

THE NEBRASKA ADVERTISER

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NEMAHA, - - - - - NEBRASKA.

RAIN SONG.

Rain, silver rain,
Twinkling on the pane,
The earth drinks softly what it needs,
The gay sky lowers like a pall,
The bare twigs string the drops like beads,
And still the silver showers fall.
Rain, rain, rain,
Silver dropping rain!

Rain, pearly rain,
Gliding down the pane,
The fence rails have a crystal edge,
The brimming spouts pour fountains free,
The flowers on the window ledge
Are fresh and bright as they can be.
Rain, rain, rain,
Pearly, gliding rain!

Rain, sparkling rain,
Shining on the pane,
A bit of blue in yonder sky,
Swift signs of clearing all about,
Some broken clouds drift quickly by,
And lo! the sun is shining out.
Good-by, rain,
Shining, sparkling rain!

—Annie Isabel Willis, in St. Nicholas.

Barney's Wooing.

By George Ade.

LIFE became a burden to Barney now that Jim and Mac were sure that Lizzie, of the Wabash Home-Cooking restaurant, was really fond of him. They professed a lively and unselfish interest in the "love affair," as they chose to call it. Barney tried every method of discouraging their persecutions. One day he would listen in smiling good nature, believing that they would "let up" on him when they perceived that he was not annoyed. Next day he would try the policy of ignoring everything they said. At another time his wrath would get the better of his judgment and he would curse them roundly. In each case they continued to talk about Lizzie and make plans for the wedding. Barney believed they were overdoing the joke and told them so. In return Mac complimented Barney on his magnificent pretense of indifference and then assured him that "all the world loves a lover."

Barney had threatened to remain away from the Wabash Home-Cooking restaurant altogether, but as he had purchased a commutation ticket (\$3.50 for \$3) and it was not yet half punched out he was compelled to go there now and then. Jim or Mac went with him occasionally and derived much joy from watching Barney color when Lizzie said: "You're quite a stranger here lately."

When they went to the restaurant unaccompanied by Barney they carried messages from him and told Lizzie that she had captivated him. Lizzie was amused and flattered.

"He's an awful nice little fellow, anyway," said Lizzie.

"And he thinks you are a perfect Hebe," said Jim.

Lizzie shifted her gum and was in doubt.

"He says he wants to take you away from this life and put you in a flat," said Mac. "Do you think you could marry that man, Lizzie?"

"You bet I could, but that little fellow ain't got the nerve to ask a woman to marry him. He's awful bashful, ain't he?"

"That is a mere affectation, Lizzie," said Jim. "You put him in a parlor and he's a bold man."

"Lizzie, will you tell us the truth if we ask you a certain question?"

"Uh-huh." (Affirmative.)

"Honestly?"

"Sure!" (Chewing her gum delightedly.)

"Did this friend of ours ever make love to you? Did he ever come right out and tell you what he thought of you?"

"Well, for the Lord's sake! You ain't got your nerve with you or nothin', have you? Even if he had do you think I'd go an' blab about it to his friends?"

"Ah-h-h-h, Lizzie, you are concealing something. You love this man. I can see that. Don't deny it."

"Me? Well, say, honest to—oh, go on! You're two kidders."

Then they would go back to Barney with fictitious messages from Lizzie.

One evening they were taking their ease under the gas chandelier and reading an evening paper (fairly divided into three parts) when Mac gave a sudden exclamation and said: "By George, I've been expecting it. You can't keep those things quiet, Jim. You take a rumor of that kind and it sort of passes from one to another and gets into the literary clubs, and then the next thing you know it comes out in a newspaper."

Jim—Is it in regard to the matter we've been talking about; you know, the betrothal?

(Barney gives a low moan, but does not look up from his reading.)

Mac—Well, I'll read it to you (pretends to read): "Society in all parts of our cultured metropolis is greatly excited over the report of a coming nuptial agreement between two of the social hi-kis of the south side. The groom is a prominent young German who recently caused a sensation by appearing in Michigan avenue wearing a new suit of clothes. The bride-to-be

is an attractive brunette of the 150-pound class, who is noted for her conversational powers and her disregard of the conventionalities. Her daily receptions at the Wabash Home-Cooking restaurant attract the entire smart set between Peck court and the river. It is said that the happy couple will live in a tent on the lake front."

Jim—It's simply wonderful how the newspapers get on to these things. We thought we were keeping that a secret, didn't we?

Barnes—For heaven's sake, are we going to have another of these idiotic sessions?

Jim—That reminds me, Barney, that in an idle moment to-day I dashed off a few little verses that will appeal to you in particular. Do you want to hear them?

Barney—I do not!

