Nebraska Advertiser.

O. W. FAIRBROTHER & CO., Proprietors.

CALVERT : NEBRASKA

"THEY ARE AWAY."

He never spoke of them, as of the dead,
In a soft whispered way,
But pleasantly would tell that Willie
Or Mary was "away."

Just "away," and one would fancy,
Who heard his quiet tone,
That possibly the children that he named
Were at some neighbor's home.

And so they were; the little blue-eyed Mary,
That climbed upon his knee,
Had long since journeyed to the Heavenly land
Beyond the crystal sea.

And Willie, too, the merry, bright young lad,
Coming to greet him with a cry
Of gleeful welcome, grew silent, fell asleep,
Murmuring a last good-bye,

And still they are not dead, just "away"
From the old man's sight—
Out of his tender care, in God's own love,
Within His palace bright.

Away for a little time till he should go,
When his day's work was o'er,
To join them there, his little boy and girl,
To be "away" no more.

FARMING IN ITALY.

Farming in Italy is carried on in a different manner from any other part of the globe I have ever visited. The system may truly be called intrusive. With slight exceptions the country is perfectly flat, and intersected in all directions by rivers and their tributaries. The land is divided up into small plots of from one-half or one-quarter of an acre to, in some rare instances, as much as ten acres in a piece. Along the roads which run through the country, and are exceedingly well kept, and all macadamized, are deep, wide ditches, filled with water summer and winter. The fields are all divided by ditches or small canals, and on each bank of the canal are planted trees, usually mulberry, about twenty-five feet apart. At or near the foot of each tree are planted grape-vines, which are trained up the trunks of the trees without laterals or shoots. About eight feet from the ground they are led off on wires which run from tree to tree, and on these wires the vines are fruited. The whole country looks as though it were crowned with garlands, and the effect is most beautiful. The vines are allowed to grow to a great age, and are always fruited between the trees and near the ends of the vines. The land is almost universally tilled by the hand, the laborers working at breaking up the land in gangs of from eight to twenty-five, keeping along in platoons. They use a long, narrow spade, which turns up the soil to the depth of twelve or fifteen inches. Enormous quantities of rice are grown in this region, that produced about Bologna being of the finest quality. In the culture of rice the rich, black mud is turned over in March and April by the spade, and heavily manured. The fields are then flooded from the canals, an embankment being thrown up around the fields about two feet high. The fields are divided into small squares about 150 feet in length by fifty or seventy-five in width. Where the land lies higher than the water in the canals, which often happens, the water is pumped into them by means of bucket pumps worked by a tread-wheel. One man is usually enough to do this work unless the water has to be lifted more than two or three feet, when two, or even three, men are placed on each wheel. The work is considered very exhausting. The water is let into one plot after another through small openings made in the embankment, which are closed when they are full. The mud is so tenacious that it holds the water almost as well as puddled clay. The fields are flooded with about eight inches of water, and then the rice is sown. After it is well grown the water is gradually let on and shut off as the crop approaches maturity. As soon as the crop is taken off, the land is again broken up and other crops sown. The fertility of the soil is so great, the climate so favorable, and the system of irrigation so perfect, that they are enabled to keep the soil constantly under contribution the year round, and in many instances I am assured that twelve crops per year are grown, the plants in these cases being planted in rows, and as they approach maturity the succeeding crop is planted between the rows.

Maize, or Indian corn, forms also an important crop, and is largely used by the peasantry for food. When ground into meal it is called polmtæ. The seed is very like our New England corn, with a very hard pulp kernel, and very yellow, the meal being even more brightly yellow than ours. Much wheat is also grown with pulse, vetches, colza, from which a great quantity of very good oil for burning is expressed; flax and an endless variety of garden vegetables are grown. Much fruit is also raised. The finest cherries in the world are raised here, with plums, apricots, peaches, figs, loquots, apples and nectarines, while of small fruits there is a profusion, though their strawberries and raspberries do not equal ours in flavor, but are plenty and very cheap.

