

THE NEBRASKA ADVERTISER

W. W. SANDERS, Publisher.

NEMAHA, - - - - - NEBRASKA.

WHEN MOTHER ROCKS BABY.

I don't know much 'bout music and the singin' what is fine,
To raise a tune at meetin' isn't any trade o' mine;
A plain old halleluyah I could never carry through,
For all the hymns I'm knowin' wouldn't make but very few.
I never teched a plany nor a fiddle and a bow;
I even don't try whistlin' much of less it's mighty low;
And yet a restful feelin' in my soul begins to creep
When mother rocks the baby and is singin' it to sleep.

It ain't no time that's reg'lar, with the pot'ry words to match,
But like the bees that's hummin' in the bloomin' clover patch,
It's sweet an' low and soothin' and it makes me kinder seem
As if I was as 'ry as a pictur' in a dream.
It takes me off a drifitin' and a drifutin' till I feel
As if the winds were music and that wasn't nothin' real—
It jest ain't no use tryin' from a dozin' far to keep
When mother rocks the baby and is singin' it to sleep.

Her voice ain't much, I reckon, to some other folks who know
The highferlutin' singin' what is in the op'ry show;
But I have heard it often when she's tellin' 'er 'er sweet
Their prair'ns unto the chillun when they are kneelin' at her feet;
A whisperin' words of comfort when it's trouble comes along;
A cheerin' up the spirits when the things are goin' wrong.
That's somethin' that is movin' me some- whar way down and deep
When mother rocks the baby and is singin' it to sleep.

It's been to all the chillun when they cuddled on her breast
The song that led them gently to the land o' dreams and rest;
And tho' it's a kind o' foolish yet I sometimes long to hear
That whar the baby's sleepin', with no wakin' troubles nigh,
It is the sweetest music that this airth can give to me,
And I shall want to hear it in the angels' jubilee.
Like vespers o' the evenin' comes a pra'r to bless and keep
When mother rocks the baby and is singin' it to sleep.
—Gordon Noel Hurlst, in Atlanta Constitution.

Papa's April Fool:.

By Minna C. Denton.

"PAPA'S comin'! Papa's comin'!"
A few minutes later papa, turning into the lane that led home, saw, advancing to meet him, a long procession.

First came the gray coltie, which had been shut up at home until its mother should be well out of sight; for town is not a safe sort of place for little colts, and what if it should get lost from Mother Morey? Next was Towser, barking a welcome to his returning master. Third was Tom, eager to investigate that mysterious parcel on the seat beside father, that might possibly be a boy's new straw hat, if the eggs and butter had sold well. Fourth and fifth came Annie and Ella, each carrying by the hair of its head a corned beef baby that had been too precious to leave behind in the header box where they had been keeping house. And lastly, trotting bravely on behind the bigger people who never would wait, was baby Sam, who knew from blissful past experience the possibilities of licks and candy stores when papa went to town.

So the farm wagon stopped and waited at the corner, in order that all members of the procession (except the two first named) might have the full benefit of the long ride up the lane.

In the house there were two people who, though they could not run to meet the wagon and get a ride, were watching quite as eagerly for father's return.

"Yes, there he is," said Sarah, looking out of the window. "We ought to have a letter from Aunt Jenny to-day, oughtn't we, mother?"

"Yes, but I s'pose we shan't see it till to-night or to-morrow, probably, when we find it in the teapot, or under the tablecloth, or some such place. You know father has to have his joke."

"I'll tell you something else we ought to get to-day, Sarah," added Mrs. Hawkins, suddenly. "You know grandma wrote they had started that box with the children's summer suits and your new dress in it last week. Well, there's more than time for it to be here to-day. Father'll be sure to hide it somewhere—it'll be only too good a chance for an April Fool joke; but we must keep our eyes open. You go down to the barn and get the eggs, Sarah, so's to kind of keep watch of him while he's unloading."

Although the nests in the mangers and haylofts remained undisturbed for some time to come, Sarah accomplished her errand so well that, a little later, she and mother were eagerly examining the contents of the long-anticipated box from grandma's.

