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SUCCESS.

At the foot of the Hill of Endeavor,
O Young One, look upward and see
The shine of the prize
That dazzles your eyes
With the gleam of the glory to be.

Far up in the clouds like a beacon,
Its luster illumines the world;
And you start on your way
At the dawn of the day
With the flag of your purpose unfurled.

Youth, Hope and Ambition attend you,
And the line of your march is bestrewn
With the roses that bring
You the fragrance of Spring,
While the fullness of earth seems your
own.

Up the steep of the Hill of Endeavor
You battle and toil and keep on
For the glittering prize
That dazzles your eyes
At eve as it did at the dawn.

Its brilliance is always before you
To lighten the arduous way
That leads to success,
Through struggle and stress,
And crown you with laurel and bay.

At the top of the Hill of Endeavor,
O Old One, look downward and call
To the brave and the true
Who are following you
God speed and good cheer to them all.
—William J. Lampton, in N. Y. Independent.

VERA'S VENTURE

Cap and Apron Were No Defense Against Cupid's Arrows.

"I WILL do it, auntie. I have quite decided, and nothing shall turn me from my purpose."

"But, my dear, think of what people will say."

"That matters little to me. Besides, no one will know, as Falconhurst is far away from here, and I don't know anybody about there!"

"But, Vera, would it not be more in keeping with your former position if you sought a place as a companion or governess?"

"A companion!" said Vera Wynston, in a tone of disgust. "Do you think that I could tolerate such a position? To live in anybody's house and be treated neither as one thing or the other; not to be considered the equal of the ladies of it, and yet not to be on a level with the servants, subject to all sorts of insults both from the mistress and maids! No, I think that my plan is a better one."

"But, Vera," remonstrated her aunt, "why can you not become a governess?"

"I am not fitted for that, auntie. My education, although tolerably good, is not one that would help me that way. What place would take me without a certificate?"

Her aunt shook her head; she knew that what Vera said was true. The life of a companion was in most cases not an enviable one, and her education, although equal to, if not better than, that possessed by most girls, could not now be turned to account. And yet, how could she bear that her little Vera, who had been as her own child, should go to Falconhurst as a common servant, an assistant housemaid!

But Vera had a very independent nature, and now that their circumstances were changed, she resolved to help herself and not be a burden on her aunt; so when a few days before she had read an advertisement in a paper for a housemaid, she had applied for it, and determined to put aside her feelings and accept it until something better should come her way.

Two weeks later she arrived at Falconhurst and took up her duties. She had no idea how pretty she looked in her cap and apron, with her hair just brushed back in pretty little waves from her forehead. She had never been a conceited girl; and although people often called her pretty, she paid little attention to her looks.

And it did not enter her mind to think that somehow she looked very different from most other housemaids; however, she worked with a will, but tried to keep as much to herself as was possible.

One evening she had left cap and apron behind, and gone for a walk in a part of the grounds little frequented by the guests or owners of the place, when, as she turned the corner of an avenue a horse, galloping furiously along, nearly ran over her. She drew quickly aside, trembling in every limb. The rider quickly dismounted, and came to her side.

"I hope you are not hurt," he said. "I had no idea that anyone was about here, or would not have ridden so furiously."

Vera looked up and saw the face of Leslie Falconer looking down at her with a puzzled look in his eyes.

"Oh, I am only a little frightened!" she said.

Leslie Falconer had left home the day after she had arrived, so he had not seen her at all, and now imagined her to be a guest of his mother's whom she had told him she intended asking to spend a few weeks with

her, and who was to arrive the day after he left.

"You have come to Falconhurst recently?" he asked.

"Yes."

"I am Leslie Falconer." And he held out his hand. "I am pleased to see you at Falconhurst at last."

Vera, out of a spirit of mischief, took the proffered hand.

"He evidently mistakes me for some one else," she thought.

So she chatted on to him, because it was like a glimpse of the old life to her, to be treated as a lady again after the rough ways of the servants.

"My mother wrote to tell me of the little dance she has prepared for this evening," he said, after a little break in the conversation. "Won't you keep a waltz for me?"

Vera stopped in the middle of the path; they had been walking back toward the house. He was leading his horse. A deep flush spread over her face.

"I was wrong to have allowed you to chat to me," she said. "I am only the housemaid." And hastily turning down a side path, she left him standing amazed in the middle of the avenue.

"Great Scott! Is it possible? Housemaid or not, though, she is a lady, I am sure. And what a nice face she has—not only pretty, but full of character. I wonder what has made her do it?"

