Nebraska Advertiser.

G. W. FAIRBROTHER & CO., Proprietors.

CALVERT. : : NEBRASKA.

EMERSON.

Meek sage, upon whose lips and pen
Waited such mystic-holy powers,
Though you have fled the world of men,
Your gentle spirit still is ours.

Ah, when these noble natures pass
To some fair world beyond the cloud,
Who stays the image on the glass?
Who takes aught buried with the shroud?

Rare souls there are whose presence beams
Across our life with ray ideal;
Strong men, who living are like dreams,
But, absent, grow divinely real.

And yet to think that he is gone
Far from the circle of earth's years,
Whose face was lit with truth's pure dawn—
It smites and turns the heart to tears.

Still I behold him, firm and tall,
Walking the elmy village street;
So rapt, yet keen, and greeting all
With smiles that make the rude air sweet;

Upright, alert, benignant, pure;
Kind neighbor, seer and poet deep;
A man whose wisdom shall endure,
Whose memory homely folk will keep.

Oh, vain to cheat our longing eyes
That saw his virtue bless the day!
Vainly the heart for solace cries:
"So April ended, brings the May."
—*George P. Lathrop, in Harper's Weekly.*

"THIS HOUSE TO LET!"

"This house to let!"

Mr. Frank Bayberry's Persian-patterned morning gown floated "like a meteor on the troubled air," as he rushed out before breakfast and wafered the truculent-looking bill on the front of the house with four fat red wafers.

"There!" said he. "I've put the bill up!"

"I'm glad of it," said Mrs. Bayberry, a watery-eyed little woman, with blue ribbons in her hair and a blue nose to correspond; "for, between obstreperous servant-girls, and everlasting plumbers' bills, and baby's teeth, and your Aunt Miriam coming every little while to stay a month, I'm completely worn out and tired of housekeeping. It will be like a new lease of life to board for a little while."

"Humph!" said Mr. Bayberry. "I'm not so sure of that. But the bill is up, anyhow, and the next thing is to get the old place rented and off our hands."

And with the striking of ten (the house, as mentioned in the fine print of the "To Let," was visible between the hours of ten and two), there set in a solid phalanx of house-hunters of all varieties, from the resolute old woman, with the market basket and tow-colored frock, to the newly-married young woman, who seemed to regard this two-story brick mansion very much as she had just left off regarding her doll-house.

At first Mrs. Bayberry endeavored to treat the house-hunters politely, but she soon discovered that self-defense required a different method of treatment; and when Mrs. Toxley said that the cellar smelled like an old vault, and that the house wasn't fit for decent people to live in, she simply remarked that there was no law in the code requiring her (Mrs. Toxley) to live in it if she didn't like it.

"Ma'am," said Mrs. Toxley, "I supposed that I was speaking to a lady."

"*I* didn't," said Mrs. Bayberry, tersely.

Mrs. Fitzfaddle, the bride, didn't like the location. Her James, she was sure, wished to be nearer the park; and she was sorry the house hadn't hard-wood finish and electric bells.

"But," cried Mrs. Bayberry, "you can't expect that sort of thing for six hundred and fifty dollars a year!"

The bride tossed her head. Evidently she didn't mean to be dictated to. Everybody was going into flats, now, she said, and she didn't know why she wasted her time in looking at dingy old houses like this.

Old Mrs. Budget was of opinion that the closets were too small and the pantries ill-ventilated. She was almost sure she smelled diphtheria and typhoid fever in the kitchen, and wanted to know when the sanitary inspector had last visited the premises; Mr. Hardback, a stiff old bachelor, objected to the nearness of the elevated railway; Mrs. Hopkins, whose daughters had "situations" in a down-town book-bindery, took exceptions that it wasn't near enough; Mrs. Johnson sniffed and snuffed, and said she *knew* there was a fat-boiling place somewhere in the neighborhood, and Miss Rockwell was quite certain that the tall red-brick in the rear was a tenement, and that people in tenements had yellow fever, and small-pox, and Asiatic cholera, and everything else of a contagious nature.

And even after two o'clock, when Mrs. Bayberry had retired into her room to have hysterics and green tea at her leisure, the house-hunting public made unceasing charge up the front steps and at the door, still demanding admittance; until, at last, Mrs. Bayberry, peering through the window-blinds, saw a stout gentleman coming up the steps, with a gold-headed cane and a broad-brimmed beaver hat.

"Madam," said the old gentleman, catching her eye through the angle of the Venetian slats, "I wish to take this house."

