THE NEBRASKA ADVERTISER

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NEMAHA, - - - - - NEBRASKA.

THE CAPTAIN'S MESSAGE.

The great ship plows through the murky night,
The wake-waves flash with a phosphor gleam,
The bow dips deep in a yeasty white,
Where the sea-gods strive with the god of steam.
The shrill wind sings in the cordage high,
The rain gusts whip on the slanting deck,
And the only star in the cloud-swept sky
Is the glimmering shore light's warning speck.

The captain stands on the swaying bridge,
The night glass held in his sturdy hand,
O'er seething hollow and foam-capped ridge
He's watched that twinkle that marks the land;
And now to the speaking tube he bends
And gives the word to the engineer,
And the great steam whistle wakes and sends
A throbbing shriek through the atmosphere.

And there in the village far away,
Where the light looks out on the ocean's foam,
The people listen and smile and say:
"The captain's sending his message home;"
And a woman, gazing across the dark,
Smiles soft as the faint notes rise and swell,
And the children listen and whisper: "Hark!
Father's saying he's safe and well."

The laboring engines whirl and grind
The ship drives on in her ocean race,
But the captain looks at the light behind
With a tender smile on his sun-burnt face.
And wife and children may sleep at ease,
With ne'er a fear in a gentle breast;
Love's voice has spoken across the seas—
And the captain's message has brought them rest.
—Joe Lincoln, in L. A. W. Bulletin.

Entertaining the Editor

By ELLA HIGGINSON.

NELL and I were orphans and lived with our brother Tom. Tom was an orphan, too, of course, but then male orphans are never the recipients of sympathy and motherly advice from every dear old lady in the neighborhood, so that by-and-by they really forget that they are orphans.

Tom was 20, and he kept a stationery shop, and we lived in four small rooms in the rear of the shop. This was one of the new towns that spring up in a night on Puget Sound, and although the town itself was rough, bustling and noisy, we were very happy there, for our rooms were within 100 yards of the opaline waters, and the shore sloped to them, green as emeralds the whole winter through.

Nell assisted Tom in the shop, and I, besides being housekeeper, contributed to several magazines, which helped wonderfully in the way of new gowns, gloves, bonnets and all the dainty things which delighted our souls, for Nell and I liked pretty things.

We were quite the noisiest and most harum-scarum household you can imagine. As I have said, we had only four rooms. In one of these Tom slumbered the dreamy hours away nightly, and it was "the meanest, darkest, smotheriest room in the whole shebang," Tom was given to declaring each time he entered it on slumber bent. Then there was a room wherein Nell and I slept, and from whose window we could see at dawn dear, white Mount Baker towering into the primrose sky. Then the kitchen, and lastly the parlor, which Nell called the drawing-room, and which also served as dining-room. Between the parlor and the shop was a tiny cubby-hole of a room, about six feet square and dark as a dungeon, in which Tom kept surplus stock, and in which we likewise smuggled away sundry bags from the greengrocer's, trusting to the friendly darkness to conceal them from the inquisitive eyes of our visitors.

Our parlor was a thing, having once been seen, to be remembered. It was 11 feet wide and 16 feet long, and in it were one stove, one organ, one sewing machine (we made our own gowns), one three-ply carpet, one big, black dog (by the name of Jeff, who was a fixture and the object of our devoted affections), one dictionary and stand, one walnut table, four chairs (more or less broken), one trunk (deceptively cretonned and cushioned up to allure unsuspecting guests into the rashness of sitting upon it), one bookcase, some pictures, and, alas! that I must chronicle it of a parlor! a bureau! "A really and truly bureau in a parlor," as a little girl said once, to the hysterical mirth of ourselves and the speechless mortification of her mother, who had brought her to call. However, the size—or lack of size—of our bed-chamber forbade the introduction of a bureau, so into the parlor it went.

One autumn evening Tom was in the shop, and Nell and I were making ourselves very comfortable in the parlor, tipped back in our rocking chairs, with cups of chocolate in our hands, and our feet on the low nickel rod that encompassed the stove. We had been sewing, and the room was in the wildest disorder. The machine was in the center of the floor, its box was upside down, the bureau was littered with yards and yards of embroidery, spools, scissors, tape-lines and buttons; there were piles of muslin uncut, and dozens of muslin garments in various degrees of "cut, basted and sewed" all over the floor, chairs, organ and trunk. The confusion was really immense.

