. Aebrasha Advertiser.

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TRAVEL.

I sit at home in an easy chair, With an excellent shaded light, And a tropical warmth pervades the air From the burning of anthracite; As evening brings a grateful rest To body and mind and bands, Of all delights I deem it best To journey to foreign lands.

I have no need of a stately ship, No fear of a rolling sea: In chosen books I take my trip With the goodliest company: And whether I read of Southern skies Or the wealth of an Eastern port, I may see the world through an author's eyes. May dwell in a camp or court.

Through wonderful sketch-books that belong Through wonderful sketch-books that To an artist friend of mine I visit the places of legend and song So famous along the Rhine. I breathe the spirit of old romance As I sail the Northern main; I tread the vine-clad vales of France, And look for my castles in Spain.

The song of Venetian gondollers, As they guide their moon-lit boats, I seem to hear, or the mountaineer's

- Tyrolean echo notes.

I may see the heather's purple plumes Among the banks and braes, Or wander where the primrose blooms Along the English ways.

I seek the Land of the Midnight Sun, Or trace the source of the Nile; I find the cedars of Lebanon, Or study Crete awhile. Whenever 1 tire of time and tide,

- No matter how far I roam, I have only to lay my book aside To find myself at home.

The world is wide and the world is fair, And heroes good to see, But a hearth and home, and friends to share, Are all the world to me:

And to sigh in vain for foreign sight There surely is no need,

As long as people live to write, And I may live to read. —Martha Caverno Cook, in Harper's Bazar.

NAMING THE TWINS.

There never was a prouder man than Mr. Horatio Jones when he found himself the parent of a fine pair of twinsa boy and a girl. He implicitly credited the statement of the nurse that the boy was the finest and the girl the loveliest infant ever born within her knowledge; and his face beamed with delight when old Mr. Booker detected cisively. unmistakable bumps of genius on the head of the male infant; and Mrs. Martin asserted that the nose of the girl, which at present seemed of no particular or definite shape, gave certain promise of turning out a pure Grecian. Mrs. Martin, who had twelve children of her own, must, of course, know.

Mrs. Jones' mother-Mrs. Crutch-ings-had, of course, been with her daughter several weeks previous to the birth of the infants; and immediately on receiving intelligence of that important event, Grandma Jones arrived, for the purpose of congratulating her son and looking after the welfare of the

new additions to the house of Jones. It was during her stay that the important question of choosing names for the twins was discussed and decided.

What do you say to Thomas and Thomasia, or Samuel and Samuella, for instance?'

"O, no, indeed!" said Mrs. Jones, quickly. "No common names for my babies; something pretty and strikingthough I don't object to the names being somewhat alike, considering that they are twins."

"I wouldn't have 'em alike if 1 were you, Emily," said her mother. "The children are enough alike already, and if they have the same sounding names, they'd never be able to know themselves apart."

The company admitted the reasona-bleness of this objection; but Cousin Joshua would not give up his point. "Twins ought to have twin-like

names," he maintained-" names that pair together, as it were. Such as -as -"" and he scratched his head with a puzzled air.

"Bell and Beau," suggested Mr. Weatherby.

"Jack and Gill; or may be Punch and Judy would do," said Mr. Jackson, and immediately shrank up under the withering glances cast upon him.

Nobody but Cousin Joshua laughed; and Mr. Weatherby Jones looked from the window, and remarked, absently, that it was a fine day.

"O!" cried Miss Arabella, clasping her fair hands in sudden ecstacy, "I have thought of the very thing. Paul and Virginia!"

Mr. and Mrs. Jones seemed pleased at this suggestion.

I am sure they are very pretty names," said Emily, looking appealing-ly at her husband. "What do you say, dear?'

"Well, really, my love, I see no objection if you like them."

"Nor I," said Cousin Joshua.

There was a pause.

"I never knew any one of the name of Paul," commenced Grandma Crutchings, solemnly, "who didn't turn out badly. There was Paul Simpkins, who fell off a gate-post and broke his lefthand forefinger when he was only four years old; and Paul Hicks, sent to State's Prison for stealing; and-and-"

"But there was the Apostle Paul, ma," said Mrs. Jones. "He was a saint, you know."

"The Apostle Paul lived in old times," replied Mrs. Crutchings, de-"Things are changed since then. Besides, he was cast into prison and put to death, as you know," she added, looking around with an air of superiority.