Leslie sauntered on to the house, but all through the evening he could not get the pretty housemaid out of his mind.

Vera went back to her work on entering the house, very much annoyed with herself.

"I had no right to have forgotten, even for an instant, the position that I occupy here. And yet it was so pleasant to chat to him," she mused. "It seemed like old times. Ah! shall I ever have friends again?"

The next day, as Leslie sat half asleep in a chair in the library, he heard someone moving about the room, and, turning round, he saw the girl who had chatted so pleasantly to him the day before standing by one of the bookshelves. She had been sent to dust the books, and on seeing him in the armchair she had entered so softly, hoping to finish her work before he awoke, that he had not heard her before.

"She does look nice in that cap and apron," he thought, and yet—he could



"I AM ONLY THE HOUSEMAID."

not tell why—it gave him an uncomfortable feeling to see her in them.

"Good morning, Miss—" And he waited for her to supply the name.

"Good morning," she said, not noticing the fact that he evidently wanted to know her name. "He must suspect that I am not what I appear to be," she thought.

"Have you read that?" he asked, pointing to the book in her hand.

"I have," she answered, but so stiffly that he resumed his seat and said no more.

"She evidently does not wish me to speak to her," he thought, "so that, unless I want to be a cad, I must not notice her any more than I would another housemaid. She snubbed me just now, though. Fancy my being snubbed by a housemaid!"

But somehow it always happened that the owner of Falconhurst wanted something about the library just at the time the new housemaid went on to attend to her duties.

At first he told himself that he only wanted to befriend her, as she seemed so lonely, and then he thought that he would try and get her something better to do, "for her position must be intolerable," he thought. But as the weeks went on he knew that it was not friendship that made him seek Vera's society.

And she, what did she feel? At first she was very coy, not answering any questions that he asked her except in monosyllables, and never, if she could help it, keeping up any conversation with him.

But after a time she became less reserved, and grew to look on him as a friend, even acknowledging to him that she was a lady, but asking him to keep her secret.

"But," he thought, "I must not be too friendly, for it hardly seems the thing for the master of Falconhurst to make a friend of his mother's housemaid."

"I leave to-day, Mr. Falconer. Good-by!"

"Leave to-day? Why are you going?"

"For several reasons. You have been very good to me; thank you for it."

She turned to go. They were in the library. She had just finished her work, and so bade him good-by before she left the room. She found it impossible to remain at Falconhurst, for—could she help it?—she had learned to care for Leslie, who, in spite of the humble position that she had taken up, had always treated her with as much deference and courtesy as he did his mother's guests.

"Vera, you shall not go!" he cried, striding after her and taking her hands. "My darling, do you think that I would let you leave me like this? Little one, don't you know how I have learned to love you?"

But one look at her face was enough for him to know that she loved him even as he loved her.

"But your mother—what will she say?"

"My dearest, have you not just now told me who you really are? Had I met you before your aunt's circumstances changed my mother would gladly have welcomed you as her daughter, so why should she not welcome you now?"

When, an hour later, Mrs. Falconer came into the library her consternation can be imagined on seeing the position of her son and housemaid.

"Leslie!" she exclaimed.

"Hush, mother, and let me explain. Vera has promised to be my wife."

"Your wife? You to marry a—"

But he held up his hand.

"Can't you not see that Vera is not what she has pretended to be? She is just as well born as we are. She is Col. Wynston's daughter."

"You, the daughter of Col. Wynston, of Wynston towers? Incredible!"

"It is true!" said Vera.

So Vera's venture ended happily for her; and her husband is wont to say that he will ever be thankful that she acted as she did, for it brought him the happiness of his life.—Forget-Me-Not.

When Patti Laughed Alone.

When Adelina Patti laughs the heartiest it is at the recollection of her first appearance as Lucia in London. She was very anxious to dress the part correctly, so she studied her Walter Scott, and, finding that Lucia in the earlier scenes was described as wearing a scarlet cloak, she discarded the traditional pearl-gray silk and tartan scarf of the Italian prima donna and came before her audience in the guise of the original bride. But the audience had accustomed itself to tradition and did not recognize Lucia in such homely attire. "They didn't know what I was about!" laughs Patti. "I do believe they really thought I was going to play Little Red Riding Hood, and was making game of them."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Uses Music While Drawing Teeth.

Dr. Laborde, of Paris, has communicated to the academy of medicine a method of drawing teeth which is not only painless but positively pleasant. One of the objections to the use of anesthetics is that in many cases the patient suffers from a terrible species of nightmare. This is due to the effect of various noises on the brain.