"We'll have our chocolate," Nell had said, "and then we'll have a 'cl'ar'n'-up' spell, and fix things before Tom comes in."

But suddenly we heard the shop door open, and then a gentleman's voice—the kind of voice we did not hear frequently in that rough town. It was low, quiet, courteous. In another moment he had introduced himself to Tom as "Mr. Everett, of the South African Review." I waited to hear no more. I leaped to my feet, overturning the footstool and the dog with a dreadful racket; the smile and the chocolate froze on my lips; my heart jumped into my throat, and thumped there so fast I could scarcely breathe. I shook with nervous excitement.

I had contributed regularly for some time to the South African Review, and my correspondence with the editor had grown very friendly, indeed, but never, never in my wildest imaginings had I foreseen such a catastrophe as this.

I cast a glance of frenzied, but speechless, appeal at Nell. She nodded, pale as a ghost. She had heard, too.

"'Cl'ar up,'" she whispered briefly, and then she began to laugh, noiselessly and hysterically. I thought this downright mean of her, but I didn't have time to remonstrate. I heard Tom tell our guest in a very loud tone—for our benefit—that he would show him in just as soon as he had finished a little matter then claiming his attention in the shop. This was to give us time, God bless him! And we improved it. The way we did set chairs to their rightabouts and jam things into those bureau drawers! Nell got hold of the muslin and struggled to get it into the trunk, but there was too much of it.

"Put it behind the trunk," I gasped, and as she obeyed, I added: "There's one consolation. He can't hear us, because he's as deaf as anything; he told me himself."

"Well, that is bliss," responded Nell, lapsing into slang in her agitation. We had barely begun to get things to rights, it seemed, however, when we heard them coming, and with hopeless glances into the mirror we sank into our chairs.

Tom pushed aside the portiere and walked in, followed by a tall and fine-looking gentleman. With a terrible "Boo-woo-woo!" in the voice of a lion, Jeff leaped from his own individual corner and made a rush at our guest, and as the latter was just in the act of taking a step, the dog, more astonished than any of us, went straight between the South African ankles and floundered against the wall. As the gentleman recovered his equilibrium and his self-possession, Tom lamely introduced him.

"Speak louder, Tom," said I, concealing the motion of my lips behind my 'kerchief. "He is awfully deaf; he told me himself."

"Is that so?" said Tom, and then he fairly shouted the introduction.

Nell came forward, looking as cool and sweet as a lily, and gave him her hand, telling him how really glad she was to welcome him.

"Oh, fudge!" said Tom, making a wry face at her over Mr. Everett's shoulder; "if he's deaf, that's all Greek to him. Speak up, my little girl."

For one dreadful moment I thought Nell was going into one of her convulsions of laughter, but she pulled herself together and presented me.

"So this is our little contributor," said he, taking my hand and looking at me with kind but amused eyes. I shouted out "Yes," but as that sounded rather flat, and hearing Tom giggle in the background, I limply subsided.

"Have a chair?" cried Nell, her voice rising to a little squeak as she proffered the best and really safest chair in the house. To our consternation, however, he showed a preference for a guileless-looking chair that was at heart one base deception.

"Great guns!" ejaculated Tom, in a tone of exaggerated emotion, while we all stood shivering in agonized suspense. "It's the chair with the broken leg!"

Before our guest could seat himself, however, Nell had a happy inspiration.

"Do—do take off your overcoat!" she cried, and then in a rapid aside to me: "And Kate, do substitute another chair while I'm talkin' sweet to him! Tom, take his coat. Hurry, Kate, or you'll be too late."

For one instant I thought a flash of uncontrollable mirth swept across Mr. Everett's face, almost as if he had heard. But a second glance assured me of my mistake, for his expression was sphinx-like.

"Now that I have his coat," put in Tom, with cold irony, while I deftly changed the chairs, "what shall I do with it? Toss it on the trunk?"

"Heavens! No!" said I, sternly. "Put it out in the—in—the—"

"Cubby-hole," suggested Nell, giving us a brief, innocent glance, and then adroitly continuing her conversation with Mr. Everett.

"Sure enough," said Tom, giggling as he went out. "I'll put it on the bag of potatoes. He'll think we have a hundred-dollar hatrack concealed in the darkness."

