

# Nebraska Advertiser.

G. W. FAIRBROTHER & CO., Proprietors.

CALVERT. NEBRASKA.

## TOO LATE.

The train departs at half-past eight;  
The traveler runs apace,  
He yet may reach the station gate—  
It closes in his face!

He sees the train slip down the track,  
He curses fate in a rage,  
And mutters as he wanders back—  
"He's left who comes too late!"

At six the dinner's smoking hot;  
The wine foams in the glass;  
The soup is boiling from the pot,  
Which deft waiters pass.

The wine is flat, the soup is cold;  
The dinner comes at eight—  
You see the old, old story told—  
"He's left who comes too late!"

A maiden holds a heart in thrall—  
He cherishes a glove,  
And sighs to gain her, that is all!  
He does not tell his love.

And some fine day, the cruel mail  
Bears, as a dreadful fate,  
Her wedding-cards—then let him wail—  
"I'm left, who came too late!"

—Boston Advertiser.

## JUDGE BLAKE'S HARD TIME.

The thought often comes to me that Gilbert was born with a genius for finding out people who have a hard time. One day last week a new family appeared down on the bottom, put up a tent, moved into it for the winter, hung out a sign bearing the words: "Washing, Ironing and Mending," and before Saturday night, Gilbert knew all about their hardships, and had dropped so much of the oil of comfort and good cheer into the lives of the shivering, discouraged man and woman that, as they told me to-day when I called upon them—at Gilbert's suggestion—"It seems 's if the Lord ain't altogether forgot us yet, though we had jest about reached the pint of givin' up and not believin' in nothin' nohow."

Hans Hansen, a Swedish express-driver, who has had one misfortune after another during the past year—first it was sickness and death in his family, then an unprincipled brother cheated him out of something or other that of right belonged to him; then a cow that excelled all other cows in the neighborhood fell sick one night and died before morning—added another hardship to the list last week by breaking his leg, and Gilbert heard of it in less than an hour and gave up an evening of comfort at home to go over on the North Side to see the unfortunate man. And now he has just been telling us of another man who has been having a hard time.

"I called on Judge Blake this morning," Gilbert began as we sat down to the supper-table this evening. "I thought I'd just run in and talk over that mining business a little, though I don't suppose we can do much with those new claims before spring; but I didn't get a chance to say a word of the matter I went to talk about. The Judge was having one of his unhappy-state-of-mind spells, as old Aunt Clarindy would say, and so I put in the forenoon trying to get him under the influence of something that would give pleasure to himself and more comfort to those about him."

"I suppose you found the Judge packing up his pile of deeds, notes, certificates and what not of that ilk, preparatory to his long-anticipated advent into the county poor-house, didn't you?" I remarked, attempting facetiousness, for I knew Judge Blake, or thought I knew him, about as well as any man of my acquaintance.

"Not exactly," laughed Gilbert, in reply; "but that which you have suggested would hardly have been any more foolish, to my mind, than was the unwarranted grumbling mood in which I found that man, sitting as he was in his warm, cheery library—a perfect picture of comfort and quiet it was, but for the scowl on the brow of the man who calls that fine house his own. He grumbled about this, that and the other, until one might have thought the woe of the world rested on Judge Blake alone. His mines had not yielded during the year all he expected; rents are lower than they were two months ago; two of his down-town store-rooms have been vacant for a week, and one of his tenants could pay him only two-thirds of his rent the first of the month, promising the other third, however, by the tenth. He went on at such a rate that I began to think if dyspepsia, were catching it, were best for me either to attempt to cure the Judge at once or not expose myself further to what might prove a calamitous result, so I said to him:

"Judge, you have a horse in the stable and a fine sleigh, haven't you?" "Yes," he replied; "do you want to borrow the rig to give some miserable invalid a sleigh-ride?"

"I was going to propose that you and I take a little drive out together this morning," I said. "It will do you good to get out of doors, and I want you to make a call or two with me."

"On some of your hard-time folks, I presume, to teach me that there are trials and tears in this world which I know not of," he snapped, at the same time going to the door and calling to his man to bring around the sleigh. "Well, I suppose I do grumble more than there is any need of doing, but I tell you what 'tis, Gilbert, these miserable people down on the bottom ain't the only ones that have a hard time of it in this world."

"The Judge's fine turnout was soon in readiness, and, putting on his heavy overcoat, fur cap and gloves, he announced himself at my service.

"I drove down town, occasionally giving him a sort of good-fellow pat on the back as we passed certain blocks which bear his name, and then we went over to the North Side and stopped at Mrs. Mallory's.

