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CALVERT. : : NEBRASMA

THE ROBIN.

Tis good to spend a quiet, leisure bour, And trace our kindred in a bird or flower; To see wherein we differ, where agree, In loves or tastes, desires or destiny. One truth is clear: whichever way we turn, We find an open book from which to learn-Some old life lost, or higher life begun-Some good to copy, or some vice to shun.

The Robin Redbreast, born of common clan, Has virtues that are not excelled by man. Early he rises, and on topmost limb, With naught of earth between the sky and

him, His first glad thoughts ascend in roundelays.

And Earth resounds with mellow songs of praise. Throughout the day, and in no slothful mood, He seeks in sod and furrowed ground for for

And finds in grubs and worms his humble fare. Nor longs for dainties from the upper air.

Strong and courageous, he desires no feud, Yet, always ready to defend his brood. No hawk so large, or wily snake so siy, That braves his home and dares his strength

But finds in him a foe that never yields-The conquering hero of a thousand fields. Yes, well he loves his homo-no spot so dear-Eise why rebuild his nest from year to year? Why hasten back in Spring, through sleet and

The first to greet us, and the last to go?

O feathered songster, bird of ruddy breast, In form and plumage how supremely drest! No bird that sings or warbles on the tree Is half as graceful, or as proud, to me. The Winter lingers till the voice I hear— Without thy song 'twould linger all the year; And, should I live where r dgns eternal Spring, I'd list each morn to hear the robins sing. Ab! can it be that, when I was a boy, I sought to kill thee, and thy brood destroy, Thy nest to shatter, and thy hopes to dash. And with thy eggs and young to play "blind smush

Sooner than this right hand, that holds this

pen, Should send a shaft to harm this bird again, Or, worse than that, my heart should wish him

May this hand wither, and this heart be still?

O evening warbler, sing those vespers o'er! They take me back to my New England shore; They bring to view again my boyhood home, The woods and pastures where I used to roam, The stony paths where my bare fect have trod,

The schoolhouse, playground and the master's rod.

Within thy song I hear my mother's call To leave my murbles, kite, and bat and ball, And cut the wood or on an errand go, And find a pleasure more than plays bestow. But, better still. O bird of lovely wing, Teach me the song of praise you love to sing; Lead me to leave, when my day's work is done.

And groveling cares their daily rounds have

run, The sod and furrows I am wont to stroll, And seek the higher places of the soul, And learn the lesson, so divinely given. That cares of earth obstruct the view of

Heaven, -C. P. Russell, in Chicago Tribune. ---

"A REVERSION: ITS PRODUCT."

"What do you think of that, Reggie?" said a tall, dark youth to another of the same gilded type, tossing him a letter, as they throw themselves into adjacent seats in the smoking room of the Blen-

heim. A woman's, evidently," is the answer, as his friend glances at it. "Ah!" he adds a moment later, as he opens it, "I have had a few billets-doux, but none quite of this sort. What is the little game?" " Precisely the question I thought you might answer me." "Never did an acrostic in my life. Tim. But let's see-hum! The lights are as puzzling as ever. When did you get this?"

ready midnight of Saturday, and the annuity, which is so strictly tied up and the sooner he crept away, like the following Monday he was compelled to that it is useless to talk of it." "Then," says T m, rising, "I had produce a large sum or say "good-bye"

blank than he care to face.

forthcoming."

prodigal son."

own bat?"

" But how?"

how.

thought."

upper ten.

not.

18.

been discussing was curt enough-

consequences, don't waste another day,

The envelope bore the Western Dis-

trict post-mark. It came from a sta-

tioner in Mayfair. Other clue there was

Several cigarettes and iced drinks had

been consumed since Tim's last remark

saying suddenly: "I tell you what, she

as clear as mud. Never mind who she

on and make a clean breast of it to-

my word to the old pater, but I'm

himself en route to the friend of the im-

ahnged if I can go and tell him so."

The tip's straight enough. You go

to much that he found he could not better face the only alternative and tell give up without making life a greater him the hele I am in. He can't do more than stop the allowance, which The note that he and Temperlay had won't be much good to me if I don't pay up to morrow." "If you wish to avoid unpleasant

But this announcement instantly worked an unexpected change in the but go straight to him who has helped you before. The ten thousand will be manner of his host. It seemed as if they were suddenly transported to Sharp street, as the money-lender, with all the profession in his tone, said: "My dear sir, you are too hasty! Business is business; and I care no more to send it away than a poorer man. You have something to sell.