"Wouldn't it be a good idea," said Mr. Weatherby Jones, "to give the boy the name of some great man? The consciousness of being a second-aw, hum! Hannibal or Cicero would probably have a good influence upon him, and render him ambitious of preserving the honor of the name, and of emulating the fame of his illustrious namesake."

"George Washington?" suggested Aunt Jackson. "Too common. I know at least fif-

black!" said Jones. "Suppose you choose some name once," suggested her husband. closely associated with the Father of his For once his idea was considered Country." said Cousin Joshua-"some-Aunt Jackson and Cousin Joshua had thing that would be continually reminding your boy of that great and good Miss Arabella Walters, an intimate man, and urging him on to imitate his grandfathers-Thaddeus Peter-" Little Hatchet! And the girl, Cherry, after the cherry-tree, you know," said Cousin Jackson, in the triumphant consciousness of having at last made a brilliant hit. And he could not account for the profound contempt with which his sugges-"That Little Hatchel suggests an Inbe called-a subject which had never dian name," observed Jones, thoughtbeen in the remotest manner alluded to fully. "I've always had a partiality for Indian names. 1 fancy they confer an air of distinction, besides being peculiarly appropriate to an Americanborn child. "Indeed, some of the Indian names are lovely?" Miss Arabella declared, favorable opportunity of choosing with enthusiasm. "There are Minnehaha and Osceola, and Powhatan and Pocahontas-though these last are usual enough in the upper classes of Virginia - and Tecumseh and Warowo-comicounless this is too long. "Warowo-comico Jones-that is rather too long," murmured Emily. "How would Nana do? Sitting Bull's Here Mr. Jackson's voice was heard, faintly suggesting Spotted Tail and Wampum, or Pow-wow and Calumet, "or something of that sort." But

well, and that his name was Nicholasfor the boys in the street used to call him Old Nick, which naturally riled him considerably. Many a thrashing I've seen him bestow upon those young rascals."

"I have always thought," commenced Grandma Jones, with great deliberation; "I have always been under the impression that a man's first boy would nat-urally be named after himself or his own father. My husband's name was Thaddeus-Thaddeus Jones."

"On the contrary, ma'am," said Mrs. Crutchings, frigidly-"if you will ex-cuse me-I have always understood it to be the custom for the eldest son to bear the name of his mother's familythus notifying distinctly what two families he represents."

"Crutchings Jones!" murmured Mr. Horatio Jones, criticisingly.

"Thaddeus Horatio would sound rather better, I should think," said his mother, loftily. "If you have no regard for the memory of your blessed father, Horatio, and no desire to perpetuate in your family the remembrance of his virtues, then it is useless my say-ing anything further. As to myself," she added, with dignity, "I trust that I can do my duty as a grandmother to your daughter, whether or not she is called by my name."

Here the old lady's voice faltered, but she would not yield to the momentary weakness produced by the consciousness of neglect and injury. She adjusted her cap and looked defiantly around.

"Well," said Jones' mother-in-law, with sarcastic emphasis, "I must say that when a person expects a young woman to overlook and slight her own mother, and name her first girl-baby after another person-why, I'm prepared for anything!"

"I should think, ma'am, that a person would have a right to expect it, so long as she is in her own son's house !"

"Oh. ma'am, I don't intend to dispute that question; and I'm sure I have no intention of being an intruder in the house of my own daughter's husband. If my presence inconveniences you-"

"Ma!" interrupted Emily, pleadingly. While Jones whispered something in the ear of his maternal parent which caused her to bridle up with:

"I am sure, Horatio, that I don't intend or desire to produce any unpleas-antness. I am the last person-" and here she applied her handkerchief to her eyes and left the room, at the same moment in which Mrs. Crutchings, with all her little curls in a tremble, sailed out by the opposite door.

A dead silence fell upon the company. Jones looked extremely uncomfortable, and his wife began to show signs of nervousness. Mr. Weatherby Jones sucked the head of his cane, and Miss Arabella pensively toyed with her watch-charms.

"I don't see," said Mrs. Jackson, meditatively-"I don't see how the question is ever to be settled, unless you allow the twins to grow up and choose teen George Washingtons-white and names for themselves."

"Or call them after everybody at

Youths' Department.

THE CARELESS CROW.

A crow that was black as ever was born Flew out of his nest one beautiful morn, And, calling his mates from far and from

poke words that they all were anxious to hear.

You all, fellow crows, know old Farmer

Green, Who raises good corn as ever was seen; Well, funny it is—you'll laugh. I dare say— He's put up a scarcerow to keep us away!"

