as he says, but he's nocht to dae wi' your votin'. It's what they ca' intermeddiation to interfere wi' anybody in this matter. So mind that, an' vote for the workin' man an' his richts."

Then ensued a war of violent words. "Is this a meetin' in my barn, or a penny-waddin'?" "Ca't what ye please. I canna let ye nistead the men."

"Whae talks about misleadin'? Is't misleadin' to lead them richt?" "The question," said the plowman, solemnly, "it what ye ca' richt."

"William Laverhope, if ye weren a guid plowman, ye wad gang post-haste out o' here the morn."

"I carena what ye say. I'll stand up for the richts of thae men."

"Men," this with deep scorn. "I could naik better men than thae wi' a stick out o' the plantin'."

"Ay, ye say that noo, an' the morn ye'll be en'in' lika yin o' them mister, a' for their votes."

The farmer left in dignified disgust, vanquished, but still dangerous; the plowman in triumph mingled with despair. For he knew that his fellow-laborers cared not a whit for politics, but would follow to the letter their master's bidding.

The next morning rose clear and fine. There had been a great rain for the past few days, and the burns were coming down broad and surely. The Clachlands water was chafing by bank and bridge and threatening to enter the hay-field, and every little ditch and sheep-drain was carrying its tribute of peaty water to the greater flood. The farmer of Clachlands, as he looked over the landscape from the doorstep of his dwelling, marked the state of the weather and pondered over it.

He was not in a pleasant state of mind that morning. He had been crossed by a plowman, his servant. He liked the man, and so the obvious way of dealing with him—by making things uncomfortable or turning him off—was shut against him. But he burned to get the upper hand of him, and discomfit once for all one who had dared to question his wisdom and good sense. If only he could get him to vote on the other side—but that was out of the question. If only he could keep him from voting—that was possible but unlikely. He might forcibly detain him, in which case he would lay himself open to the penalties of the law, and be nothing the gainer. For the victory which he desired was a moral one, not a triumph of force. He would like to circumvent him by cleverness, to score against him fairly and honorably on his own ground. But the thing was hard, and, as it seemed to him at the moment, impossible.

Suddenly, as he looked over the morning landscape, a thought struck him and made him slap his legs and chuckle hugely. He walked quickly up and down the gravelled walk. "Losh, it's guid. I'll dae't. I'll dae't, if the weather juist hauds."

His unseemly mirth was checked by the approach of some one who found the farmer engaged in the minute examination of gooseberry leaves. "I'm concerned about thae busses," he was saying; "they've been ill lockit to, an'



"I'LL STAND UP FOR THE RIGHTS O' THAE MEN."

The other shuffled and looked unhappy. He and his master were on the best of terms, but these unnecessary compliments were not usual in their intercourse. He began to suspect, and the farmer, who saw his mistake, hastened to change the subject.

"Grand weather for the fishin'," said he.

"Oh, is it no?" said the other, roused to excited interest by this home topic. "I tell ye by the morn they'll be takin' as they've never ta'en this 'ear. Doon in the big pool in the Clachlands water, at the turn o' the turnip-field, there are twae or three pounders and siblins yin o' twae pund. I saw them mysel' when the water was low. It's over big the noo, but when it gangs down the morn, and gets the color o' porter, I'se warrant I could whup them out o' there wi' the flea."

"D'ye say sae," said the farmer, sweetly. "Weel, it's a lang time since I tried the fishin', but I yince was keen on't. Come in bye, William; I've something ye might like to see."

From a corner he produced a rod, and handed it to the other. It was a very fine rod indeed, one which the owner had gained in a fishing competition



HE WOULD TRY ONE CAST.

many years before, and treasured accordingly. The plowman examined it long and critically. Then he gave his verdict. "It's the bravest rod I ever saw, wi' a fine hickory butt, an' guid greenhert tap and middle. It wad cast the sma'est flea, and haud the biggest trout."

"Weel," said the farmer, genially smiling, "ye have a half-holiday the morn when ye gang to the pool. There'll be plenty o' time in the evening to try a cast wi't. I'll lend it ye for the day."

The man's face brightened. "I wad tak it verra kindly," he said, "if ye wad. My ain yin is no muckle worth, and, as ye say, I'll hae time for a cast the morn's nicht."

"Dinna mention it. Did I ever let ye see my flea book? Here it is," and he produced a thick flannel book from a drawer. "There's a maist miscellaneous collection, for a' waters an' a' weathers. I got a heap o' them frae auld Lord Manorwater, when I was a laddie, and used to carry his basket."

But the plowman heeded him not, being deep in the examination of the mysteries. Very gingerly he handled the tiny spiders and huckles, surveying them with the eye of a connoisseur.

"If there's anything there ye think at a' like the water, I'll be verra pleased if ye'll try't."

