# Acbrasha Advertiser. G. W. FAIRBROTHER & CO., Proprietors. CALVERT, : : NEBRASKA

#### THE MODERN BONNET.

--Qr is it a hat? Dome of St. Peter's! tell me that.

It is broadly conceived, crown, brim and bow, It is grand with a grandeur grand, you know; But, somehow, I hardly seem made on the

But, somehow, I hardly seem made on the plan Of the grandest kind of a grand young man; And this, perhaps, is why at the play My thoughts from Hamlet or Lear will stray, And why to the bonnet in front I turn With "thoughts that breathe and words that burn."

The nodern bonnet! ah, who designed This torment of torments to those behind? The bonnet shuts out both player and stage; The bonnet shuts out both player and stage; And soon, with its artless turns and jerks, Its node and dips and fominine quirks. Makes the poor wretch in the seat behind, Who has paid for his place, as good as blind.

And still its challenge appears to be: "Pooh, for the play! just look at me! My ostrich plume, so long and handsome, Is worth in itself a young king's ransom. Two feet across and one foot high Is little enough for such as L"

Oh, it spreads itself like a potentate! And yet, do you know, I pity the pate, The silly pate, that is under, or in. And doesn't know it commits a sin. She never suspects that the rights of man Are all at war with her bonnet's plan; And to gaze for three long mortal hours At its wide expanse, its plumes, its flowers, Is more than a man will care to do Who has come, one may say, with a different

view, Not to speak of the ticket's cost, And the time and tone and temper lost.

And now I think of a maiden fair, Crowned with the wealth of her elinging hair, Who weareth a turban close and trim, Her sweet face glowing beneath its brim; And I say to myself: "If ever I wed, 'Twill be with a turban maid, instead Of the poor, misguided feminine soul Who thereful a boxpare suppole " Of the poor, missing a ureole." Who flaunteth a beaver aureole." —Harper's Bazar,

#### THE BREAKING UP OF THE ICE BRIDGE.

Among the inhabitants of one of the little fishing villages on the south shore of the St. Lawrence River was a thrifty French Canadian named Pierre Laval. His family consisted of his rosy-cheeked, good-natured wife, Louise the eldest •hild, from her womanly ways nick-named "the little mother," Jean, a strong lad of thirteen, and the baby, whose bright black eyes and white skin made one think of two huckleberries in a bowl of milk.

In summer there was no more attractive spot in N--- than the cozy Laval cottage, with its porch wreathed with honeysuckle, and its little plot of ground gay with beds and borders of brighttinted flowers; and in winter the pantry was always well filled, and the woodshed piled to the very rafters with great logs; for Pierre was a good provider, and by working hard at fishing during the summer months and at lumbering in winter, he managed to earn considerthe use of his wife and little ones.

of stately ships sailing by on their way to Montreal. But as yet not a crack had distigured the glittering mass of ice which for two months had stretched out as level as a floor, making a firm, safe bridge between the little village on the south shore and the large town of V-If the people of the little village wanted anything from the large town, all they had to do was to harness their horses, and "whiz" across the ice and back again in a few moments. It was a thousand times better than the slow, unreliable summer ferry: and, too, during the clear, calm moonlight nights, you could hear the tinkling of the bells and the sounds of gay laughter as one sleighload after another of young people sped over the ice, bent on some merry-mak-

ing or frolic. As Jean and Louise entered the cottage, their mother met them with a sober face. How still and lonesome it seemed without the bright baby, who always laughed and put out his little hands the moment the big brother came in sight! Jean felt conscience-smitten when he remembered how often he had said: "Bother take the baby!" when his mother had left the little fellow in his charge for a few moments. In fact, it was but two or three days since he had been wicked enough to wish the baby dead, when he had been called in from play to rock the cradle. And part of the floe just as it parted in the hadn't the good priest told the boys middle with a sudden snap. of the parish school only that very week "that a murderous thought was almost as bad in the eyes of God as a murder-ous blow." If the baby should diethe boy's heart gave a great thump as he thought of it-how could he, Jean make out the figures of men on shore Laval, ever look any one in the face running to and fro. "Hold fast to me, again!

"Take courage, mother!" he said, bravely. "I'll harness Jet, and have him at the door in a moment.

Mrs. Laval wiped her eyes with the corner of her apron and looked anxiously out of the window. "Are you sure it is safe to cross, my son? I don't ice, as they came crashing down the like the looks of that sky, and the weath-er has been warmer lately, and there have been signs of the breaking up of the ice above us.

"But that was far up the river; and as for the clouds, they do look pretty squally, that's a fact; but we shall be back long before the storm breaks."

