Hebrasha Advertiser. G. W. FAIRBROTHER & CO., Proprietors.

: : NEBRASKA. AUBURN.

COINCIDENCE.

EXPERIENCE OF TWO OF THE GILDED. I really feit worried. I own, About my affair with Elise, So when Fred and I were alone I told him the facts, which were these: I'd carted her round more or less To theaters and seashore and such, But never had reason to guess That she ever cared for me much, "Thil one day if haupened she sucke But never had reason to guess That she ever cared for me much, Tiil one day it happened she spoke Of my being sweet on Kate Drew. Said I, just by way of a joke: "You know I care only for you." I said it in jest, rec. lect. She took it in earnest; at once Confessed what I didn't suspect. She loved me! Well I, like a dunce, Had not the quick wit to pretend I thought she was joking and turn The talk. Did not wish to offend By seeming her true love to spurn. I tried to appear overjoyed And kissed her. Now, fool that I am, I've been very sadly annoyed By having to keep up the sham. She's pleas nt, but being her slave And buying her diamonds and such. And goins to see her to rave Of love-well. It's rather too much. I'd like to get out of the scrape, But feel that the biame's on my part; I wish to effect my escape.

I'd like to get out of the scrape, But feel that the blame's on my part;
I wish to effect my escape, But don't want to wound the girl's heart.
'Now Fred," said I, "toll me the means By which I can end the affair
Without any tear-shedding scenes, Or filling her soul with despair."
Said be: "Tis amazing, but true; A similar story I chant.
'Tm just in the same fix as you And want to escape, but I can't.
The girl is a frightful expense, But loves with the ardor of youth.
Treally can't give the offense Of telling her. frankly, the truth.
The racket we'll have to maintain, Till time shows a way to get out.
It goes very much 'gainst the grain. Hut still we deserve it, no doubt.
Together we'll chum, if you please. Wo is your theumbrance?" Her name,"
I answered, " is Kenyon-Elise." "By Jingo," said Fred, "mine's the same!" -Doton Post.

THE LITTLE FOXES.

A Lay Sermon.

"Take us the foxes, the little foxes, that spoil the vines; for our vines have tender grapes."-Solomon's Song, 2:15.

DEARLY BELOVED: It is the little things in this life that make up our happiness or misery. If we had to deal only with the great things we could get along. If there were only lions in the way, life would be pleasanter than it is. If we were only expected to be heroes, we could accomplish our warfare and work out our mission with less trouble than now encompasses us. But alas, it is not against lions and great dangers that the voice of inspiration warns us. It is only the "little foxes" we are to take. And the man who despiseth the day of small things is even as he who lifteth up his head in the air and vaunteth himself, even while Something About the Rising Blossom he sitteth his foot upon the humble banana peel. Falleth he over a man by treading upon a dry goods box, or doth he stumble over a two story house? spoil the vine,"

ber six boot, would only try as hard to make his sinful nature compass the virtues of a saint, the world would be fragrant with patience, and his home and neighbors would rise up and call him blessed. We fret and chafe under the little trials, and are too complacent with the great evils. And the man who can ignore the petty vexations and save all his strength of mind and body for the great things, he is the man who leads us

It is true, dearly be oved, these petty annoyances make constant demands upon your strength and patience and grace. I know there are a thousand loxes to one lion, and that it is hard work to watch them all the time, but eternal vigilance is the price of a good character, and

"Evil is caused by want of thought As well as by want of heart."

It would be easier to be a martyr, and go down to the block or to the stake, and have one's head cut off or be burned to a crisp at once and be done with it, than it is to endure eight or ten years of rheumatism. So much the more honor to the patient victims of rheumatism than to the martyrs. I know it is easier to President of the United States, and be a good President, too, than it is to go to sleep with the earache, or with three small mosquitoes in the room, that have made up their minds to a horrible repast of human blood. I know -out of the breadth and depth of my own experience I know whereof I affirm -I know it is an easier matter to edit a newspaper, than it is to put the baby to sleep when the baby isn't feeling particularly sleepy just then. I know the little trials are the hardest; the little temptations are the strongest. The man who would scorn to steal a horse will swear a little sometimes. The man who could not be hired to forge a note will sometimes help to circulate a campaign lie; the man who will not commit murder will occasionally scold his wife; and the man who would scorn a lie under any other circumstances can't be trusted in a horse trade. It is easy for any honest man to refuse a bribe; it is hard for the same man to tell the truth about the size and number of the trout he caught. It is comparatively easy to obey the big commandments; it's the finer meshes of the little net that will entangle so many of us.