The tools used by the Italians are very unlike ours; they are all hand-made, and besides the long spades I have spoken of, they use a clumsy kind of hoe and trowel. Plows are rarely used, and such as they have consist of nothing but a straight beam with a piece of wood tipped with iron for a share and mold-board. These scratch the soft yielding soil to the depth of about a foot, and are only used for some few crops, such as wheat and flax, etc. They also use harrows, not unlike our old-fashioned ones, but made smaller and dragged by men or women. Of course the only means used in harvesting crops is hand labor. The sickle, now almost forgotten by us, is used both for wheat and cutting their grass and clover. The Italian clover is quite unlike ours. It grows much more rankly, and is cut several times a year. The flower is a beautiful rich crimson, and is about as long and large as one's finger. The gaudy color gives the fields a bright and very effective appearance, as though they had been bathed in blood. The clover is never fed dry, but always cut as wanted for use. It is brought into the towns and villages on donkey back, in bundles weighing about fifteen pounds, which are sold for from two to three cents. Donkeys are a great feature in Italian life, being universally used. They seldom are used for draught, but carry their loads in immense paniers on their backs. Their strength of endurance is amazing. It is not at all an uncommon sight to see a donkey not much larger than a veal calf, with two enormous paniers stuffed full and piled up with garden truck, so that the little brute is hardly visible, and then a great lout of a man perched in the middle, while his wife, with a heavy load on her head, and often another in her arms, trudges behind and whacks the donkey along. The cry they use both to urge the donkeys and horses forward is also peculiar—a prolonged Ah! Horses are not much used in the country, and in the cities the poor brutes have a hard time of it. Kindness to them is unknown, and they are so poorly fed that they are nothing but skeletons. They both drive and beat them unmercifully. Oxen are much used, however, for hauling heavy materials. They are of the Swiss variety, a grayish color, not large, but very compact and excellent workers. Quite a variety of yokes and harness are used, as the oxen are driven both double and single. When they are driven single they are put into shafts and have a clumsy but strong harness of undressed bull's hide. The yokes most in use are a straight bar of oak, about two by four or five inches large, and sometimes are fastened to the front of the horns by lashings, and often rest upon the necks as do ours. Instead of bows they simply use ropes. In all their harness of every description the Italians use nothing by way of hold-backs or breeching, depending entirely upon brakes, which are affixed to every cart, carriage and wagon.

The women work with the men in the field, and do a full man's work, but do not receive a man's pay by any means. It seems strange to an American to see a beautiful young girl with her skirts tucked up about her knees, and bare-legged, working in the rice fields with the men, or wielding a heavy hoe. But such things are the rule there, and not the exception. The price for field labor here as in the Riviera is pitifully low, an ordinary day's labor from daylight until dark, being one lira, or twenty cents, and about half that for a woman.

Some beef is raised and a little pork, but the bulk of their meat comes from the higher country. Fowls are raised in great abundance and in small flocks. The eggs are sold always by the single piece. The price varies much with the locality, ranging from one and a-half cents to two and even four or five cents. The chickens, as sold in the markets, are unusually small, but tender and sweet. They are rarely sold whole, as we sell them, but are cut up, and different parts bring different prices, the breasts without the skin or bone being the dearest. Then comes the dark meat, then the giblets, then the skin, the legs, claws and all, the neck and head, the skin and bones for making soup, and, lastly, the interior of the fowls stripped, but not one atom lost or thrown away. The combs are cut from the head and sold as a garnishment for the breasts. An Italian market is a thing to be remembered. Much of the stuff is sold ready cooked, and one can buy fried fish, boiled balls of spinach, all kinds of vegetables newly cooked, cakes, bread of various sorts, cooked meats, and, in fact, everything imaginable for a dinner, each at a different stall. About dinner-time the amount of chattering, disputing, quarreling and scolding is almost deafening, and altogether amusing, while the smells in the crowded market-place and total disregard for order, neatness or common decency, is enough to ruin the most vigorous appetite.—*From an Address by Governor Smith, of Vermont.*

A Girl's Thoughtless Act.

Mary Walsh, a girl of about sixteen, employed in the Aramingo cotton-mills at Frankford, on going to work Wednesday morning, took with her in a reticule a small snake, with the intention of exhibiting it to her companions and making sport over their demonstrations of alarm. The reptile was thrust at several of the girls in the weaving-rooms with no result except to occasion a general outcry and stampede. One of the loom girls, aged about fourteen, who was working near by, but who had not seen the snake, was so overcome with fear at the thought of its proximity that she fell over in convulsions, and had to be taken to her home. The unfortunate girl, whose name could not be learned, is reported to be subject to epileptic fits, and of an exceedingly nervous temperament. The rumor that she is still in an unconscious condition yesterday morning proved to be unfounded. Her recovery from the shock was quite as speedy as from similar attacks heretofore, but she was not able to resume work yesterday.—*Philadelphia Press.*

—An agricultural writer says: "Do not throw away old scraps. For pigs and chickens throw old meat, vegetables, gravy, rind and dishwater into a pot, and give it to them hot."

Notes on Curiosity.