"Caw! caw!" laughed the crows, "a sorry old

wight, To think an old coat will give us a fright! Caw! caw!" and "caw! caw!-now let all go

To where Farmer Green has put his scare crow.

Then quickly they flew, and, led by the one Who'd called them together to tell of the fun, They soon reached the field where stood, all forlorn. A horrid old image among the green corn.

The crow in advance, to show he'd no fear, Went near to the scarcecrow—alas! too near! For "crack !" went a gun, and, shot through the head,

The crow that was carcless tumbled down-

dead. 'Caw! caw!" shrick the crows, now laughing

"Caw! caw!" they all cry as upward they soar.

And never again was one of them seen To go near the scarecrow of old Farmer Green.

-Our Little Ones.

CAUGHT.

"You promised to tell us some time how you got that scar on your forehead, uncle.

Yes, boys, but the story is so little to my credit that I have felt rather inclined to put it off. However, I'll tell it now; perhaps it may do you goodperhaps not.

They do say all boys quarrel. If that is so I don't see why it should be so. No good comes of it, but harm very oft-I don't believe all boys do, but my en. brother George and I did, or I should not now be telling you how I got that scar.

We lived, you know, on the banks of the Susquehanna. Do you know the meaning of that Indian name is "Winding River?" It is well named, for, besides its greater winding as shown on the map, described by school-boys of my days as "a zig-zag line in the form of the letter N," its whole course is full of the loveliest little curves and bends, some gentle, some abrupt, all beautiful and leading on and on to new beauties. I have heard old travelers say that some of its scenery is unsurpassed by anyan eighth of a mile above me the great thing in the way of quiet river land-

Its hollow roar was enough to prevent Well, the boys who are so fortunate as to live along such rivers have good my voice being heard far in any direction, and to this was added the ceaseless times. There is fishing in all its varieties, with line and with net and with din of the flouring mills, saw-mills and paper mills at either end of it. I could outline-you don't know what outline only wait for George to come, but hours fishing is? We used to take a half-inch passed, during which my cries for help rope which would reach, say, half across were thrown back to me by the pitiless the river. Along this at intervals of noise. As I grew cramped and ex-hausted and dizzy it seemed to wrap about ten feet were tied pieces of fishline perhaps two feet long. These were hooked and baited and then one end of itself around me as if to bear me down the rope, or outline was fastened at the to the angry waters. shore to some underground branch or I never have been able to understand root, the other being anchored as far out in the river as it would reach. There noon wore away, and as the shadows was nothing very sportsmanlike in this style of fishing, but it was by no means poor fun to go in the early morning in a boat along that line (which was put out overnight) and pull up each short line with the chance of finding a perch, "chub," pickerel, or, possibly, but not probably, a bass on the end of it. How good those fish tasted for breakfast! Another way was to spear the fish, at night, with a fire of pitch-pine knots made in an old dripping-pan mounted on a pole fixed firmly to the side of the boat; I don't know whether boys of today use what we did then, a kind of stuff which we bought, in the shape of small black shells, like cocoa shells, only larger. These we threw into the river when we first went out; the fish ate them | ly arms. Then a halloo went up from eagerly and they had an intoxicating effect on them, for they would rush and splash about in the water, making it easy for us to find them. I have since thought it was a cruel advantage to take of the poor things who knew no better than to take that into their stomachs which would lead them to ruin-unlike beings blessed with sense-(or, have they sense?) who do the very same thing knowingly! I did not, in those days, think much of the picturesque feature of this sport, but I well remember the glow on the trees and the gleam on the water. I sively, "there is, in my opinion, no no- think we might easily have been taken for some order of ferocious night goblin had a lover of that name-my first in the red glare with our formidable spears-"Ah! was it one of those gave you the scar?" No, I am coming to that. It came through a much tamer way of fishing. The long bridge which crossed the river near my home was a very old one, the piers being built in the old-fashioned way, not of stone or of heavy open timber work, as we see now-a-days, but more like wooden boxes, pointing, of course, an inclined plane up stream, but having the lower end open. They were partly filled in with loose, rough stone. These piers were favorite resorts for a quiet, unambitious fish when we had nothing more venturesome on hand. We would row out to one of them, get inside and fish as long as we could get good bites, and then move to another. I must have been about eleven years old and my brother George two years older, when we went one morning out to one of the piers near the middle of the bridge. George had poor luck, and could bear a strong minded woman, after a while proposed to try some other never," said he, "and I'm real glad place. I, however, was having a good you are not one." "And I always adplace. I, however, was having a good many nibbles, and refused. Then he wanted me to exchange poles, but I would not do that either. "Well," he presently said, "you may stay here if you like, but I shall above seemed to pick up the fight so take the boat and go where I can catch unwittingly begun and finish it.-New something."