" Louise knows what to tell the doctor. If he shouldn't be home, leave cold and the fright. word for him to come as soon as possible, and then hurry to the drug-store and get the powder, and be sure and buy a shaggy mane and tail fringed with double portion for Mother Barbet. She jcicles, was found alive and well on a is coming to stay with me while you are away. Yes, I suppose it is best to ashore -Wide Awake. go.

In a few moments Jean and Louise were snugly tucked inside the little sledge under the warm wolf-skins, and the black pony with his head down, going at his best pace, brought them in a short time to the river's edge. The able money, and instead of spending it ice was soon crossed, and, after a short at the village inn, he carried it home for drive up the main street of the large drive up the main street of the large town, Jean pulled up in front of the On the afternoon of a certain cloudy doctor's office. Finding him out, he day the door of the Laval cottage opened scrawled a message on the slate, and, every few moments, and Louise peered stopping at the drug-store, he bought anxiously down the road. At last she two bottles of the white powder, which spied the stout figure of Jean coming up he carefully placed in his inside coat-the street, and drawing her little red pocket; and then they started for "How dark it has grown!" exclaimed Louise, as they reached the crossing-place and saw a crowd of men standing looking out on the frozen river and gesticulating earnestly; "and that sky, Jean! it frightens me to look at it." She pointed to a writhing mass, of huge inky clouds rapidly climbing up from the horizon. The wind, which had been blowing steadily all day, had entirely died away, leaving a stillness which was almost oppressive. This ominous silence was broken only by an occasional moaning which seemed to vibrate along the frozen surface of the river. As the black pary stepped out upon the ice, some men motioned Jean back; and, finding him determined to go on, two or three of them sprang forward only everything has gone wrong this and seized the bridle. "You're young, time. Word came this morning that a my master, but you're old enough to know better than to venture across in the face of such a sky as that. And went away early and will not be back haven't you heard the news from up the river? the ice has already weakened in spots!"

the ice, the clearing of the river, and ward on his way. The same oppressive the re-appearance of the long procession stillness continued, still the black clouds mounted higher and higher, and there was the same peculiar moaning in the ice beneath. The children had already crossed more than two-thirds of the distance, when there came a little puff of wind, followed by two or three violent gusts which caused the light sledge to swerve to one side. The next moment, there was a heavy boom in the ice directly underneath them, and the air was filled with a succession of sharp reports

like the rattling of musketry. Louise, too frightened to speak, turn-ed and looked in her brother's face, but she found little there to re-assure her. His eyes were riveted on a large crack in the ice before them through which could be seen the dark waters of the swiftly moving current. Obeying the sudden sting of the whip, the pony gathered himself for a spring and cleared the crack just as it widened to an impassable chasm behind them. A second crack was crossed in the same manner, and then Jean saw that their floating platform was surrounded on all sides by water. "We must leave the sleigh, Louise." he said. "It will be safer lying flat on the ice." He took his knife and cut the pony loose from the sledge. "It is only fair to give poor Jet a chance for his life," he muttered: and then seizing his sister by the hand, he dragged her to the strongest

The little red sledge slipped into the water, and the pony, neighing piteously, drifted rapidly from their sight. Jean heard the shouting of voices, and through the driving rain he was able to Louise," he said, as she gave a little gasp when the floe tilted to one side and the icy waves dashed over their faces; "we are nearing the stationary ice by the shore. If you can but hold out for a moment longer!"

The next instant the huge blocks of river, forced the little floe on the firm ice, and strong arms carried the children to a place of safety.

The doctor was not able to cross the river for some time; but the white powder saved the baby's life, and the little fellow was crowing and laughing as usual several days before Jean and Louise recovered from the effects of the

The morning after the rescue of the two children, the black pony, with his little cape where he had safely drifted

#### Helping a Constable.

One day a Michigan Constable who had long been trying to collect a claim of forty dollars against a sharp citizen, went to a worthy burgher and said:

"See here, Jones, I've got a plan to collect forty dollars of that sharper Perkins. All I want is a little help from you, and if you grant it I won't forge the favor." "I'm willing-what's your plan?" replied Jones. "Why, I want you to bet him twenty dollars that he doesn't weigh 120 pounds. If you'll do that I can fix the rest." "Oh, I'll do anything to help you out," said Jones, and the two walked around to the grocery where Perkins was known to hang out. After a little talk, the Constable keeping in the shade, Jones began bluffing, and when he stated his fiendish desire to bet twenty dollars that Perkins wouldn't tip the beam at 120 pounds, his greenbacks were covered before a mule could kick three times. As the money was put up the Constable slipped out for a garnishee, and was back in time to serve it on the stakeholder. Perkins weighed 148 pounds, and the forty dollars in the hands of the stakeholder eventually paid a claim against him, but it has never yet been made plain to Jones how he made anything out of it. It has always seemed to him that he was twenty dollars out, and for fifteen long years he has refused to walk on the same side of the street with that Constable. - Detroit Free Press.