"Now for tears and trouble, and a

long-faced recital of life-long trials," said the Judge, as we alighted.

"I did not say a word, for just then we caught the sound of Mrs. Mallory's voice, singing:

The trivial round, the common task  
Will furnish all we ought to ask:  
Toom to deny ourselves, a road  
To lead us daily nearer God.

"I knocked, and we were admitted by the cheery little washer-woman herself, who, as she said, had just stopped rubbing to sing out a verse that had been in her mind ever since she got up that morning.

"Well, we chatted with Mrs. Mallory for an hour, and before we left, the Judge, in his shrewd, lawyer-like way, began to question the good woman as to her circumstances and needs. He found out some things she would never have told voluntarily, and, indeed, I doubt if she knew sometimes just how much information she was giving him, he put his questions so shrewdly; but when we were back again in the sleigh the Judge took the reins, explaining to me that he proposed to do the directing as to where we should go next. He drove back to Merilar street, and devoted himself for half an hour to ordering coal, provisions, etc., etc., to be sent to Mrs. Mallory, No. — street, North Side. Then we drove back to his house in silence.

"He gave the horse and sleigh over into the hands of his hired man, and then so urgently invited me to go with him into the library that I abandoned the thought of accomplishing all I had planned for the forenoon, and went with him. When we were again seated before the grate he looked up and said:

"Gilbert, I am too much ashamed of myself to know what to say; but if ever you hear me complaining again of having a hard time, I wish you'd knock me down at once, and don't be at all alarmed if I don't get up again until I have begged your pardon on my knees. Now, what was it you came over to talk about this morning?"—William N. Burr, in Chicago Advance.

## Little Girls' Cloaks, Hats, Etc.

The Mother Hubbard gathered cloaks are still used for very small girls, and are made of checked Cheviot for everyday wear, and of pale blue, gray, or white cashmere for nicer use. The dark navy blue flannel cloaks are also nice for traveling, and for cool mornings in the country. Straight coats of white diagonal cloth, with a French sack back and deep shoulder cape, are prettily piped with satin and ornamented with satin bows, or else made more elaborate with white open embroidery done in wool for trimming.

Large round collars of white grenadine edged with Russian lace, or plaited collars of open Hamburg-work, or else the Irish point embroidery, are worn, with deep cuffs to match, over outside cloaks.

Dark straw round hats are chosen for general wear, with wide brims rolled up all around the edge, and trimmed with a great bow of four long loops of satin ribbon on one side, with the loops going upon the crown, while there are pompons or ostrich tips on the other side. These are all one color, with sometimes two shades of one color, as rose-colored pompons or feathers trim dark garnet straw hats, and ecru trim seal brown straw. A dark velvet facing inside the brim and a velvet ribbon band with a prim bow is a pretty trimming for white straw hats. The most dressy hats are all white having the large bow of satin and the half-long ostrich plumes all white on an English straw hat. Chip is so fragile that it is seldom bought for children; the porcupine straws with satin finish are more durable and quite as inexpensive. There are many dressy little poke bonnets with the front turned back, a cap ruhe inside and the whole thing, straw and plumes, of pure white. Lovely little poke sun-bonnets, with high crown and short gathered skirt, are made of blue or white lawn, shirred on ratons, to match the guimpe dresses in color.

Very dark stockings are worn by children, and black stockings are often seen with the lightest dresses. Their shoes are of kid, buttoned high upon the ankles, and without heels.

The French aprons made of full straight white muslin, gathered to a binding at the neck, and without sleeves, are used for service. There are also high-throated aprons with yokes and long sleeves that cover and protect the dress well.

The hair is worn banged in front and flowing behind. The bang is straight, thick, begins far back upon the head, and falls low down upon the forehead; but there are no side bangs covering the temples. The hair back of this is combed back, and allowed to flow, without frizzing or plaiting, and if a ribbon is used, it is tied around the top of the head, not merely around the back hair. If the hair has the slightest tendency to curl, it is formed into four or five large, thick, long curls, that are really only curled at the ends.—Harper's Bazar.

At one month old the ox has a full complement of incisors, with three temporary molars in each jaw. At two years old the fourth, fifth and sixth permanent molars are present, and the two central incisors are changed. At two years and a half old the first and second molars are cast, and the lateral central incisors are permanent. At three years and three months all the temporary teeth are shed and have been replaced by permanent ones.

—Officer of the Prussian guards, looking at the ocean to his wife: "Isn't this a glorious sight, Minnie? But the sea seems greatly agitated—probably has never before seen an officer of the Prussian guards."