"You may do as you please," 1 said. "Do go with me, Ben." "No-look there." 1 jerked a suck-

er out of the water and laid him wrig-gling on the stones. "No trouble about catching fish here," I added, rather spitefully, as I took him from the hook.

George angrily got in the boat and rowed away, shouting back to me:

"You may get home as you best can."

"Don't trouble yourself about me, old cranky," I answered. I did not mind at all being left, for I knew he would come back for me when he cooled down. I fished for an hour or so when it occurred to me that it would be a good joke to give him a little fright. It would be quite a satisfaction if I could make him think for a little while that I had come to some harm through his leaving me.

I told you the piers were boarded up on the outside. Up near the top of this one a board was gone, decayed away, as I perceived when I got up to it. For I formed the plan of climbing up to this opening and out upon the inclined plane to hide from George, for he could not see me there when he came to look for me. Then I would climb down again when I had enjoyed his alarmand perplexity at not finding me.

No sooner said than done. I found it rather difficult, for the timbers which supported the planking were some distance apart, and very weak with age. I pcreeived now that the real supports of the bridge consisted of strong timber which had been set up inside, the outside being now a mere useless shell as I found to my cost. For as I climbed through the opening and reached the incline, hard work, for it shelved over a little, the whole thing began to crumble under me-crashing down fifteen feet below, where on one side lay those jagged stones, on the other the deep, swift running water. With a desperate effort I half leaped, half scrambled up close to the outside wall of the bridge, the decayed wood giving way under every step, till I gained a narrow ledge formed of the renewed timber. Here I was safe, but here I found I must stay until help came, for there was no sound supports within my reach.

As I sat on this narrow seat with

scarcely any rest for my feet, I began to

realize that I was in no pleasant posi-

tion, and looked anxiously about to see

what might be my chances of getting

out of the trap I had got myself into.

Things were not promising. Less than

dam stretched itself from shore to shore.

It was on a Sunday, and Uncle and been invited to dinner, after which, friend of Mrs. Jones, had dropped in, him?" speedily followed by Mr. Weatherby Jones, a distant relative of the family, though on very familiar terms with them

Seated around a cosey fire, with sherry wine and walnuts on a round-table, the company were very pleasant and cheerful, until after awhile Cousin tion was received. Joshua inquired what the twins were to by either Grandma Jones or Grandma Crutchings. "Ahem!"

said Jones, stroking his side-whiskers. "It occurs to me, since there are so many of us met together this evening, that it would be a names for the babies.

"Suppose we have 'em in and see what they look like," said Cousin Joshua, a bald-headed, jolly-looking old "Then we can choose gentleman. names to suit them."

Accordingly, a message was dispatched to the nurse, and that important personage soon entered, bearing upon each stout arm a very tiny and very Here Mr. Jackson's pink specimen of infantile humanity, buried in a froth of lace and ruffles.

The company gathered around and minutely inspected the pair, with many Grandmother Jones interposed. comments and expressions of admiration.

"The image of his father," said Mrs. Jackson; "and the girl-bless the teeny-weeney itty darling! the perfect type of her mother."

Jones looked highly gratified-until Mr. Jackson observed, with a sideways poise of his head:

"Well, now, to my mind they're like nobody I ever saw before, except-other babies. They're all as much alike as a "Ma," said Emily, observing that her bushel of peas.'

manding aspect, cast a glance of severe admonition at her husband.

He was a little, nervous-looking man, whose misfortune it was to be perpetually doing and saying ill-timed things, though with the best intentions in the world.

After a sufficient amount of petting from their grandmothers, and of raptures from Miss Arabella, with a distant stare from Mr. Weatherby Jones, who seemed rather afraid of them, the twins were borne away, and the discussion of their future names was resumed.

"As there seems to be no personal peculiarity about them to suggest a name," observed Cousin Joshua, "any ordinary name will do-only, being sniff; and Mr. Jackson observed, pleas-twins, you see, the names, like the antly: owners, should resemble each other.

"If you want to make a yelling, scalping savage of your child, Horatio, she said, severely, to her son, "why not call him Tomahawk, or Wildcat, or Poison-snake, at once, and be done with it?"

"Why, mother, Poison-snake Jones would searcely sound well in my opinion.