Jim (taking paper from his pocket)—Of course, I don't claim much for them. Swinburne might have taken the same material and made a great deal more out of it, but I flatter myself that this little thing has the note of sincerity in it. The song may be poor, but it comes from my heart.

Mac—I hope you will read your verses to us. For one, I am very fond of poetry.

Jim—Since you insist, I will read it. The subject of this little thing is "Lizzie." (Reads.)

The caresses of Wabash ave
Is always blithe and busy,
Blessed the mortal who can have
A lady friend like Lizzie.

Barney, the pulsing cavalier,
All love-sick, hot and dizzy,
Trembles with unremitting fear
Lest he should lose his Lizzie.

Her figure is a Spartan mold,
Her hair is rather frizzy,
Yet, maiden-like, and never bold,
Is palpitating Lizzie.

When morning sunlight floods the street
She chirpy cries: "Tis he!"
And hungrily the lovers meet—
Our Barney and his Lizzie.

Mac (applauding loudly)—Good work! (Nudging Barney.) Go on, Barney. (To Jim) You'll have to read that over again. He didn't hear you that time.

(Barney sighs heavily and continues to read.)

Jim—I hate to talk about myself, but I do think I rather caught the spirit of the thing. Of course you'll have to make some allowance for poetic license. Take it in the fourth verse, where I have her say: "Tis he!" or "Lizzie," to rhyme with "Lizzie."



WHEN HE SAW THE PICTURE ON THE BUTTON.

Now, as a matter of fact, she would probably say: "It's him!" but I couldn't put that in, because it wouldn't rhyme with "Lizzie." I'll tell you, there are mighty few people who realize how much trouble us poets have.

Barney—Say, I'd like to have a shorthand reporter come up here some night and take a verbatim report of the maunderings of you two blithering imbeciles. Then I'd like to take that report and file it away—keep it until you have become old enough to acquire dignity and a sense of the proprieties; then I'd like to bring it out and read it to you aloud, so that you might realize what an infernal chump a man can be when he tries to be funny all the time.

Mac—I don't see why you should say anything like that, Barney. We always spoke well of you.

The climax to the Lizzie affair came when Jim and Mac found a cabinet photograph of Barney in the bureau drawer and had a copy of it put on a button for Lizzie. The button which they ordered was as large as an oyster cracker and cost 50 cents. It seemed a large sum to waste in a mere pleasantry, but they paid it. Mac took the button and presented it with Barney's compliments. She promised to wear it over her heart, although she was not certain as to the exact location of that useful organ.

Next morning the entire commune went to the Wabash Home-Cooking restaurant for breakfast, Jim and Mac having promised on their sacred honor to make no reference, direct or indirect, to any amatory relations between Barney and Lizzie.

They were at the table when Lizzie came up, directing toward Barney a cherubic smile of welcome. Barney looked up and noticed the button. As much of him as could be seen above his collar became the color of a peony, and he swore gaspingly under his breath.

"Much obliged," said Lizzie. "We've got some awful nice strawberries, gents."

Barney did not speak during breakfast. He was trembling with wrath.

After breakfast he had his check punched out of the ticket and hurried away without waiting for them.

"I think we'd better stop this business, unless we want a case of assault and battery," said Jim.

"I think so, too," said Mac.—Chicago Record.

WHALES IN THE HUDSON.

Made the People of Albany Think the World Was Coming to an End.

The winter of 1846-7 in the colony of Rensselaerswyck was remarkably long and severe, and the river having closed on November and remained frozen for four months. A very high freshet resulted in the spring of 1847, which destroyed a number of horses in their stables; nearly carried away the fort, which was located on what is now steamboat square, and inflicted considerable other damage in the colony. "A certain fish of considerable size, snow-white in color, round in the body and blowing water out of its head," made at the same time his appearance, stemming the impetuous flood. What is portended, "God the Lord only knew." All the inhabitants were lost in wonder, for "at the same instant that this fish appeared to us, we had the first thunder and lightning this year."

In those days of superstition every event out of the ordinary was invariably credited to supernatural agencies. The public astonishment had scarcely subsided, when still another monster of the deep, estimated at 40 feet in length, was seen, of a brown color, having fins on his back and ejecting water, after the manner of the first strange visitor, high in the air. Some seafaring people, "who had been to Greenland," now pronounced the monster a whale. Intelligence was shortly after received that it had grounded on an island at the mouth of the Mohawk, and the people, whose superstitious fears did not always stand in the way of turning an honest penny, made haste to secure the prize, which was forthwith subjected to the process of roasting, in order to extract its oil. Though large quantities were obtained, yet so great was the mass of blubber, the river was covered with grease for three weeks afterward and the oil market was completely glutted. As the fish decayed the stench was perceptibly offensive "for two (Dutch) miles to leeward." The whale which had first ascended the river, stranded on his return to sea, on an island some 40 miles from the mouth of the river, near which four others grounded the same year.—Albany Argus.

