

Nebraska Advertiser.

G. W. FAIRBROTHER & CO., Proprietors.

CALVERT, NEBRASKA

AN OLD STORY.

A mother sat through sunset's golden hours
Holding a wreath of faded orange flowers,
And, sighing, said: "It was but yesterday
A lovely babe within these infant arms lay;
I watched its dimpled smiles, its laughing eyes,
With love half joy, and half a glad surprise,
Till all untraced the passing hours flew,
Stole my fair babe and left a maiden sweet.

For my sweet babe I shed not golden tears,
I bled not sighs, this mother who so dear,
But day by day I watched new charms unfold,
And sought its weight of joy my heart could hold.

For twenty years! How like a pleasant dream
Those years of tender care and watchful care!
But now, from all my love she turns away,
For a fond heart known scarce a summer's day.

The father came. He paused beside her chair;
He kissed her cheek, caressed her shining hair,
Then, like a woodcock, bent and whispered low:
"Sweet heart, I pray thee do not sorrow so,
Dost thou remember one bright afternoon,
When woods and fields were all aglow with
Juno's
We wandered forth down by the river's side,
We, too, forgetting all the world beside?

"Forgetting time, till in the darkening stream
We saw the first pale lights of evening gleam?
And when we watched them 'neath our trying
tree
Hast thou forgot, at my fond words to thee—
"That when those lights burned on high so
far
Looked on the Charles and saw no answering
star
Then should my love cease to be wholly
thine—
That thou didst leave thy mother's heart for
mine?"

—Boston Journal.

A ROMANCE IN REAL LIFE.

Robert Myron was the son of an English tenant-farmer, who in the year 1848 found his family expenses increasing so much faster than his income that it was absolutely necessary to decrease the former, since the latter could not be made larger.

In the hope of being able to assist his father in some way, Robert came to this country, and failing to find employment near the metropolis, walked from town to town until when near Rochester, N. Y., he was hired as a farm laborer by Judge James E. Berry. During six years young Myron worked industriously, sending nearly all of his earnings to his parents, and then came the sad news that both father and mother had died on the same day. After recovering from this shock, it was but natural the young man should begin to think of establishing a home for himself, and quite as natural that his love should go out to the daughter of his employer, who plainly showed her preference for the young man who had so devoted himself to his parents. But Judge Berry, while he recognized in Myron an invaluable farm laborer, had not the same views regarding him as a son-in-law that Miss Bessie had, and the consequence was that the lovers, finding it impossible to change the father's opinion, resolved to elope, and build up for themselves a home in the far West.

In 1858, with a few hundred dollars and the Judge's curse, the young couple were married, and settled at Green Lake, Michigan, where, at the beginning of the year 1862, they were in reasonably prosperous circumstances, with two children to make glad their humble log cabin. Their farm was situated several miles from any settlement, and although the Indians were rising against the whites in many portions of the State, neither Mr. nor Mrs. Myron felt any uneasiness, because they believed they had succeeded in establishing the most friendly relations with such of the "forest children" as they came in contact with. Therefore they were by no means alarmed when one day five Indians stalked gravely into the cabin just as the noonday meal was being served. It had ever been Mr. Myron's custom to invite such visitors to partake of food, and on this, as on other occasions, they readily accepted the invitation; but, greatly to the surprise and uneasiness of their host, instead of placing their rifles in one corner of the room, as usual, they held them between their knees, the muzzles of the weapons showing just above the edge of the table.

Mr. Myron was too well versed in Indian customs not to know that such action on the part of his guests meant mischief. With a view of showing them that he understood the meaning of this breach of hospitality, and in the slight hope of intimidating them, he arose from the table, took from the rack on the wall his rifle and fowling-piece, and carefully examined them to show they were loaded. Why the savages did not attack him then is one of the inexplicable things in Indian warfare. Instead of making any hostile demonstrations, they stalked gravely out of the house, disappearing behind a clump of bushes.

For the moment Myron believed he had wronged his guests, and that they had taken umbrage at his movements when their intentions were peaceful. Still holding his rifle in his hand, Myron stepped to the open door for the purpose of ascertaining whether his guests had really departed. When the farmer appeared on the threshold, the report of a rifle was heard, and Myron fell, with a dangerous but not necessarily fatal wound in his side.