"I found it on the other side of the hedge, mother. He'd sent all the children up to the barn with something, and then he slipped it down there. I

s'pose he thought he'd hand it over when he got ready."

"Well, Sarah, you needn't say anything about it. It's our turn to try the April Fool scheme now."

It wasn't very easy to impress Tom and Annie and Ella and Sam with the desirability of silence upon the subject when they came in after filling the horses' drinking tub, and found their pretty new sailor suits and white dresses, gay with sashes and neck ribbons, with "surprise packages" of maple sugar and raisins pinned into the pockets, all laid out on the bed in Sarah's room. Of course everything had to be tried on and admired right away; and in the midst of it all papa came into kitchen and wanted to know why supper wasn't ready.

But mother and Sarah were determined to celebrate the first of April. They hurried out and got supper on the table before father should begin to suspect something from the mysterious whispering and laughing going on in Sarah's room. They awed the younger members of the family into promises of absolute reticence for the rest of the day concerning the arrival of the box; and they made valiant and, on the whole, successful efforts to sustain the conversation at the table on indifferent topics. This task was the more difficult because of the frequent lapses of memory on the part of the accessory conspirators, which required skillful heading off to prevent the undoing of the plot.

"Mamma, Ella says the pink ribbon ain't so pretty—"

"There, Annie, that will do. You know mamma doesn't like to have you and Ella disputing about such things, least of all at table."

"Papa, don't you think a white dress with lace in the neck and a ruffle on the bottom and white shiny buttons behind'll look pretty on me? No, I ain't, mamma," in answer to an ominous frown from that parent.

"Perhaps the one Aunt Penny said she'd send will look just as nice, when you get it on," said Sarah, coming to the rescue.

"Mamma, can I wear my new—"

"Tom, pass the sugar to your father at once; you ought to be more thoughtful of his comfort. Now what were you going to say about your new straw hat, dear?"

But at last supper was over, and papa got up and walked carelessly out into the yard in the direction of the hedge.

Sarah took her chair out to the east porch, and maliciously seated herself just where she commanded a good view of his movements.

Papa Hawkins stood and watched the reflected glow of the sunset on the eastern sky until he was tired of it. At last he began to think Sarah never was going to get up and go away. What was worse, strain his eyes as he might, he couldn't see anything of a certain



HE SLIPPED IT DOWN THERE.

object which ought to be a little way down the lane, on the other side of the hedge.

"Guess I'll look for that paper of tacks before it gets dark," he explained, finally. "I might have dropped it somewhere coming up the lane."

It was unaccountable what an interest Sarah took in that two-penny paper of tacks. She insisted on coming down to help him look for it, against his most strenuous objections; she suggested all sorts of hiding places in which it might have stowed itself, and examined each most minutely. But the loss of the tacks hardly accounted for the anxious wrinkles that deepened every moment in Farmer Hawkins' worried face.

At last he peremptorily sent Sarah back into the house, lighted the stable lantern and searched the place thoroughly, with no success whatever. Then he sat down on the back porch to think. He stayed there so long that the little Hawkinses began to get sleepy before he at last came in, looking so worried that everybody except Sarah was disposed to relent.

"Mother," he began, slowly, seating himself heavily by the table, "I've been a fool, and I don't care if you tell me so. I got that box from Jenny's at the express office to-day, and brought it home in the wagon. When I got to the gate, thinks I, instead of taking it on up to the barn, I'll just drop it here by the hedge near the house and surprise 'em with it after supper. Well, I suppose some blamed tramp must have come along, hunting a barn to sleep in, most likely, and seen it; anyhow, I can't find a sign of it anywhere around. All the children's new summer fixin's in it, too, weren't they? And here Jen-

ny an' grandma'd sewed a month on 'em. I declare, it's a burning shame! If I'd ever supposed—"

But just at this moment it became evident that the impatience of the younger Hawkinses could no longer be repressed. The bedroom door burst open and in rushed the gay procession, flaunting the badges of victory. In another moment a white dress was perched on either arm of papa's chair, an animated sailor suit was leaping excitedly in front of him, and the possessor of a real, genuine, unmistakable first pair of trousers was scrambling actively about on his knees.