ROTHSCHILD'S RED EAR.

Sergeant, the Great Artist, Absolutely Refused to Tone Its Color Down.

"A portrait painter can't afford to be entirely independent unless he has a tremendous vogue," remarked an artist, recently. "I remember when I first went to Paris. Sergeant, who is probably the greatest master in his special field that America has ever produced, was just beginning to attract attention. He had painted a portrait of his preceptor, Durrow, and the stir it created led to his getting a commission from Baron Rothschild. It was his first big job, but he went about it with exactly the same nonchalance that characterizes him at present.

"During the last sitting, when the picture was receiving its final touches, it chanced that one of the baron's ears became unusually red, a circumstance probably due to the heat of the room. Sergeant seized on it at once as a good bit of color and made the painted ear redder, if anything, than the original. When Rothschild inspected the portrait he was greatly pleased.

"But of course," he said, 'you will tone down that left ear?'"

"Oh, no," replied the painter, promptly. "I think I shall leave it just as it is. I rather like that red."

"The banker was astonished and very angry, and while he paid for the canvas, he never hung it. Of course, the incident raised a laugh and the artist's obstinacy was admired in bohemia, but it really did Sergeant a great deal of harm and was one of the things that eventually determined him to move to London."—N. O. Times-Democrat.

She Might Have Known.

Mr. Peck—I see there's a judge in St. Louis who says there are times when a man is justified in slapping his wife.

Mrs. Peck—Yes, and I suppose you agree with him, don't you?

"I should say not! If I held such a view as that do you suppose you would have escaped up to this—"

His last words were drowned by the noise he made while tumbling down the stairs leading to the street entrance.—Chicago Evening News.

Quite Different.

A strange answer was recently given by a boarding school girl to the question: "Did Martin Luther die a natural death?" "No," she replied; "he was excommunicated by a bull."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Smoking by Women.

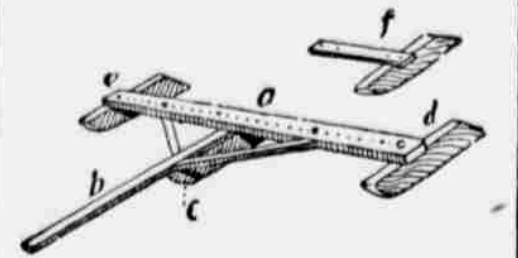
It has been discovered through the gift of a cigarette case by Queen Victoria to one of her daughters that her majesty does not disapprove of smoking as a feminine accomplishment.



HANDY GARDEN MARKER.

How to Make a Device That is Operated by Hand and Does its Work to Perfection.

A light marker for making garden rows, to be run by hand, may be made on the plan shown in the illustration. The bar, a, is a strip of board about four inches wide and six feet long. Fastened to the center is a tongue, b, with wooden braces to keep it firmly at right angles with a. At each end of the strip, a, is a detachable runner. The center runner, c, is attached to the tongue. It will be explained later. One of the runner attachments is shown more plainly at f. It consists of a short, wide runner firmly fastened to a strip of board 2½ feet long. The



GARDEN MARKER IN DETAIL.

strip has two bolts with thumb-screws so it may be fastened anywhere along the strip, a. The strip, a, has bolt holes two inches apart, along its entire length.

The runners may be set to mark rows as wide as four feet apart, and as narrow as four inches, and between these extremes, at any distance in an even number of inches. The outside runners in the illustration are set just even with the ends of the strip, a. The rows are then three feet apart. But each runner may be set at least a foot farther from the center, by means of the bar shown at f, and still lap enough to fasten. When the rows are to be less than 2½ feet apart the runners must change places with each other—put d at e's end and e at d's end. Then the rows may be narrowed down to four inches.

The advantage of having the center runner on the tongue is this: By raising and lowering the tongue, as needed, all the runners may be made to touch the ground all the time, even though the ground is uneven. This marker is made of light material throughout, so it is no task to drag it along with one hand.—Orange Judd Farmer.

HORTICULTURAL NOTES.

No matter when transplanting is done care must be taken to keep the roots moist.

Bury the old bones and the old boots and shoes under the roots of the growing fruit trees.

A little trimming every year is far better than a heavy trimming once in three or four years.

Bonemeal and potash in some forms are staple fertilizers for any kind of fruit trees or plants.

Flowers may not add visible dollars and cents to the bank account, but they add immensely to the comforts of life.

Packing Fruit for Market.

Those who ship fruit to market may not be familiar with the methods of handling fruit by the carrier and merchant. Fruit started from the farm may be apparently well and properly packed and yet arrive in the market in poor condition. The packing of the fruit for market requires judgment and experience. There is something to learn and every grower should give some time to securing information in that direction. One of the most important points is to have the fruit uniform and of the same quality at the bottom of the basket or box as at the top. Buyers always make close examination.—Rural World.