### Youths' Department.

DOLLY'S DESPAIR.

I'm only a last year's dolly! I thought I was lovely and fair-But alas, for the cheeks that were rosy, Alas, for the once flowing hair! I'm sure that my back is broken, For it huris me when I rise! Oh, I'd cry for very sorrow, But I've lost out both my eyes!

In comes my pretty mistress, With my rival in her arms— A fine young miss, most surely, Arrayed in her borrowed charms!

My dresses, and my slippers, too, But sadder, oh, sadder than all, She's won the dear love I have lost, For I'm only a *last year's dolt!* 

Oh, pity me, hearts that are tender, I'm lonely and battered and bruised.
I'm tucked out of sight in the closet, Forgotten, despised and abused!
I'm only a last year's dolly, Alone with my troubled heart;
Sweet mistress, still I love thee, Inconstant though thou art!
-Mrz. R. N. Turner, in Youth's Companion.

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#### THE LONGEST DAY IN THE YEAR.

I don't know what the almanae man said about it, but Dan said it was the longest, and Dan was certainly the one who understood the matter best.

It began pretty much like other days, only that there was a heavy fog, and Dan knew that it was bad weather for haying, and tip-top for fishing. He made up his mind to go fishing. Perhaps, if his mind had not been already made up, he would not have minded so much when his father said at the breakfast table:

"We must get the scythes in good order, so's to take a fair start at the lower meadow to-morrow. Don't let me have to waste time hunting after you, Daniel, when I'm ready to go at

Daniel's appetite was gone at once. How he hated to turn that heavy creaking old grindstone! and how sure his father was to find a dozen things to do first, and keep him waiting all the morning! is thoroughly done is through with. It He went around by the sink drain, and dug his bait; he examined his fishingpole; he put up his lunch; he even tried a worm on the hook; and then he wandered disconsolately around, wishing grindstones had never been invented.

He went to the end of the garden, and leaned sulkily over the low stone wall, eating the half-ripe "harvest apples, and throwing the cores spitefully away. Down the road a few rods lay the millpond, and in the middle of the road near by stood Deacon Skinner's horse and chaise.

Old Whitey had his nose down, and one leg crooked in a meditative fashion. The Deacon was over in the field, making a bargain with Solomon Murray for some young cattle. What fun it would be to start the old horse up, and set him trotting home! Dan could almost hit him with an apple core. He tried two or three, just to see, and then he picked a smooth round stone from the wall, and sent it singing through the air.

Old Whitey brought up his nose with a jerk, straightened his fore-leg, and started off at a brisk trot, the chaise top

for mother to come and get Nanay before he went to the barn.

"Oh, Deacon Skinner," burst out Dan, "it was me; I scart Whitey."

"Did ye now, sonny? Well, there wuzn't any harm done, and I know ye didn't mean to.'

"I did, I did," said Dan, sobbing violently from the long strain of excitement. "I didn't know Nanny was in the chaise, and I threw a stone at him."

"Well, well," said the Deacon, rub-bing his stubbly chin, and looking curi-ously at Dan. "Beats all what freaks boys will take, but I know ye won't do it agin."

"I never will," said Dan, solemnly. " This has been the awfulest longest day that ever was in the world."-Emily Huntington Miller, in Harper's Young People.

#### A Word to the Girls.

What! detest the care to be spotless as lily, sweet and fresh as lavender, a blessing to those who see her, a part of all Tair and comely scenes, instead of something discordant, marring them? I refuse to believe it of any girl who reads this. Now, let the Wise Blackbird drop a bit of wisdom in your ears which will take the harshness out of every disagreeable duty in life. In Dr. John Todd's "Letters to a Daughter" he wrote: "Whatever one does well she is sure to do easily," and words to the effect that what one goes at thoroughly ceases to be disagreeable. I know a girl of twenty years ago who took these words into her heart, and they have made work the pleasure of her life. All the careless people who watch her cry out at the trouble she takes with everything she does; but they are very apt to say, after all is through: "You have such an easy way of turning off things, and things always stay done for you." Of course they do. Thorough is the Saxon for through, and anything that things easily, to shirk and slur them over, you will always find it hard to get along; while if you put all sorts of pains into your work, and never think how easily it can be done, but how well it can be, you find it growing easier day by day. - Wide Awake.

