

THE NEBRASKA ADVERTISER

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NEMAHA, - - - - NEBRASKA.

AT HOME.

(A Reply to Burdette's "Since She Went Home.")

Where has she gone—
No evening shadows linger cold and gray,
No winds of winter chill the summer day,
A fadeless springtime blooms upon the way
Where she hath gone.

Where she hath gone—
No walling note awaketh sign or moan,
The old glad songs take up a gladder tone,
There's laughter sweeter far than we have known.

Where she hath gone—
Her waltz presence blesses mansions fair,
Glory gleams about the head so dear,
And thy poor heart will find its rest up there.

Where she hath gone—
Time doth not mark in days its golden flight,
The sun is dimmed by Heaven's greater light,
And there are never tears nor lonely night
Where she hath gone.

Where she hath gone—
Thou, too, some day, will go if God so will,
And while transcendent raptures thro' thee thrill,
Thy souls shall meet, redeemed, yet loving still.

Where she hath gone—
—Lila T. Dewa, in Atlanta Constitution.

"BR'ER BUZZARD."

BY HARRY BALL.

ALL the birds that fly, "Br'er Buzzard" is the ugliest and the least engaging. He might be called the skeleton in the closet of the bird world. We don't like to say anything more about

him than we can help. He isn't a pleasant subject. The poor fellow seems to be aware of his own humble sphere in feathered society, too, and his manners are modest and deprecating. He makes no noise in the world. His demeanor, whenever he walks abroad, is shrinking and sad, as if he was conscious of his own clumsy movements and the disagreeable ideas his presence suggests. But he is not altogether unappreciated, depressing as he is; and of him may be said, with truth, that he does no injury to any living creature. He lives his harmless life and does his grewsome duty.

What more need be said of anybody? Mankind may not love or admire Br'er Buzzard, but they are forced to accord him respect and protection. The man who kills him breaks the law and offends his fellow men.

But there are many interesting things about this undertaker in feathers that have never been described, probably because the general tendency has always been to let him alone; and of all the larger birds of this country there is not one which is less intimately known than this.

He can be seen on almost any day in the southern states, soaring high in the blue sky or dashing slantwise in wind and storm, a majestic and graceful object. This is as near as most people care to see him.

In his home life he is, it must be acknowledged, a mean and unpleasant creature; and yet, even there, he is not without interest to the lover of all things which infinite wisdom has placed upon the earth. Two species of this vulture, improperly called buzzard, inhabit the United States east of the Rocky mountains, one of which ranges from New England to the Gulf of Mexico, and is familiarly known as the turkey buzzard. His scientific name is Cathartes Aura, and he is a very different individual from his humbler cousin, whose closer acquaintance we are now making.

The turkey buzzard is a somewhat larger bird than the black vulture, and is not black in color, but a mixture of black and reddish brown, the latter being the prevailing color in his plumage. His beak, feet and head, where the skin is bare, are of a bright red color, and he is much less grotesquely repulsive in appearance than the black vulture of the south.

He also moves, when on the ground, with a sort of dignified deliberation very different from the clumsy hopping and "teetering" stride of his black cousin. The latter—Catharista Atrata, the scientists call him—is the common scavenger of the far south, where he becomes as familiar almost as the chickens in the small towns, when cold weather or scarcity of food drives him from the woods and fields to the haunts of men. He has absolutely no redeeming feature of personal appearance. Except when sailing high in air, he is a dejected, wretched, hopeless and revolting object. His color is sooty black, except the tips of the wings, which are of a dingy, grayish white, this color being visible only when the wings are expanded. His beak, head and bare, wrinkled neck are dull black, and his whole aspect and demeanor is ludicrously appropriate to his ghastly calling.

He is a bird of the semi-tropics, and can but ill endure the degree of cold which is often felt in the Gulf states in January.

At such times he resorts to the towns, and can often be seen on the housetops, crouched close against a smoking chimney, where sometimes a half dozen will push and struggle together for the warmest place. When hunger presses, he will descend into the backyard and walk about in his dejected, clumsy way, disputing with the chickens for whatever scraps may be thrown out.

