

Nebraska Advertiser.

O. W. FAIRBROTHER & CO., Proprietors.

CALVERT, : : NEBRASKA.

THE KANKAKEE OR THE KOKOMO.

He stood in the station; she at his side
(She is a fair, young blushing bride,
On their honeymoon they're starting now;
It always fell, was the marriage vow,
He looks at the dining railroad map,
At the train of cars and his baggage traps,
And whispers: "Petite, how shall we go;
By the Kankakee or the Kokomo?"

"These railroad maps confuse the eye,
There's the C. & N. and the R. N. Y.,
And this one says your life's at stake
On any road but the Sky Blue Lake,
The N. E. R. L. P. O. J.,
Have sleepers on the entire way,
But I've heard these trains are much more
slow
Than the Kankakee or the Kokomo."

She murmured: "Sweetie, I've heard pa
say
What a fine old road is the P. G. K.,
But mamma seemed to disagree,
And prefers the X. S. H. O. P.
This chart says, baby, the views are fine
On the Texas-Cow-Boy-Mustang Line,
But still, perhaps, we'd better go
On the Kankakee or the Kokomo."

A conductor chanced to pass them by,
And the bridegroom caught his gentle eye.
He said: "O man with the cap of blue,
Inform me quick, inform me true,
Which road is best for a blushing pair,
Young timid bride on her wedding tour,
And tell us quickly what you know
Of the Kankakee and the Kokomo."

The conductor's eyes gave a savage gleam,
These words rolled out in a limp stream—
There's the A. B. J. D. V. R. Z.
Connects with the Flip-Flap-Biff-Bang-B.
You can change on the Leg-off-Sueville-
Grand.

And go through on the Pan-cake-Acc-Full-
Hand.
That road you named is blocked by snow
(The Kankakee and the Kokomo).

"The Pennsylvania, Pittsburgh Through,
Connects with the Osk-shi Kalamazoo,
With a smoking-car all afternoon,
Just the thing for a honeymoon;
And the Central Scalp-Tooth-Burgville-
Switch.

Goes through a vine-cold country rich,
Of the road you named I nothing know—
The Kankakee and the Kokomo."

The bride said: "Baby, 'tis best, by far,
Like the dollar, we return to pa,
(That's a pun I heard while on a train
On the U. R. N. J. Jersey main).
The conductor smiled; his eyes-teeth showed;
He had spoiled the trade of a rival road.
He knew in his heart there was no snow
On the Kankakee or the Kokomo."

And the bride and groom returned to pa,
Who heard it all, and then said: "Fshaw!
If you found you couldn't go that way,
Why didn't you go on the Cross-eyed Bay?"
The bridegroom gave a howl of pain;
The railroad names had turned his brain.
He raves, incoherently, forevermore,
In a mad-house, chained unto the floor,
He'll gibber: "Tootsie, shall we go
By the Kankakee or the Kokomo?"
—Louis Harrison, in *Byrne's Dramatic Times*.

MIDNIGHT AMONG THE DENS.

Watching for an Hour the Animals in a Menagerie.