"I!" ejaculated Tim, with astonishment.

on the subject, when Reggie broke the long silence, which may or may not be "Yes; a revisionary interest." taken as indicative of deep thought, by

"In what?" asks the other, sinking into his chair again with an expressive means your Governor, of course. It's shrug of his sholders.

"Your father is of a certain ago." "Well?"

"Your brother is unmarried; failing him, you are the next heir.' morrow, after luncheon, and I'll lay you

a pony to nothing you'll find yourself " So!"

treated, down to the last detail, like the "You shall have what you need tomorrow, for your reversion-and a promise." But the other shook his head. "No, Reg, it's nasty enough to have broken

" To do what?"

"Marry my daughter."

The hot blood of the Montagues flushed all over poor Tim, and for a "Others will, sooner or later, my moment it seemed as if he would forget dear fellow. Why not score off your everything and hurl something harder than "No" at the head of the cool pro-"A bad simile. Besides, he's as hot poser of such an extraordinary bargain. as Lucifer and might say something I But, with all his recklessness, he knew, could not swallow, though I deserve it. No, I must stand the shot myself someat times, the virtue of prudence, which certainly was contained in the reply which was waited for with ill-concealed " That to-morrow may decide. Anyimpatience.

how, I'll turn in now. Perhaps a quiet "I am afraid that even if you cared for a pauper son-in-law, the young night for once may bring a happy lady would prefer some one of her own But the next day was well on before. choosing. Tim hailed a "Forder," and found

" All that is my affair," answers the father, with a grandiose air.

Tim weighs rapidly the position. Repecunious but expectant ones of the fusal meant ruin, utter and complete, for even if his father paid up, he certain-Familiarly known among his numerous elients and their friends by a Scriply would futill his threat, and cut him off instantly with the proverbial shilling. tural cognomen only, he whom Tim On the other hand, he might have sought in his difficulty had long cast off his family name, and with it many of freedom from a hateful position for the traditions and prejudices of his race. really nothing. His brother was young, Nature had greatly assisted him. Fair, strong, and, having only to amuse himself, and not even the contingent risk of and not too markedly nasal, his face might have been pronounced distinbeing food for powder. And as to guished. Certainly his manner was as matrimony-but here the sharp pang pleasant as his appearance. His terms, which shot through him told him that though sometimes high, were never there was one who might hear of his very hard, and few, if any, found him marrying another with something more exacting as to his pound of flesh. He than indifference, who might feel that she had some claim to be considered in was a banker, in fact, though not perhaps of the orthodox order, and pos- in any bargain affecting his future. He sessed some of the qualities in which hesitated painfully till he remembered they, as a class, are wanting. Besides, that his now certain poverty prevented even the hope of his offering her anyas not a few of his fair clients whisthing, and then, with a look which Tim's not over-pleasant thoughts were recalled by the cab stopping, and, as he gave him his hand and said, in a she was at the baths with an old lady. walked up the path in the garden firm, but strangly altered voice: "It is After a brief courtship I married her. walked up the path in the garden which separates the house from the road in St. John's Wood, at your disposal after I am off with the themselves. My pride and my love comhe tried to comfort himself by think-

hound, he felt, the better.

"Now for my trumps," said Tim's host, a few minutes after hc had gone. as he stepped into the perfectly appointed coupe, which he ordered to be driven to Lord Heighleigh's. "Mr. Howard?" said the old Peer,

bowing stiffly, as he looked inquiringly from the card he held is his hand to the face of his unknown visitor.

"Yes, my lord. A friend-if I may say so -of your son." "Which?" was the question-put in

a tone which did not imply that he admitted the passport.

"Captain Montague."

"Ah! you have come as his pleader? He has not the courage himself to tell what I know already.

"I may say at once, if you allude to what happened on Friday night, that he

has already arranged the matter." "The dickens!" said the astonished father. "Who has been fool enough to let him have such a sum?"

"I have!" is the calm answer.

The old man starts, looks at his visitor keenly, sees that there is more to follow, and motions him to a seat. " You don't look like the traditional spider." His visitor bows ironical thanks. "Yet you are, of course, up to all the tricks of the trade. You must know that my son has absolutely nothing, and will have noth-

ing but a small annuity." "He has a reversion," is the short but significant answer.

" To what?"

"Your title and magnificent rent roll.

"You must first dispose of his elder brother," sarcastically replied the father.

"I have; at least as far as the second item goes."

