# Mebrasha Advertiser.

G. W. PAIRBROTHER & CO., Proprietors.

AUBURN,

I NEBRASKA.

THE NIGHT BEFORE THE MOW-ING

O, the night before the mowing, when the warm south wind was blowing. It was present and sweet to pass. Ankie deep through flower and grass-Grass and flowers so proutly the wing. On the night before the mowing.

But when next my feet went straying, Men were busy with the having: I saw the sharp scythe swiftly pass. Through nodding flowers and howing grass, Till blowing grass and flowers were lying Underneath the hotsun-dying.

But twas not long ore awest content Filled the meadow with wondrons seent; And flowers and grass, as ideaching hay, Bud learned the meaning of the May, And who they were so proudly blowing On the night before the mewing.

Maiden, unto woman growing.
Maiden, with the local hair flowing.
With eyes blue as the skies above. Pace as fair as the rose of love. Crowned with youth and loy and beauty, Thou shall learn diviner duty.

Off when life has fairest showing
It is ready for the moving:
Then should trouble, pain or strife
Lay the blade to thy young life,
Do not fear, on some sweet morrow.
Then shall learn the why of serrow.

—Mary A. Burr, in Harper's Westly.

#### OSTRICH-HUNTING.

Exciting Episodes on the African Prairie-How the Craslest of Game is Driven Into the Meshes of the Honters' Nets.

Captain James Fewsmith, and his boon companion, Thomas Harrod, recently returned from an ostrich hunt beyond the Transvaal, in the neighborhood of the Orange River. The Captain is a veteran, and his account of a little experience of himself and Harrod is interesting. The game inhabited the dry portions of Africa from Egypt and the Barbary States to the Cape, and were he not the most idiotic game in the world, it would have been almost impossible to capture or shoot him. The ostrich's sight and hearing are wonderfully keen, and he can run at the rate Captain in springing to the ground to of a mile in two minutes for a long time, but, with every advantage on his side, his own stupidity proves his destruc-

Captain Fewamith and his friend were well mounted, but as the day was extremely hot, they picketed their animals under shade-trees and threw themselves on the ground to smoke and rest until the sun should descend lower in the aky. A half-hour later, Captain Fewsmith called attention to a curious visitor approaching. As the two hunters rose to their feet they perceived that he was a bushman, without any covering for his head, with a very seanty shirt, no foot gear, and with his trousers slung over his shoulder. The legs of these trousers were filled with something which expanded them almost to the bursting point. When the grinning native came up he carefully let down the heavily weighted garment and drew out

"Let us see how many he has," said Harrod, who proceeded to find out the capacity of the rather flappy trousers legs. The owner, on coming upon the ostrich nest, had doffed his lower garment, torn off a strip from the waistband, with which he tied the bottom of each trousers leg, and then he had pro-ceeded to despoil the nest with as much enthusiasm as an American urchin often shows in gathering specimens for his collection.

There were six of these eggs in one leg, seven in the other, while the body of the garments contained a round dozen more. When it is made known that each egg weighed about three pounds. and was equal in point of nourishment to twenty-four hen's ergs, it will be seen that not only was the capacity of the trousers tested to the utmost, but a valuable supply of food was secured to the bushman and his family. The hunters had tasted ostrich eggs before, but found them so strong that they did not break the shell of the one left them by the bushman, who went away shortly after, but as they were in an ostrich country, they remounted their horses, later in the afternoon, and galloped at an easy pace in search of game, well aware, from previous experience, of the difficulties in the way of success. Turning the heads of their horses toward a sandy ridge, two or three miles away, they rode along, until the base was nearly reached, when they reigned up abruptly at sight of an ostrich nest, almost in their very path. The Captain It was simply scooped out of the sand a foot and a half deep, and fully five feet across. The eggs stood on end, so as gay, to occupy the smallest possible space. As these all looked alike, it was hard for any one to count them, if several feet distant. Like the gilded pipes of the organ in church which one keeps trying to enumerate during the sermon, they are so similar that they blend and run together so that the eve has hard work to make sure of the number. so The conning native knows how to keep the supply of eggs going; instead of gathering in all like that bare-legged follow, he will skillfully draw out the eggs with a long stick until two or three are left. If he does his part well the mother when she returns will not notice | talip?" that three are less than a dozen, and will continue laying all through the sea-

son that is, from June to October." the raige, halting and taking a caroful stumped. Detroit Free Press. survey of the country before them; the result was one that awakened hope and delight. Loss than a half mile distant was a ridge parallel with the one on which they had halted, and between the that it is hard to supply teachers. A along the findson River is more than two ran a valley several miles in extent. | teacher is required for each pupil - Bos 1,000,000 tons. Near the middle of this two ostriches for Post.