Tom, I may say right here, was in his element. A guest who was deaf, and two sisters who had been caught in a dreadful plight! What more could the imp ask? He took the tide at the flood, too. He came back and seated himself in the shadow, so he could fire funny remarks at us without the motion of his lips being observed by Mr. Everett.

Nell behaved like an angel. She sat quite close to our guest, and carried on with him in an animated conversation in a clear, high, flute-like tone which seemed to carry every word to him distinctly, as he did not hesitate once in his replies.

Suddenly my alert ear heard something dropping, or, to be more accurate, running. Nell gave me a startled, mystified glance.

"My guns!" ejaculated Tom, in a tone of fairly diabolical mirth. "You hid your chocolate cup on the organ, didn't you? Well, Miss Brilliancy, it's upset, and it's meandering down right into his silk hat!"

We would have been more than human could we have kept our horrified eyes away from the fatal spot. I even thought poor Mr. Everett gave a startled glance toward the floor, but, of course, I must have been mistaken. The unfortunate man had deposited his hat, with sublime trust in its safety worthy a nobler object, behind him. The chocolate was really running, not into it, but so close to it that we knew it would be dreadfully spattered.

Nell was in the middle of a sentence, but she broke down flatly with: "So, that—a—" Here her eye wandered again to the hat. "So—that—a—" she repeated, absently.

"So—that—a—" mimicked Tom, at which I laughed weakly and helplessly. Nell gave him—both of us, in fact—a furious glance, and returned to her charge.

All this time Mr. Everett had behaved admirably. He must have observed our hysterical nervousness, but I presume he attributed it to the dire confusion and disorder of our surroundings.

When he finally arose to take his departure, Nell put her 'kerchief to her lips with a shameless pretense at coughing—she, who had the strongest lungs in the family—and said rapidly: "For heaven's sake, Kate, pick up his hat and wipe the chocolate off before he sees it!" Then louder: "I'm so sorry we did not know you were coming, so we could have made your visit pleasanter."

"By jingo," said Tom, making a dash for the cubby hole. "That reminds me I'd better be getting his coat before he investigates and finds it between the potatoes and the coal oil can! My!" he ejaculated, sniffing exaggeratedly, as he returned with it, "it smells of coal oil!"

"By the way," said Mr. Everett, turning to me kindly, "here's a letter for you from my brother, which I should have given you before. I shall tell him how greatly I enjoyed my call." And as he bowed himself out there dawned upon his face a slow smile of such intense and uncontrollable amusement that it made me feel as if an icy hand was clutching my heart. We all stood transfixed until we heard the door close behind him. Then—

"His brother!" exclaimed Nell, in a low, terrible tone. "Wretched girl! Who is his brother?"

"I don't know," I faltered, almost in tears, tearing open the letter.

"Ten to one," said Tom, strutting around with his thumbs in his buttonholes, "it's a proposal of marriage."

"Or a $100 check for that last story," said Nell, laughing nervously.

They came behind me and looked over my shoulder, all reading together. It was not a proposal of marriage, but it was a check—an effectual one—to our spirits.

"My Dear Miss Orne: We have long desired to make your acquaintance, and as one of us must go to your town on business I shall let my brother have that pleasure, denying myself because I am so deaf—as I have told you—that you would find conversation with me embarrassing. My brother is so fortunate as to enjoy perfect hearing. I am sure you will like him, although I believe I have never mentioned him to you. He is associate editor of the Review. I am

"Yours very sincerely,
"HUGH A. EVERETT."

For a moment that seemed a year there was deadly silence. Then I began to sob childishly, and Nell—I regret to be compelled to tell it—Nell went into regular hysterics of mirth, and laughed and cried alternately. Nor did she entirely recover for weeks, but would go into convulsions of merriment at the mere mention of that evening. Tom neither laughed nor cried. He just sat down on the edge of the organ stool and twisted his faint presentiment of a mustache and swung his long legs to and fro, and reflected. When his thoughts had had time to travel down to the bag of potatoes and the coal oil can, I imagine he concluded that he could reflect more clearly if alone, for he arose silently and stole into the store, nor did so much as a murmur emerge from him during the remainder of the evening. It was the first and last time in my life that I ever saw Tom squelched.
—Philadelphia Saturday Evening Post.