Women who live on the border, where they are constantly menaced by danger, learn early in life that they must deny themselves woman's privilege of fainting. When Mr. Myron fell, his wife sprang to his defense rather than assistance. To close and barricade windows and doors was but the work of a moment where everything was prepared for such occasions, and then the heroic woman turned her attention to her hus-

band and children. The father's wound bled but little, and save to staunch the blood, the devoted wife could not aid him, except by piling the bedding around him in such a way that, in a sitting posture, he could face the closed door. The temporary safety of the children was secured by fastening them in the cellar, where they would be beyond the reach of any bullets their late visitors might send, and after she had perfected her plan of defense, she began to assume the offensive.

By removing the mud that filled the crevices of the logs at the end of the house, loopholes were formed, and through these holes the husband and wife began an assault upon their foes. With his rifle Myron shot one of the Indians, and at the same time his wife killed another with the fowling-piece. At this time the foe, finding their intended victims more tenacious of life than they had supposed, resorted to stratagem to accomplish the massacre. In the field was a cart half-filled with hay in the stable-yard stood a yoke of oxen quietly eating. To fasten the animals to the cart and not expose themselves to the deadly aim of those in the house was a difficult task, but one that the Indians finally accomplished. To get the load of hay against the building, that it might be set on fire, was still more difficult, and in this case unsuccessful, for before it could be done both husband and wife had shot an enemy, while the fifth and only remaining one sought safety in precipitate flight.

Each moment the conflict lasted the husband grew weaker, and medical aid could not be procured without a journey of a hundred and eighty miles. To traverse this distance, there was no other mode of conveyance than the ox-cart. In this rude vehicle Mrs. Myron placed her husband and children, and not once during that tedious journey, made painful by the suffering of the man for whom she had braved the dangers and discomforts of a frontier life, was a halt made.

At St. Cloud surgical aid was procured, and there, after Mr. Myron's recovery, he sought work of any kind that would bring in sufficient for the support of his family, since the deprivations of the Indians had impoverished him. It was only by the greatest exertions that Myron could keep his family from actual want, and hearing that laborers were in greater demand at Cape Girardeau, he, with his wife and children, embarked on the steamer Tidal Wave for that place, after having remained at St. Cloud nearly a year.

The voyage was never completed, however, for when Tower Grove, Mo., was reached, a fire broke out on the ill-fated steamer, and in a very short time she was burned to the water's edge. The loss of life was considerable, and among the missing ones were the two Myron children.

For the second time Robert Myron was homeless and penniless, with his sufferings intensified by the loss of his children. Perhaps it was fortunate for him that he was obliged to work very hard simply to keep the wolf from the door, for it prevented him from brooding over his misfortunes, as even a stronger man might have done.

During the two years that elapsed after the burning of the Tidal Wave, Robert Myron labored industriously, but without success, so far as the accumulation of worldly goods was concerned; he had been able to pay the rent of a rude cabin three miles from the village of Tower Hill, and to furnish it scantily. But the expenses attendant upon the birth of two children, and his own severe illness, during which he was confined to his bed two months, had exhausted the small fund he had succeeded in saving to enable him to remove to Cape Girardeau.

Then came a time when he could no longer find employment near his wretched home, and he sought it some miles up the river, going and returning each day in a small boat. Even then it appeared that misfortune was not wearied with pursuing him, for one night when returning from his work a storm-came up, which overturned his frail skiff, and, nearly exhausted, he was thrown upon a narrow bar of sand that made out from the bank of the river at the spot where the Tidal Wave was burned. On this frail and treacherous foot-hold he managed to remain during the night, in full sight of the town, but unable to attract attention to his desperate condition.

The dawn of the day revealed still more horrors, for close beside him, having evidently been unheeded by the waves, was the skeleton of a human being. At first Myron felt that fear which seems to be natural in man when he sees the deserted tenement of one of his kind; but the resting-place which the waves gave to the living and the dead was so small that he was obliged to remain almost in actual contact with the yellow bones. As he sat by the skeleton waiting for help from the shore, which seemed so far in coming, he saw about the ribs of the lifeless frame a leather belt. Curiosity overcame his horror, and, unfastening the belt, he found gold coin to the amount of five thousand dollars.

That Robert Myron was in a fever of excitement hardly needs to be told. He had struggled to the full strength of man many years, and was hardly more than a pauper when he should have had at least a spot of God's footstool he could call his own. The dead had brought him what the living had refused. To take the gold for his own purposes seemed a theft, and yet he who had fastened it about his body could no longer use it. The struggle between his conscience and his necessity was a long one; but when those who came to rescue him arrived at the sand-bar they found him with a skeleton on which nothing could be seen, and no one could have fancied that the half-

drowned man had found a treasure. That the bones were those of one of the passengers of the Tidal Wave, no one doubted, and they were given a resting-place among the nameless graves of the disaster. No one save Robert Myron and his wife knew of the money-hoist, or that on the inside of it, cut deep in the duck leather, was the name "Henry Parks."