The other was somewhat put out by this extreme friendliness. At another time he would have refused shamefacedly, but now the love of sport was in him. "Ye're far ower guid," he said; "Thae twae patrick wings are the verra things I want, an' I dinna think I've ony at a' hame. I'm awfu' gratefu' to ye, an' I'll bring them back the morn's nicht."

"Guid-e'en," said the farmer, as he opened the door, "an' I wish ye may hae a guid catch." And he turned in again, smiling sardonically.

The next morning was like the last, save that a little wind had risen, which blew freshly from the west. White cloudlets drifted across the blue, and the air was as clear as spring water. Down in the hollow the roaring torrent had sunk to a full, lipping stream, and the color had changed from a turbid yellow to a clear, delicate brown. In the town of Marchthorn, it was a day of wild excitement, and the quiet Clachlands road bustled with horses and men. The laborers in the fields scarce stopped to look at the passers, for in the afternoon they too would have their chance, when they might journey to the town in all importance, and record their opinions of the late government.

The plowman of Clachlands spent a troubled forenoon. His rightly dreams had been of landing great fish, and now his waking thoughts were of the same. Politics for the time were forgotten. This was the day to which he had looked forward for so long, when he was to have been busied in deciding doubtful voters, and breathing activity into the ranks of his cause. And lo! the day had come and found his thoughts elsewhere. For all such things are, at the best, of fleeting interest, and do not stir men otherwise than sentimentally; but the old, kindly love of field-sports, the joy in the smell of the earth and the living air, lie very close to a man's heart. So this apostate, as he cleaned his turnip rows, was filled with the excitement of the sport, and had no thoughts above the memory of past exploits and the anticipation of greater to come.

Middy came, and with it his release. He roughly calculated that he could go to the town, vote, and be back in two hours, and so have the evening clear for his fishing. There had never been such a day for the trout in his memory, so cool and breezy and soft, nor had he ever seen so glorious a water. "If ye dinna get a fou basket the nicht, an' a' feed the morn, William Laverhope, your richt hand has forgot its cunning," said he to himself.

He took the rod carefully out, put it together, and made trial casts on the green. He tied the flies on a cast and put it ready for use in his own primitive fly-book, and then bestowed the whole in the breast-pocket of his coat. He had arrayed himself in his best, with a white rose in his button-hole, for it behooved a man to be well-dressed on such an occasion as voting. But yet he did not start. Some fascination in the rod made him linger and try it again and again.

Then he resolutely laid it down and made to go. But something caught his eye—the swirl of the stream as it left the great pool at the hay-field, or the glint of still, gleaming water. The impulse was too strong to be resisted. There was time enough and to spare. The pool was on his way to the town, he would try one cast ere he started, just to see if the water was good. So, with the rod on his shoulder, he set off.

Somewhere in the background a man, who had been watching his movements, turned away, laughing silently, and filling his pipe.

A great trout rose to the fly in the hay-field pool, and ran the line upstream till he broke it. The plowman swore deeply, and stamped on the ground with aggravation. His blood was up, and he prepared for battle. Carefully, skillfully he fished with every nerve on tension and ever-watchful eyes. Meanwhile, miles off in the town, the bustle went on, but the eager fisherman by the river heeded it not.

Late in the evening, just at the darkening, a figure arrayed in Sunday clothes, but all wet and mud-stained, came up the road to the farm. Over his shoulder he carried a rod, and in one hand a long string of noble trout. But the expression on his face was not triumphant; a settled melancholy overspread his countenance, and he groaned as he walked.

Mephistopheles stood by the garden gate, smoking and surveying his fields. A well satisfied smile hovered about his mouth, and his air was the air of one well at ease with the world.

"Weel, I see ye've had guid sport," said he to the melancholy Faust. "By-the-by, I didna notice ye in the town. And losh! man, what in the world have ye dune to your guid claes?"

The other made no answer. Slowly he took the rod to pieces and strapped it up; he took the fly book from his pocket; he selected two fish from the heap, and laid the whole before the farmer.

"There ye are," said he, "and I'm verra much obliged to you for your kindness." But his tone was one of desperation and not of gratitude, and his face, as he went onward, was a study in eloquence repressed. — Chambers' Journal.

MATERIAL FOR MAGAZINES.

Foresight of the Wife of the Future President of the United States.

"Well, what on earth are you doing?"

"Doing? Why, these are my husband's pictures."

"I know they are, but why such a collection as that?"

"Well, you see, he is only an alderman now, but he hopes to be president some day."

"And what then?"

"He will die some day."

"Yes."

"And one of those magazine men will come around and want some photographs."

"Yes."

"And I'll have them all ready."

"Why, how many have you got?"