## FACTS AND FIGURES.

—In 1881, 154,184,300 tons of coal were mined in England.

—Cape Colony exported last year \$22,500,000 worth of diamonds.

—The muscular substance of the body, occupying about two-fifths the entire weight, is composed of carbon, hydrogen, oxygen, nitrogen, in distinction to the fats which contain only carbon, hydrogen and oxygen.

—One cubic foot of pure water, at 62 degrees F., weighs 62.355 pounds; at 212 degrees F., only 59.640 pounds. A cylindrical foot of water at 62 degrees F. weighs 48.973 pounds. One ton of water is 35.90 cubic feet.

—The year 1776 saw 29 public libraries in this country. In 1878 there were 3,682 public libraries. The books in the 29 libraries numbered 45,633; in the 3,682 libraries, 12,276,964, with 1,500,000 pamphlets.

—It is estimated on good premises that the naval store crop of this country along the Brunswick & Albany (Ga.) Railroad will this year exceed that of last by about 100,000 barrels of rosin and 200,000 casks of spirits turpentine.

—In the United States 187,030 men are employed in mining coal, while the total amount of invested capital in mining is \$256,502,373. The total output of coal last year exceeded that of the previous year by more than 10,000,000 tons.

—The desert land tortoise of California and Arizona carries on each side a membrane containing about a quart of clear water. The water is probably derived from the secretions of the giant barrel cactus on which the tortoise feeds.

—Moulting usually takes place in fowls through the months of October, November and December, according to the age of the bird. February, March and April chicks obtain their adult plumage in October and November. They drop a few chicken feathers, but do not moult outright, until the following August; old birds moult later and later each year, according to their age.

—A German journal refers to a discovery made by M. Gros, of Paris, which tends to throw some light on the complaints which were made (but not seriously inquired into) during the Franco-German war, as to the use of poisoned bullets by the combatants on both sides. M. Gros explains the construction of the modern trench loading arms causes the bullet to be loaded with a portion of the powder, which the explosion of the powder has caused to be adhered to the barrel. Even if the powder is not so extensively used, the result is materially retarded by this circumstance.

## WIT AND WISDOM.

—The moon, like some men, is brightest when it is full.

—Gutenberg invented printing, but who is the genius who will rise up and invent a proof-reader.—*Essexington Hawkeye.*

—A white monkey with pink eyes has just arrived in New York. It must make the society mashers nervous for their laurels.

—There is a kick in some quarters against tight trousers. It's generally a quarter where it hurts, too, if the old man is very mad.—*Boston Post.*

—Innocence is very much like a bank bill of a large denomination—you often hear of its being lost, but never of its being found.—*From the French.*

—It is complained that some of the beef now sold is impregnated with garlic. They have to strengthen it so it can hold up the price.—*Lowell Citizen.*

—As between the "greenery" of our bills and the "gallery" of our gold coin, Oscar Wilde has no choice. He takes them all in.—*New Haven Register.*

—What is more disgusting to the sight than a young woman in a state of intoxication? Two of 'em, of course. Nothing easier; come again!—*Chicago Herald.*

—Queen Victoria has a great dignity on state occasions, "and looks every inch a Queen." She has been a Queen so long that she ought by this time to bear a faint resemblance to one.—*Lowell Courier.*

—A school teacher was asking her little girls the other day questions in regard to the growth of plants, and on putting the question: "What makes the flowers?" one of them presently answered, "the buds."—*Oil City Derrick.*

—We are told that "Nilsson wears deepest mourning for her husband, and recently declined an encore after singing at Albert Hall, London." Such a touching display of grief as the declining of an encore is something to make the whole world weep for sympathy.—*Boston Post.*

—Newspapers are noticing the fact that a thief in Harrisburg carried off a ton of coal without waking the family, but we do not see anything remarkable about that. A ton of coal is so small nowadays that any smart boy could run off with one.—*Philadelphia News.*

—"What lunatic asylum is that?" asked a stranger in Philadelphia, pointing to a building from which the most horrible sounds were issuing. "Why, my dear sir," was the reply, "that is not a lunatic asylum. That is a female seminary; this is the music practice hour."—*Philadelphia News.*

—"Does hoss-racin' hurt anybody?" exclaimed a Blue Grass turfman. "Hoss-racin' hurt anybody? Why, a clean, square race, run from end to end, with no pullin' and no pocketin', there's no more danger in attendin' that sort o' race than there is in—than there is in a duel between two Congressmen."—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

## Religious Department.

### AFTER MANY DAYS.

The land was still; the skies were gray with weeping;  
Into the soft, brown earth the seed she cast;

"Oh! soon," she cried, "will come the time of reaping;  
The golden time when clouds and tears are past!"  
There came a whisper through the autumn haze:  
"Yea, thou shalt find it after many days."