"April Fool," exclaimed the impatient children.

But papa took out his handkerchief and wiped the cold perspiration from off his forehead.

"Blest if ever I was so glad to hear anybody say that before!" he declared.

—N. Y. Independent.

ANECDOTE OF STANTON.

How the Great War Secretary, When Young, Helped an Injured Man in Pittsburgh.

The school children at Steubenville, O., have contributed the money for a memorial tablet to be placed on the house where the great war secretary was born. One of the Steubenville people who knew him in his early manhood tells of an incident that occurred while he was practicing law in Pittsburgh. His mother lived in Steubenville. Stanton was accustomed to return home frequently by boat on the Ohio. One evening when he came on board he saw a poor fellow lying on the forward deck. He investigated, and learned that the poor fellow had fallen through a hatchway and broken his leg.

The fracture remained unset and uncares for. The young lawyer went to the captain and asked what the neglect meant. The captain replied that the man lived in Pittsburgh, and could be attended to when he got home. Making no comment on the inhumanity, Stanton went to the boat carpenter's chest and borrowed a saw and ax. He took a stick of wood, cut such a length as he wanted, then he whittled out a set of splints. Then he went to his stateroom, took a sheet from the bed and tore it into bandages. He ordered three or four of the crew to assist.

The fracture was reduced, the splints and bandages were applied. Stanton went to the cookroom and ordered prepared a jug of vinegar and water with which to steep the swollen parts. During the 90 miles of the trip from Steubenville he sat by the injured man applying the bath. When the boat reached Pittsburgh he hired a hack and took his patient to his home.—Boston Transcript.

Scriptural Names.

We smile at such Puritan names as "Praise-God Barebones" and "Hew-Agag-in-pieces-before-the-Lord Smith." The Moors, it is said, give similar names, but of course the phrases are chosen from the Koran. They are quite as singular as were the Puritan names, and are said often to be as bad a fit. Some examples of these names are given by Mr. George D. Cowan. More than one owner of false weights of our acquaintance rejoices in the title: "Slave of the Trustworthy." A former governor of Naha—detested throughout the province for his cruelty and extortion—answered to the name: "The Blessed One." There is, too, in Mogador, a loafer whose fiery eyes, dark skin, strong language and drunken habits have gained for him on the English steamers, where he now and then works, the sobriquet: "Devil;" whereas in his family circle and among the faithful he is styled "Pilgrim of Salvation."—Youth's Companion.

Apostolic Teeth.

Mme. K—, a once noted Russian beauty, was lavish of her smiles. One evening, at some reception, Mrs. Crawford, Paris correspondent, was gazing at her when the late Dr. Evans came up. "What do you think of her teeth?" "It was I who provided them," said the doctor; "no, I'm not joking." "But surely they are too transparent to be of composition?" "They are not of artificial stuff. I chose teeth from the mouths of 12 Brittany girls to make the set." "Why from 12?" "Because the 12 had the proper number of faultless teeth. Besides Mme. K— is superstitiously orthodox. She wanted her teeth to be a reminder of the 12 apostles. To please her, I inserted a bit of the true cross in the gold setting."—London Truth.

The Alchemy of Nature.

"Your trouble," said the lively widow to the young heiress, "is that you don't understand, even slightly, this animal we call man. You wanted to marry Cokely, and, as your friend, I left the field open until you admitted that your chance was hopeless. Now he and I are engaged."

"He's a horrid wretch."

"Thanks. But a month ago you thought him the dearest man on earth. He is, and he belongs to the 'strong oak' type. You didn't know enough to be the clinging vine."—Detroit Free Press.

Driven to Suicide.

Gummev—What made the poor fellow commit suicide?

Glanders—I heard that he was always afraid of death, and that this fear drove him to suicide.—Up-to-Date.

THE FARMING WORLD.

PROFIT IN NUT TREES.

