

# Nebraska Advertiser.

G. W. FAIRBROTHER & CO., Proprietors.

CALVERT, NEBRASKA.

## MUSINGS IN THE TWILIGHT.

In the twilight alone I am sitting,  
And fast through my memory are flitting  
The dreams of youth.  
The future is smiling before me,  
And hope's bright visions float o'er me—  
Shall I doubt their truth?  
I know that my hopes may prove bubbles,  
Too frail to endure,  
And thick-strewn be the cares and the troubles  
That life has in store.

But 'tis best we know not the sorrow  
That comes with a longed-for to-morrow,  
And the anguish and care;  
If the veil from my future were lifted,  
Perhaps at the sight I had drifted  
Down into despair.  
If I knew all the woes that awaited  
My hurrying feet,  
My pleasure might oftener be freighted  
With bitter than sweet.

And yet, though my life has been lonely,  
Some flowers I have plucked that could only  
From trials have sprung  
Some joys I have known that did borrow  
Their brightness from contrast with sorrow  
That over me hung.  
For the moonbeams are brighter in seeming  
When clouds are gone by,  
If only a moment their gleaming  
He hid from the eye.

Sad, indeed, would be life's dewy morning,  
If all hope's bright promises scorning,  
Overburdened with fears,  
We saw but the we and the sorrow  
That would come to our hearts on the morrow,  
The sighs and the tears.  
So 'tis best that we may not discover  
What Fate hath in store,  
Nor lift up the veil that hangs over  
What lieth before.

—Chambers' Journal.

## THE ENGLISH PARSON.

In England the "Parson" is the parish clergyman—Episcopalian, of course. Nonconformist preachers of all kinds being termed "ministers," the title of "clergyman" denied them, and that of "Reverend" given with a grudge—legally they have it not; neither, by law, any ecclesiastical connection with the parish, nor say in its secular affairs. Legislation and adjudication upon these last are done by the parishioners assembled in vestry, their execution being intrusted to two church-wardens, one of whom is elected by the vestry, the other appointed by the clergyman himself, and known as his church-warden. The latter is usually the Squire, or other "gentleman" belonging to the church congregation. Dissenters, however, have the same right of voice and vote in the vestry as other parishioners. In the holding of his office and administration of it, the parson is altogether free of responsibility to the people. He holds it independent of them, and for life, or during good behavior. But he must behave badly, indeed, to lose it; and then its loss would come through the Bishop, and not by any act or power of the parishioners. As these have no say in making, neither can they unmake him.

The appointment of Church clergymen to their benefices, or, as they are more commonly called, "livings," proceeds from various sources. Some are in the gift of the Crown, through the Lord Chancellor; others at the disposal of the Bishops; still others where corporate institutions have the right of bestowal; while of the 13,000 odd livings—the total number in England and Wales—more than half are the property of private individuals, just as much as their houses or lands! These last—named owners or "patrons" of church temporalities, are of every class and kind; though chiefly heads of great houses—titled families—some of whose ancestors owned them by ancient manorial right; while upon others they were bestowed by Henry VIII., being part of the spoils taken from the suppressed monasteries. Many grantees, as the Duke of Bedford, have each a score or two of church-livings at their disposal, and can give or sell them to whomsoever they please, unless under entail, as their lands, or other portions of their estates. Independent of these noble proprietors, hundreds, nay thousands, of benefices are in the hands of men of every rank and degree; in short, of all who have the money, with the inclination to speculate in them. Scores of "advowsons"—another name for this marketable commodity—are ever in the market, barefacedly advertised in the newspapers, bought and sold like houses, horses or any other merchantable thing. It is not uncommon to see advertisements of livings in the "George Robins style" painted *enroule-de-rose*; the parish described as having only a few hundred inhabitants—hence the less trouble with the cure of its souls—the rectory, or vicarage, as a handsome house with ornamental grounds, the scenery of the neighborhood picturesque, its climate salubrious and society of the best. If the living be a reversion instead of one to be immediately entered upon, its occupying incumbent is depicted as an aged man—old as the advertiser dare make him, possibly in poor health and feeble—in short, on his last legs! Half a column of such advertisements frequently appears in papers that are the special organs of the Established Church! Of course there is outcry against this shameful traffic—trading in souls, as it were—still it continues, and will continue so long as England's State Church stands on her present footing.

Taking advantage of this condition of things, not unfrequently a man who has the means and knows himself to be saddled with a half-imbecile son, has the latter trained up for the church, buys him an advowson, and so fixes him for life. It needs only institution by the Bishop or his ordinary; but this the purchaser of the living—thenceforth its patron—may demand if no objection can be urged against his appointee on the score of morals.