"Well, you see, I have been reading those magazines about Lincoln and Napoleon, and have made a little collection of my own."

"What are they?"

"Well, here is where he was at 18, just after recovering from a fall caused by the breaking of a limb in his neighbor's cherry tree."

"Here he is at 21, putting on his necktie before going to cast his first vote."

"This is one taken on the day after he celebrated his 40th birthday. That scratch you see on his face he received in a fight with the chairman of the ward committee up at Shea's."

"Here he is at 59, a trifle gray, you see, but he was still quite active. He had been defeated for the assembly, indicted for making fraudulent election returns, and in other ways shown himself a tower of strength."

"Have you any more?"

"No; but when he dies as an ex-president there will ever so many people have portraits of him that I never knew were taken nor he ever knew he set for. It's the photograph that makes magazines and history these days, my dear. That is the reason I am so saving of them." — Baltimore Herald.

—The Venus fly-trap is indicative of danger. There is no question that this symbol was originated by the habits of the fly, it being a deadly trap for small insects.

New England Hasty Pudding.

It is not unlikely that many reading the proposition to bring the body of Joel Barlow "from its resting place near Craow" will wonder who Barlow was and why his body is in Poland. In 1811 he was minister of France, and in the fall of 1812 he was invited to a conference with Napoleon at Wilna. On his journey he was attacked with inflammation of the lungs, and he died at Zarnowitz. It is singular that Hildreth, in his history of the United States, speaks of him as "Jacob Barlow," and says he died at Warsaw. Does any one read Barlow's poem, "The Hasty Pudding," written at Chambery, where the delicious dish was unknown? We fear that the dish is despised here to-day by leaders in society and finance. Yet in warm weather there is nothing better for luncheon if it be served with bowls of milk. We can think of no more beautiful sight than that of a wealthy and prominent family in Commonwealth avenue sitting around the mahogany table at the hour of one. The father has left the office, forgetting the negotiation of a colossal loan in the rapt thought of hasty pudding. Loving wife, fond-eyed grandmother, athletic son, comely daughter, grasp their spoons firmly, and are as one in the enjoyment. There is at last the calm that follows judicious deglutition. Such refreshment once characterized the true New Englander. The Roman with his turnips was not a more heroic figure. — Boston Journal.

He Had Been in New York.

A lady member of the Foy company who is a graduate of Vassar went up into Chinatown to purchase some curios while the company was in San Francisco. A particularly ugly young Chinese was sitting on a little stool behind the counter in a dark and dirty little shop that the young lady entered to buy some punks. As the Chinese was wrapping them up the young woman turned to her companion and said in Latin:

"Isn't he a beauty?"

"Thanks, I'm glad you think so," replied the Chinese in English, without glancing.

"Did he understand that?" she asked in French.

"Perfectly," said the Chinese.

The young lady smiled very sweetly and asked:

"Were you ever back east, John?"

"Oh, yes, I was in New York four years," he replied.

"Did you live on Mott street?"

"Oh, no. I lived at the Continental while I was taking the classical course at Columbia." — San Francisco Post.

An Important Difference.

To make it apparent to thousands, who think themselves ill, that they are not afflicted with any disease, but that the system simply needs cleansing, is to bring comfort home to their hearts, as a coxive condition is easily cured by using Syrup of Figs. Manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Company only, and sold by all druggists.

CRUEL.—"I know that age is telling on me," said Miss Seretec. "Yes, dear; but you needn't mind so very much. It isn't telling the whole truth." — Sketch.

"ETHEL, did you really steal that etching from a borrowed book?" "Yes, I just had to—the curve of the chin and throat were so perfect" — Chicago Record.

Only Hood's Sarsaparilla

Think what a long train of diseases arise from impure blood. Then keep the blood pure with Hood's Sarsaparilla

The One True Blood Purifier. All druggists, \$1.

Hood's Pills are always reliable. 25 cents.

DRESSMAKERS

FIND THE ONLY ORIGINAL DESIGNS PUBLISHED In This Country

—IN— L'Art de La Mode.

And all the most reliable information on the question of dress. Order of your Newsdealer or send 35 Cents for the last Number.

THE MORSE-BROUGHTON CO.,

3 East 19th Street, Bet. 5th Ave. and Broadway, NEW YORK.

The coolness is refreshing; the roots and herbs invigorating; the two together animating. You get the right combination in HIRE'S Rootbeer.

Made only by The Charles E. Hires Co., Philadelphia. A 50c. package makes 3 gallons. Sold every where.

WE PAY each WEEKLY and want men EVERYWHERE to sell GOLD (\$5,000,000) HIRE'S and HIRE'S OTHER. STARK BROS., Louisiana, Mo., Rockport, Ill.

HAVE YOU TRIED YUCATAN?