What do the animals do at night? Everybody who has ever visited a menagerie must have observed that the animals during show hours manifest such an overwhelming sleepiness as to suggest that the only time they have for real rest is when they are under the eyes of the public. It seems to be necessary for keepers and attendants to go along in front of their cages momentarily, prodding them with sticks, jabbing them with pieces of iron, or animating them with cowhides to keep them awake, and when the bold trainers spring in among them, with much clatter of iron doors, foot stamping, and ejaculating of "Hi! there," even the most savage brutes are wont to look as if they resented the intrusion as a breaking of their rest, rather than as an aggravating temptation to a change of diet. Do they, then, never get sleep enough? A curious reporter took it into his head to endeavor to do something toward settling that question, a few nights ago, by watching the animals for some time after the thousands of spectators at the show had left the building. Slowly the crowd passed out into the street, lazily watched as they went by a sturdy old lion, who pretended to be asleep, but kept opening an eye stealthily now and then until quiet succeeded the tramp and shuffle of many feet. Then he lazily got up, yawned and stretched himself, as much as to say, pantomimically: "Thank goodness, another day's gone." Just at that moment one of the wind-jammers of the band, with whose instrument something had been wrong all the evening, and who had remained in his seat punching and blowing into it after his comrades had gone, blew a loud blast that in the gathering stillness seemed extraordinarily loud. The old lion wheeled around and glared savagely in the direction whence the sound came. A couple of tigers sprang up from apparent slumber with the same malevolent expression, and even the hyenas stopped fighting long enough to stare with mingled inquiry and fury toward the belated musician. The disturber departed suddenly, all the gas jets went out together, and only the clear, ghastly, bluish-white illumination of the electric light remained. The feline animals again stretched themselves on the floors of the dens, the lions in regular and dignified attitudes, and the tigers, leopards and panthers twisting themselves into all sorts of queer contortions to get their eyes away from the light. For a while the antelopes and the dwarf cattle stood up and ate hay, with a manner of contentment they had not worn during the day. One by one they dropped down on the floors of their cages and seemed to sleep. Generally, they lay with their legs doubled under them, as if in readiness to make a spring, but the "horned horse," orgnu, which Tody Hamilton says "is chiefly remarkable for the singular unanimity with which compositors, in setting up advertisements and notices, always spell his name gun," had a

queer way of coiling himself up like a dog.

Three or four hours later the electric lights suddenly ceased to glow, and then only the patent watchers observed, here and there, long distances apart, small points of gas flames, burning steadily and only giving light enough to make the surrounding space seem more vast and darker just beyond their narrow circles of illumination. Those in the main division of the Garden seemed like glow-worms in an enormous vault. In the distance a watchman's lantern dodged, bobbed and glimmered like a will o' the wisp. And now a new life of activity seemed to have entered into the beasts. In the cages of the feline beasts greenish, phosphorescent lights shone in pairs, sometimes fixed steadily for minutes together upon the silent, motionless watchers, again flitting to and fro as the ferocious brutes glided noiselessly hither and thither in their narrow, iron-walled quarters. For some time all was silence. Then the distant watchman stumbled and awoke a thousand echoes. In an instant the gleaming eyes in the cages were all in line, looking out, and every animal was still. Then, as the last faint echoes died away, a hyena indulged in the diabolical noise of his kind, which is commonly called a laugh, and it ended in a chorus of snarls, howls, laughs, yells, scrapings of claws, and rattlings of the hyena cage, as its denizens revelled in one of the numerous free fights by which they vary the monotony of existence. While this was going on one of the lions expressed himself on the subject of the disturbance in tones like an asthmatic fog horn, and the occasion for public speaking was not left unimproved by either tigers, leopards, panthers, jaguars or catamounts. The lynxes were quiet, or else they could not be heard in the brief tumult. A tour of inspection near to the cages of the herbivorous and graminivorous animals showed them nearly all standing up, with looks of fright, and some of them trembling. Only the plucky little axis deer had put itself in a posture of defense, with its head down for a charge, as if quite oblivious to the fact that its sharp horns have been sawn off to prevent its jamming them through the wooden wall of the bless-bok's quarters. The huge rhinoceri, both single and double horned, and the wart hog lay in stolid indifference to all the row. Once or twice every night, the keepers say, the animals indulge in such a demonstration as this, but the uproar never lasts more than a few minutes, unless a storm is coming, and then the hyenas display an activity and fiendish jollity peculiarly their own that keeps the whole establishment in a tumult all night. What the monkeys were doing could not be seen, as it is necessary to keep their cages closed up tightly all the time that public curiosity does not compel them to be open, in order to exclude the cold night air. As far as could be judged from listening, mandrills, baboons and several varieties of smaller monkeys were sound asleep. The anacondas and boa constrictors were much more lively than during the day time, disentangling themselves from the mass they made together when sleeping, gliding stealthily about their cage, touching inquiringly with their noses the glass walls of their prison-house, and festooning themselves over the wire screen that covers the kerosene oil stove by which their quarters are kept at tropical heat. Within a great canvas enclosure, the mother of the baby elephant, having completely covered her little one with a huge pile of hay, stood swaying her trunk over it, and rocking from side to side, appearing to be doing a sort of pantomime cradle song. Her keeper says that she only lies down very late at night, when all strangers are away and everything is very quiet, and that when she does so she places herself in such a position, with her trunk touching the baby, that its slightest movement will awaken her instantly. Long before daylight she is up again doing her fantastic dance, but moving as noiselessly as a cat, watching and waiting for the little one to get up.