The parish clergyman is either a "Rector" or a "Vicar," the chief dis-

inction between their titles being that the rector is for life full proprietor of the church living and receives the "great tithes"—that is, all the emolument attached to it; while the vicar holds his benefice vicariously, though for life, too, and is paid only a portion of its emoluments—the "small tithes"—so-called—the rector proprietor ("lay impropriator" or "lay rector") retaining the rest. In some cases, however, vicars also receive the great tithes, and though the title Rector sounds bigger and is more esteemed than that of Vicar, in point of remuneration there is not much difference between them; socially, there is none. There are poor rectors and rich vicars nearly as often as the other way. This leads to a mention of their incomes, which are not, as many people suppose, grossly extravagant. Livings that yield £1,000 per annum are rare and looked upon as the plums of the church pudding. A few are worth more, some nearly double; but the majority are infinitely less, and a large minority yield the parson, everything included, less than £200 a year. For a great number of them, perhaps the plurality, £250 might be named as an average. Of course there are rich clergymen, with incomes independent of what they derive from their livings, some who keep up high squire style, dwelling in rectorial mansions, and maintaining a retinue of servants. And from the same outside aid there are many others who are moderately well off. But for those, the great many, who have only the £200 a year—rectory or vicarage, with glebelands included—it is a pinched life and a tough struggle to live it comfortably, to say nothing of genteelly. Even in the remotest district of England, where household commodities are cheapest, £200 a year will barely suffice to keep the roof over a gentleman's head, and the parson must needs play the role of gentleman. When so circumstanced, as he often is, burdened with a family to boot, his out-door establishment is restricted to a pony carriage, with a boy in nondescript and somewhat shabby livery to attend to it, the indoor domestics being a cook and housemaid. As these clergymen, to become such, have all been at the expense of a university education—a costly affair in England, to say nothing of other difficulties attending it—it may be wondered at, and asked why they should settle down to a career of life so little remunerative, sacrificing, as many of them certainly do, other and better chances.—*Captain Magne Reid, in N. Y. Tribune.*

## Economy and Philosophy.

As soon as the Limekiln Club had opened in due form Brother Gardner announced that the Hon. Catterangus Tompkins, of Montreal, was in the ante-room and desirous of addressing the meeting. The Visiting Committee were instructed to bring him in, and after a short delay a broad-backed black man, with an eye like an eagle and a mouth betraying great decision of character, made his appearance and gave a general introduction. In taking the platform he announced that he had made the tour of the world three times, received the forty-seventh degree in the Sons of Malta, and would address the club for a few minutes on the subjects of economy and philosophy.

"What an economy?" he began, as he got a brace for his feet and looked Pickles Smith square in the left eye. "I answer dat economy am de art of extractin' de most value fur de least money. Economy am de art of making time count. Take de plummer, fur instance. All he wants to begin life on am a solderin'-iron, a fire-pot an' a bar of solder. Economy does de rest. He gits pay fur de hours he sleeps as well as fur de hours he works. Likewise, moreover, fur his helper. Time am cash to him. Ebery five minutes gone while he am huntin' fur a leak am so much added to his capital. Take de house-painter. If he can kill fo' minits gwine up a ladder he knows he kin kill seben comin' down. Ebery minit he gains am dead cash. He would save ten cents a day by economizin' on cigars, but he doan' have to. He can save fifty by economizin' on de man who hires him half a day.

"Practice economy, but let philosophy enter into de practice. Doan' scold de ole woman fur parin' de pertaters so thick when you have just traded a grind-stun, which eats nuffin' an' am allus on hand, fur a dog which eats all de time an' am missin' when a tramp comes along. A shot-gun may be worf mo' dan a watch, but when you git de gun you mus' buy fodder fur it.

"As fur philosophy, de mo' of it you have de less you feel de want of money. Philosophy buys green wood an' lets it season in de stove. Philosophy gives a boss water jist befo' feedin' time to save oats. Philosophy puts three chillun in a bed to save kivers. Philosophy is in no hurry to pay debts. It reasons dat de man who has owed a bill fur six months receives a warmer welcome when he comes to pay up dan de chap who got trusted only yesterday. Use philosophy in your families. If de ole woman wants a new bonnet tell her dat she mus' have a dress an' cloak an' parasol to match. By goin' widout de bonnet she saves de expense of all de rest. If de chillun cry fur maple sugar feed 'em wid fifty-cent syrup. De sweet am what dey cry fur. De same rain storm which stops your work in de garden will wash whitewash off de walls an' fences, so what you lose by de wet you make in de sunshine. True economy will adulterate castor ole wid kerosene, so dat de dose will act on de stomach an' cure a sore throat at de same time. True philosophy will nebbber waste breath in statin de case arter de Judge has passed sentence. Wid dese few disaffected imprudences I will now expand.—*Detroit Free Press*

## RELIGIOUS AND EDUCATIONAL.

—Twenty Methodist churches of the New York East Conference have removed their indebtedness within a year.—Rochester University has received a gift of \$100,000 for the purpose of adding a ladies' department to the institution.