But Myron, having this money, did not dare to use it openly lest people should question how he got it. He had agreed with his wife that they should use the gold for their own benefit, but do it with the view of returning it if they should ever find the dead man's heirs. This he hoped to do by making such investments as could be readily realized upon, so that they might show themselves to be good, even if self-elected, stewards.

The cabin they lived in, and the five acres of land surrounding it, was for sale at a price below its real value. Myron represented to the owner that, despite appearances, he had succeeded in saving a small amount of money—about half the price asked—and offered to buy it if his note would be accepted for the balance. The bargain was made, and Myron still continued to work by the day for any one who would hire him, filling his own farm when he could find no other work. Then he invested in a very small way in stock, buying when he could get decided bargains only. Year by year he added to his possessions, and his neighbors called him a "thrifty" man.

All his investments were good ones, since none were made save with the view of converting everything into cash at a moment's notice if necessary, and Robert Myron became a wealthy man. As is usual with wealth came the respect of his neighbors, who, to show their appreciation of money, elected him to the office of County Judge.

During the year 1870 the inhabitants of Tower Hill witnessed the destruction of another steamer by fire at almost the exact place where the Tidal Wave went down. Among all those men who labored to save life none was more active than Robert Myron, and his horse was converted into a hospital for the reception of those who were injured, but saved from death.

Mrs. Myron was as earnest in her efforts to comfort the distressed people as was her husband, and her labor was signally rewarded by finding among the unfortunate ones whom she was nursing her father, whom she had not heard from since the day she left his home to found another with the one man she loved above all others. The daughter's heart was made still more glad when the old gentleman told her and her husband that he had been searching for them several months in the hope of inducing them to return to his lonely home, or allow him to remain with them.

Then he told a strange story, and one which lifted a load that had grown heavier with each succeeding year, from his son-in-law's heart.

In 1861, Mrs. Myron's aunt had died, bequeathing to her niece the sum of five thousand dollars. Judge Berry, half-reluctant that he had not looked with favor upon his daughter's marriage, had sent his clerk to carry to her this legacy. The messenger had written from St. Cloud in 1862, stating that he had traced Mr. and Mrs. Myron to that place, but that from there they had gone, as he had reason to believe, to Cape Girardeau, which place he was about to start for in the steamer Tidal Wave. From that time Mr. Berry had never heard from his clerk, and he believed he had lost his life when the steamer was burned.

As the old gentleman finished his story, the husband and wife gazed at each other with an almost despairing hope in their eyes, and it was only with the greatest difficulty Judge Myron could ask the question: "What was the man's name?"

"Henry Parks."

The load was lifted for evermore; the money which they believed was another's belonged rightfully to them; the investments made with a view to being able to restore the principal at any time insured their own prosperity, and by purloining their own from the dead they had honestly relieved themselves from the thralldom of poverty.—James O'Leary, in Harper's Bazar.

A Notable Suicide.

Tuesday afternoon, William Allen, a farmer living at Niagara Falls, Ont., entered the bridge from the Canada side, and shortly afterward a team followed. The driver of the team, who knew Allen, says he first saw him some distance in advance, near the center of the bridge. The driver turned to talk with his passengers, and when he looked again the pedestrian was not to be seen. When the wagon reached the center of the bridge, the driver saw an overcoat on the floor. At the American side the driver asked the gate-keeper if Allen had passed out. He had not been seen there, at the railway gate above or by either of the Canadian gate-men. The coat was identified as belonging to the missing man, and the only conclusion was that he had leaped from the bridge. The gate-man on the Canada side says that Allen appeared to be intoxicated, and he is known to have been drinking heavily of late. He was nearly twenty-four years of age, and had held good situations, which he had lost through drink. Nothing had been seen of the body at dark. If it is not visible or near the whirlpool in two or three days it will probably never be recovered. This is the second suicide from the bridge, the first having been that of a man named Pierce, who took the fatal leap in 1876. His body was never recovered.—Buffalo Express.

Youths' Department.

GRAB-BAG.

A fine game is Grab-bag, a fine game to see!
For Christmas, and New Year, and birthdays,
and
Happy children, all laughing and screaming
sides.
If they draw nothing more than a pop-corn
bag.
"A prize they welcome with eyes of delight,
And hold it aloft with a loud, ringing cheer:
Their arms waving high, all the graceful and
white;
Their heads almost bumping, so close and so
near.
The laughter grows louder; the eyes grow
more bright.
Oh, sweet is the laughter, and gay is the
sight."
A fine game is Grab-bag! a fine game to see!