Probably no feeling has been held up to greater reprobation than that of curiosity. Early tradition is full of allusions to it. The fate of "Blue Beard's wife," and the third Calender in the "Arabian Nights," who has cause to lament the indiscreet anxiety which cost him his right eye, are familiar to us from childhood. "Peeping Tom's" fate is another legendary warning. "Paul Pry" is held up as an example to be shunned. Ancient mythology has its tales of Cupid and Psyche, of Cephalus and Procris. The Norse legends tell of the fate of the woman who rashly disturbed the grave of a hero to obtain his sword, and was consumed by the flames that surrounded the enchanted blade. History and real life add their tale of warnings against too great a desire to know "the wherefore of every why." And yet the world would be badly off if no inquisitive people existed in it. Great inventors and discoverers are all, in one sense, full of curiosity. The desire for knowledge which Johnson averred to be common to every human being "who is not depraved" is a form of inquisitiveness. Columbus was intensely curious regarding the unknown world which he believed lay across the unexplored ocean. Curiosity has sent out a long succession of travelers into strange countries; from Marco Polo and Mandeville down to the latest African explorers. Curiosity has given to the world scientific discoveries and valuable inventions. Curiosity regarding the life of previous ages has rescued interesting documents and ancient records from oblivion. Apples had fallen for thousands of years, kettles had bubbled for centuries, but it was only when inquiring minds like Sir Isaac Newton's, the Marquis of Worcester's and Watt's observed them that the principle of gravitation was discovered or the power of steam understood. Socrates was not so mistaken when he taught his disciples to ask questions, aggravating as the habit must sometimes have been to their fellow-citizens.

Without a certain amount of curiosity nothing would ever be learnt. It was the sight of a book of mathematical diagrams that gave Pascal his first desire to study geometry; the strange figures awoke the boy's curiosity, and he became anxious to understand what they represented. Many a similar tale might be related of other geniuses. Curiosity of this description becomes an enthusiasm. No difficulty or danger will deter the votary of art or science from attempting to solve the mysteries of his calling. Many a physician has, like Guyon, of Marseilles, given his life to gain an insight into the dark secrets of disease. Nearly every scientific discovery has been bought, at some period, by a life, worn away by over-study, or more directly sacrificed through accident or experiment. Deadly climates and unknown perils do not check the ardor of the explorer. Vandervelde, the celebrated sea painter, being in a vessel during a raging storm, caused himself to be tied to a mast that he might study the effects of sea and sky, and kept exclaiming: "Marvelous, sublime," totally oblivious of his danger. Leibnitz's royal patroness is said to have expressed herself as resigned to death, because she would then learn the answer to many questions Leibnitz could never reply to—which is certainly pushing the love of inquiry to its extremest verge.—*London Globe.*

A Painful Subject.

Old Jim Walkup has the reputation among his friends of being rather close. His enemies say he is too mean to die. Not long since an old colored man, Uncle Nace, who had been in the Walkup family all his life, and who refused to leave his old master after the war, died in this city in extreme poverty. When the colored delegation went around taking up collections to plant Uncle Nace, they came to old Jim Walkup. That was the first intimation he had of the death of the old family servant, and it nearly killed him. He shed real tears, and used the most extravagant language in praising the faithful old Uncle Nace.

"How much am you gwine to contribute to de funeral expenses?" asked the foreman of the Assessment Committee.

"Not a cent," groaned old Walkup, hiding his face and shaking all over to conceal his emotion, "if I was to contribute money for such a purpose I would always be haunted with the idea that I had helped put him under the ground. It's too painful to talk about. Go away and leave me to my misery."—*Texas Siftings.*

—P. T. Barnum gives this anecdote in a temperance lecture: "Last winter two of my elephants began shaking with chills one morning. The keepers ran down to the village and got six gallons of whisky. Hastily returning, three gallons were given to each elephant. Fortunately it cured them. They liked the artificial warmth it superinduced. Next morning when the keeper came to them he found both elephants shaking with might and main. 'No, you don't,' he shouted, 'you are well enough today,' and they stopped shaking."

—I deny that any human being, with the heart of a true man, can long be associated with that most faithful of our dumb servants, and not learn to love him. Many a cold night have I been called on an errand of mercy, to travel over our rough country roads, and I have always had my heart grow warm toward my faithful horse, as I saw how bravely he faced the storm, how patiently he endured the fatigue of his heavy work, and with what unerring wisdom he evaded the dangers of the way.—*Anonymous.*

Youths' Department.

A LITTLE GENTLEMAN.