—The four weeks' revival work of the Widow Van Cott at Oswego, N. Y., resulted in over 500 conversions.—*Detroit Post.*

—A missionary collection recently taken in Calvary Baptist Church, New York, amounted to over fifty-one thousand dollars.

—The English Presbyterians are to have a new hymn-book. A draft of one has been prepared. It contains 600 hymns, of which sixty-nine are for children.—*Chicago Journal.*

—Chicago has the largest pro rata Jewish population of any city in the world. There are fifteen synagogues with about 20,000 in the aggregate congregations.—*Chicago Inter Ocean.*

—Dr. Deems, of New York, has lately made the statement that there are enough Christians in that city with neglected church letters in their pockets to make two of the largest churches in New York.

—Thomas H. McGraw, of Poughkeepsie, N. Y., has given \$50,000 to endow the President's chair at Amherst, a post now filled by Julius H. Seelye, of national reputation as a man and singular power as an educator.

—A teacher can hardly show worse stupidity than in imposing on a naughty pupil an extra lesson as a punishment. The learning of a lesson ought properly to be full of interest and enjoyment, and anything tending to make it a weariness is a mistake.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

—The Catholics make a good showing of educational facilities in the Archdiocese of Baltimore. There are seven colleges and twenty-two academies, seminaries and institutes, besides numerous male and female schools. The total of pupils is 19,141, requiring 480 teachers.—*N. Y. Independent.*

—The fifty-second annual conference of the Mormon Church has recently completed its session at Salt Lake City. From the statistical report read, it appears that there are 121,191 members of the church in the Territory. This calculation, however, includes children under five years of age. During the last six months 1,349 new members, including infants baptized, were admitted to the fold.—*Chicago News.*

—A careful examination of the changes made in revising the New Testament shows that there are 18,358 words changed by a substituted rendering of the received text; 4,654 words added in translation of the received text; 550 words in translation of additions in the Greek text; 1,604 words which translate an altered Greek text, and 222 words taken from the margin into the text; in all, 25,388 words changed out of 179,914, or 17 per cent.—*Chicago Tribune.*

## The Recent Auroral Display.

The magnificent auroral display of Sunday night, which was seen over a large part of the continent, has scarcely a parallel in the history of the oldest inhabitant. Nearer the poles there is not seldom a gorgeous display of auroral grandeur; but in this climate one seldom sees anything of the kind which more nearly resembles that of Sunday night than the shadow resembles the object that casts it. We certainly have not had one so grand since the great fire.

The question was asked yesterday by thousands: "What is it?" Physicists have found it difficult to define or explain. But they now generally agree that the aurora is an electrical phenomenon. That this is correct receives positive proof from the disturbances in the lines of telegraphic communication during the display. In some cases the wires actually worked without the aid of the usual batteries, and even reversed their action. The electricians state that it was the greatest electrical storm experienced in many years, and the greatest ever known unaccompanied by other storm.

Probably the most interesting point in connection with the aurora is the growing certitude that it is closely associated with the phenomena of solar eruption. The auroras are known to be most frequent and most brilliant when the sun's surface is most violently agitated; and it seems probable that the storm on the sun causes the electrical storm here, of which the aurora is one form of manifestation. It is well known that we are now near the maximum point in the eleven (11) year cycle of sun-spot activity, the spots being now large and numerous. It is not at present known that there was any particular spasm of activity on the solar surface during last Sunday. Prof. Young, of Princeton, did not make any special observation of the sun on that day. The big telescope of the Dearborn Observatory was turned upon him, but did not show anything widely different from the appearance of a short time previously. There was, however, ample time for a storm to brew on the sun during the twelve hours that elapsed between the observation and the display.