When he drops down from on high among these chickens, there is a mighty flutter and consternation; but they soon learn to treat him with the contemptuous indifference to which he is accustomed, and the haughty rooster or quarrelsome old hen will not hesitate to knock him heels over head, if he comes between the wind and their nobility.

He is a very uncomplaining bird. He does not make any outcry. He simply spreads his great wings and soars far beyond the reach of his petty enemies. He meets with the same scornful tyranny from the turkey buzzard.

It is an odd sight to see one of the latter swoop down upon a flock of the black vultures as they are gathered about a dead chicken or other animal. All the black ones scramble out of the way, hopping, flapping and making their hoarse hissing sound—their only note—and range themselves at a safe distance, where they wait patiently until their big cousin chooses to take his departure.

The two species are often found together, but there is evidently a great gulf between them, and the blacks never forget their humble and respectful demeanor in the presence of Cathartes Aura.

Along the lower Mississippi river, in Mississippi and Louisiana, all the small towns are protected from inundation by high earthworks or levees, and the space between the levee and the river, called the batture, is a sort of no-man's land. Here garbage and refuse of all kinds is thrown, and the floating houses of the fishermen are moored.

Such places are the chosen home of Br'er Buzzard. No one ever dreams of molesting him. No one ever cares to come near enough to frighten or disturb him, and the life of plenty and ease makes him lazy and stupid. All day long he sits on some tall cottonwood tree, drawn up and dejected, if the weather be cloudy or cold, or standing with wings wide extended, to catch the sunlight if the day is fine. This singular



TREAT HIM WITH INDIFFERENCE.

attitude, with wings spread to their utmost extent, is a favorite with both Aura and Atrata, and they seem to be able to maintain it for hours without fatigue.

When the fishermen come in with their loaded boats the vultures descend, and crowd about the rafts where the fish are assorted, waiting until the dead or worthless ones are cast aside.

A favorite morsel is the head of the great river catfish, which is always cut off before the fish is offered for sale.

The fishermen, like everybody else, recognize the utility of the vultures, and encourage them until they become almost like pets; and it is ludicrous to see four or five of them seize a fish head and pull like boys at the old-fashioned game of French and English, flapping, hissing and tumbling about the ground in their efforts to drag the coveted morsel away from each other. In the midst of the ignoble struggle down swoops Cathartes Aura into the melee.

The black fellows fall over each other in their efforts to get out of his irdship's way, and he calmly sails off with the prize in his beak.

No doubt it will surprise many readers, and probably create a diversion of sentiment in favor of this bird of ill omen, to learn that he loves to be clean, and will even brave immersion in the cold water of the Mississippi river in order to effect it.

On a warm and sunny day a large flock of the black vultures will assemble on a shelving, sandy bank or a heap of driftwood, apparently for the express purpose of doing what the negroes who live along the batture call "washing their clothes."

One by one they drop down out of the sky at the meeting-place, each new arrival taking up a position, and keeping it in decorous and dejected silence. They usually select a spot at which there is a partially sunken log, and after a large number are assembled, one of the company will march gravely out on the half-submerged log, while the others sit motionless in their places.

When the bather reaches the water, it is funny to watch him. As his feet touch it he raises himself on tiptoe, and

steps gingerly, shuddering at the cold contact; but he wades bravely in, and as he goes deeper and deeper his feathers rise on end, and he looks a picture of comic distress.

He means business, however, and keeps resolutely on, until he is completely submerged except his head. Then he washes himself, precisely as a duck does, flapping his wings, rubbing and ruffling himself, and dancing up and down in the water until his feathers are thoroughly saturated. This accomplished, he marches sadly out a much more distressful object than ever, shakes himself like a dog, and "hangs himself up to dry" by spreading his great wings in the sunlight and standing like a statue for perhaps an hour, while his brethren each go through the same performance, one by one, until the whole company are standing with outspread wings in the hot sun.

This singular spectacle is a familiar one in the haunts of the black vulture, and, next to his great utility in removing noxious substances from the earth, is the strongest argument I can find to recommend him to the esteem of mankind.—Golden Days.

ANDREW JOHNSON'S DAUGHTER.

Among White House Ladies Mrs. Patterson Was Worthy of Note.