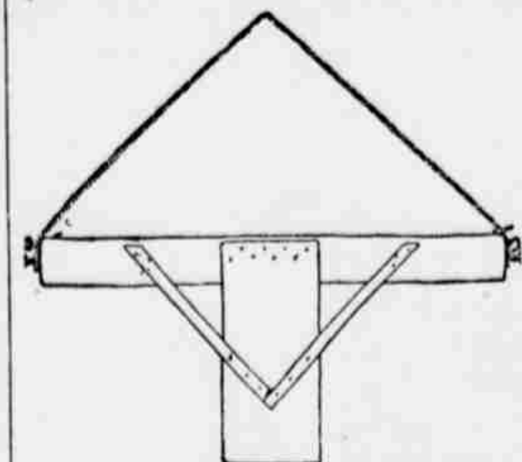
To Search for Andree.

An expedition in search of Andree is about to leave Stockholm for Siberia, the cost being borne by the Swedish Geographical society.

TWO LAND LEVELERS.

Neither of Them Is Patented, Yet Both Do the Work as Well as the Most Intricate Devices.

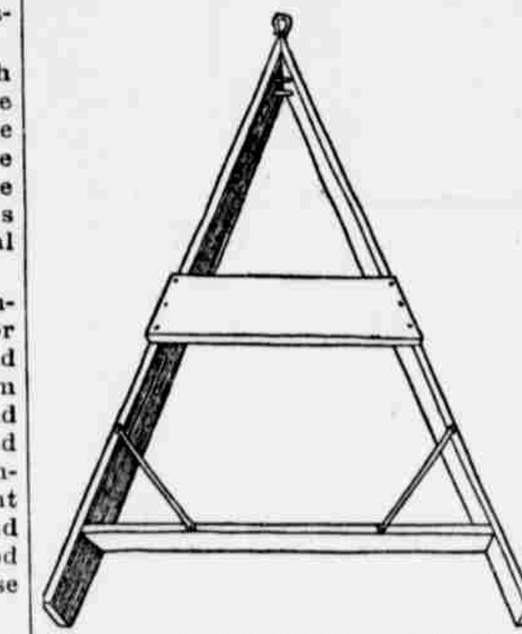
Land should be graded down to smoothness before planting to insure profitable and uniform crops. This is necessary where irrigation is practiced, to secure proper moisture and equal distribution of water, and where the rainfall is depended on, ridges will not get enough water, while the lower places will have too much. The best plan is to plow a few acres and level as soon as possible, to move the soil easily and grade the surface to hold the moisture. I have tried patent devices, logs, planks and other leveling processes, but



A SIMPLE LEVELER.

the most satisfactory results have been obtained from home-made graders. They cost almost nothing and can be made quickly by any man who can handle a saw, hammer and nails, and can be replaced every season if old ones are destroyed. Neither of them are patented, and no man can exact a royalty for their manufacture and use.

The cheapest device consists of a small log or pole, about five feet long and six to eight inches in diameter, notched at either end to fasten a rope or chain, and having a three-foot board nailed to the top and dragging behind. Two horses can be quickly hitched by taking the doubletree and clevis from the plow and attaching to the chain or rope. The driver stands on the log,



A LITTLE MORE ELABORATE.

throwing his weight on either side or stepping back on the board as required. A field may be leveled by driving round or by crossing back and forth. Furrows can be filled and ridges leveled by dragging across and over them. This is made of two-inch slabs or planks, for small pieces of land containing few clods or stones.

The other leveler, which costs more money and requires greater skill in making, will fill the demand for larger areas, and do all that any ordinary machine will. This is made of two-inch slabs or planks, and should be bolted at the three corners. It is A-shaped, and made for rough, hard work. I use two pieces of plank, eight inches wide and two inches thick, about ten feet in length, and another board about seven feet long. The lower edges are cut down to about one-half inch by an adz or drawing knife, then bolted together, the crosspiece at the back being only six inches in width. A piece of wire or board nailed across on either side will give strength to the crosspiece, which is necessary in mashing clods, digging out rocks and roots and dragging the weight of mounds and furrows of earth found too high. A short ten-inch board nailed on the center makes a suitable standing place for the driver, who shifts his position according to necessity. I use this for filling ditches and dead furrows, breaking down weeds and cornstalks and smoothing the ridges and knots of new land. The horses may be hitched to a hook or clevis bolted on the front.—Joel Shomaker, in Farm and Fireside.

CORN MEAL SOMETIMES.

Good Thing for Poultry Provided It Is Given Properly and Especially in Reasonable Quantities.