Hour after hour she marks the fitful gleaming  
Of sunlight glancing through the cloudy sky;  
Hour after hour she lingers, idly dreaming,  
To see the rain fall and the dead leaves drift;

"Oh! for some small green signs of life," she prays,  
"Have I not watched and waited 'many days'?"

At early morning, chilled and sad, she hearkens  
To stormy winds that through the poplars blow;  
Far over hill and plain the heaven darkens,  
Her field is covered with a shroud of snow;

"Ah, Lord!" she sighs, "are these Thy loving ways?"  
He answers: "Spake I not of many days?"  
The snow-drop blooms; the purple violet glisters  
On banks of moss that take the sparkling showers;

Half cheered, half doubting yet, she strays  
To fitches singing to the shy young flowers;  
A little longer still His love delays  
The promised blessing—"after many days."

"O happy world!" she cries, "the sun is shining!  
Above the soil I see the springing green;  
I could not trust His word without repining,  
I could not wait in peace for things unseen;

Forgive me, Lord, my soul is full of praise;  
My doubting heart prolonged Thy 'many days.'"  
—Sunday Magazine.

### THE TWENTY-THIRD PSALM.

The twenty-third psalm is the nightingale of literature. The nightingale is a bird unattractive in plumage, but marvelous in song—a bird which, to hear aright, you must listen to when other voices are silent; which sings best in the night; whose song seems to have fresh beauty every time you give attention to its notes. For thirty centuries those who have had ears to hear, and who have been willing, when the stars shone out, to get away from the artificially paved and lighted town, had their souls uplifted by its thrilling melody. And its music is as strong and fair now as ever. Blessed be God for the twenty-third psalm!

It is in the evening of life that its music seems the sweetest. The aged saint, when earth's brightness disappears in the twilight of life's declining years, delights to hear it read by a little child. Then it seems like some echo of the harmony of Heaven. Surely David wrote it in his old age. He must have sat down one day, feeling that his life's work was nearly done, and the scenes of his checkered career came up before him, brightest of all the memories of his youth in Bethlehem, when as a shepherd he tended his flock—brighter than the hours of martial triumph, brighter than the days of kingly majesty. The scenes of his early life, the grassy pastures, the mountain gorges, the Philistine raids, some flowing stream whose course he had delighted to follow—all these, as by some magic lantern, came up vividly on the mist that darkened his failing sight. And then these memories of his own shepherdhood suggested thoughts of the loving, wise guidance throughout his course of the great and good Shepherd—the Lord God. His heart grew glad, and he wove them into a song for the flock of Jehovah for ages to come.

The first scene is peaceful. The lamb is lying in a green pasture. It speaks of a beautiful rest. Our earthly lot is one of perpetual unrest. Never more so than at the present day. Jesus Christ, the good, the great, the chief Shepherd says: "I will give you rest." This is found when He is found. The first hours of the converted life are like those of one just getting well from a fever, and lying down in a sun-lit mead. There is a mingled feeling of recovery, feebleness and peace. In humble faith the spot is found where the Lord maketh His flock to rest at noon; and, having discovered the stream of Divine grace, he reposes in confidence. Blessed and happy time. But the return of it need not be sighed for any more than the return of the joyous days of infancy.

The stream of Divine grace once found has to be followed. The waters are life-giving. He who has drunk of them feels that the chief thing on earth is not rest, but progress, and progress in righteousness. The first attraction to the Divine life is fulfilled, and another has taken its place. It is now no longer for green pastures, but for leading in righteous paths, that the soul specially longs. Whither, is not known. They lead on, perchance away from the quiet grassy scene to a dark and rugged land. No aim is pursued with the same motive throughout. A new impulse is ever found as we proceed. Christ may be sought after at first for the peace and rest He can give; but, that attained, a higher longing arises. Advance is not made with the motive of seeking some new gratification. It comes to be for His name's sake.

Following the course of the stream, a very different scene is found. The quiet hill flowing through the meadows on the high lands reaches a broken rocky gorge. The waters leap down the chasm as into a grave. Below, all is dark as death in the shadow of overhanging rocks and trees. Here is a sight worth seeing. The feeble may desire to stay in the green pasture; the healthy traveler rejoices in the wild rugged grandeur of the pass. He will follow on and dare the perils. It is the same stream that nourished the meadows that gives life to the darkening mass of vegetable life. The strong man is ready for the adventure. They who speak of the rod of

affliction fail in understanding the psalm. In such a spot as this there are serpents to be encountered, and lions have their lairs. The good Shepherd, who leads on, is no hireling to flee in the hour of danger. He has a powerful staff for protection from all harm. Thus timidity is dispelled. He who follows the stream down the ravine is assured that he need fear no evil as he passes through, confident in the care of his Guide.