If, however, for ordinary noises, such as the sound of traffic in the streets, the voices of people in the room, etc., strains of music are substituted, the patient, instead of the usual terrifying nightmare, has delightful dreams.

Dr. Laborde's invention consists of two small phonographs, which, fastened to the ears, are set in motion just as the anæsthetic is administered.

Gould to Build \$1,000,000 Castle.

Howard Gould has completed arrangements to erect the finest country mansion along Long Island sound on a tract of 300 acres at Sands Point. It will be known as Castle Gould, and will cost close to \$1,000,000. The house will be built of stone and will stand on an eminence, giving a magnificent view of the sound for miles. Mr. Gould has drawn all the plans and will superintend the landscape work. The grounds will be laid out in flower gardens, and there will be a series of artificial lakes and brooks and miniature waterfalls. Thus far 55,000 rare trees have been set out.

Telegraph Poles Not Needed.

Consul General Guenther, of Frankfurt, in a report to the department of state, says that, according to experiments conducted by S. Janssen on Mont Blanc, it is not necessary to erect poles for stringing telephone and telegraph wires in snow-covered countries. If the snow is several inches thick it serves as a good insulator, the wires can be laid down and be ready for the transmission of messages. The consul general adds that similar experiments with equally favorable results were made on Mount Aetna.

The Correct Attitude.

Winks—See that fellow on a bicycle—all doubled up like a jackknife?
Jinks—Yes; he's an pleasure ber!—N. Y. Weekly.

Prohibition of Pilgrimage.

No person will be permitted to make a pilgrimage to Mecca this season from any of the infected portions of India.

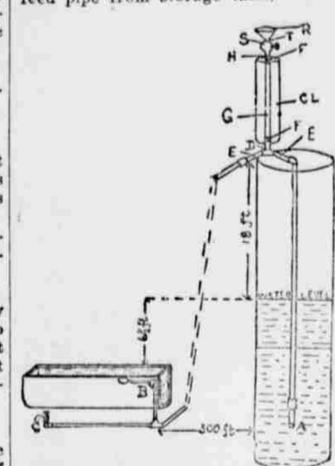


SIPHON FOR THE FARM.

Ohio Farmer Describes One He Has Had in Successful Operation for Five Years.

We made it ourselves of three-quarter-inch galvanized pipe with lead laid in all the threads to insure its being air tight. It lifts the water 18 to 22 feet perpendicularly from a well and delivers it into a watering trough something like 100 yards from and 6½ feet below, the water level of the well. It works as well at 22 feet from top but not quite as fast as at 18 feet. The one thing that is indispensable to siphon water this height is a valve at A to close and hold water in pipe while filling. This valve is similar to the lower valve in a suction pump; just fits in a three-quarter-inch coupling, and admits a full stream when open.

The lower end at B is handled as a feed pipe from storage tank, with a



RELIABLE FARM SIPHON.

float valve. Have a plug, C, outside, to connect with a hose. At the top have a short piece of pipe bent down at either side of the tee, E, E, to insure D being the highest point in the pipe from well to trough. At the upper hole at D have a piece of pipe, G, say three feet long, with good-sized holes at F, F. Have the pipe inclosed as the core to chamber, C, L; chamber made of heavy copper soldered to pipe above and below F, F. Have pipe threads protruding at H so as to connect a three-quarter-inch steam valve S. This is safer and more convenient than a plug. Have a bit of threaded pipe screwed into top of valve, T, with enough threads, say one inch, protruding to screw on a funnel, R. Our chamber is three feet of three-inch pipe connected by graduates at H and D, but they are not kept except at the large plumbing shops and the chamber is not as I would like. The chamber should hold three or four gallons and then the siphon will run for two weeks or more with one filling.

To fill siphon, close valve B first, then fill funnel, R; next open valve S, and weight of water in pipe will close valve A. You cannot pump air out at valve S or B. Siphon runs about four gallons per minute with 6½ feet head below water level, with valve B wide open.—Rufus R. Libbey, in Ohio Farmer.

MAKING A HEDGE FENCE.

Starting It Is Not So Very Hard, But to Keep It Up Requires Much Care and Labor.