A strange game of Grab-bag I saw yesterday;
I'll never forget it as long as I live.
Some street-beggars played it—poor things,
not in play.
A man with a sack on his back, and a sleeve
hooked to the barrels of dirt—
A basket to hold bits of food he might find—
"I was a pitiful sight, and a sight that hurt,
But I thought it well to keep in one's mind."
His children were with him, two girls and three
boys.
Their heads held down close, and their eyes
all intent;
No sound from their lips of glad laughter's
gay noise;
"No chance of bright playthings to them the
game meant!
A chance of a bit of waste cinder to burn;
A chance of a crust of stale bread they could
eat."
A chance—in a thousand, as chances return—
Of ragged old shoes they could wear on their
feet!

The baby that yet could not toddle alone
Was held up to see, and, as grave as the rest,
Watched wistful each crust, each cinder, each
bone,
And snatched at the morsels he thought
look the best.
The sister that held him, oppressed by his
weight—
Herself but an over-yeared baby, poor
child—
Had the face of a woman, mature, sedate,
And looked but the older whenever she
smiled.

Oh, a sad game is Grab-bag—a sad game to
see!
As beggars must play it, and their chances
fall;
When Hunger finds crusts an occasion for
glad,
And God finds no rags too worthless or
small.
O children, whose faces have shown with
delight,
As you played at your Grab-bag with shout-
ing and cheer,
And stretched out your arms, all so graceful
and white,
And any bumped heads, crowding near and
more near,
With laughter and laughter, and eyes growing
bright—
Remember this picture, this pitiful sight,
Of a sad game of Grab-bag—a sad game to see!
—St. Nicholas.

GOING MAYING.

The little Pattens had their May-baskets all ready. A row of them adorned the parlor mantel, decked in all the colors of the rainbow. Cousin Isa had sewed the pasteboard frames and taught the children how to cover and ornament them.

And now they were going Maying.

"Dorry can't go, can she, mother?" Dorry's too little; but we'll bring her some flowers to put in her basket," said Alice, coaxingly, seeing her little sister getting her hat.

"Dorry must go! Dorry aint too little!" said the child.

"Let's you and I go into the parlor and look at the baskets," said the mother.

She made a motion to the children as she left the room which meant: "Be off quickly, now!"

So they hurried away, and Dorry got so interested in deciding which basket was the prettiest that she forgot all else. Her mother gave her an old collar-box and some bright bits of tissue paper and left her happy in trying to cover a May-basket, while she went up stairs to do some sweeping. But Dorry had not quite forgotten. After a while she started up, saying:

"Course I'm going! I must want some flowers for my basket."

She put on her hat, tied a strip of calico round her neck, and went out through the back-door into the orchard. The old guinea hen was there, and when she saw Dorry she called out loudly:

"Go back! Go back! Go back!"

"I s'ant do back for oo!" said Dorry, stoutly, and trudged on.

Back of the orchard was the railroad. Dorry came to the gravelly edge, and stood still and look up towards the track.

"Mover said not never go vere!" said she, shaking her head at herself. So she walked along beside it. After awhile she saw an opening that ran under the track. A brooklet ran through it, but there was a narrow strip of ground beside it where she could walk.

"Guess I'll go fro' dis dook," said Dorry.

When she came out on the other side she walked on till she came to a house with a large yard in which some bright yellow flowers were growing.

"Oh, here's some bufal flowers!" said she, and hurried in and began to pull off the heads of Miss Caroline Bulard's fine daffodils and crocuses. She heaped her little basket with them, and was full of glee, when the door of the house opened and Miss Caroline came out.

"You naughty child! You've picked every flower I had!" said the lady, grasping Dorry tightly by the wrist, and looking very stern.

"Dorry aint naughty! Dorry pick May-flow'ers!" said the little maid.

"She didn't know any better," said a plump old lady, trotting down the walk after her daughter. "You'll have to forgive her, Car'line. It's the youngest Patten, isn't it?"

"Dorry Patten—vat's my name—free years old las' Zhane' wary."

"Well, Dorothy Patten, you've been stealing. These are my flowers. Do you know what is done to folks that steal?" said Caroline, sternly.

"I didn't! I picked May-flow'ers!" said Dorry.

"There! There!" said the old lady. "You see she don't know. She's too

little. Come in, deary, and I'll give you a seed-cake. I suppose you ran away. You must go right home, or your ma will think you're lost."