Dearly beloved, don't try to be heroes, then. Don't aim to be wingless saints. Don't aspire to the distinction of martyrdom. Try to be good, every day, honest, Christian men and women, and see if you have not your hands full. Don't waste your time lion hunting; the lions never hurt anybody, but "Take us the foxes, the little foxes, that spoil the vines; for our vines have tender grapes."-Burlington Hawkeye.

of the Period.

No flower for a long time has become so popular and so personal as the sun-"Take us the foxes, the littlefoxes, that flower. It has climbed into our favor and taken possession of our homes, our Brethren, it is easier to kill a lion garden and our dress, and is everythan to catch a fox. It is easier to build where the sentinel of art and fashiona wagon than it is to make a watch, and of right, for it is not only a decoraas a pagan emblem, the sacred flower of Why see, how much of human misery the ancient Peruvians, who were worshipers of the sun. Its resemblance to the god of day and its supposed homage to the rising sun made it their emblem of faith, and on this account it was greatly used in their religious ceremonies, and the virgins were crowned with sunflowers made of pure gold, and carried them in their hand, and fastened their robes with In Persia and other lands of the East the sunflower is the emblem of constanflower that always turns its face toward

The Suez Canal.

When Napoleon sent his engineers to take the levels across the Isthmus of Suez in order to determine the practicability of digging a canal through the sand for commercial purposes, they made out that the surface of the Gulf of Suez was thirty feet higher than the Mediterranean, and so the project was for the time given up. The blunder in the survey was not discovered until 1840, when new schemes began to be agitated for cutting a ship channel that would shorten the voyage from Europe to India and the East by almost the entire distance around the continent of Africa.

In 1854 M. de Lesseps formed a canal company and obtained a grant from the Viceroy of Egypt for ninety-nine years. The scheme was looked upon with suspicion by British engineers and British capitalists, and the inception and prosecution of the enterprise were largely due to the French. In 1859 the work was begun, and ten years later the Red Sea and the Mediterranean met in the Bitter Lakes. The total length of the canal is not far from 100 miles, about seventy-five miles of the course being formed by excavation and twentyfive miles lying through the shallow lakes of the isthmus, which, in many places, required deepening. The ordinary width of the canal is 325 feet at the surface and seventy-two feet at the bottom, the depth of the water being twenty-six feet. There are no locks throughout its course, and its termini are Suez, at the entrance to the Gulf of Suez on the south, from which point there are railroads to Cairo and Alexandria and a "fresh-water canal" to the Nile, and Port Said at the margin of the Mediterranean on the north. The building of an artificial harbor at each terminus, with the necessary protections, was reckoned a greater undertaking than the excavation of the canal itself

The work was formally opened on the 17th of November, 1869, and on the 25th it was publicly announced that Lord Beaconstield had purchased from Ismail Pasha, who had become viceroy of Egypt under the title of Khedive, 176,602 out of the 400,000 shares of £20 each. The sum paid was £4,080,000. and the commissions to the Rothschilds and other expenses of the transaction amounted to about £100,000 more. By the terms of transfer the Government receives interest at five per cent. on the shares till the year 1894, after which it is to receive the full dividends. There are three members of the Board of Directors representing the interest of the British Government, one of whom is a resident director in Paris, where he has hitherto acted in perfect accord with the French majority in the directory.

The following table, compiled by the New York World, shows the enormous traffic that has passed through the canal and paid tolls si

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Youths' Department.

THE SPIDER WEB.

Who but a fairy Ever lived in a bouse so airy? A bit of cloud tied fast, as it were, And framed of the linest gossamer. A wonderful, shining, silky house, Swaying here in the sweet-brier boughs. Sprite of some kind, queen of the air, Must needs be the one for a home so fair.

Does she. I wonder, Stand these pale-pink blossoms under, Dressed in a skirt of vapory blue. All spangled over with drops of dew? Does she wear a crown, and in her hand Carry aloft a long gold wand? Has she wings to fly with, gauzy, green? And where are the folk she rules as queen?

I look and linger, And touch the web with careful finger; When—in an eager, crafty way— Out leaps a little gnome in gray! The tiniest ogre that ever sate And watched for prey at his castle gate, His eight long arms so strong and bold With which to seize, and strangle, and hold!

Should he discover Some truant creature passing over-A bee or fly on tired wing, Careless and fond of loitering, I wonder if a mimic roar Would reach its ears from out his door:

Fe, fi, fo, fum! fe, fi, fo, fum! 1 will have some! 1 will have some!" -Youth's Companion.

