

THE NEBRASKA ADVERTISER

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NEMAHA, - - - NEBRASKA.

OUT OF DATE.

When the sun every morning looks down on the earth,
He is smiling, as much as to say:
"If yesterday failed you in comfort and mirth,
You can start in brand-new with today,
For the nights, like thick curtains I've hung to exclude
The past from the weary and weak;
So prythee, be doing, nor linger to brood
O'er the troubles that happened last week."
"There are pages of pathos and pages of cheer,
To be read in each story of life,
We'll close the old chapters and still persevere."
Through love, or good fortune, or strife,
Though present events may provoke our dismay,
A solace 'tis easy to seek:
Let the hours drift away, you will soon find that they
Are but troubles that happened last week."
—Washington Star.

OUR BALCONY BOARDER.

By Eva Rice Moore.

WHEN we moved out to Spring Creek we were, to say the least, hard up. For years we had been experimenting with life in the city, and somehow had made a failure of it financially. So we went back to the old farm life again, tired enough of the city and its crowded, dusty ways. Still, we wanted to be in close touch with it, so as to be able to drive in with our products, which were to be fruit and vegetables.

Sister and I counted over our little pile, all that remained after the above mentioned experiences. It amounted to \$150. "Rent, a horse, seeds, hired labor and our living to come out of that," said my sister. "It can't be done, Amy."

"Summer boarders would help," I responded, laconically.

"So they would; and it's such a dear little place, so retired and romantic around that old creek back of the house; and yet it's so convenient to town, with the new trolley line right past the door and one fare to the city."

Consequently, I had a taking little advertisement inserted in the Daily Star, and we were only fairly settled in our "bird's nest of a cottage," as sister insisted on calling it, when we received a letter from a lady in delicate health, a Mrs. Avery, asking for particulars, which were soon given and a room forthwith engaged. It was to be the front room upstairs (there were only two above), and the windows opened upon a small balcony. We had fitted the room up beautifully, really having put about everything nice we had in that room and the parlor, leaving our own rooms skimpy enough; but then, bless you, we were going to get \$6 a week for board, and if the lady in delicate health remained through July and August (as she hinted in her letters would be the case, if suited), it meant a half year's rent paid on our little place.

When Mrs. Avery got off the trolley car we were surprised to see a rosy-cheeked little woman of about 30, who looked the picture of health and happiness excepting for a little sad look in her eyes. She assured us she was not very sickly (which we easily believed), and only needed a quiet resting time and good nourishing food. As we lingered on the veranda she inquired how soon we could go for her trunk, which was now at the station two miles away. She had a suitcase and a large telescope valise with her.

"I brought all my summer things," she explained, "because I hoped to like it here very much."

"And it won't be our fault if you don't," returned sister, as she started for the barn to harness up old Flora, our horse of all work.

Well, Mrs. Avery proved a queer boarder. She was a little, slender woman, with a refined, sensitive face, and you couldn't help be surprised at the way the food set before her disappeared. Such quantities of meat, vegetables, fruit and everything! She had most of her meals sent to her room, and nothing ever came back. We sent up half a chicken one day, with all the fixings, salad, cheese, a plate of fresh biscuit and half a cherry pie. The chicken bones alone returned to the kitchen.

"I see no profit in this summer boarder," remarked my sister, with a comical lifting of her brows.

"But she's so little trouble," I protested. "She stays up there in her bower—"

"It is a veritable bower," interrupted my sister, "since she's put that bright awning around the balcony and trained those vines around it. She is completely screened from view, and yet can see as much as she likes herself."

One morning another boarder ar-

rived. She was a woman of some note as a writer, of whom we had often heard. We had hoped to get two for each of the upper rooms, but had had to be contented with one in each case. This last one was a spare, austere-looking, single woman of middle age, Jean Jewett by name. She looked sharply at us, and spoke in a brusque manner which might at another time have disconcerted us; but we were anxious to secure a paying boarder, and benned affably upon her.