"What! Agincourt has sold his right of succession? Impossible!"

"'Tis true, nevertheless. The quietest men are often the deepest. You have always kept him too short. He got into an extravagant set at Christ Church. He did not care to tell you. Renewals at ruinous rates and increased wants brought him to me. In a word, I hold the reversions of both your sons.'

"Good God!" and for a moment the ashy face and tremulous lips looked as if the sudden shock would make the reversions a speedy certainty; but with an effort, which the other wondered at and envied, Lord Heighleigh calmed himself and said: " If this be so, I presume that you have some further object than its revelation in coming to me thus?" " I have."

The old peer bowed.

"Some twenty years ago I was tempted to deceive one who might have loved me for my own sake. If I may say so, I did not look what I was and went to the heart of the other, he am. Traveling in Germany, I met her; After a brief courtship I married her. a bargain. As to the latter part, I am They imagined I was high-born, like old love, which won't take long under bined oddly to forbid their knowing the the circumstances," he added, with the truth, which, however, came out suddenly and accidentally one day when we were still abroad. From that hour my poor wife dropped, and barely survived the birth of her daughter. As the only reparation in my power, I vowed that her child should be spared the knowledge which had killed her, and as soon as possible I took the little one to her mother's relatives, who were not too rich or too proud to receive her on the condition that she should be kept in ignorance of her paternity. My first hought is that child's happiness. I know, how it matters not, that your son, Theodore, has it more in his hands than either of them may fancy. If I be right will you sanction their union?" "Great heavens, sir!" cried the indignant father, springing impetuously

A Voice from the Kitchen.

Some progressive creature has been telling the people, through the columns of the New York Graphic, how the happy housekeepers are to be "saved steps." This result is to be brought about by the aid of a mechanical contrivance, to be evolved from the brain of some man who has nothing else to do.

A still better way to save steps can be suggested. Men must stop eatingdon't be frightened, brother; so must women-so much, and so many elaborate dishes.

If this is an age of doubt, it may also be said to be an age of eaters; to be sure, no one has, as yet, managed to go through life without something to eat, but now cooking is fast developing into a most complex art. Cooking schools are being established from one end of the country to the other, while the majority of the people, especially the doctors, look on complacently and approvingly. And for what are these schools established? To teach us how to prepare simple, healthful dishes? No. ma'am. There is where you are mis-taken. They are for the purpose of conjuring up all sorts of complex dishes. special, wined, brandied, what not, till one's heart aches, both for the tired cooks and gluttonous consumers.

Imagine the labor necessary to get up the dinners common now-a-days; and as for the eating of them, it is an excellent way to kill time (life is so long, you know), but a better way to fill graveyards, or worse fate, to fill the world with weakly, sickly, whining specimens of men and women. In the good old days of our foremothers the cooks had one day of rest each week and cold baked beans; but, sad to relate, we have somewhere read that those days are past.

Let us stand up for a simple diet; let us have food more plainly served. Let us eat to live, not live to eat. This, with small and convenient kitchens, will do more to save housekeepers and servants alike from being "tired to death" and leave fewer miserable, narrow-minded drudges than any mechanical contrivance man may invent.

With simpler food and less gorging would come a healthier, happier race, and, in time, Diogenes' long-sought-for man might make his appearance. It must be confessed that things do not look very hopeful for any such reform now. Eating has come to be the grand business of life, and the "best fellow in town" is the man who gives the costliest dinners. We love our friends dearly because they are so mindful of the inner man, even the stomach, or at least it would look that way to a disinterested observer, if such a person could be found.