The aurora testifies rather forcibly to the existence of an atmosphere to the earth far outside the limits usually assigned to it by textbook writers. The display of Sunday night could scarcely have been observed as it was had it not extended at least 150 miles above the earth's surface; and it is scarcely possible to conceive that the phenomenon is not one of electrical excitation among air particles at that distance from the sea level.—*Chicago Tribune.*

## Youths' Department.

### HOW BABY GOES.

How does our baby get over the floor?  
Baby is two-five months old, and more!  
Plump and rosy, sturdy goes he,  
Now up on two limbs, now upon four;  
Now on his knees, and now on his nose, he  
Tumbles along from door to door!  
Bless the dear heart of him!  
Yes, I can get him up,  
I can help set him up,  
I, with my five good years the start of him!  
Shaking his curls, that are just like a girl's,  
He says, "No, no; I can; I go!"  
And away he starts with a merry crow.

"Never give up!" is the tune that he goes to,  
"Try again, Baby!" he thinks, when it may be,  
Over he rolls from the standing he rose to,  
Plump on the floor; but just as happy—  
A brave little chap, he  
Clings to his carpet with fingers and toes, too,  
Bound for the place that he first set his nose to!

Jumping, and stamping, and dumping, and bumping,  
Falling, and sprawling, and crawling—not waddling, and toddling, and staying, and away-going,  
Starting, and darting, and slacking, and backing,  
Contriving, and diving, and driving,  
And tripping, and slipping, and tpping,  
Heeling, and wheeling, and reeling,  
Spreading, and treading, and working, and jerking,  
And hopping, and stopping, and dropping,  
And tumbling, and tumbling,  
And yet never grumbling,  
Along more and more, on two, three, or four,  
Till he reaches the place that he went to explore—  
And this way the baby gets over the floor!

—George S. Burleigh, in *Our Little Ones.*

### RAG-BABIES.

When I was a little girl, about seven years old, I used to spend a great many happy hours under the table, playing with my rag-babies.

There were not many dolls in those days in the town where I lived, but children did not feel the want of them who had plenty of rag-babies. Every now and then mother made me a new one.

They were very simple. Mother rolled up a piece of white cloth to the right size, sewed the top together to round the head off, tied a thread about the neck to make it slender, and then sewed another roll of cloth, long and thin, tight to the back for arms. There were no feet, but as the dresses were always made to touch the floor, that was no matter.

At one time I was the happy possessor of twelve rag-babies, more or less beautiful. Many of the little girls I played with had rag-babies, too, but mine were thought the prettiest, because, whenever mother made me one, she always took her water-colors and painted a face on it. So mine always had brown hair curling about their foreheads, little eyebrows, blue eyes, rosy cheeks and red lips, and were always smiling.

They all had names, but I can only remember now Susanna and Alice. Susanna was rather large, and had a pink artificial rose sewed on the top of her head, which made her look always dressed for a party.

But Alice was my darling. She was the smallest rag-baby of all, and had the sweetest little face, and a little blue dress. I do believe she would look pretty to me now if I had her back again.

Susie Bradley used to come sometimes with her rag-babies, and we played house on different figures on the carpet. Julia Davitt came, too, but she had a doll, and liked to play queen.

One day they were both at my house, and the Cohen girls came in a little while after because it was wet, and their mother would not let them play out of doors.

"We haven't brought any rag-babies," said Fanny Cohen. "But you'll let us play with yours, won't you, Maidie?"

So I let them each take two of mine to play with, and we had a beautiful time.

Julia took the easy-chair for her house. I had mine under the table. Sadie and Fanny chose figures on the carpet, and Lotty Cohen took the hearth-rug, because her mother had said she must stay where it was warm, for she had a sore throat. I remember she looked pale.

She seemed very fond of the two rag-babies I lent her, and said: "I never had any so pretty as yours, Maidie."

We went visiting each other, and mother let us have cookies and sliced apples to pass around. My rag-babies appeared to great advantage, and Susanna looked really brilliant with her pink roses on her head.

"I have a rag-baby bigger'n she is, at home," said Fanny, "but I'll change with you if you'll give me Susanna."

But I had seen Fanny's, and I wouldn't change, would you? For a rag-baby with no eyes and mouth, and with finger-marks where her cheeks ought to be! I didn't care if her dress was made out of an old silk apron.

At last the little girls had to go. Julia carried her doll in her arms, and Sadie huddled all her rag-babies into her apron.

"Come along, Lottie," said Fanny Cohen.

Lotty laid down my two rag-babies regretfully, and said:

"I love 'em dearly, and I toast hate to leave 'em!"

However she did leave them, and I set up the whole twelve in a row, with Susanna at one end and Alice at the other. And you don't know how cunning and pretty Alice looked.

She had a more timid smile than the others, and her arms kept down, while the rest held theirs straight out. If I had known what was going to happen, I should have hid her!