But Mrs. Jones, senior, was evident-

"Ma," said Emily, observing that her mother had not spoken, but sat with Mrs. Jackson, a large woman of com- stiffly folded hands and pursed-up lips, can't you suggest something?'

"If your own feelings, Emily, as the daughter of one of the best of men and fathers, have not suggested to you a name for your boy-your first boy-then I regard it as useless my making any suggestion."

There was a dead silence, and everybody looked at everybody else.

"You go for family names, perhaps, ma'am?" said Cousin Joshua. "Pray what was the Christian name of your late respected husband?'

"His name, sir," responded the widow, solemnly-"his name was Nicholas Peter Crutchings; and a better or more amiable-tempered man never lived."

Here Grandma Jones gave an audible Press.

"Yes, madam, I remember him very

worthy of attention. Cousin Joshua immediately took it up. "Suppose you call the boy after both

and the girl after both her grandmoth-

"Jerusha Jane Jones! What a name!" sobbed Emily.

"Couldn't we prefix some ornamental name," said Miss Arabella, "by which the little darlings might be usuall v called?"

This proposition being approved, it was further proposed that the grandmothers themselves should have the privilege of choosing these qualifying first names. The two ladies were thereupon waited on and informed of this arrangement. Mrs. Crutchings was discovered to be packing her trunk, and Mrs. Jones reading a sermon upon "The Trials of our Earthly Life;" but they were induced to return to the company and though neither appeared perfectly satisfied with the new arrangement, a more harmonious feeling was soon restored.

"I think," said Mrs. Crutchings, thoughtfully-"I think Eglantine the prettiest female name in the world. It was the name of the heroine of a novel which I wrote at boarding-school, and never had published, The girls used to go wild over it.'

"And," said Grandma Jones, penbler-sounding name than Hamilton. I lover-whom my papa forbade my marrying."

So the twins were called Hamilton Thaddeus Peter, and Eglantine Jane Jerusha!

But there's no foreseeing the course of human events and to this day the Jones twins are known to all their acquaintance by the twin-like abbreviations of Ham and Eggs !- Saturday Night.

company introduces in his advertisement the picture of a hat with the blade of a pair of shears, that fell out of a window, sticking upright in the hat. He says that the wearer of this hat was insured against accidents in the company for which he is an agent; but how that prevented the shears from falling into his hat the agent fails to show. Moreover it was the height of the hat that prevented the shears from hurting the wearer of the hat after they struck. A society to prevent women and children from chucking shears out of upper windows, or one for the encouragement of high hats, would seem to be the real need of the commanity .- Detroit Free

-Female law-breakers in Mobile work

out their fines in the chain-gang.

how I clung there so long. The after grew longer I could dimly hear shouting and perceive more movement on shore. Then rays of light shone from down the river-artificial light, I knew. There certainly was unusual excitement about the mills, and as twilight deepened I could just see a boat put out from one of them and come nearly towards me, when it turned down stream.

I called and shouted, but was still unheard. Then I took a quick resolution, born of the extremity of my position. Gathering all my strength in one scream and one leap, I sprang out over the water in the direction of the boat. My forehead struck on one of the zincbound oars and the blood streamed over my face as I felt myself seized by friendmy rescuers, which was carried from boat to boat and from bank to bank. I saw that the river was alive with those who were searching for me-it was their lights I had seen.

"Didn't George go back for you, uncle?"

"Yes, but had never thought of looking for me above the bridge. After hunting long for me in sore dismay, he had spread the alarm. Poor fellow! he had suffered more than I had."

"But he was the most to blame."

"I don't think so. I have always observed that when boys, or others either, for that matter, get to quarreling there is generally little to choose on either side."-Chicago Standard.

-Near Calistoga, Cal., there is a mound of earth probably five feet higher than the ground surrounding. On this Mr. Teale set an orange tree five years ago, and also set another one about thirty feet from the one on the mound. The tree on the elevation of ground has never been touched with the frost, and thrives remarkably well, having a number of oranges on it at present. The other tree is frequently frost-bitten, is smaller, and has no fruit on it. It will be noticed that the result produced by the slight difference in location is remarkable.

-They were talking beneath the old linden tree, she lazily taking her first swing in the hammock, while he, seated on a rustic bench held the rope and assisted the oscillation. "No, I never mired a strong minded man," said she petulently, "and I'm sorry you are not one." And the two English sparrows that were flitting in the branches

Haven Register.

-The agent of an accident insurance