"You wish to look at it, you mean," said Mrs. Bayberry, feebly. "But the hours for inspection—"

"Madam," firmly repeated the old gentleman, "I wish to *take* it. To engage it—to rent it from the first of May next, at the sum of six hundred and fifty dollars per annum."

"But you haven't seen it!" cried Mrs. Bayberry.

"Madam," said the old gentleman, "I don't wish to see it. My family consists of myself, an invalid relative, and an old colored servant. And it must be a very poor house, indeed, if it does not meet our simple requirements. Shall I take down the bill, ma'am? My references are Lettall & Co., real estate agents, No. —, Pine street!"

"If you please!" said Mrs. Bayberry, feeling as if a thousand-dollar weight had been lifted off her heart.

So down came the "To Let!" and it fluttered ignominiously into the gutter.

Mr. Bayberry arrived to a late tea, with a lobster and a bunch of spring lettuce under his arm.

"Well, Fanny," said he, "I've got good news for you. This house is let!"

"How did you know?" said Mrs. Bayberry.

"The real estate agent told me. Just now! To a very respectable old couple—a man and wife! Intending to take a few lodgers, I'm told."

Mrs. Bayberry opened her eyes very wide.

"Well," said she, "he certainly does look very respectable. But when he said "invalid relative," I hadn't an idea that he meant his wife. And I shouldn't think it could be very pleasant for the lodgers to have a sick person in the house."

And she told her husband about the benevolent-visaged old gentleman in the broad-brimmed Shaker hat.

"It's very odd," said Mr. Bayberry, reflectively. "But it's none of our business."

All this being, as they supposed, definitely settled, Mrs. Bayberry was not a little surprised, the next day, at the arrival of Mrs. Fitzfaddle, the bride, with a tape-measure and a small memorandum-book.

"To measure for the carpets, you know," said she. "It isn't quite the sort of house we could have wished; but dear James' salary has been cut down twenty-five per cent., and so we have taken this house in default of anything better."

"But it's taken already," said Mrs. Bayberry.

"You must be mistaken," said Mrs. Fitzfaddle, stiffly. "James rented it, yesterday, for a year, of the owner, Mr. Trimmer, No. 46 Peanut Court. And if you could give us possession a few days before the first of May, it would be a very great accommodation indeed."

"I'm sure I don't understand it at all," said Mrs. Bayberry. "You'll have to settle it with the landlord. I'm not responsible."

But while the discussion still waged high, in bustled a portly, double-chinned old lady, just as if the house belonged to her.

"Mrs. Hodgson," said she, with a comfortable nod of the head. "The new tenant. Come to see what arrangements could be made about storing a few of my trunks and things, before I move in regularly."

"Madam," said Mrs. Fitzfaddle, "the house is mine."

"I've got the blank lease in my pocket, ma'am, all ready for signatures," said Mrs. Hodgson.

And the two ladies were glaring furiously at one another, when the stout gentleman, in the broad-brimmed hat, entered, followed by an old negro, with hair white as wool.

"I thought," remarked the broad-brimmed old gentleman, "that perhaps it might be as well for Cato and me to make a diagram of the rooms, so that if—"

"Oh, stop, stop!" cried Mrs. Bayberry, despairingly, clasping her hands to her head. "It's been let twice over already! I do hope you'll not be disappointed, but—"

A dark frown overspread the old gentleman's benignant countenance.

"Madam," said he, "this is scarcely business-like!"

"Oh, dear! oh, dear!" said Mrs. Bayberry. "My head is whirling around like a top! I don't see how it can possibly have happened, but here are three people, all saying that they have specially and separately engaged this house. Somebody telephone to my husband, or I shall go crazy!"

In came Mr. Bayberry, accompanied by Lettall & Co., Rentquick & Son, and Mr. Elias Trimmer, who owned the very eligible residence under discussion.

And in this committee of the whole it speedily transpired that the house actually had been rented to three different tenants by the various persons in whose charge it was. And not one of them was willing to abate one jot or title of his or her rights and priveleges.

But presently up spoke the fat old lady, with the cozy double chin.

"Dear me!" said she; "can't we all arrange matters comfortable-like? Ain't we making a deal of fuss about a very little thing? This 'ere old gent don't really want but three rooms; and the young lady," with a courtesy to Mrs. Fitzfaddle, whose Rhine pebbles she believed to be genuine diamonds, "will be quite satisfied with the second floor, through. And me and Hodgson—we want to take lodgers, and will be suited with the basement-story. And the rent won't be but a third as much—don't you see my dears?—and everybody quite snug and satisfied."

"A capital idea!" said the old gentleman.

"I don't know but what it is worth considering," said the bride, "in consideration of twenty-five per cent. reduction of my husband's salary. And one can call it a flat, if one chooses."