#### Colored Schools in Sonth Carolina.

In a single school in Charleston there are fourteen hundred negro children. The teachers are all white-the principal is a man; all the other teachers are women, many of them ladies of great refinement, themselves once mistresses of slaves, whom necessity has compelled to seek employment. They are working in good faith, and with an infinite patience, and they undoubtedly make the best teachers for the blacks. From their intimate knowledge of them, they know when it is wise to insist and when to yield. Numbers vary. One primary teacher has had one hundred and eighty pupils under her charge at once. The first class in the intermediate grade averages fifty. In this class they are of every size and age, from boys of eleven to women of twenty-two and twentythree. In this class they learn long division. Arithmetic is the thing they care most for. The boys are brighter and quicker than the girls, but the girls are more docile and more attentive, which makes good the difference. The girls can be managed without corporal punishment; the boys not, for a rattaning is a small matter to them, since many of their fathers are likely to use either a rope or a club upon them. So few have books that the classes must be taught as if they had none. Of schoolwork as such you hear only praise. It is frequently said by white parents of even such studies as algebra: "It would be a good thing if our children of the same age could do as well as those dark-ies do." The doubt, either logically or practically, comes in the step beyond. It cannot be denied that so far, for almost all, even those who go through the whole school course, progress ceases at fourteen and fifteen. More than half who can write and spell creditably on leaving school cannot do it in two years' time. The reasons are obvious. Although it is universal that the parents care to have the children go to school, and make willing sacrifices to keep them decently clothed, almost all must go to work, and that mainly in employments which offer very little stimulus to the brain. There are no home associations whatever to keep up the school influence. Not only are there no books, but very, very few have good lights in their houses at night. There are evening schools, but that at best means only a small fraction. - Charleston (S. C.) Cor. N. Y. Post.

shawl tightly over her head she ran to home. meet him.

"Hurrah, Lou!" he cried gayly; "the boat is almost done, and the boys are going to let me have the naming of it. I think I shall call it . The Louise.

But the girl did not seem to hear. "Oh, hurry, Jean!" she gasped, pressing her hands together nervously; "the baby!

Then Jean, for the first time, noticed how pale and anxious his sister's face was.

"Well, what of the baby?" he asked. "Sick, oh, so sick! he never was like this before.'

"And you wanted me to go on some errand? I am sorry now that I staid all night, but mother said I might if the boys wanted me."

"Your staying was all right, Jean, gang of men was wanted at the big lumberyard, and father and the neighbors before the end of the week."

"But where's Mother Barbet? Can't she cure the baby?"

Louise shook her head sadly. "For once, Jean, her medicine don't seem to must cross. do any good; but she says she has been uses a new kind of medicine-a little didn't dare trust me to go across the talking. river with Jet. He hasn't been out of "But the stable for four or five days, and he is as wild as a wolf."

N-was too small a town to be able to afford the luxury of a physician all ly toward the men. for itself: besides, the people took so much exercise in the open air, and ate hours and were so strong and healthy, that a doctor would have found but little to do. In cases of severe sickness the people of N- always sent for the learned physician across the river; but on all ordinary occasions they depended entirely on "old Mother Barbet," the fame of whose skillful nursing and simple remedies had spread far and wide.

It was toward the close of the long and bitter Canadian winter. Already, in some localities, little shallow pools of back some of its summer heat and power: and the inhabitants along the shores prophesied the speedy breaking-up of

"Let go!" said Jean, tightening his hold on the reins., "Weak ice or not, I

But several other men had gathered with the great doctor over the river two in front of the pony. "Back, back, 1 or three times when he has had throats say!" should one. "We have had even worse than the baby's, and that he orders to stop people from crossing; but in trath, I didn't think there would white powder-and it always helps peo- be man or boy fool enough to attempt ple right off. He gave her the name of it. Don't you know the meaning of the powder, but I couldn't find it at the those clouds? The tornado may be on little shop in the village, and mother us at any time-even now while we are

> " But I tell you I must cross, and you have no right to keep me here losing time," returned Jean, flushing angrily, while Louise turned her face imploring-

"We must try to cross," she said, with trembling lips. "My little brother such simple food, and kept such early is sick-perhaps dying; we have been for the doctor and are taking back the medicine. Father is away, and mother is waiting for us."