Things went along smoothly now. Our new boarder didn't "eat enough to keep a bird alive," sister said. That helped to even things up somewhat. But she had a curious, sly way about her that we couldn't quite admire. It was startling to rub up against her in the gloom of the upper landing, or find her sitting at the top of the stairs when you least expected. She would murmur an apology and go to her room, to emerge again, you felt sure, when the coast was clear.

"Maybe she's a detective," sister remarked one day, after she had seen her in the meadow across the road behind a clump of bushes, with an opera glass leveled at our house. She had met Mrs. Avery, our balcony boarder (as we had come to designate her) only two or three times, as she rose and took an early breakfast with us. Mrs. Avery breakfasted about eight, had dinner at 12 up stairs, and early tea, sometimes with us, but more often alone, as we would be busy at our out-of-door work, and Miss Jewett liked to assist us at this time when we were basketing small fruits and vegetables for the market-man who called for them in the evening. She seemed to take a great interest in our small affairs, asking many questions about the prices we received, the cost of raising, etc. But she entertained no kindly feeling for Mrs. Avery we soon came to learn. Indeed, she seemed strangely suspicious of her.

"She's always talking, talking, up there in her bower."

"Reading," corrected my sister.

"She's very fond of reading."

"She's got better eyes than ordinary if she can read after dark and no moon," snapped Miss Jewett.

"It's after dark it's the worst—whisper—whisper."

"Do you suppose she's a spiritualist?" questioned sister, with round startled eyes, "communicating with her dead husband?"

We had never thought about her being a widow, being too much engrossed in our daily problem of making both ends meet.

"If it isn't spiritualism, I don't know what you call it," answered Miss Jewett, rising up from securing the cover on a crate of raspberries. "And what an appetite she's got," she went on contemplatively. "I've been keeping track, and she has eaten as much as two men this week."

One day afterward, when we hadn't much to do, we (Miss Jewett, sister and I) took our sewing and lunch-basket down to the creek. We had invited Mrs. Avery, but she had refused. We expected nothing else, as she had not left the neighborhood of the house since first coming. I put her supper on the table, spread a fly-net over it and set the tea-pot on the oil-stove. All she needed to do was to strike a match for her tea. There was boned chicken and cold ham, buns and blueberries, a plate of tarts, some jelly-cake and half an elderberry pie left from dinner, besides radishes, cheese and pickles. Altogether, there was considerably more on the table than Miss Jewett, sister and I were taking down to the creek for us three, but I did not expect to find much of it upon my return.

Down by the creek Miss Jewett seemed strangely quiet and thoughtful. When we rallied her upon her lack of spirits, she astonished us by saying:

"Girls, I've got a confession to make. Your mother had a younger sister, who quarreled with her because she would get married and go hundreds of miles away from her."

"You're not Aunt Jeanette?" I cried.

"Jeanette Jewett Blair is my right and proper name. Jean Jewett is my nom de plume. And I've earned quite a snug sum by my writing. 'Under the Harvest Moon' is now in its fifth edition. I've been saving for years, with a view to a good time and a rest from work, and if you girls will join me in September for a European trip we'll see all that's to be seen, and you need the change."

"It would be delightful," I interrupted, "but there are those pear and plum trees," pointing to the heavily-laden trees in the near distance; "we have to pick and ship them, and the late apples too."

"Never you mind," answered Aunt Jeanette; "there are people who can be hired to pick and attend to the rest of the fruit."

When we spread out our lurch, after our tongues had grown tired (we hadn't done much sewing) we discovered a lack of spoons.

"We can't eat grape jam without spoons," said I, "and as I'm pretty stiff sitting on the ground so long,

I'll just take a run up to the house and get them."

I slipped over the velvety lawn pretty quietly, I suppose, and reached the dining-room door just as a peal of musical laughter came from Mrs. Avery's lips. "Is the woman going mad?" was my thought, as I opened the door just in time to hear a man's voice saying:

"My darling girl!"