Dorry went in, looking very amiable at the mention of the seed-cake. But seeing that Caroline still looked displeased, she took one of the flowers out of her basket, and offered it.

"I dive loo one!" said she.

"Umph!" said Caroline. "You must think you're very kind to give me one of my own flowers, after you've picked 'em all."

"Can't you sing us a song?" asked the old lady. "I hear your folks singing most every night."

Dorry was beginning to feel to blame, and was willing to make what compensation she could. So when she had cleared her mouth of seed-cake she began to sing:

"I am so glad 'at ve Favor in Heaven
Tells of His love in ve book He has given,"
and brought up suddenly on the chorus, with—

"Jesus loves even me."

"He won't love you if you go into other folks' yards and pick their flowers," said Miss Caroline.

Dorry hung her head a little. After a minute's thought she very slowly picked out one more of the flowers from her basket.

"I'll div 'oo vat," said she, holding it out to Caroline, with a radiant smile.

"You are kind o' sweet, after all!" said Caroline, relenting. "If you'll give me a kiss, I'll forgive you this time, though you mustn't ever do such a thing again."

Dorry always had plenty of kisses to give away. So she paid up her debt willingly.

Then Caroline took her in her arms and carried her all the way home. The older Pattens were just coming in at the gate.

"I dot ve most May-flow'ers of all of you," said Dorry; "ony I mustn't do it no more."

"I should think not!" said Kenneth. "Look, Cousin Isa, see what Dorry has got!"

Dorry gave each of her brothers and sisters one of her flowers to eke out the rather small supply they had found to put in their May-baskets.

Then they went in and told their mother about Dorry's adventures.

"To think that I never missed the child!" said their mother, much surprised.—Youth's Companion.

"Pickety" in Kansas.

We make the following extract from Mr. Charles L. Brace's article, entitled "Wolf-reared Children," in *St. Nicholas*. "Pickety" is a New York street arab who has been induced to leave the Boys' Lodging House and "Go West!"

"Pickety at first thought he might be sent where bears would hunt him, or Indians catch him, and that he would earn very little and would lose all the sights and fun of New York, so he was almost afraid to go; but, on hearing all about it, and seeing that he would never come to much in the city, and especially hoping to get more education in the West, and by and to own a bit of land for himself, he resolved to join a party under one of the western agents of the Children's Aid Society and go to Kansas.

We have not time nor space to follow his fortunes there; everything was strange to him, and he made queer work of his duties in a farmer's house; but the strangest thing of all to him was to be in a kind, Christian family. He wondered what made them all so good, and he began to think he would like to be as they were, and most of all like the One he had heard of in the Lodging House meeting.

He was careful to write to his New York friends about his new home, and here is one of the letters received from him, after he had been in the West a few months:

"MR. MAGY—Dear Sir: I write you these few lines hoping you are in good health at present, and not forgetting the rest of the gentlemen that I remember in the Children's Aid Society. I am getting on splendid with my studies at school, and I send you my monthly report, but please return it, as I want to keep all my reports. I have a good place and like my home, and am glad I came.

"The first time I rode a horse bare-back, he slung me off over his head and made me sick for a week. I also had diphtheria but I am all right again and in good health, and can ride or gallop a horse as fast as any man in town. When summer comes I will learn to plow and sow, and do farmer's work. I will get good wages out here. It is a nice country, for there is no Indians, or bears, or other wild animals—except prairie-wolves, and you can scare them with anything.

"If any boy wants a good home, he can come here and have plenty of fun. I have fun with the mules, horses, pigs and dogs. No pecking stones at race-pickers or tripping up men or tramps in the Bowery or City Hall Park.

"Tell 'Banty' I send him my best respects. Tell him it is from 'Pickety,' and he will know me.

"Yours truly,

He learned his farm work fast and soon made himself very useful; the next winter he went to school again, and became a very good scholar. He knew how to make money, too; when the farmer gave him a calf, or a lamb, or a sheep, he took good care of it, and by and by sold it, and bought other stock with the proceeds, and in this way, after a few years, he had saved a considerable sum. With this he bought some "Government land," on which he built a shanty; and so he began to be a "landed proprietor."

He was no longer "Pickety," but had a Christian name, and for his last name took that of the kind people to whom he felt like a son. He had acquired a fair education, too; and the neighbors liked and respected the "New York orphan," as they called him. He had quite lost his wolfish nature by this time, and now had a new one, which had come to him from the Good Being he had heard of in the lodging house, through the civilizing, Christian influences that had been thrown around him. And here we will leave him—thriving farmer on his own land.