Of all the herd of elephants, camels, dromedaries, llamas, guanacos, sacred cattle, ponies, and other beasts occupying the large space under the seats on the Twenty-sixth street side of the building, the most wakeful and watchful are the first mentioned. It is very seldom that they make any other noise than long-drawn yawns, any sound like stupendous sighs, but never do they all sleep at one time. From two to a dozen of them stand, as if on guard, swinging their huge heads from side to side, toying with wisps of hay or occasionally stuff into their mouths, while the others sleep. By an apparently well-understood arrangement among them, the guard is relieved from time to time, slumberers awaking and standing up to swing and toss hay in their turn, while those that have been on their feet slowly lie down, roll over on their sides, and drop asleep. When a stranger enters their stable at night the watchers never for an instant take their eyes off him while he remains in sight. Two or three spotted coach dogs—animals for which elephants seem to have a peculiar affection, possibly because they have fewer good qualities than any other dogs living—sleep in the hay under the elephants' trunks, and are never harmed or even touched by them. Two or three of the oldest and ugliest camels are always awake, not, apparently, to keep guard, like the elephants, but just because they cannot sleep, and hope for a chance to show their innate cussedness. —N. Y. Sun.

—Mr. Edward Smith, of Enfield, Mass., has given \$5,000 to the Mt. Holyoke Seminary, to start a fund, the income of which is to be used to aid indigent students, and he is now endeavoring to raise the fund to \$25,000.

RELIGIOUS AND EDUCATIONAL.

—Isaac S. Osterhout, who recently died at Wilkesbarre, Pa., left \$350,000 to found a public library.

—The Protestant Episcopal Church has started a church paper in Baltimore known as the *Maryland Churchman*.

—The Board of Trustees of the South Carolina University has decided to have five additional professorships at a salary of \$2,000 each.

—Mr. W. H. Vanderbilt has been elected vestryman in St. Bartholomew's Church, one of the richest of all the New York Episcopal churches.

—The city of Charleston, S. C., is said to have done more for itself in behalf of its school-children, without aid from abroad, than any city in the South.

—The best time to prune fruit trees is in June, when the sap is active and the leaves will protect the sores made by the saw from the heat of the sun.—N. Y. Tribune.

—Dr. Thomas M. Maguire has become professor of moral philosophy in Dublin University. He is the first Roman Catholic to hold this post. Religious tests formerly barred positions in the University to all but Episcopalians.—N. Y. Independent.

—The Boston Herald calls attention to the fact that the primary education in the schools in that city is deficient. The great majority of the children have to go to work before they enter the grammar schools, and so the primary school education is all they have as a preparation for life. They should, therefore, be taught something that will be of practical value to them. Instead of that, their time is taken up with esthetic and beautiful work, and a solid and thorough training is not given to them.

—The alumni and undergraduates of Yale College have raised money sufficient to purchase a park for athletic sports, to be the property of the students. The grounds comprise six acres of sloping land on the western side of the city and are to have an incline of one foot in five hundred feet. The walking and running track will be a quarter of a mile in length. Inside the oval made by the track will be the tennis-ground. On the south side of the track will be the grand stand, and south of the stand the ball-field and the lacrosse and cricket-grounds. A place will also be devoted to archery.—N. Y. Independent.