They Grow Slowly, to Be Sure, But Eventually They Pay a Very Good Profit.

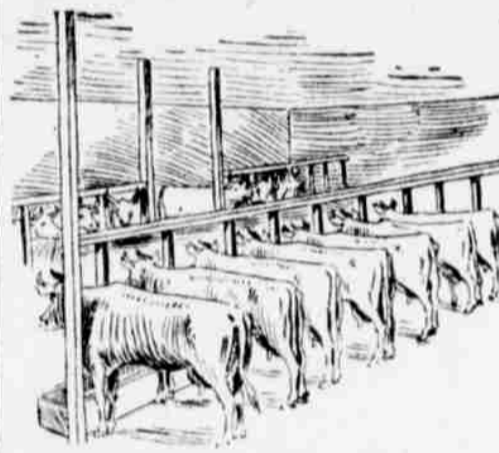
The age at which any nut trees come into bearing depends on the care given to the trees. Some authorities state that 15 or 20 years are necessary to bring them into full bearing, from the time the nut is planted. This is a mistake, as trees that have been well cared for should bear a bushel of nuts in ten years, and the amount will increase rapidly each year after that time. Some may enjoy raising these trees from seed; to be sure, it is rather a slow process, but it is interesting work. When planting the nuts, if they have thin shells, be perfectly sure that they have not dried out at all. The best plan is to get them as soon as they ripen and plant them at once. When this is not possible, keep them in moist sand or sawdust until they can be started. Butternuts, walnuts, hickorynuts and filberts, being hard-shelled, will keep in growing condition much longer, but should be planted in the fall as they germinate better when allowed to freeze, as that cracks the shell. The fall planting is nature's own plan, and the nearer we follow her ways the better results we may expect. Another thing, do not plant the nuts deep; nature drops them on the surface and gives them a thick covering of leaves in which the dirt catches as it blows about, then the snow covers all and helps the leaves to decay and form a covering of leaf mold for the tree to grow in. It is not practicable for any of us to try to raise all these kinds of nuts, but select the ones most likely to succeed in our climate, and by proper care and attention make a success of it. We may not reap the benefit of our labors, but our children will and theirs after them.—Vick's Magazine.

COW PENITENTIARY.

Are There Many Such Horrible Places As This One to Be Found on American Farms?

My friend, Dr. A. Richter, the able health officer of Williamsport, Pa., has described to me the cow prison or penitentiary which I have here sketched.

There are two or three small windows, but they were so filled with cobwebs and dirt that almost no light could enter through them. Plenty of cold, raw air could enter, however, between the



COW PENITENTIARY.

boards of the walls; so open was the stable, that in cold weather everything froze solid.

The stable was damp and foul, being cleaned only when absolutely necessary, and there being no drainage for the urine. The floors were embedded, and the fastenings were the immovable style of stanchion. Here, in filth, in cold, and in constant torture from inability to secure a comfortable position the poor animals are confined the whole winter.

As one would suppose, the milk from this prison is horribly filthy. Can it be fit for human food?—Dr. George G. Goff, in N. Y. Tribune.

Improving the Tomato.

The tomato can be improved by two methods—by cross-fertilizing and sowing the seed thus fertilized, selections being made of the best plants produced, or by selecting the most perfect fruit for a number of years, following on that line persistently until the desired effect is accomplished. In this manner new varieties can be produced from all classes of vegetables simply by following the laws which nature has made to attain given results. There is a peculiar fascination in the evolution from the multiplicity of nature's crosses of new varieties and the establishment of such with fixed and permanent qualities which shall add another to the food products of the world.—Troy (N. Y.) Times.

Water in Cow Foods.

Milk contains an average of 88 per cent. of water. It follows, therefore, that the dairy cow requires an abundant supply of liquid food. The required quantity may be obtained partly from ordinary foods, the water contents of which may vary from five to over 90 per cent. of their total weight. This contained water, however, is not normally to meet the requirements of the economy of the animal, and it has been experimentally proved that the form in which the dairy cow receives her necessary amount of liquid food is not without indifference.—Farmers' Review.