A Nashville correspondent, writing of the white house ladies of the past, pays this tribute to Mrs. Patterson, daughter of President Johnson:

"As soon as Mr. Johnson succeeded to the presidency he made his domestic plans for occupation of the white house. He bought Mrs. Patterson to assume feminine charge, which she did with many misgivings. But she filled the place with the womanliness of a queen, and history has only good to say of her. Of all the expressions concerning her, she treasured that of James G. Blaine more than any other. The plumed knight said:

"She retired from the position, leaving fewer enemies, jealousies and criticisms than would have been possible to anyone else returning to private life from so exalted a station, when the entire thereto had been with so little previous social training."

"We are plain people from the mountains of Tennessee, called here for a short time by a national calamity. I trust that too much will not be expected of us," was the simple announcement Mrs. Patterson made upon assuming charge of the mansion. The care of an invalid mother and the training of her two children would have been enough work for an ordinary woman.

"Mrs. Patterson did what no other mistress had done before, opened the parlors and conservatories to the public every day. Before and since the custom has been to allow the public to inspect these treasures on fixed days, but Mrs. Patterson invited the public every day, and was applauded by all the prominent newspapers of the country for that 'truly American act.'"

"There is only one member of the immediate family of Andrew Jackson now living, Andrew Jackson Patterson, son of Mrs. Patterson. Mary Belle Patterson, one of the most beautiful children of the white house, grew to splendid womanhood, married John Landstreet, of Baltimore, a wealthy young man, but in a few years was seized with a throat trouble, and died while seeking health in California. From the time Mrs. Patterson entered the white house until her death, a few years ago, personal sorrows and heartrending griefs chastened her sorely."—Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.

An Unsafe Criterion.
A story is going the rounds which illustrates the vanity of estimating numbers by noise. It sets forth that a Yankee once went to a hotel where he tried and liked a dish of frogs' legs—for which, however, he had to pay a large price.

"What makes you charge so much for 'em?" he asked the landlord.

"Because they are scarce," answered the hotelkeeper.

"Scarce!" exclaimed the Yankee, "Why, I'll agree to get you 1,000,000 of 'em."

"Agreed," said the landlord; "if you bring me 1,000,000 I'll find a market for them."

"All right—I'll have 'em by to-night, sure."

The Yankee went away, and at night came back with eight pairs of frogs' legs.

"Where are the rest of the million?" asked the landlord.

"Well, to tell the truth," answered the Yankee, "I formed my judgment of the number by the noise!"—Youth's Companion.

A Black Rascal.
The raven is a "black rascal." He is "sinister, sly, melancholy and grim-visaged," although mischievous. Yet there are people who keep ravens as pets. Dickens had one, from whom Grip, the famous raven in "Barnaby Rudge," was drawn, and who died from eating white paint, anything even so distantly approaching purity necessarily disagreeing with him. Undeterred from raven keeping the novelist invested in another dark and melancholy bird, who came to an untimely end through indulging too freely in glazier's putty.

The Proper Thing.
Smith—Don't you think your pants are a little baggy?
Jones—Not at all; this is the slack season, you know.—N. Y. Tribune.

SCHOOL AND CHURCH.

—The colored Baptists of this country gave last year \$41,897 for education, \$35,320 for missions and \$210,794 for miscellaneous purposes. They gave church property to the value of \$9,704,342 and school property to the value of \$2,028,650.

—President Thwing, of Western Reserve university, Cleveland, says that in the 50 years in the middle of the present century somewhat more than 16,000 men graduated at the eight principal colleges of New England, of which number more than 4,000 became ministers.

—John Bach McMaster says in the Atlantic Monthly that, in the beginning of this century, "in our land there was not a reformatory, nor an asylum for the blind, for the deaf and dumb, or for lunatics." And yet there are people who believe that the world has been growing worse and worse the last hundred years!

—Announcement is made that the trustees of Columbia university have presented to the institution \$500,000 for a gymnasium. It will be built on the new site of the university, Morningside Heights, and will be the largest and best equipped as yet in the country. It will be a part of the great university hall, the entire cost of which will be more than \$1,000,000.