It was too late to retreat. I blundered in. A man sat at the table opposite Mrs. Avery—a man with a white bandage across his eyes. She repressed a cry of dismay, then gave me an appalling look and held up a warning finger.

"Arthur, dear," she said, in a light, bantering tone, "you've had a pretty good supper; come upstairs now."

Three radishes and a small bit of cheese remained on the table.

"I feel as though I was out of prison, Lily. Can't we take a little walk?"

"Not to-night, Arthur," she answered, as she hurried him upstairs.

I slipped into a chair all in a heap. So many things looked plain now, but the revelation had come too suddenly.

Mrs. Avery came down in a minute or two. She stood by the door clasping her hands together nervously.

"I don't know how to tell you," she finally began, "but I think when you hear me through you will forgive me. Arthur, my husband has been holding a responsible position in the national bank for several years. This summer his eyes failed. Dr. Dimond, the great specialist, advised complete rest for three or four months to prevent total blindness. When his fee was paid, all the money we had on hand was \$60, enough for summer board for one, but not for two. Arthur reminded me jokingly that we were one. I decided to act on that idea and engaged board for myself. We were going to save up when we got to work again for a 'conscience fund' to reimburse you."

"But when did he come?" I inquired.

"The night after I did. I let him in. He has gained so much in flesh from the enforced idleness and your tempting food. You must have wondered where it all went to," she concluded, with a sobbing sort of laugh.

"I did think you were a pretty hearty eater," I replied, smiling, "but don't distress yourself about the matter on our account. Are his eyes better?"

"Oh, so much! We think they will be quite restored by September."

"You take the best of care of his eyes, and we will continue to look after his stomach," I said, laughing.

She laid her pretty face on my shoulder and gave me a good sisterly hug. Just then Miss Jewett, or rather Aunt Jeanette, appeared.

"I thought I'd come and help you carry the spoons," said she, dryly.—Country Gentleman.

DRAWING THE LINE.

When the Daughters Were All Gone the Governor Wanted to Keep the Old Woman.

A good story is told in Missouri at the expense of its once famous governor, Claiborne F. Jackson. Before he solved the enigma of love-lock he had married five sisters—in reasonable lapses of consecutiveness. After one wife had been lost and appropriately mourned he espoused another, and he kept his courting within a narrow circle of his own relatives, for he rather liked the family, says a southern exchange.

The antiquated father of these girls was almost deaf, and when the governor went to this octogenarian to ask for his surviving daughter the following conversation ensued:

"I want Lizzie!"

"Eh?"

"I want you to let me have Elizabeth!"

"Oh, you want Lizzie, do you? What for?"

"For my wife!"

"For life?"

"I want to—marry—her!"

"Oh, yes! Just so. I hear you, boy."

"I'm precious glad you do!" muttered the governor.

"Well," slowly responded the veteran, "you needn't halloo so that the whole neighborhood knows it! Yes; you can have her. You've got 'em all now, my lad; but for goodness sake, if anything happens to that 'ere poor misguided gal, don't come and ask me for the old woman!"

Jackson solemnly promised that he never would.

A Dude of 1770.

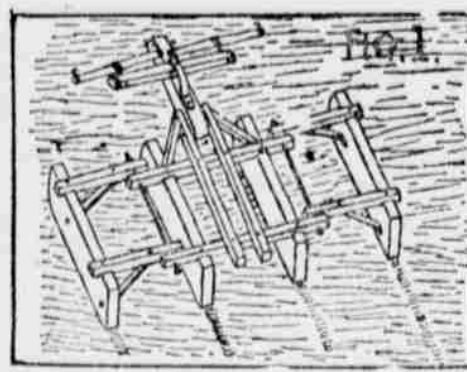
From a newspaper printed in the year 1770 is the following description of a dandy: "A few days ago a macaroni made his appearance in the assembly rooms at Whitehaven, dressed in a mixed silk coat, pink satin waistcoat and breeches, covered with an elegant silk net, white silk stockings, with pink clocks, pink satin shoes and large pearl buttons; a mushroom colored stock, covered with fine point lace; hair dressed remarkably high and stuck full of pearl pins."—Chicago Record-Herald.