And the countenances of the agents and landlord, who had anticipated nothing less annoying than a three-cornered law-suit, grew radiant again, and matters were all settled.

"But," said Mrs. Bayberry, "if it had been necessary to put up that bill again, I think I should have run away to Patagonia! Anything—*anything* but a House to Let."

—It is estimated that the gypsy children of England number 30,000.

The Man on the Veranda.

Up on Park street the other evening the boys fixed up a straw man in an old suit and placed him on a veranda in the melancholy twilight. He hadn't been in position above ten minutes when along came a specimen who had been blasted out of the lower stratum of life, and he leaned his elbows on the fence and called out:

"Good evening, mister. Is this the place where they wanted the back-yard cleaned out?"

The straw man made no reply.

"I think this is the place," continued the other. "I was a speaking to the lady, and she said as how I was to call this evening for ten cents, being as she pitied my misfortunes."

The straw man was silent.

"Which was very kind of her, indeed, because I am powerfully broken down. I may be wrong, but I dunno. I'll be on hand early in the morning. I allus likes to keep my word, you know!"

If the straw man knew, he didn't let on.

"Yes, she said she felt for me, and she said I must be sure to call for the ten cents. Being as you are her husband I presume you might hand me the money yourself?"

Still no response.

"In which case my gratitude would be eternal, you know? Cast thy bread upon the waters and it shall return fifty per cent., or some such thing. You couldn't make it a quarter, could you? That would be a cast worth casting, you know. The profit on that after many days would be half a dollar, you see?"

It is doubtful if the man saw.

"Being as I'm in a little hurry, and being as I haven't had anything to eat in several days, perhaps it would be well to close this transaction at once. If you wanted to make it half a dollar instead of a quarter, why I —"

Just then a potato ticked the way-worn traveler's ear, and another raised his hat several inches. He bounded to the center of the street like a cat, wheeled around, and peering through the darkness he called out:

"Mister, three minutes ago I looked upon you as a great statesman, but a man which will heave rocks instead of arguing the question hain't fit to run a yaller dog convention! Good-night, sir! If you have that 'ere back yard cleaned it'll be after you have apologized for this uncalled for attempted assassination!"
—*Detroit Free Press.*

The Needs of Children.

Besides the necessity of providing good books for the children in the household, two other needs exist: The first is the need of giving them a place to keep their books in, and the other is to give them time to read them—time which shall be respected. It sometimes seems as if there is a great lack of thought in many houses; children, if not petted and released from all obligations, are treated like little servants, whose duty it is to do all the odds and ends in the house, to run of errands, up stairs and down, to carry packages, to be at the beck and nod of each older member of the family, and when the growing legs tire, and the suppressed wish to do other things breaks out, it is called temper, or bad disposition, and is punished accordingly. We hear a great deal about the plastic minds of children; of the powers which their faculty of imitation endows them with, and many of the things we hear are true; so it seems reasonable that if parents and older brothers and sisters respect the rights of the younger ones, a needed lesson is taught, and they, in turn, respect the rights of others, because they have learned what it is to enjoy privileges. A little boy, whose room is separated from his mother's by a partition only, was told one day that he must not enter her room at certain times. "I do not disturb you when you are busy in your room, and you ought not to disturb me." The child, like all children, rejoiced over a new idea; then, with a sudden impulse, as if to test her truth, he said: "Well, mamma, when you see those three horse-chestnuts in front of my door, you will know that I am reading, and do not like to be disturbed." "Certainly," said his mother, and was annoyed no more by the child's questions when occupied. When young children understand that in one sense the members of the household are on a common level, that each must co-operate with the others, a great point is gained in their education.—*N. Y. Post.*

The Malley Case.

—Commenting on the amount of moralizing as to New Haven society which has grown out of the Jennie Cramer case, the Hartford (Conn.) *Courant* says: "Any one who knows anything about New Haven society knows that it is nothing if not stiff, fastidious and exclusive. The Malley boys are respectively the son and the nephew of a vulgar but pushing and money-making Irish store-keeper. They wear fairly good clothes, and one of them has had a little schooling and more pocket-money than was good for him. But neither of them ever set foot in New Haven society, or in his wildest dreams thought of such a thing as within the range of possibilities."

—Those who contemplate removing to Fargo, D. T., should go prepared to encounter difficulties, if the following story be true. A man observed a tall silk hat in the middle of the street, and he waded out to get it. On taking it up he was astonished to see a human face looking at him. He offered to help the unfortunate man out of the mud, and received the reply: "I ain't stuck in the mud; I'm sitting on the top of an omnibus down here."—*Chicago Herald.*

Youths' Department.