DO THE DUTY AT HOME FIRST.

"I despise this horrid life. If I only had a chance of making something of myself-but it is work, work, work, no time for anything but work. Some people get on as if by magic. I believe life is a lottery, after all, and I am going to try my luck in the casting of stones. I have all faith in the number nine. If I can hit that maple more times out of nine than I miss it, I'll be somebody. If I fail, I'll go on like the nobodies around me.'

The sleepy figure in the grass sat upright, and commenced pelting the innocent tree with pebbles. "Hit, miss, miss, miss, hit, hit, miss, miss-no use! I'll try no more. Five unlucky throws out of seven."

"For shame, boy, to call this noble, intense life a lottery, and try your destiny for time and eternity with bits of stones thrown from a lazy, indolent hand. Get up, and take hold of life in earnest. Turn something up, instead of lying there waiting for something to turn up.

The big straw hat in the grass turned slowly toward the gentleman in the sulky, who had stopped beneath the spreading boughs of the great oak to allow his thirsty steed the benefit of the cooling draught that trickled through the fissures of the rock into the rough trough.

"I am the new doctor, who has put out a sign in the neighboring town of Elton," said the voice which had aroused the boy. "Now, tell me who you are, and what you are doing here.

" My name is Joe Harkness,"

"Joseph, you mean," said the doctor.

"Yes, but I am too lazy to say it, and I came out of that old farm-house you see on the hill there, to dig taters for the dinner."

the roots of timothy," laughed the doc- the law to molest the buzzards in any

"None of the fellows go to a woman. "Why ?"

"Who wants to be managed by a woman? You must take me for a coward."

"A most despicable coward, to speak of a woman in such a way. If you cannot help this teacher manage these young savages, and one in particular, the sooner you are transferred to the care of the angels the better. Has your teacher a certificate?"

"Of course, or she would not have been employed."

"Then she is capable of teaching you a few things?"

"The boys would laugh at me."

"Be a brave boy! But there is your mother calling for the potatoes. Go along. Begin by digging your potatoes, in earnest.

Joe sprang up, and, as the doctor drove away, went to work with a will. He followed the doctor's advice to the letter, and a year later when the doctor, as one of the Examining Committee, admitted him into the academy, Joe told him: "You were right; I am glad you waked me up and set me to work that day you found me asleep in the grass." The incident came back to the doctor's memory, and he patted the boy's head, saying: "Bravely done."-Chicago Interior.

Some Queer Uses of Birds.

Did you ever see a candle made out of a bird? I suppose not, unless you have been in the Faroe Islands, and very few people visit their lovely shores. The inhabitants of those islands live in a very simple and old-fashioned way, and nearly everything they use is a homemade article. Thousands of sea-birds build their nests on the rocks there, and the young birds are "as fat as butter." The islanders take these young birds, run wicks through their bodies until they are soaked with grease, light one end of the wick, and there's your homemade candle.

Another kind of bird is used in Australia as a substitute for conjectionery. It is a species of parrot, called loray, which feeds on fruit and grain, and has a place in its throat where all the sweet parts of the things it eats collect and form a kind of honey. As soon as an Australian savage shoots one of these birds, he puts its bill into his mouth. squeezes its throat, and sucks away just as boys do with oranges. Then he pulls the feathers out and sticks them in his hair, and after that he takes the bird home to Mrs. Savage to be cooked. Perhaps, when Mr. S. is in a particularly good humor, he brings a loray or two home to his woolly-headed family without first extracting all the "nice part."

In a great many cities of tropical America black vultures (or turkey buzzards, as they are commonly called in this country) do the most important part of the street cleaning. They deyour everything they find which would be liable to decay, and so they keep off pestilences, or at least prevent their "First potatoes I ever saw grow at coming from that cause. It is against

Great is the warrior who taketh a city, tive and useful flower, but bears a good but he is better than the mighty, that religious character, being as a Christian is slow to anger, and better is "he that flower dedicated to St. Bartholomew, ruleth his spirit" than he that taketh a St. Louis (King) and St. Antradis, and,