No one will deny that what is designated plain food is more healthful than that which is its opposite. Who ever heard of a horse grumbling and growling his way through life a victim? of despepsia, or an elephant with the gout? Whatever else Mary's little lamb was guilty of doing, it never had the nightmare from overindulgence at a modern supper table. No, indeed. The animal world has de veloped neither cooks nor kitchens. A young lady came to us, not long ago, with the startling intelligence that she knew how to make "Angels' Food." Judging from the ingredients thereof. one would imagine that whatever her success might be in making angel food, she would be pretty sure to make angels out of many who partook of the heavenly results of the labors in the culinary department. We do not contend that a universally simpler and plainer diet would do away with all the ills that flesh is heir to. nor that it would leave housekeepers with no steps to take and next to no work to do. Housekeeping will always cause tired hands and tired feet, as must be the case with any work which men and women perform. But we do contend, and believe it is a self-evident truth. that it would lighten the labor; it would lessen the number of steps to be taken and cause less care both for women and men. Women would have, not only more time, but encouragement to culti-tivate the mind, that divine attribute which distinguishes man from the lower animal. The talk of the average woman is largely confined, after marriage, to her wonderful cooking and the trouble "I have with my servant girls." "What of that?" some excited masculine inquires; "what better can a woman do?" Well, sir, if she has a house to keep, the very best thing she can do is to "keep" it to the best of her ability, but need she be forever "gabbling" about it? Let her spare the world the recital of her housekeeping trials and triumphs. How can she do this if she has no time to if she has nothing else to talk about? She cannot, unless housekeeping be simplified, and, though well done, not be so complex that all a woman's time and thought must be give up to it. Unless we can live with less extensive and expensive wining and dining, a thousand mechanical contrivances will not lessen the number of steps or the hard work which fall to the lot of housekeepers. Always with new machines comes new work. As it was with the sewing machine, for instance, which was to make sewing mere play. Madam Fashion got the better of us there, by immediately ordering a half-"why were you so cruel as to rob me dozen extra rufflers for our gowns. Therefore we say: Let us have a simpler food, more plainly served. Let us eat to declares you are the best friend his sons live, not live to eat. Let us find some ever had! And I know," she adds soft- nobler way to man's heart than through patience, or, what is more precious to us, our own life-energy, and our own hope of advancement to a higher, more intellectual and more beautiful life here. - Cor. Burlington Hawkeye.

"Just now, as we came in." "Of course, you don't know the writ-

ing of your anonyma?" " No, it looks too straightforward to

be feigned." "A maid might have done the need-ful."

"Hardly. It is too much the hand of

a lady." "A friend?"

"I don't think a girl would care to

give one such a possible whip.' "Sum total, Tim. This is from a

young lady you don't know. She must take a marvellous interest in you, if the acquaintance be really so one-sided."

Exactly; that puzzles me. Besides. how could she know the very sum I lost last night at the Phœnix?"

"That's easy enough. The Hebrew has a tout wherever there's a 'flash,' and such a hot thing as you made of it would be sent straight to him this morn-

ing." "Even so, he is not likely to have retailed it in Mayfair."

"No; but Mayfair, in the person of some hard-pressed dame, may have paid him a visit.

"You're no good, Reg. Too much of the 'Leggity' has dulled the finer perceptions of your youth."

"I bet you a fiver that if you go to Sharp street you'll find 'Isaac' knows more of this note than either of us."

"'Twould be hardly fair on her to ask him. if he did." .

Theodore Innes Montague, called from early Eton days Tim, was the second son of Lord Heighleigh, and had made life so rapid that his fourth year in the Brigade found him in the black books of that irascible, wealthy, but somewhat close-tisted peer. He had already got through a very tidy property which his mother had left him. Thrice had his father paid, under severe protest, what other men would consider anything but small fortunes, all of which had gone into the gulf that is surrounded by cards and horses. On the last occasion he had been warned that if his sufficiently handsome allowance was exceeded he must get himself out of the mess.

For a time the burned child had dreaded the fire enough to keep in safety: but as with most men, the temptation coming suddenly and unexpectedly, all his resolution vanished, and, begin-

ing that possibly the boldness of the step was in his favor. The neat and rather pretty maid who answered his ring was as unlike the attendant of the conventional money-spider as were the

pered, he evidently had a history.

man entered, and, with an agreeable smile, said: "Ah! Captain Montague, just in time for the best of things, if men would but have the courage of their opinions -luncheon -provided they have time and an appetite. I hope you have both at your disposal.'

Now, Tim's experience of his host was confined to Sharp street; here he evidently placed himself on the level of his visitor. It was novel, but necessity is an imperative master, and the answer came readily enough: "You are very good. I have not long finished the first er. Little time for further reflection is meal of the day, but -

"A Mayonnaise and a bottle of Dagonet's brut will do you no harm. Come in. I am quite alone," interrupts the money-lender, as if divining the cause of the soldier's hesitation.

The repast and its concomitants might have tempted a much jaded appetite. Certainly, they made Tim forget utterly what brought him there, and presently, under the further influence of curacao and the best of Havanas, he found himself discussing the social topics of the day as freely as with one of his own lot. They had gone over the unaccountable failure of the Derby favorite; the weather, and the racing at Ascot; the last good story from Pratt's; the next possible phase of the troubles across St. George's Channel, when Tim was brought up all standing by the remark, made with all apparent indifference: "So I hear that the Phoenix rose, indeed, from its ashes the other night.'