A Montana Theater.

The theater, which is well patronized by the bar-room population, is a primitive structure. It is about seventy-five feet long by twenty-five feet wide, and at the entrance has a bar on one side and a faro table on the other, each doing a thriving business. If you are so fortunate as to pass these attractions, you enter the auditorium, which has an inclined floor, is fairly lighted, and heated by an enormous stove piled full of the soft coal which is so abundant throughout his valley. In the orchestra is an excellent piano of the most expensive kind, from whose interior one of the ladies of the theater informed us she frequently cleaned out a dust-pan full of cigar stumps and ashes, dropped in by careless performers, but it seemed none the worse for rough treatment, and with a skillful pianist, and the assistance of a violin and flute, made very acceptable music. Directly at the right of the stage are two boxes decorated with remnants of lace curtains, and through these boxes certain favored visitors at the performance pass to what is called the "wine room." This is an ante-room just off the wings and flies from which one can see the stage, and where, at those intervals when not occupied on the boards, the actors and actresses resort for conversation and refreshment. To be sure, these processes are somewhat interrupted when the carpenter passes through with a bulky piece of stage property, for as space is limited all the pumps, fences and large articles are kept out of doors, and are brought in through the "wine-room" as occasion demands, all more or less covered with snow or mud. Trifles like these, however, we do not mind in the Western country. The ladies of the theater are affable and pleased to meet strangers. This being a well-conducted entertainment, they do not drink during the performance, unless it be a glass of lemonade or beer now and then, differing in this respect from their fair sisters at Glendive and Bismarck, but content themselves with smoking industriously when not occupied with the clog dances or character songs which are their specialties. The hour for commencing the performance is ten o'clock p. m., and it usually lasts until half past two in the morning, during which time the voice of the proprietor is frequently heard saying: "Keep your seats, gentlemen, keep your seats." The show has only just commenced. Of course, the longer the gentlemen keep their seats the more they drink, and toward the close of the entertainment the audience is anything but stolid. The gentlemen criticize freely and audibly, put their feet on the backs of their neighbors' chairs, quarrel a little, drink some more and make up their differences, but their favorite diversion is to send up to some one on the stage whom they particularly admire a glass of beer to drink between the verses of his song. We saw the comic man come off after a long series of recalls with a record of thirteen glasses consumed during his last vocal effort, and he told us in the "wine-room" that he could "go as high as twenty-seven glasses without giving up." The profits of the theater are considerable, and will be, doubtless, until the railway brings in a class of people who demand something better than the present management furnishes.—Cor. N. Y. Evening Post.

Youths' Department.

"WHEN I'M A MAN."

I'm a boy 'bout as high as a table;
My hair is the color of flax;
My name isn't Snake-skin, or Milton,
Or Byron, or Sh'ley, or Saxe,
By-and-by it will be "Mr. Dan el,"
They all call me now "Little Dan;"
I'll tell you in rhyme what I fancy
Will happen when I am a man.
I'll have a big garden for peaches,
And cherries, and every thing nice;
With the cutest of fixings for rabbits,
And pigeons, and dogs, and white mice.
I'll have a big house, and a stable;
And of horses the handsomest span
That ever you feasted your eyes on,
'Tis likely, when I am a man.
A cane I will twirl in my fingers,
A watch-guard shall garrison my vest,
No fear of expense shall deter me,
My raiment shall be of the best.
A ring on my finger shall glister,
And the cutest, sleek black-and-tan
Shall trot at my heels as I travel,
I'm thinking, when I am a man.
No poisonous drinks will I swallow,
From foul smelling pipes I'll be free,
My nose wasn't made for a chimney,
No snuffing or chewing for me.
Now my soul'll possess with great patience,
And as well as a little boy can
I will set them a better example;
Won't I lecture them when I'm a man?
I'm a boy, so there's no use in talking;
People snub me as much as they please;
For the toes of my shoes are of copper,
And my stockings come over my knees.
I've told you the whole of my story,
As I promised to when I began;
I'm young, but I'm daily growing,
Look out for me when I'm a man.
—John S. Adams, in *Youth's Companion*.