WHAT TEDDY DID.

"You ought to go to the barber,"
Said Edith, "that is plain;
For you look like a Shetland pony, Ted,
With all that bristling mane,

"Or more like a shaggy terrier
Whose eyes are hid in hair."
Ted only laughed at being teased,
And said he didn't care.

But to himself he wondered
If, indeed, he looked like that;
And down in front of a looking-glass
Reflectively he sat.

A pair of his mother's scissors
Lay on the mantel-shelf,
And he thought: "I hate a barber's chair,
I can cut it off myself."

So, snipping, snipping, snipping,
The cold keen scissors sped,
Till one whole side of his little pate
Was bald as the baby's head.

Just then the tea bell, ringing
Its cheery call, he heard;
And he glanced at the uncut side, and said:
"I can do that afterward."

Think what a funny top-knot
For company to see—
Brown elf-locks covering half, and half
As bare as bare could be!

As he seated himself at table,
Merrily laughed each one;
And mamma cried, in droll dismay:
"My boy, what have you done?"
—*Mrs. Clara Doty Bates in Our Little Ones.*

MR. THOMPSON AND THE SWALLOWS.

Mr. Thompson was sitting in the barn belonging to the farm where he had been spending the summer. He looked very disconsolate, and from time to time heaved such deep sighs as to greatly disturb the family of swallows who had their nest against the beam just above his head.

Poor Mr. Thompson had had a hard time all summer. First of all, he had met Miss Angelina; who had captured his heart; and everybody knows that the most miserable object on earth is an old bachelor in love.

"Oh, had I wings of a bird, I would fly—" murmured Mr. Thompson to himself.

"Course you would," interrupted a saucy voice.

Mr. Thompson looked up. On the edge of the mud nest just above his head sat a bright-looking barn-swallow, eyeing him curiously.

"Where would you fly to?" inquired the swallow.

"Away from this world of care," murmured Mr. Thompson.

The swallow laughed heartily.

"Well, I guess not; but you can try, if you want to."

Mr. Thompson felt himself begin to shrink, and saw his clothes slowly disappear and become changed into feathers. But he was getting so used to these metamorphoses that he didn't mind it, and really gazed upon himself with satisfaction as finally he felt that he was a perfect swallow.

"Come up here," said the swallow.

Mr. Thompson stretched his wings, and fluttered up to the nest beside his friend.

"How do you like it?" inquired the swallow.

"It is glorious," replied Mr. Thompson. "Oh, that I could always be a bird!"

"Humph!" replied the bird. "How would you like to have to build your house every spring, going and coming a hundred times a day with your mouth full of mud?"

"But the glorious feeling of freedom!" said Mr. Thompson.

"Oh yes," answered the swallow, sarcastically. "Come with me; I'll show you."

The two flew out of the barn, and after wheeling around for a few minutes, flew up to a large vane on top of the carriage-house. Mr. Thompson had often seen the swallows perched on this vane, twittering and fighting among themselves. This morning he had a feeling of elation at being there himself, and shook his wings proudly. Bang! whiz! the shot flew around him, and two of his compaions fell fluttering to the ground. Just then he heard two boyish voices exclaim:

"It's awful hard to hit a swaller on the wing, but you can shoot 'em sittin' like pie."

Mr. Thompson and his friend were uninjured; and as they flew away in alarm, the bird said, in an ironical tone: "Such a feeling of freedom!"

Mr. Thompson said nothing, but flew back to the barn. After resting for a moment, the swallow said: "Let's go up to the Sound and visit my cousins, the bank-swallows."

Mr. Thompson followed the bird, and skimmed over the fields, snapping up a fly or two by the way, until they reached the high sand-cliffs which border Long Island Sound. Here, high up on the cliffs, were a number of small round holes; flying about them, and darting out and in were a number of small gray birds; sitting on a fence rail not far off were nearly a hundred more solemnly sunning themselves.

"I'll introduce you to one of them, and he will show you around," said Mr. Thompson's friend.

After the introduction had been effected, the bank-swallow said, in an inquiring tone: "You are interested in birds?"

"Yes," said Mr. Thompson; "theirs is so glorious and free a life."

The swallow smiled pityingly; then, as if to change the subject, invited Mr. Thompson to visit his house. It was high up under the overhanging edge of the cliff.

The swallow led the way, and Mr. Thompson followed through a corridor about a foot long, and slanting slightly upward in order that the rain would not drive into the nest. At the end of the corridor was a circular apartment, lined with feathers and sea-weed, and here sat Mrs. Bank-swallow upon four speckled eggs. Mr. Thompson did not wish to disturb her, so he retreated soon after having been introduced. His companion led the way back to the rail upon which the barn-swallow was seated, waiting. After a slight pause, Mr. Thompson inquired: "May I ask what you find to eat up here?"