—The statement is made from New York that Gen. Booth is considerably perturbed over the falling off in numbers and contributions in the Salvation Army posts throughout the west. Commander Booth-Tucker's present aggressive campaign in the west is understood to be prompted by the general's urgency and by a desire to strengthen the army in the leading cities. It is believed that the Volunteer movement has cut into the army badly, and it is now claimed that the Volunteers have strong posts in 400 western cities.

—The New York court of appeals has decided the Fayerweather will case in favor of the 20 colleges which claimed the residue of the estate under clause ten of the will. This is the end of a famous case, as this was the court of last resort. The decision was unanimous with the exception of the chief justice. As a result Yale will receive \$300,000, while Rochester university, one of the parties making the appeal, comes in for \$150,000, in addition to the \$100,000 originally received. Amherst, Dartmouth, Wesleyan are among the 20 beneficiaries.

ROMANCE OF A RAZOR.

Father Prized the Weapon Which Had Killed His Daughter.

A most conspicuous and tender instance of paternal affection was by chance brought to the attention of the writer a few days ago as he sat in a barber chair patiently awaiting the removal of the superfluous growth from a neglected chin. While thus employed a man, apparently a German, entered the shop and handed a razor to the barber, with a request that he would put it in order as soon as possible. "And," added he, "be sure and not lose that razor. I would not lose that razor for ten dollars."

Naturally the barber was curious to know why so extravagant a value should be placed upon an ordinary razor and inquired the reason.

"Why," responded the German, "that is the razor that the sailor killed my daughter with. You can see the blood spots on the blade now. There they are. Those black stains are my daughter's blood. They will never come out. My daughter was a good girl. Ever since she was killed I never shave with no other razor. I love her so much. As long as I live I use this razor in memory of my girl." It is difficult to astonish an ordinary barber, but this one was struck dumb for awhile. Finally he did recuperate sufficiently to exclaim: "Well, I'll be danged." The statement of the owner of the precious razor was found on inquiry to be quite true.

Two years ago the whole water front was shocked by the foul murder of a young 15-year-old girl under circumstances of singular atrocity. Her father was the keeper of a sailor boarding-house, patronized by whalers almost exclusively. The girl had attracted the attention of a half-breed Kanaka, who wanted to marry her, but the girl would not consent and repulsed him with horror and disdain. In a moment of jealousy fury the mad Kanaka seized the girl as she was attending to some household affairs and cut her throat, almost severing the head from the body. The razor about which the aged German was so solicitous was the real, actual instrument of the crime. — San Francisco Chronicle.

An Illustration.

"There's lots o' min," said Mr. Rafferty, "thot attracts a gred deal av attention widout much thot's substantial to show fur it."

"Thru fer yez," replied Mr. Dolan, "The lightest man runs up the ladder fastest. But it do be the man that brings a hod o' bricks wid 'im that rally counts."—London Figaro.

Noncommittal.

Mrs. Brown—Have you met Mrs. Smith, your next door neighbor, yet?
Mrs. Jones—Oh, yes, indeed, often.

"What do you think of her?"
"You know I never criticize my neighbors, and I would be the last to speak ill of anyone, but I will go so far as to say that I am sorry for Mr. Smith."—N. Y. Journal.

FICKLENESS OR DESIGN.

An Oracle Who Could Not "Take a Tumble."

"Woman," he said, oracularly, "is either the most fickle or the most designing creature in the world. Her affections have none of that stability that is so prominent a feature of man's."

"Well, I don't know about that," began his companion, doubtfully.

"I do," interrupted the oracle, "and I have had experience. I proposed to a girl last week and she refused me. Two days later I proposed to another—"

"Stability," suggested the companion, but the oracle frowned.

"She refused me also," he continued. "I don't see any fickleness in that. You can't say that a girl is fickle just because she shows some sense."

The oracle winced, but he was determined to prove his case.

"Yesterday," he said, "I saw two girls out driving together, and today I received a note from each of them, and each said that she had reconsidered the matter and thought that perhaps she spoke rather hastily when she refused to become my wife. Then each asked me to call, and each set the same hour."

"Well, what am I to do?"
"You might ask them to draw lots." "The very thing!" exclaimed the oracle, joyfully. "But, just the same, I stick to my original proposition, that they are two very designing girls, with no conception of the seriousness of genuine affairs of the heart, or else they're very fickle."—Chicago Post.

March

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