The next morning I was sitting, innocent and unsuspecting, at the window, sewing some patch-work, when Lotty Cohen came in and stood around. She did not want to take her bonnet off, and she seemed to have something on her mind.

"I wasn't very well last night," she said, slowly, after a while, coming nearer to me.

I felt sorry for her, and she looked at me with a hesitating smile.

"I had to take castor-oil," she went on, "and I didn't want to take it, but mother hired me."

"What did she give you?" I asked, with interest.

"Oh, nothing, but she said if I would take it she guessed Maidie Bolles would give me one of her rag-babies, so I took it, and she told me this morning I could come over for the rag-baby."

There was a minute of awkward silence. I did not see then, and I don't see now, what business Mrs. Cohen had to hire her little girl to take bad medicine by promising her one of my rag-babies.

I felt a sort of shyness about objecting, and had a queer feeling that if I did not give Lotty a rag-baby, then her mother would have deceived her, and it would be my fault.

My own mother had gone over to Aunt Ann's on an errand, so there was no one to consult with, and when Lotty said, hopefully:

"May I pick out the one I want now?" it seemed to me that there was no help for it, and I crossed the room with her to where my twelve rag-babies sat in a row. I had so many, surely I could spare her one.

But I thought of course she would pick out one of the two she had loved so dearly the day before. I almost knew which one it would be, the one with the reddest cheeks.

She hesitated, she looked up and down the row. I began to be afraid she would choose Susanna; I never thought of anything worse than that! But she looked up and down, and—she—took—Alice!

I remember how badly I felt, and how I never thought of resisting. I suppose I thought I must not. Perhaps I felt it would not be polite.

At all events, she took Alice and went home radiant.

And to this day I am sorry she did it. I don't remember ever caring so much for a rag-baby again.

But I hope she loved it, and played nicely with it. I was afraid she would get finger-marks on it, but perhaps she didn't.

May be you will think this is a ridiculous little story to tell, there are so many things in life to think about besides rag-babies, but my own little girl likes to hear about pink-checked Alice, and I have rolled up a piece of cloth—oh, the pretty, simple old fashion!—and painted a little face on it, and made it, as near like Alice as I can, for her.—*Mary L. Bolles Branch, in Youth's Companion.*

## The Trouble Between Gallagher and Symonds.

The circumstances in connection with the trouble between Gallagher and young Symonds were these: Young Symonds had a seat directly behind Gallagher, at the last swell concert. Now Gallagher wore overshoes as did young Symonds, the weather being rough. Gallagher took off his overshoes and stowed them under his seat, but Symonds preferred to let his corns get heated up and kept his overshoes on. Throughout the concert, Symonds was deeply interested while Gallagher was terribly bored and wanted to go home. At the first sign of anybody's starting, during the finale, Gallagher made a dive for his overshoes. Now Symonds was so deeply interested that he had slid forward till he barely rested on the edge of the seat, and his feet were way under Gallagher's seat. Gallagher, being pretty fat, bent over with difficulty and clawed. He got hold of Symonds' foot, thought it was an overshoe, and gave it a yank. The result was wretched. It raked Symonds' shin against the back edge of the chair seat and scraped the hide all off, and hurt him fearfully, and moreover he was yanked off his seat, and came down solid on the floor. Then Gallagher lost his grip on the foot and the astonished and injured Symonds struggled to get back to his seat. Gallagher had his head about on a level with his knees, and with a thick overcoat on was perspiring freely and snorting for breath. He made another dive, clawed with both hands, and got both of Symonds' feet. Symonds had got part back to his chair, when Gallagher began to pull on him again. He hung to the arms and held on for dear life, and Gallagher, who was nearly strangled and couldn't conceive what had caught his overshoes, tugged away like mad and nearly broke Symonds' legs. Symond yelled, but Gallagher didn't hear, though everybody else did, and at last, a desperate yank tore Symonds from his grip, and he was jerked under the seat, and Gallagher straightened up sufficiently to see that a pair of feet were in the overshoes. Then the audience interfered. Symonds was hauled out and an explanation made. Gallagher apologized and said it was a mistake, but Symonds was not to be mollified, and said he must be a durned fool not to know the difference between a pair of overshoes and a human being.

—*Boston Post.*

—There has been organized in New York a "church and stage guild." Its purpose is to vindicate the right of church people to take part in theatrical amusements, either as spectators or actors, and to promote religious and social sympathy between members of the dramatic profession and the clergy. It is modeled after a similar organization in London. The membership comprises ladies and gentlemen of various religious beliefs.—*Chicago News.*

—Water-gas is now used in fifty cities and towns in the United States.