AGRICULTURAL HINTS.

HANDY MARKING TOOLS.

Description of Two Simple Devices Which Will Do the Work Required of Them Quite Well.

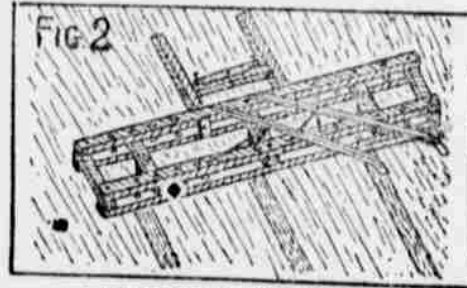
A reader requests a description of a handy device for marking ground. If the inquirer has on hand an old iron frame walking cultivator, he may construct a two-row marker with little trouble. Remove all the shovels but the rear one on each side; spread the frame to hold the two remaining teeth or shovels at the desired distance apart, bracing with a four by one-inch board of suitable length; wrap with wire where ends of brace touch frame-pieces to hold the board secure. In the illustration, Fig. 1, is shown a two-horse marker of the kind that is most in favor with farmers in general, by reason of its simplicity and its adaptability to work on uneven ground. It is well explained in the cut itself and but little description is necessary. Use 2 or 2½-inch plank, eight inches wide, and anywhere from two to three feet in length for runners. Two two by four cross-pieces are spiked after mortising slightly, to middle runners, project-



TWO-HORSE MARKER.

ing six inches over the runners. Similar pieces are spiked to the outside runners and hinged to the projecting ends of the middle pair by running a long bolt or rod through, as illustrated. A wagon tongue is fitted between a pair of three by four-inch pieces bolted lengthwise on top of cross-pieces of middle runners, and well braced. The runners may be braced by iron strips as is shown on the two outside runners in the illustration, or in any other manner deemed advisable. A seat may be easily fitted on, if required, and a gage pole hinged to one of the cross pieces of middle runners, so as to extend to either side of marker and hold a drag chain or wooden tooth. When turning, lift side runners up on top of middle pair.

An adjustable marker is shown in Fig. 2. This may be used to mark rows of from six inches to four feet distance apart. Use four two by two or two by three-inch pieces of well-seasoned oak about eight feet and



ADJUSTABLE MARKER.

eight inches long, and five pieces of two by four-inch stuff, say 12 inches long. Lay the long pieces down in pairs and bolt permanently three of the two by four-inch pieces between them, one at each end and one directly in middle. The other two two by four's are left movable between the long pieces. Set a share from an old shovel plow or the like in the center piece and in the movable pieces. Holes being bored in the frame, the movable shovel holders may be set at point desired and held by one-eighth-inch bolts. Fit in shafts and attach old plow handles, as illustrated. This will mark three rows at a time, and two of the markers being movable, the rows may be spaced to suit the demand.

No exact rules need be adhered to in making either of the markers described, and the constructor may adapt them to suit his particular requirements, and use the material that is most convenient.—J. G. Allshouse, in Ohio Farmer.

HELPFUL HORSE HINTS.

Heating and constipative foods are bad for colts and for brood mares.

Horses and colts do well on carrots and other roots as a part of their rations.

Iron mangers for grain are preferable to others, as they are easily kept sweet and clean.

The colt's future strength depends upon his development during the first two years of his life.

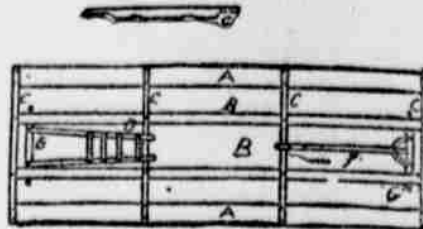
The brood mare should have regular exercise, but it should never be carried to the point of fatigue.