Beyond, another scene is discovered—a yet severer trial of faith. The believer not only finds peace and progress, but protection in the presence of a foe. He has gone through the mountain pass, and reaches an open land where the enemy is discovered. The first thought of a foe who cannot slay is to destroy supplies. But the dear Lord prepares a table with abundant provision, and that right openly. The trial here pictured is greater than any previously considered. The Divine life is not regarded as a rest, a walk, a test, but a fight. The pilgrim has become a soldier. The course of the stream has led to an enemy's land. But here there is not merely a supply, but a feast—and not merely a feast, but a jubilant banquet where the guest is anointed with the oil of gladness.

At length a less trying scene is reached. Following the course of the waters, led by the Shepherd, a quiet sunlit land is attained where all is well. The stream has become a deep rolling river, with rushing waves of goodness and mercy (if the Hebrew be read aright), flowing along the plain to the infinite ocean beyond. Unlike the results of following an earthly river, the end is not some wild sea-shore, a scene of waste, fathomless waters. But there is the house of the Lord where the great Shepherd has His home; He who has said to all His sheep: "In my Father's house are many mansions; I go to prepare a place for you."—*J. Hunt Cooke, in Baptist Magazine.*

### To-Day.

We are sure of to-day, and to-day only; then why not make of it all we possibly can?—of ourselves, all we can? Why not enjoy it to the utmost in the very best way? The criminal in his cell knows his appointed time, but it is after all power of true enjoyment has ceased—at least he must always be overshadowed with the cloud of time—and memory, even if he be repentant, must reproach him. Each day in a Christian's life should be a foretaste of the Heaven to come. We need not wait until the soul is free from this body to be happy. Years ago, when a little child, a "reward of merit" was placed in my hand bearing the beautiful sentiment: "There is nothing earthly more delightful than the full, sweet music of an approving conscience;" a delight to which all Christians should attain. If we could only remember each morning that "as thy day so shall thy strength be," and believe it, after earnestly committing our ways to Him who always hears the feeblest cry of His children; if we could only remember that we are only responsible for our own actions, and cease worrying about those of others; if we could only remember to do all the good that comes to us each day of our lives in various ways—the kind look, the pleasant word, the gentle action; if we could only cease seeing the mote in our brother's eye and remember the beam in our own; then when the day was passed, although we might be very, very weary, we should lie down upon soft pillows and enjoy refreshing rest. I have been told of Mr. Sankey that during the first weeks of Mr. Moody's labors in England, while the meetings were thinly attended, and there were no visible signs of success, he asked Mr. Moody how he could lie down and sleep so soundly when everything seemed so discouraging, and added that he himself was tossing about in a very disconsolate way. The answer was characteristic of this earnest disciple: "That the result of their work was none of his business; that was the Lord's part, and He would attend to it in His own good time. It was theirs to work diligently and with all their might while it was day, and just as much their business and duty to rest at night, in order to be ready for the next day's work." That was putting faith into practice, the results of which we all so well know and so highly commend. Why cannot we, too, be constantly diligent in business, fervent in spirit, serving the Lord with full and happy hearts?—*Interior.*

The will of John T. Johns was broken by a Baltimore jury, and the verdict would distribute the estate of \$200,000 among the natural heirs; but the lawyers are trying to impeach it, on the ground that one of the jurors was unduly influenced by a flirtation in the court room with one of the parties in interest. This person was a young lady, of course, and very pretty, while the juror was a susceptible bachelor. The evidence is that the two exchanged glances and smiles during the trial; that they bowed to each other on meeting in the street; that he said to a fellow juror: "How can we give a verdict against such a pretty girl?" and that he has since become a suitor for her hand.

It is said that the fifteen dynamite manufacturing companies now under the control of M. Noble (the man who introduced nitro-glycerine in its varied forms into public use) turn out about 5,000 tons a year. In this country and in Europe it is estimated that the production of explosives containing nitro-glycerine is between 7,000 and 8,000 tons a year, and this quantity has the energy of at least 45,000 tons of ordinary gunpowder.

A late patent granted is a "cow tail holder." It will be needed at the annual exhibition of cow's tails.