were grazing, while a gentle breeze was blowing from the east. Instead of separating and attempting to flank the birds, the horsemen rode at a leisurely gailop in the direction of the eastern end of the valley. This was narrower than the opposite opening, which therefore offered the very best chance in the world for the birds to escape, for they could speedily dash through it into the open country beyond, where they would be safe against harm during that afternoon at least; but it is on such occasions that the ostrich gives an exhibition of stopidity which approaches the marvelous. The sight of the hunters making for the eastern opening of the valley seemed to give the ostriches the belief that their enemies were trying to cut off their only avenue of flight, and instead of turning the opposite way, they instantly started on their long, swift trot toward the point at which the hunters were also heading with much the start of the birds. The two ostriches displayed still more marked failure to 'grasp the situation." The singular chase could not have lasted long, when the birds, running almost side by side, must have seen that the horsemen were sure to reach the opening ahead of them. But, not only did they refuse to turn back, but they also failed to awerve in the slightest degree from their course on which they had started; they simply increased their speed, and with their ungainly necks outstretched, struck a two-minute trot and sped away for the most dangerous point on the horizon. the pursuers were quite certain of their game, they now slackened their gait somewhat, and each fired a shot. The bullet of Captain Fewsmith went through the brain of his bird, which ran a few steps in a wild staggering way and then There was another man who knew went down, its head plowing quite a furrow in the sand. Leaping from his saddle, the Captain hurried forward and

end its sufferings. It was almost at the same instant that Harrod discharged his rifle, and, seeing the bird acting strangely, he was confident of having inflicted a mortal wound, and was scarcely behind the trick of ventrilo nism. There was a

cut the throat of the ostrich, so as to

dispatch his prize.

But be made a slight mistake, for when he placed himself directly in the destroy threshing nuchines. There was path of the bird and held his hunting knife ready to give him the finishing touch, the ostrich seemed to brighten Before the gentleman suspected his intention he delivered a terrific kick which tumbled the hunter over on his back as if struck by a falling tree. The ostrich is capable of kicking with such force as to kill the panther or helplessly enslaved, and will never rise jackal, and he does it by throwing his to assist themselves. There is a man foot forward, the same as a man. In who "knows" that all politics are corthe present instance Mr. Harrod fell so quickly that Captain Fewsmith ran forward in alarm. Assisting him to his feet, he was found to be little injured, although he declared, with a grim smile, that he knew more about ostriches than he ever did before.

The bird kept on trotting straight away until he vanished in the twilight | ing and drag him along. Rasp him with | as long in a household as it does. Lastan ostrich egg, which he presented to and was seen no more, while the hunt- the double-trees; he has to come, for the

and wait till the morrow. There are different methods of hunting the ostrich. Every school-boy recalls the picture of the bushman awk- your eyes open, your head erect, wardly disguised as one of the birds, and you help to keep things who is thereby enabled to approach close enough to a herd to bring down several his eyes shut tight, his back up on his with his bow and arrow. In other cases, the hunter lies in wait and uses poisoned arrows. In North Africa, the game is the dust back in his face. Don't, my pursued on horseback, the chase being kept up for several days, until the bird | beside that man. Don't have any is literally run down and incapable of breeching on your harness. Put on a going further or making resistance. sometimes a herd is forced into the run more lightly and feel freer. Let water, where it is an easy matter to the man in the breeching hang back knock them in the head. The Europe- All that you have to do is to step out. an horsemen prefer to conceal them- keep pace with the times, sing as you seives near pools and springs where the march, and keep the man in the breechbird is in the habit of coming to drink, ing so covered with dust the world will so as to shoot him unawares. The value only know he's there by the dirt around of the ostrich, of course, lies in its plu- him. It may be, Telemachus, you will mage. These feathers are very costly, run a little fast sometimes; it may be it rarely happening that more than two that you will kick over the traces in dozen marketable ones can be obtained your exuberance of spirit; you may from a single bird. March or April is sometimes want to strike a 2:19 gait on the best season, as the ostriches have re- a 3:20 road; you may need more curb

covered their moult and the feathers are than whip, but go it, my boy. There is elastic and vigorous. It is necessary also that the feathers should be plucked hand on the lines, and I'd rather see from the body of the bird before it gets cool, or they will be found to have lost tory with the bit in your teeth, your

### She Understood.

A woman with a market basket on her arm and a big bouquet of flowers got down from the saddle to examine in her hand, was waiting at the ferry the curious sight a little more closely, dock when a man of pleasant address approached her and said:

Madam, that is a very fine nose-

"Yes. sir." different States. "Yes, sir."

"There is the pansy hiding itself behind the rose. According to the language of flowers, the pansy stands for: Darling, I cannot live without you." likewise observe the rosebud. The language of the rosebud is: 'I'm lookunderstand the language of flowers?"

"Yes, sir. "What is the language of that

"The talip says, sir, that if you don't stump along with your brazon impudence I'll have you walked into the The friends now rode to the top of cooler" was her firm reply. He

> \*\*\* The Chinese Sunday school of the Mount Vertion Church, Boston, has 110 members, and is increasing so rapidly

#### Advice to a Young Man.

Keep up with the procession, my

boy. Don't hang back in the breeching.