is based upon the merest trifles. The man who makes himself supremely wretched because he wants something his neighbor has, and can't get it; the man who swears when he loses his collar button; the man who breaks the furniture because he can't find his hat who officiated in the temple of the son on the rack when he left it out in the back yard; the man who wants to die when he wakes at night to hear it raining in perfect torrents and remembers them. that he left all the kindling wood out doors on the cistern box; the man who is unhappy because his boots are tight; cy in love, and there are many poetical the young man, or old man either, who allusions in Eastern literature to the tries to make a forty-dollar salary sup-port a fifty-dollar coat, and is miserable the sun. because there is a misfit somewhere; the man who is cross and savage all through house-cleaning week; the man who is always sick and miserable after the pic- that has grown to the height of 14 feet. nic; the man who is cross because it is which produces flowers measuring 16 hot, and gruff because it's cold, and ir- inches over. In Spain and Mexico they ritable because it's wet--what are these men but the tormented victims of "the little foxes that spoil the vines." These eter, and a single flower producing 2,362 men have no heavy burdens, no grave trials. They are miserable because they make themselves so, and they remain miserable because they are too lazy to set a fox trap. If the old world had no heavier sorrows than these, we would be so happy down here some of us wouldn't care to go to Heaven. Lay this paper down right here, dearly beloved, and count up all your own trials and sorrows and tribulations; strike out all the little, petty every-day annoyances you are ashamed to call tribulations, and see how little you have to make life unhappy. Honestly, now, what trouble have you? You need not tell me; just give yourself an honest answer.

to move us as deeply as do the petty trials; if we endured our light afflictions more patiently, and more valiantly combatted the great evils, how soon would we reform this old world. If one-half the indignation that is poured out upon the insensate collar buttons that roll away under the shadowy concealment of impassive lounges and bureaus were as faithless politicians who betray their trusts and barter their principles for place and profit, there would be no mourning over any lack of honest men in public places. If society broke the of them signifies that you will have your furniture and foamed at the mouth and tore things when it can find neither its bank account or the Cashier as it does pulled a sunflower to counteract the when it simply cannot find its hat, no man could steal trust funds and build a a negro will not let you bring into the new house therewith. If the man who house a sunflower that has been pulled tries to reverse the appearance of a before it is perfect or one that is in any number nine foot, to make it fit a num- i way broken. -Harper's Weekly.

The first mention we have of it in England is from Gerard, in 1596, when he tells us that in his garden he had one grow to the height of 20 feet, some of the flowers measuring four feet in diamseeds.

Botanical authorities say that there are nearly fifty species. Among those which are best known are the tall sunflower of Peru and Mexico, the perennial, a native of Virginia, and the dwarf sunflower, brought as late as 1878 from

Egypt. The seeds, when peeled taste like sweet almond. They make an excellent bread of them in Portugal, and during the late war, in the Southern States. they were substituted for coffee in many a frontier cabin. They are good food for poultry, and the oil pressed from them is frequently used in place of olive off for salads; it can also be burned If we allowed the great wrongs of life in the lamp, and is splendid for soap making.

The stems and flowers when burned produce a good potash, and many a nousewife in Texas has superintended the burning of sunflowers to obtain the potash for her week's baking with as much care as she did the baking itself.

In Texas the sunflower pulled at sundown with a wish is sure to bring the wish true before the next sunset (so the Indian says), and no true Texan will have a garden without at least one of these "mimic suns" in it. To dream pride wounded; and a negro, if he has this dream, will never rest until he has omen. And in some parts of the South

cent. of the tonnage which sought that channel; in 1871, 65; in 1872, 70; in 1873, 69; in 1874 and in 1875, 71; in 1876, 73; in 1877, 78; in 1878, 79; in 1879, 77; in 1880, 79; and last year 82 per cent, or more than four-fifths of the whole amount.

It will readily be seen that although England does not own a controlling interest in the corporation, she is nevertheless under superior obligation to keep the canal open to commerce. When the Russo-Turkish war broke out in 1877 there were fears lest Russia, taking advantage of the fact that the canal was in the territory of a Turkish dependency, might seize or blockade it, but England lost no time in declaring that the canal should be neutral, and in pointing out the fact that its unobstructed navigation was essential to every State in Europe. That necessity still exists, and upon Great Britain, as the power that can least afford to have the highway to India closed, falls the burden of restraining Arabi Pasha and his army to such an extent that they shall not have the ability to interfere with the canal. -

The "Masher."

"Is he a rare bird?"

Detroit Post and Tribune.

"He is that. The species used to be so plenty that every city had them by the score; but of late years the Fool-Killer has got in his work so well that only about a dozen Mashers can now be found in the whole United States." "He has a sweet look.

"Certainly; he has stood before the glass for hours to practice on that look. When he parts his hair in the center, waxes his little mustache and takes his dear little cane in hand for a walk on the street, he calculates that sweet look will knock down every second lady he meets.

"His plumage is very fine."

"Oh, yes. The Masher always gets the best, because he beats his tailor and leaves his washwoman to sing for her money.