New Crops for the Silo.

Oats and peas can be ensilaged successfully, and the same should be true of clover. It is probable that crops rich in protein are more difficult to hit right than corn. If too green, or too wet or too dry, says Rural New Yorker, the protein crop is probably more susceptible to rot or mold than the more carbonaceous corn crop. I would not hesitate to ensilage clover but I would be careful to cut it just at full bloom with no dew or water on it. If the wagon could not keep up with the moving machine the clover should be thrown into heaps before wilting.

Proper Packing of Butter.

It is well, if one can, to have one churning large enough to fill a crock or tub, and pack the butter at once upon working it, but if this is not possible, do not pack at all until enough butter is at hand to fill whatever is to be packed; that is for shipping butter. It is well always to pack the butter and cover it as nearly air tight as possible, but if packing in a tub to ship, do not put it into the shipping tub until enough is at hand to fill it.—Farmers' Review.

BUTTER-MAKING HINTS.

Every Part of the Operation, from the Milking to the Packing, Requires Great Care.

The ability to make good butter is worth money to the farmer's wife in these days when so much of an inferior quality is thrust upon the market. Every part of the work requires care and cleanliness, from the time the milking is done in the barnyard to the moment when the golden rolls are delivered to the city customers. Use only the best quality of table salt, the amount required usually being one ounce to a pound of butter. Work it just enough to take out every particle of buttermilk, and keep it in a cool place to insure its keeping perfectly fresh.

A great deal depends upon the care of the crocks, cans or pans in which the milk is kept. They should be washed as soon as possible after being used, and kept clean and free from rust. Rinse first with cold water, then wash thoroughly inside and outside with hot water, in which enough pearline has been dissolved to make a good suds.

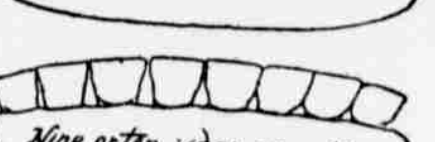
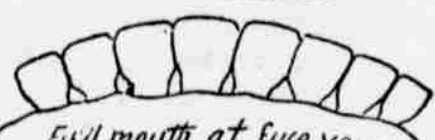
Give particular attention to the seams if you use cans. Finish by rinsing with scalding water, wipe dry, then set them right side up in the fresh air and sunshine and they will be clean and sweet. It is an error to turn them upside down on a table, or to hang them in that position on a stake, for hot air or steam rises and has no way of escape, consequently condenses in the cans and causes them to sour. A great deal of milk is tainted in this way. A rusty can should never be used, as it imparts a foreign flavor to the milk.

If you have a running spring of clear, cold water have a little house built over it, and set your milk cans in the water. It is an ideal place for a dairy, and it will cost very little to build the spring house.—Prairie Farmer.

THE AGE OF A COW.

With the Aid of the Three Diagrams Here Given It Can Easily Be Told by the Teeth.

By looking at the teeth of cows of which one knows the age, he may soon become well acquainted with their appearance. While it is impossible to tell exactly the age of a cow when over five



THE COW'S TEETH.

years old, still one may judge near enough for all practical purposes. If a cow's mouth presents an eight-year-old appearance, it does not make much difference if she is nine or ten. She will, in all probability, last as long as the average eight-year-old cow. Dealers will often insist that the ten-year-old mouth here illustrated belongs to the seven-year-old cow; but that is no reason why the buyer should be deceived. He can easily learn for himself.—J. Grant Morse, in Rural New Yorker.

CULTIVATION COUNTS.

Small Holdings, Diversity of Crops and First-Class Products Make Farmers Wealthy.

For several years prices have, quite generally, been unremunerative and production consequently limited, says a writer in the North American Review. Farmers have refrained from hiring help and have contented themselves with what could be produced by the family. I know of no farm that is yielding to its fullest capacity; yet some are producing more than twice as much per acre as adjoining farms equally good. To illustrate: A farm of 200 acres, 150 of which are improved, received careful treatment and above the average condition of farms in the vicinity, has a cash income of from \$600 to \$700 yearly as the result of the work of two men. An adjoining farm of 40 acres, with the same labor, averages about \$500. A river farm of 40 acres, with a little more work, gives about \$1,000. Small holdings, diversity of crops and profitable prices will more than double our production without any increase in the area of improved land. France, with nine times our population to the square mile, produced over eight bushels of wheat per capita for the five years ending with 1897. Our production for the same period was but little more than seven bushels per capita.

In setting out trees dig holes large enough to stretch the roots out full length and but little deeper than the tree is set in the hole.—Western Plowman.