The men looked irresolute. "Better to lose one child than three," said the first speaker, still keeping hold of the bridle

"Let the youngsters go, neighbor Tyrrel," exclaimed a new-comer. "It is Pierre Laval's pony, the best traveler about N-. Perhaps he can get them tablishments. Boston Cor. Hartford across before the storm bursts. Think water standing here and there on the of your own wife left alone with a dying frozen surface of the St. Lawrence baby, and waiting for medicine. Spare River showed that the sun was getting not the whip, my boy, and may the good God put such speed in your pony's idea is to have the forests all burned over legs as never was there before!" Jet, glad to be released, darted for-

#### The Blind as Actors.

On a recent occasion at the Institution for the Blind at South Boston they performed a play, on an actual stage, with twenty characters clothed according to their several parts, making no mistakes, and doing better with it, gen-erally, as a whole, than their sharpeyed confreres of the sock and buskin. o perfectly were they drilled that in their stage intercourse not a sign was visible that they did not see each other, and their conversation was as naturally directed as though the person addressed was palpable to the sight. It was a strange spectacle, but not a melancholy one, for it showed that the blind could see through organs not of sight, and read intellectual results with a keener zest than those who attain them more easily or are indifferent as to their requirement. The Tapleys who might have room for jollity on the old and hopeless condition of blindness, nowadays, would be in despair at the innovations of the melancholy custom, but though so grand a progress has been made in amelioration of the loss of sight, the privation is bad enough, and few would exchange even their bleared and rheumy optics for en-Evening Post.

-Joaquin Miller is devoting his attention to the prevention of forest fires. His every autumn before a great mass of inflammable stuff accumulates

tilting and pitching back and forth.

Dan laughed-at least the laugh began to grow, when he caught one glimpse of a frightened little face at the chaise window, and knew that Nanny Dane, the Deacon's little lame grandchild, was in the chaise.

It was only a glimpse, and then the bank of gray fog swallowed Whitey and the chase, and it seemed to Dan that they had gone straight into the millpond.

"Daniel! Daniel! Come on, now, and be spry about it!" called his father, as he moved toward the grindstone; and Dan obeyed, though he felt as if his feet had all at once turned to lead.

Round and round and round; his tough little hands were blistered on the handle, but he did not know it; his mouth and throat were as dry as the stone, but he did not think of it. "Crrrerrr-errr," rang the rough, wearisome noise, until his ears were so deafened he did not even hear it. For he was perfectly sure he had killed little Nanny Dane. What would people say? What would they do to him? Hang him, of course; and Dan felt in his heart that he deserved it, and that it would be almost a satisfaction.

"There," said his father at last, "1 reckon that'll do, Daniel. You've been faithful and stiddy at your work, and now you may go fishing."

Dan never knew how he got to Long Pond, or how he passed the slow hours of that dismal day. The misery seemed intolerable, and before evening he had made up his mind that he could bear it no longer. He would go home and tell his father, he would tell everybody. They might hang him, they might do anything they pleased.

Tramping desperately home with his empty basket in his hand, he heard the sound of wheels behind him, dragging slowly through the deep sand. Perhaps that was the Sheriff coming to arrest him. Dan's heart beat harder, but he did not look around. The wheels came nearer; they stopped, and some one said:

"Hullo, Daniel! been fishin'? Fisherman's luck, hey? Well, jump in here, and I'll give ye a lift."

Before Dan knew it he was over the wheel and sitting beside Deacon Skinner in the old chaise, with Whitey switching his tail right and left as he plodded

along. "Get up, Whitey," urged the Dea-con; "it's getting along toward choretime. Whitey ain't so spry as he used to be, but he's amazin' smart. This mornin' I left little Nanny in the shay while I was making a dicker with Solomon Murray, and a keerless thing it was to do, but I'd as soon expected the meetin'-house to run away as Whitey.

## Extravagant Generosity.

One day last week a New Bedford lady lost a diamond ring in the cars while on her way from Boston to this city. She informed the conductor of her loss, and he instructed the person who swept the car to watch carefully for the article. The ring was not found, and the conductor offered to make a careful search. He accordingly lifted the cushions and after a most thorough examination found the missing diamond. Upon returning it to the lady she took out a well-filled pocketbook. and, selecting a ten-cent piece and a five-cent nickel, offered it to the finder. The conductor informed her that he was paid by the railroad company for his services, and the money was re-turned to the pocketbook. - New Bedford (Mass.) Mercury.

-A wild Indian will be a curious relic to the next generation of Americans-not that they will have been ex-I reckon something must scart him; but | terminated; they will have been rehe just trotted off home as stiddy as if claimed to citizenship by the education I'd been driving, and waited at the door | of the present crop of Indian children.