" Is he a valuable bird?"

"His carcass is valued at from two to five cents per pound, according to the price of soap,

"Then the species will soon become extinct?"

"Yes: in a few short years the Masher will be known on earth no more. The Smithsonian Institute and two or three medical colleges will have specimens preserved in alcohol and skeletons on exhibition, and old gray-headed men have a dim recollection of having once seen the animal promenading the earth.' -Detroit Free Press.

tor "Patch is across the run. I stopped here to rest."

"And carve out a grand fortune by dreaming. How long have you been much importance as the Mayor himself. here? Long enough, I dare say, to have dug and cooked them, too.' Joe's only answer was a grin.

"Let me tell you, boy, the very foundation of true greatness consists in doing your every-day work in the very admit of their swallowing. Then they best manner possible. Let it be digging potatoes, hoeing corn, blacking boots, studying a lesson, or even playing a game of ball, go to work determined to They dive and bring up the fish, and, succeed. Get all the pleasure and good while they are struggling violently to out of your every-day work. . . What is worth doing at all is worth doing well." ought to be printed in letters of gold their prey is taken away from them, and nailed over every door in the land. Make this your own motto, and you will When the baskets are full, the rings are never need to spell f-a-i-L"

"I do not want to spend my whole tired of work."

"Then, my boy, you will have to be transplanted to a more heavenly soil, for 1 tell you there is no success anywhere on earth without incessant toil. You will have to dig, dig, dig for knowledge, if you are ever its possessor. Let me see. How old are you?"

"Fourteen, sir."

"And what do you know of books?" "I've been twice through arithmetic, know something of geography, and despise grammar and spellin'

"And they are at war with you, I observe. You will never be a scholar until you have a fair fight with these two chief corner-stones, and come off victor. You must be master at every step of the way. Nor must you cut across-lots in order to shorten your journey. Men often try this way, but they find so many ups and downs, so many streams and swamps, that if they do not lose themselves altogether, they will find their road, though shorter, by an air line, in reality much longer than the lawful route. There is a great deal of going across-lots to make a beggar of a man in this world. Do you go to school?

"Only in winter. 1 have no time in summer."

"What do you do with your odd moments and rainy days?"

"Rest.

"Hum! I see you are not worth sav-Never will amount to anything. Why, boy, don't you know some of the greatest men who are alive to-day, or who have ever lived, received no education, except what they gained in their odd moments? Wake up and catch these minutes as they fly. Restassured they will not wait for you. Study all spare time and go to school wet days.'

"But our teacher is a woman," replied Joe.

way, and, as they march around the streets or sit at their ease in the sunshine, they seem to be well aware that they are city officials, and of quite as

In China, tame cormorants are used to supply the markets and the tables of their owners with fish. Rings are placed on their necks, loose enough to allow them to breathe, but too tight to are taken to a fish-pond or stream, strings are fastened on their legs, and they are allowed to "go a-tishing." swallow what they have captured, they are drawn to the shore by the string, and they are sent in to try again. taken off, and the cormorants are allowed to do a little extra work on their life digging and delving. I want to go own account. If human laborers were to college and know something. I am treated in this way, there would certainly be trouble, but, as far as known, these feathered employes have never organized a strike.

It is no longer the fashion to use hawks and falcons as bird-killers, but pigeons are made to do duty as lettercarriers, and at the siege of Paris they formed the best means of communication with the outside world. Thirty miles an hour is the usual rate of their speed, and they sometimes travel even faster. The bird's object in making the journey is to get back to its young squabs, from which it is taken away before being employed in this way; and, as it is kept in a dark place and without food for eight or ten hours before being let loose, it no doubt considers the point from which it is sent a good place o get away as soon as possible.

The use of birds are "too numerous to mention." The most important of the many good things that they do for us is to keep the worms and insects, that destroy vegetation, from becoming too numerous.

If all the birds should suddenly die, meal and flour would soon become very scarce and high, and thousands of people would starve. Boys would find that their fathers couldn't afford to give them much money to spend, and everything would be dearer then it is now. Leaving out such robbers as the crows, birds are among our best friends; and

children who kill them and rob their nests, "just for fun." do a great deal of harm to themselves and everybody else. Some time ago, an association of "Bird Defenders" was formed among American boys and girls, and this honorable society is one of those which certainly ought to live long and prosper. -Golden Days.

- Confederate \$1,000 bills have lately been selling in Atlanta, Ga., for \$2, and

"Well, ain't your mother a woman?" \$100 bills for 25 cents.