THE WILD PERSIMMON.

A Native American Tree That Does Not Receive All of the Attention It Deserves.

The wild persimmon is widely distributed over the western and southern states, but up to the present time has signally failed to attract and receive the attention it really deserves; but this neglect does not detract one iota from its healthfulness and usefulness. From present indications it is slowly gaining favor with horticulturists; and at some time in the near future will be a staple product of the orchard and of considerable importance in the markets. A few enterprising fruit growers, Mr. Logan Martin among the number, have experimented by budding, and several years ago had 300 trees growing in his nursery.

In his report to the department of agriculture at Washington city, he says, the trees bear annually and the fruit finds a good market in Chicago and Indianapolis, at from one to two dollars per 12-pint case, shipped by express. To say the least, this is very encouraging, and should be sufficient incentive for further experimentation. There are several varieties, and much difference in their size and time of ripening. One variety is seedless. The tree is very tenacious of life, and lives to a good old age, wind storms and the extremes of heat and cold have but little influence upon them. From the above facts it appears there is a wide field for experimenting. Millions upon millions of the trees have been ruthlessly destroyed without a single thought of their usefulness and utility. On a farm owned by one of my neighbors there was a beautiful grove of them, consisting of at least 1,000 trees, where his children, his fowls, his cattle and hogs resorted in fruit time, and feasted, fattened and fared sumptuously every day, and now there is not one left. "Axman, spare that tree."—C. Glover, in Journal of Agriculture.

FACTS AND FIGURES.

Traveling on Bad Roads is a Luxury Which the Farmers of America Cannot Afford.

An illustration of the comparative cost of hauling over good and bad roads is furnished by C. E. Ashburne, Jr., in the Louisville Courier-Journal. The incident came under his own observation, and the roads were in Kentucky. He says:

"A machine weighing 16,000 pounds was drawn four miles on the Brock turnpike, a macadamized road. It required four mules (4,000 pounds to a mule) and 13½ hours of time, at a cost of 15 cents per mule per hour, or a total cost for four miles of 90 cents.

"After traveling four miles on macadamized turnpike the route lay a little less than 2,000 feet (less than two-fifths of a mile) on a dirt road. To travel this 2,000 feet it was necessary to use ten of the best mules and seven men, and with this force it took nine hours to complete the journey. The cost was \$50.50, at which rate four miles would have cost \$208.08; or, in other words, \$208.08 is absolutely thrown away for want of a macadamized road."

TIMELY DAIRY HINTS.

Sweet corn, drilled or sown broadcast makes a capital food for the cows.

The milker who dips his fingers in the milk pail is filthy. There never was a finger clean enough to warrant it being stuck in a pail of milk.

Testing cows is a good, desirable thing to do. But testing the milker is quite as important. A poor milker will make an unprofitable cow.

Never attempt to prevent a kicking cow from kicking if the milker is a loud, foul-mouthed swearer. Let the man's mouth and the cow's leg have it out.

Is clover hay capable of spontaneous combustion? asks a correspondent. The evidence would seem to indicate that it is. We have no experience to confirm it.

Why cannot a cow be taught to stand while being milked on the left side? asks a correspondent. She can be, for anything we know, but why isn't the right side good enough?—Western Plowman.

System in Road Maintenance.

No one has ever supposed that railroad corporations spend money for the mere sake of spending it, or adopt expensive methods when cheaper ones are better. It must be, then, that there is some pretty substantial reason for dividing their roadbeds into sections, and keeping them constantly employed on each in caring for them. Precisely the same principle applies to ordinary highways; the only way that they can be efficiently maintained is by establishing a similar system, and the more expensive they are to construct the greater the saving that will thereby be made, and increased efficiency secured.—Good Roads.

Good Roads Develop Towns.

Three years ago a little farming settlement in New Jersey was intersected by good roads. The location was charming and invited the erection of summer homes. With the advent of good highways the residents came, and a prosperous village grew up—made possible solely by the construction of hard and durable highways.—Good Roads.