His cap is old, but his hair is gold,
And his face is clear as the sky,
And whoever he meets, on lanes or streets,
He looks him straight in the eye,
With a fearless pride that has naught to hide,
Though he bows like a little knight,
Quite debonair, to a lady fair,
With a smile that is swift as light.

Does his mother call? Not kite, or ball
Or the prettiest game, can stay
His eager feet as he hastes to greet
Whatever she means to say.
And the teachers depend on the little friend
At school in his place at nine,
With his lessons learned and his good marks earned,
All ready to toe the line.

I wonder if you have seen him, too,
This boy, who is not too big
For a morning kiss from mother and Sis,
Who isn't a bit of a prig;
But gentle and strong, and the whole day long
As merry as boy can be,
A gentleman dears, in the coming years,
And at present the boy for me.
—*M. E. Sangster, in Harper's Young People.*

THE PRICE OF DISOBEDIENCE.

"I will go there! and I should like to see any one stop me," said Edith H., rushing into her aunt's room, and banging the door after her. Stamping her foot, she gave her bracelet a twist and flounced into a chair, shoving it against the table, upsetting a goblet of water, causing a general clatter. Her naturally sweet face was red and distorted with anger, and as she lay back in the rich velvet chair, she looked like one of the Furies.

"Aunt Edith," she snapped out, "will you tease mother to let me go to the Unity party Friday night?"

The lady thus addressed answered: "I will think about it; but Edith, you told me New Year's day that you were going to restrain that temper of yours."

"My temper is no worse than other people's. I heard cousin Fred say the other day that you used to get pretty high, and do as you pleased before——"

She did not finish the sentence, for there was something in the patient, sweet face of her aunt that always checked her anger.

"Edith, dear, come and sit by me, I wish to tell you a story."

Then she evened the needles of her knitting and pushed them into the ball of bright silk, and placed her work carefully in a basket by her side. Edith sat down on the hassock at her aunt's feet in no enviable frame of mind. The lady put her hand gently on the angry head before her, and twining her fingers in the soft curls, she told her niece why she was a cripple:

"When I was a child, I was, like you, headstrong and disobedient. Mother was a good, weak, easy woman, and had rather let me have my own way than take the trouble to make me obey her. Father was a cold, stern man, who made us all afraid of him. I think my poor, quiet mother lived in mortal dread of his hasty temper and harsh words. She would always say: 'Don't tell your father,' or 'Don't let father know,' and so I thought that as long as he didn't know that I disobeyed him it was all right; but I found to my sorrow it was all wrong, and I want you to remember, my dear, that disobedience will surely bring misery and disgrace.

"When I was sixteen, Ben Fuller invited me to attend a ball at Concord. His uncle kept the hotel where the party was to be given, and as I was well acquainted with his aunt and cousins, I never dreamed I couldn't go. Ben was to have his father's horse and sleigh, and such fun as we should have!

"I ran all the way home from school to tell mother of it. She was willing I should go, but said I must ask my father, as he was terribly angry because I went to a skating party the other night without his permission. So I waited in a perfect fever for father to come home. I put his slippers before the fire and rolled the little table close to his chair, with the evening paper and his glasses on it. I seldom took the trouble to do this, but now I wanted a favor, so of course I must cater to his wants. How I hoped he would come home pleasant! When I heard him coming I began to tremble for fear he would say no, but I said to myself just what I heard you say a few minutes ago: 'I will go, and no one shall hinder me.'

"Father came in with lots of cold air that sent a chill through all of us. Mother said: 'Don't ask him until he has had his supper.' It seemed as if he never ate so slowly, or dallied so long over his tea. At last he finished and dropped into an easy chair, with a tired, weary look, that after all these long, long years I can see distinctly, but then I did not see it; I thought he was only cross.

"I went up to him and put my hand on his shoulder, for I thought he was going to sleep, and then I should have to wait till morning. He opened his eyes with a start that took him almost out of the chair.

"'Oh!' he said, 'is it you, Edith? I believe I am getting nervous. Did you want anything?'

"'Yes, father. I have had an invitation to go to the military ball at Concord, next week. Can I go? Say yes, for I do want to go.'

"'Who invited you!' he said, looking very stern.

"'Ben Fuller asked me. He is to have his father's horse and sleigh, and see, here is a letter from his cousin Kate. Oh! we shall have such a nice time! Can I go?'

"'Let me think,' said he. 'Ten miles in a sleigh this cold weather, and you with a bad cold and cough, now.'

"'My cold will be well by Tuesday,' said I, 'and I have nothing to get ready, for you know I had a new white dress and satin slippers, gloves, ribbons and everything I wanted for the Christmas party.'