Cornmeal is a good thing to feed hens if it be fed properly and in proper quantities. The writer has been very careful not to feed either corn or cornmeal to an extent to induce a too great amount of fat. This is about the only objection in feeding cornmeal to a fully developed hen. With growing chicks there is the added danger that the fowls will not get enough ash to make firm bones. When hens are laying freely it is somewhat difficult to get them fat, and at this time the feeding of cornmeal once a day seems to be a very good thing. This spring, when the hens of the writer were confined for some weeks on account of the snow, they showed that indigestion had taken hold of them, hard green droppings appearing in numerous places under the roosts. Knowing well that family physicians sometimes order the patients to eat more cornmeal food when a lax condition of the bowels is desired, we made a like change in the food of the hens. We put a small quantity in a pan and pour boiling water over it and then stir it up thoroughly. The pan is then put on top of the hot stove and allowed to cook for say five minutes, when it becomes a thickened mass. After being allowed to cool to a point where the fowls can eat it without burning their mouths this is fed before any other food is given. The fowls seem to enjoy this warm morning meal more than any other of the day. The result this spring has been that the signs of indigestion have already disappeared, and the hens are laying vigorously. One of the hens had shown some small signs of roup, and the feeding of the warm, soft meal has seemed to have an excellent effect on her, about all signs of the trouble having disappeared. The philosophy of this is plain. Roup is principally an affection of the mucous membrane and the warm soft meal is easy on that membrane. We do not say that she showed some symptoms of it. It may have been nothing but a slight cold. We want this understood, for we do not wish to be understood that cornmeal cooked can be regarded in any sense as a cure for roup. It might be possible that in its early stages the feeding of foods that are easy on the mucous membrane might have a tendency to retard the progress of the disease to such an extent that nature would be able to bring about normal conditions and throw off the disease.

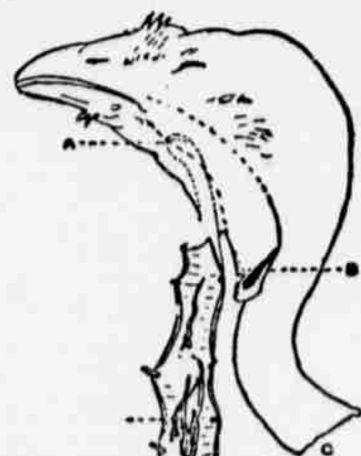
Cornmeal so prepared is fed only in the morning, and that, too, only to an extent that can be eaten. To balance this whole oats are kept before the fowls for the rest of the day, the only other food being table scraps. At night the oat trough is taken out of reach, so that the hens cannot fill up on them in the morning before the cornmeal is given to them. Even the water is taken out at night for the same reason. We doubt if this will be found to be advisable in the summer time when the hens have all the green grass they can eat and are also laying fewer eggs. The rest they take in the summer makes it easy for them to lay on fat, and this would be more likely to be the case in the summer than in the early spring. We have spoken of this because at this time of year many millions of birds are lost by indigestion, due entirely to improper feeding. Indigestion probably kills more fowls in the spring than any other thing at this time of year.—Farmers' Review.

GAPES IN CHICKENS.

Birds Afflicted with This Disease Should Be Separated from Others and Kept on Board Floors.

The presence of gapes will be easily known by the drooping, feeble appearance and open, gasping mouth of the chick.

Temporary relief may be afforded by means of a looped horsehair or a partly-stripped feather introduced into the trachea, but the remedy is difficult to be applied thoroughly to young chicks.



EXPLANATORY DIAGRAM.

Dissection of a chick affected with gapes, the trachea pinned open. A, the glottis or opening through which air enters the trachea from the mouth; B, the out end of the oesophagus; C, the cut neck. The gape-worms are seen in the trachea or windpipe at the lower left of the illustration.

Gorman recommends rubbing the neck from time to time with vaseline thoroughly mixed with a little turpentine, the treatment to begin before the disease makes its appearance. Fowls when attacked after the first few weeks are likely to recover of their own accord.

Gorman finds that chickens kept on a board floor do not have gapes, perhaps because they cannot get earthworms, which are supposed to convey the disease. Chicks which have gapes should be separated from the others and the runs should be changed if possible. Copperas should be added to the drinking water. Wherever the disease is prevalent young chicks should be kept for the first month on a board floor.—Orange Judd Farmer.