A PLEASANT SURPRISE.

BY KITTY WHITE.

My brother Johnny says he would do for a first-class bumble-bee; he's as hot all over as if he had forty stings. We've been talking through the stove-hole to comfort each other. This hole is in the wall at the side of my bed; so, if I put a chair on the bed, and then climb up and stand on tiptoe, I can see into Johnny's room, and we can have a good talk. We're in trouble; and this is how it happened:
One day last week our teacher read us a story about a good little girl who had a sick father; and he was going to starve to death 'cause he hadn't any money to buy oranges; and everything had gone wrong inside. Well, the good little girl heard that a dentist wanted some teeth, and would pay well for them. (I don't see why he should pay money for teeth, when he could have his own for nothing). The little girl had fine teeth, so she went to the dentist and asked him to take some out and pay her the money they were worth, for her poor father. Then the dentist made her tell him all about her father; and he wouldn't take the teeth, but he gave her the money all the same, and went to see her father, and got a doctor for him, so he didn't die.

It was a beautiful story, and made me cry. Johnny said it wasn't anything to cry about; stories like that were for examples, and when we had a chance we must just go and do likewise.

Well, this morning, when father was putting on his overcoat, Johnny and I asked him for a penny. And father, he said we were always wanting pennies, and he wasn't made of money; and then he went out.

Sister Em began to cry, 'cause father said she couldn't have a new dress this Easter. Everything was going wrong, and he didn't know what would become of him, and he was sick of everything. Johnny and I didn't cry; we only looked at each other.

While we were going to school, Johnny said this was our chance. Now we could do like the good little girl, and be a support to our parents. Dentists always wanted teeth, and we'd go to the dentist right away after school, and have it over.

"And then," says Johnny, "if we've made five dollars for father, perhaps he'll give us our penny, 'cause it'll be such a pleasant surprise to him."

We couldn't hardly wait for school to be out. I got a black mark in arithmetic, 'cause when Miss Stevens asked me if you had an apple, and if Samuel Smith ate it up, what had you left? I said: "Your teeth."

After school we walked about till we came to a dentist's, and we went in, and asked him if he wanted some teeth. And he said: "Why? Did we want to lose some?" And we told him, "Yes."

We thought he would sit down and ask us all about it, just as the other dentist did with the good little girl; but he only said:

"Let's look at 'em."
Then he made Johnny climb up in the high chair, and tip his head back; and then he said: "You want these two out that crowd the rest." Then he put an iron thing into Johnny's mouth, and pulled out one tooth, and then he pulled another. And he said Johnny was a brave boy 'cause he didn't holla.

I asked Johnny if it hurt, and he said: "Not much, and don't you disgrace the family, Kitty White, by howling."

"Now, my little lady," says the dentist, "get into the chair, and I'll be as gentle as I can." So he helped me up, and tipped back my head, and looked.

"Your teeth are crowded just like your brother's," says he; and then he begins to pull.

My, how it hurt! And didn't I make a noise! I thought my head was coming off. But it was over in a minute, and the dentist told Johnny not to laugh at me, 'cause my teeth came harder than his did.

When our teeth were out, we thought the dentist would pay us. He asked us whose little boy and girl we were, and where we lived, and said this was pleasant weather for little folks.

After a while he said: "It's four dollars."

We thought he had four dollars for us, and held out our hands, but he didn't give us anything. Instead of that, he said: "Haven't you got any money?"

Then Johnny explained to him that we thought he would pay us for our teeth, so that we could help our poor father.

The dentist began to laugh, and said he didn't pay for teeth; but he would give us a letter that would make it all right.