"'Now stop,' he said, shutting his eyes. 'I do not think it prudent. So go to bed and say no more about it.'

"I left the room feeling the same as you did when you came in here banging the door so furiously. The next day I told Ben I would go, but father was not to know. So we arranged for him to take my bandbox containing my ball suit the night before and hide it in his room.

"Father had said in the morning that I could go over to my aunt's for a few days. I did not care much about going then, but now I wanted to go, for aunt would keep my secret. She thought father was very strict with me, and believed children should have a good time, 'kill or cure.' So Monday at the breakfast table I told father I was going over to see my baby cousin, and asked him if I could stay all night.

"'Yes, three or four days if you like, he replied.

"Aunt Sue said it was all right, that it was the grandest ball of the season, and she wished she could go, too.

"At two o'clock Tuesday afternoon, Ben drove up to the door. I was all ready, so in five minutes we were off. It had been growing colder since morning, and now it was four or five degrees below zero, but we were young and did not mind the cold. We chatted and laughed, and all went well until we were half way there and a rabbit jumped across the road. The horse shied, over went the sleigh and out we tumbled. The bandbox rolled down the hill, Ben's valise and a bundle or two were lodged in the brush fence and the buffalo robes and I went on the crust after the bandbox. Ben stuck to the reins and soon stopped his horse, but when the things were gathered and we were seated in the sleigh we were nearly frozen. Ben said we would soon get warm, and I remember he told me his hands and feet were beginning to burn, and as if in a dream I heard him say:

"'Wake up! wake up! you must not go to sleep; you will freeze if you do.' Then he said: 'What shall I do? she is freezing?'

"He shook me and told me to stamp my feet and rub my hands, and I thought I did, and it seems to me that I was getting warm and I tried to ask him why he whipped the horse so, but he laughed so loud he couldn't hear me, and then I feared we should be tipped over again, and when the horse stopped at the hotel it seemed as though we were all smashed to pieces! For hours I had no sense of feeling and the next day when the doctor came he said I had rheumatic fever, so they sent for my father. Oh! I was so afraid he would not come. He did, however, and forgave me, although I did not deserve it. He remained with me all the time for weeks. I was very sick and suffered excruciating pains, that is why my hands and feet are so crippled. I learned to love and appreciate my dear father. I then knew for the first time, that he was worried and harassed with business troubles, and that he could be kind and gentle as a woman, and had I obeyed him I should not be an old cripple to-day."

"Auntie," said Edith, "I have no desire to go to the party, and hereafter I will try and be more gentle, and more obedient.—*Golden Rule.*

About a Queer Man.

Many hundreds of years ago lived a very strange man whose name was Diogenes. His home was in the city of Athens, in Greece. The people of Athens are very polite, but this strange man took pride in being very impolite. He made himself very disagreeable. People stared at him, and laughed at him. This was just what pleased Diogenes. Many people called him a great man. This pleased him more yet. He was so odd, and behaved so strangely, that after a while a good many tried to imitate him and to act as strangely as he did. This pleased him, perhaps, most of all. Sometimes Diogenes slept in the sand and sometimes on the verandas of houses or in doorways. Sometimes he used to take a tub around with him. When night came he would curl himself up like a kitten and go to sleep in the tub. One bright, sunny day, when the city was full of people, he took a lighted lantern and walked down the street. He looked as if he were hunting for something. "What are you looking for with your lantern in this bright daylight?" the peopled asked. "I am looking for an honest man," growled Diogenes.

At this time there lived a great warrior and Emperor who had made himself more famous than any one else in the world. Great crowds followed him, and threw up their hats, and cheered. His name was Alexander. Perhaps he was really the greatest man in the world. So he was called Alexander the Great. One day Alexander marched by where Diogenes sat sunning himself in the sand. The people were cheering as usual, and making a great noise. But Diogenes sat quite still, caring nothing about the Emperor. When Alexander passed by Diogenes he noticed this. He wondered why this poorly clothed man paid him no attention. Then he turned to Diogenes with a frown, and said in a very haughty manner: "Do you know that I am Alexander?" Everybody thought that Diogenes would turn pale and be very much confused. But he only looked up and answered with as much pride as if he were an Emperor himself: "Do you know that I am Diogenes?" Perhaps we may all admire his independence as much as Alexander is said to have done. Diogenes always lived this queer sort of a life. He was an old, old man when he died.—*Our Little Ones.*

—The Chinese merchants of San Francisco have organized a Merchants' Exchange.