Like the bucket of cold water that it was, it seemed to brace the intending borrower to the forgotten, but necessary, striking point.

"Yes, it's true, and I wish I had left it there some time ago, but my luck, folly-call it what you will-took me back again on Friday, the first time this year, and -

"You dropped ten thou', or rather the uncomfortable promise to pay that amount.

"You know all about it?"

"Why, yes; I should hardly get on in these days of twice-pledged property if I did not have more than one pair of eyes and ears to trust to."

"Then I had better be frank, and say I came here with the intention of asking your help once more.'

"I know that," was the quiet an- what you had lost once more." ning with a delusive vein of luck, he lost swer; "but how is it to be done? You Poor Tim! So Reggie had been right -An old builder asserts that fully more at one sitting than he could now have nothing left of your own. All you after all. And he? Well, he had sold half of Boston proper is now built on hove to obtain anywhere. It was al- have or expect from your father is the his birthright, his love, his happiness, piles.

grimmest of smiles.

The money-lender looked at him questioningly for a moment and then, apparently satisfied with the result, said: preciating glance at the pictures and other evidences of cultured tastes in the room, when a tall, well-bred locitie

Half an hour later, as Tim drives back towards his Bohemian quarters, he finds his heart is offering sundry reasons for delay. Obeying an impulse he does not stop to question, he suddenly alters his direction, and presently finds himself on the doorstep of a house which had seen him not unfrequently in the last few months. As he goes up stairs he wonders vaguely in what sort of state he will come down-much as the young to his feet. soldier going into action speculates on the probabilities of his needing a stretchgiven him, for, as the servant retires, he sees at the other end of the room the tall, graceful figure he now feels he has learned to love overmuch for his happiness. As she moves toward him her fair face beams with the unconscious but unmistakable light of love, and leaves no doubt as to her beauty, while, with the frankness which is not the least of her charms, she says: "I am so glad you have come; it is quite an age

since we met." Anything but a coxcomb, Tim cannot ut see that the task that is set before him is harder than he had dared to think possible.

"You have found it so." he says, tenderly, as he takes her hand and sits beside her. And then there falls upon them both that too cloquent silence which tells so much. Of course, she was the first to find the advantage of speech. But were things made better as she said, with heightened color:

"Did you get a letter from a nameless friend last night?'

"Yes," he answered, with amazement. "Do you know anything about

"Well-yes, I forgot you would not know my writing, and I did not like to put my name to such a piece of advice. But have you seen your father?"

"My father?" asked Tim, as if he could not be further astonished.

"Ah! I must explain. He was here yesterday, and as Uncle Philip is rather deaf, I heard, perhaps, more than was intended. But," and her violet eyes soften and fill with tears as she turns them on his face, "why will you be so reckiess? Your father, though, allowed there might be some excuse to offer. He ly, as her hand steals into his, "that his stomach; or failing that, let us would not condemn you unheard, and you have made me the happiest wife simplify that way and no longer set be-he decided that if you went, confessed and daughter in the world."-N. Y. for him, at the expense of time, money. and promised amendment, he would pay

"One moment, my lord," calmly interposed the other, as Lord Heighleigh strode towards the bell; "I came for peace, not war. You had better listen." And there was something in his tone which made the old man hesitate and say: "Well! what then?"

"I hold his written promise to marry my daughter." "Then, sir, you can call upon him

to futill the conditions of his bargain without my aid. Good morning." And, with a frigid courtesy which speaks volumes, Tim's father bows his visitor from the room.

Arrived at a house in Park Lane, Mr. Howard is shown into a room, where he is not kept long waiting ere an elderly gentleman greets him with a cordiality not, perhaps, unsoothing after his late interview.

"Sir Philip," he says presently, "what I have for some time foreseen keep up with the tide of human events; and somewhat dreaded has come to pass. I have tried to do without your promised assistance, but pride is a stubborn thing, as I have found to my cost. Will you explain to Lord Heighleigh that my daughter is your neice, whom he knows and likes well; that she is and shall remain ignorant of relationship, and that the reversions I purchased are but part of what I will gladly give to secure her happiness?"

.

"Ah, father dear," says a fair beautiful woman to a tall, handsome man, as they stand apart from a group on a terrace of one of England's oldest castles, for all these years of the pleasure of knowing you? Tim says that his father Graphic.

-An old builder asserts that fully