"Certainly," replied the bank-swallow, good-naturedly. "During the summer we eat grubs, flies, mosquitoes, and the like; in the fall, when the bayberries are ripe, we eat them. You know each berry is covered with a coating of vegetable wax, and we get very fat; then people shoot us, for they say the berries give us a delicious flavor," added he bitterly.

Mr. Thompson sighed, and was lost for a moment in reverie, when he was suddenly aroused by his companions suddenly screaming: "A hawk!"

Mr. Thompson followed the barn-swallow, too frightened to know where, for as he turned back he saw the hawk pounce upon an unfortunate bird, and bear it off in his claws.

When they reached the house again, the swallow said: "Well, do you think that the life of a bird is unalloyed pleasure?" Mr. Thompson paused for a moment, and the swallow continued: "First, there are the boys who steal the eggs, then they shoot at you; then there are the hawks, and the snakes, and the cats."

"Cats?" inquired Mr. Thompson.

"Yes, cats!" screamed the swallow in alarm, fluttering away. Mr. Thompson was too late. He felt the sharp claws in his leg, and with a jump and a scream he awoke, to find himself sitting in the barn, with the big house cat standing beside him, and looking somewhat surprised at his sudden movement. Slowly Tabby lifted her paw, and putting it on Mr. Thompson's knee, stretched herself lazily. 'Lisha, who was feeding the horses, remarked: "Reckon it's goin' to rain; the swallers fly low, and it's a great sign of rain when a cat stretches like that."

Mr. Thompson walked slowly to the house, thinking that, after all, the bird's life was not all happiness.—*Harpers' Young People.*

The Friends of Boys.

Who are the friends of the boys? We mean the *true* devoted friends. This is a question every boy, as soon as he arrives at an age to determine what is right and what is wrong, should be urged to settle for himself, and settle it for all his life. Boys, think! Is it he who pats you on the back and tells you "that is right," when you have whipped some other boy for some trifling cause? Is he your true friend? Supposing the other boy had whipped *you!* Would not this pretended friend have been just as earnest in cheering him and shaming you? You have noticed that where there is a crowd of rough men and boys together they flatter the boy that does the most daring act, no matter how wrong that act may be. Are they the friends of that boy? Another boy soon does a bolder deed, and they forget the one they cheered a moment ago, and "hurrah" for the last boy. They change in a moment. Is he your *true* friend, boys, who gives you five cents to bribe you to swear an oath? Is he your true friend who gives you a chew or plug of tobacco, and tells you to chew it; or gives you a cigar and tells you to smoke it? Do your *true* friends entice you to loaf on the street or in houses where men and boys are swearing, cursing and using vile language? Do your *true* friends ask you to go into saloons and drink? Do they tell you: "O, never mind; one glass of beer will not hurt you; don't be a baby?" *No*, boys; *no*. Your true friends show you that it is wrong to be fool-hardy, simply because men cheer you. They tell you that it is sinful to swear; that chewing and smoking and loafing are bad habits, and persuade you not to form those habits. And they warn you that drinking is a dangerous habit, that will ruin both your bodies and souls. Your true friends, boys, beg of you not to go near the saloons. They beg of you not to loaf, because idleness is a crime that often leads boys into gambling halls, and from gambling halls into other dens of vice, and into saloons to wreck their lives.

Then, boys, think! Remember that your *true* friends will lead you away from bad habits, keep you out of saloons, and help you to become honest and useful men.—*Exchange.*

—Two convicts in the California State prison took delight in torturing a timid fellow, whose cell was between their own, by pretending at night that they saw ghosts. They talked to each other about it, describing the most awful sights, and counterfeiting excessive fright. A week or two of this treatment drove the victim crazy, and he imagined that he was haunted by the creatures which they conjured up.—*Chicago News.*

—The New York authorities have stopped the exhibition parades of the fire department which have been so frequently made for the edification of visitors. The *Tribune* thinks the last performance of turning out men and machines for the entertainment of an obese opera bouffe singer was what did the business.

—Mr. Spurgeon says he regards it as a reason for devout gratitude that he has been spared to produce such a library of sermons, now numbering 1,635. He feels, however, that he has only coasted around the marvelous subjects which fill the Scriptures, and that he is now but at the beginning of his divine theme.

—A little boy and girl in Ripley, Somerset County, Me., were playing with an ax one day recently, when the little girl cut the boy's toes completely off from one foot.