So he wrote a letter, and sealed it, and told Johnny to be sure to give it to father. He kept laughing all the time he was writing it, and we thought he was the pleasantest man in the world.

When we got home, Johnny said we'd better wait till after dinner to give father his pleasant surprise. And at first I was glad we'd waited, for the roast beef was too brown, and father said: "There never could be a piece of beef done right in this house, and Mrs. White, my dear, if you could only have a carving knife that would cut! I believe your son uses the carving knife for a jackknife."

We felt so sorry for poor father that we thought we'd give him his surprise then, so he'd feel better. Johnny took out the letter and gave it to him. He sits next to father, and I sit next to Johnny. Father took the letter, and said:

"What's this, sir?"
And Johnny said: "Read it, dear Pa, and see."

Then father read it, and wrinkled his forehead all up, and we thought he was going to burst into tears, like the sick man did when the good little girl brought him the oranges. But he didn't burst into tears. He threw the paper across the table, and said:

"What's this, Mrs. White? Have you been running me into debt, after what I told you this morning?"

And mother said: "I'm sure I don't know what you mean, dear." Then she read the letter, and called us naughty children, and "how dare you go and have sound teeth out without my consent?"

And father said that "what he had done was catamount to robbery; going and getting him into debt of our own accord; and you may go to your rooms and think about it till your mother and I come."

We've been in our rooms ever since, and both father and mother said they were under the necessity of—

Well, Johnny says a switch is the worst, but he doesn't know anything about a slipper. Anyhow, it's over for this time.—Ada Neyl, in *St. Nicholas*.

How the Swallows Stopped the Clock.

Two newly-married swallows, with the important business of building a nest on their minds, stopped to rest one morning on the hands of a great church clock in the town of Newark, New Jersey. Presently they noticed a little hole on its face just large enough for a swallow to enter. They looked in, and saw a lovely place for a nest among a collection of wheels that seemed perfectly quiet.

There is a great difference, you must know, in the movement of the wheels of the great clocks. Some turn swiftly, while the larger ones move so slowly that, unless they are watched for a long time, they seem to be standing still.

The swallows thought it would be delicious to live in the clock. No boys could disturb them, and unless some one should invent a new kind of flying cat they would never have any unwelcome and dangerous visitors. So they began to build. They carried hay and grass and cotton into the clock, and by night their nest was half finished. They slept in a neighboring tree, and in the morning flew back with fresh building materials. Something very strange had happened. The nest that they had partly built had nearly disappeared. They had to begin again. All that day they worked hard. The next morning they found that the same cruel trick had been played on them. They now became very indignant, and that night they perched on the hands of the clock, so as to be near in case any one should try to destroy their nest. In the course of the night the hands of the clock turned around and tumbled them off, but in the morning they saw that their nest had only been slightly disturbed. They repaired the damage, finished their work, and moved in that night.

For two days they were very happy, but on the third day a man climbed into the tower to see why the clock had stopped. He found nearly a peck of straw and grass and cotton that had been drawn by the wheels into the inner recesses of the clock, and had finally so clogged the wheels that they could move no more. Then he found the nest that the swallows had made, and threw it away, and stopped up the hole in the clock face.

And so it happened that the swallows had to go and build a nest under the eaves after all.—Harper's Young People.

—Pea-nut Coffee: The nuts must be shelled, the brown skins removed, and the kernels roasted the second time very dark brown; then, by crushing or coarsely grinding them, they can be boiled with water, affording a pleasant beverage when used with hot milk and sugar. The quantity of nuts required to make coffee of the desired strength must be decided by individual taste, but a first experiment might be made with a cupful of nuts to a quart of water.—N. Y. Times.

—It is customary, in some localities to teach children to think of a text as they drop their pieces of money into the contribution box. A certain little girl at Sunday-school recently saw the box approaching and began to search in her memory for a text. She hesitated for a few moments, dropped the dime in the box, and exclaimed, triumphantly: "A fool and his money are easily parted."—Bath Times.