If a horse is inclined to stock up in a stall, he should have the freedom of a box stall. Try it. The high-spirited, nervous horse will always do better in a box stall.

A STRONG HAY RACK.

When Properly Made, Painted and Kept Dry When Not in Use, It Will Last a Lifetime.

In making a hay rack I would by all means use a low wagon; no other wagon is as handy for hauling hay or grain. Use strong pine and have it smoothed. As shown herewith, the sills (a) should be 18 feet by 2x7 inches. The four cross pieces (c) are 6½ feet by 2x5 inches. These can be made lighter by cutting down to 3 inches from sills to end. The small piece (e) explains how this is done. Cross pieces (c) are all placed, on top of sills (a). Dropping cross pieces (e), one-half inch in sills (a), as shown, will make the rack more durable and secure. Four bolts, one-half by 12 inches, for end cross pieces, and four bolts, one-half by 14 inches, for the two centerpieces, will be required. These 14-inch bolts will be long enough to fasten two strips of



PLAN OF HAY RACK.

boards underneath sills to rest bottom boards on. Two boards (b), one on each side, the whole length of the rack, 1x10 inches, are placed on top of cross pieces. It will require 16 5x½-inch bolts to fasten boards. Put these bolts down from top of boards so as to have the surface smooth. Do not put pins in top of boards; they are dangerous. Many farmers have been severely injured by protruding pins.

Make the back (e) 6 inches narrower than front of bolster. This will be an advantage in turning. Bore 2-inch holes about 6 inches from each end of sills and insert uprights before putting rack together. These should fold down nicely when necessary. These uprights may be wired to cross pieces, for if not folded down they may cause trouble. For going to the field holes may be made in single upright (f) with a pin to secure boom pole. Take a scantling 4x5 inches for bolster and secure it to rack about 2 feet from front end of the sills (g) with one-half by 12-inch bolts. The 2x4-inch scantling placed on the bolster behind this rack on a low wagon will not interfere with wheels. Use washers on all bolts; I had my blacksmith drill five-eighth-inch holes through strips of iron 10 inches long to put bolts through boards on cross pieces. This will keep boards down nicely. This rack, properly made, will last a lifetime. Do not forget to paint it and keep dry when not in use.—Abram Stull, in Farm and Home.

Placing Eggs for Hatching.

If you use an incubator, select eggs as near of an age as possible. Have them as perfect in shape as can be, and wash them with a moist cloth. Have them all ready for the machine at the same time. If you employ the old hen for incubation, select a quiet one, and one not too large, so she will be quiet when being handled. Have nest large enough to allow her to turn around on it without trampling the eggs. Set the hen where she may conveniently come off at will to get feed and water. Keep some kind of grit where she can get it. Dust her well with some good insect powder when first put on the nest and a few days before she comes off with chicks. More little chicks are killed by lice than by all other causes.—Ohio Farmer.

How to Prevent Swarming.

It is very nice to have swarms of bees if we have use for them, but it is too expensive a thing to have just for the fun of it. If you want the best returns in honey and no increase in bees, do not allow them to swarm. The first preventive is to give them plenty of room to store surplus honey. This will check many swarms. If they persist in swarming, take out all their queen cells as fast as they build them preparatory to swarming. If they still persist in swarming, take away their queen, and this will settle it for the present. But in most cases it is best to let these, persistent swarmers swarm and then hive them in new quarters. Farmers' Voice.

The Money Value of Blood.

If any man doubts the value of blood he can learn a few valuable lessons by a trip to a market where stockers and feeders are handled. There he will see well-bred steers commanding a premium over others of equal growth and weight that will open his eyes. There are a good many stockers and feeders handled every spring at our great markets, but never too many of the right kind appear for sale. When extra bred ones come in they are gobbled up at a good figure regardless of the condition of the trade for other kinds.—National Stockman.

The horse has a rather small stomach. This truth should be kept in mind when coarse fodder is fed to horses.