First make the soil in the hedge. Now fine and mellow to a good depth. A foot deep is generally better than a less depth under the plants. It is preferred to have the plants set on a slight ridge, four to six inches above the general level. Good one-year-old plants are generally preferred to older ones. These should be root-pruned to about 10 or 12 inches in length of root, and the top cut back to about the same length. Then with a bright spade open a space large enough to take in the plant, placing the plant slanting with the row, at an angle of about 45 degrees. This will induce two or more shoots to start from each plant, insuring a thick base. The plants should be set about one foot apart in the row. After being well cultivated the first season, any that have failed to grow should be replaced with good, strong plants the following spring. In June of the second year the young hedge should be cut back to about two feet high. A year later cut it to three or 3½ feet, and the following June to 4½ feet, at which height it should be kept permanently. With a sharp corn knife, or piece of a scythe, the needed clipping is quickly done. Sometimes two clippings a year are needed.—Troy (N. Y.) Times.

Milk crosswise, that is to say, one fore teat on the right and a hind teat on the left and vice versa; the milk thus flows more copiously than by parallel milking.

TEMPERATURE OF CREAM.

Unless It Is Just Right Churning Is Apt to Be a Laborious and Disagreeable Task.

We frequently are asked why it takes so long to churn at times. The most recent query of this nature is from a farmer boy of 12 summers. He does the churning at home, and as he has to manipulate the machine for hours at a time without bringing the butter, he wants to know what measures he should adopt to put an end to such an exasperating task. Our young dairyman is one among hundreds who have the churning to do, and to all of them we offer a few suggestions which we hope they will test and report on: One of the most common causes of slow churning is in having the cream too cold. To know whether it is too cold or too warm one should provide himself with a dairy thermometer, which will cost about 25 cents. Ordinarily, the maximum temperature of cream for churning is from 58 to 60 degrees, the former in warm and the latter in cold weather. These temperatures, however, must be modified to suit other conditions. In a cold room the cream must be warmer than otherwise.

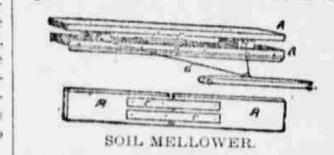
Cream from different cows and different breeds varies with respect to the churning temperature. Jersey cream, as a rule, requires a comparatively high temperature. The character of the feed will modify the proper churning temperature. It is said that excessive feeding of cotton seed in the south makes a very high churning temperature necessary—70 to 72 degrees being not uncommon. Sweet cream must be churned at a lower temperature than that well ripened, and a rich, heavy cream lower than a thin cream, other things being equal. Then the construction of the churn, speed and amount of cream are all factors in determining the churning temperature. Another important factor is the length of time the cow has been in milk. Cream from a farrow cow is harder to churn than that from a fresh one, and must have a higher temperature.

Thus it is seen how important it is to know the temperature of the cream when it is put into the churn, and one must know many things about the cream to be able to intelligently modify the temperature to suit the conditions.—Farmers' Voice.

SMOOTHING THE SOIL.

Homemade Mellower Which Should Always Be Used Before Sowing Vegetable Seeds.

For smoothing the soil before sowing cabbage and other seeds, take two boards, a 3x1 feet, place ends together and fasten as at ee, with barrel staves nailed across the ends, which serve as springs. Across the center of each board nail two-inch cleats, b b, to support a six-foot board, a placed across and nailed to them on



SOIL MELLOWER.

which to stand when using the implement. Nail a beveled board to the under board to make a shoe so the edge will ride over the soil. At center of each cleat, b b, a stout wire about five feet long is attached, the other end being fastened to a whiffletree.

In using, if the driver stands upon the long board his weight will be sufficient to cause the implement to sink to the right depth. The field may be smoothed the width of the implement. A field thus smoothed is in the best of shape for sowing seed broadcast. A friend sowed an acre of cabbage seed broadcast and sold plants from it for months.—G. L. Slade, in Farm and Home.

THE DAIRY UTENSILS.

To Keep Them Clean and Sweet Is the First Essential to the Production of Good Butter.

In keeping dairy utensils clean and sweet, the best and easiest way is to first rinse well with cold water, then wash and scald with plenty of hot water.

In washing a barrel churn, first rinse well with cold water, then use plenty of hot, and give several turns of the churn and drain off. In this way the churn will be sweet and clean, no cloth or brush being used.

Some have trouble in cleaning the outside corners where the cover goes on. Pouring hot water directly from the tea kettle into all the cracks and corners is an effectual way to destroy all germs of dirt. An oilcloth on which the churn stands when in use, and also when washed, is a great convenience.

If there is one place more than another where perfect cleanliness should be observed, it is in the dairy, for there is nothing so susceptible to odors and uncleanness as milk, cream and butter.—Mrs. Fred C. Johnson, in Farm and Home.

Saw and ax contests are favorite pastimes in Tasmania.