You may be able to make things drag

a little, but you can't stop the team,

and you'll have to come along. There

was a man, an eminent mathematician,

Dr. Lardner, of England, who pub-

lished a treatise to prove that no steamship could ever cross the Atlantic Ocean, and the steamer Sirius a few weeks later brought the first copies of the pumphlet to America. This same eminent scientist also "staked his reputation as a man of science," before the House of Commons, on his statement that no railway train could ever go faster than ten miles an hour, and the alightest curve would invariably throw it off the track. Babinet, the French calculator, declared that no telegram could ever be transmitted from Europe through the Atlantic to America. There was a man right here in America, only one hundred years ago, who opposed the rebellion of the colonies ecause he knew it would be a failure. There was a man who laughed himself sore at Fulton's absurd ideas about steamboats. There were members of Congress who wanted Morse shut up in an insane as lum because he talked about a telegraph, which was an impossibility. There was a man who said you could never build a bridge across the Mississippi. There was a man who said you could never raise wheat on the great American desert. There was a man who "knew" that nothing but a steam horse could ever trot in less than 2:40. There was a man who "knew" you couldn't make the sun draw your portrait. There was a man who 'knew" you never could find a better light than a whale oil lamp. you could never beat lard oil. There was another man who said Colonel Drake was a gibbering idiot because he said he could pump a better oil than lard oil out of the ground like water, There was another man who said Edison was insane when he talked about an electric light. There was another man who said the phonograph was a clever man who said the telephone was a newspaper lie. There was a man in England who led mobs of agricultural laborers to a man in America who "knew" the invention of the sewing-machine meant starvation for the poor seamstress. And there is a man to-day who "knows" the Indians can never be civilized. There is a man who "knows" we have reached the limit of human progress. There is a man who "knows" the people are rupt, all politicians mercenary, the civil service rotten to the core, and our social life is honey-combed with decay. Now, my dear boy, there's only one way for you to escape that man's whining, and obstinate, mulish opposition to everything. Keep so far ahead of him you can't hear him. And do you keep movers were glad enough to go into camp old chariot never stands still a second. man, my boy, is that you run, and he is dragged. You spring along with moving. He has his feet set in the road, shoulders and his heart under the wheels. Every time you make a leap you throw boy, whatever you do, don't get back breast-collar and that is enough; you'll a good driver on the seat, and a firm you coming down the long vistas of hismuch of their glossiness and disposition | hoels in the air, the brake rod sprung. to curl .- Natal Cor. Philadelphia Press. and the dash-board flying, than down on your haunches, your eyes shut, and your back bowed, the lash on your flanks and your collar up to your ears, your legs set like crowbars and the face, while you hang back in the breeching and only come along because you can't help it. - Burdette, in Burling. ton Hawkeye.

 Arisona covers an area of 72,000,-"I think it is the finest one I ever | 000 acres of land, four-tenths of which saw, and I have been in twenty-seven is mineral-bearing. it is larger than New York, Pennsylvania, New Jersey and Delaware combined Since 1849 there has been extracted from seven States and Territories the sum of \$2,-100,000,000, for which California is credited \$1,148,807,781; Nevada, \$489,-125,948; Idaho, \$71,545,901; Oregon and Washington Territory, \$48,637,251; ing for a husband. Madam, do you Utah. \$35,848,831, and Arizona, \$17,-930,175. Chicago Times.

> -Thomas Garvey, of Saxton, Ulster County, N. Y., set a small child under a tree the other day, and while a few yards away heard a hissing noise. On looking around he saw a large black snake of the racer species, just ready to jump on the child. By a quick movement he jumped upon the snake and killed it. The snake measured fully seven feet.

### Youths' Department.

MAUD'S PROBLEM.

I don't want to think, And I'm tired of play; There's everything crooked And wrong to-day,

And the cut's run off. And Bose is forforn; And my very best dress is wrinkled and torn,

And I'm not a bit hungry, Or I'd eat and est; So what can I do But swing my feet? I wish I was big folks.

And naughty, too: There's no one to whip them Whatever they do. But they must have been whipped When little and bad, If they stole jam and things,

Well, then, who whipped them? I can't, can't see.
Why, their fathers and mothers,
As mine do me.

Well, the fathers and mothers-

And got naugh y and m

Who whipped them? Why, Mrs. Noah did Japhet and Shem. Well, then, who whipped Eve? Why, Adam, I guess, For she stole apples An' cried for a dress.

But Adam wasn't punished, Not a single bit; There wasn't anybody 'round' Who could do it.

Thinking it out; When is my turn coming To keep a stick 'bout? Oh. I know now. The very thing, too! 'Pil grow up—oh, awful fast,

Oh dear! my head aches

As other folks do. Then I'll buy little girls An' lots, an' lots of boys, An' l'il whip'em for each bad, bad thing n' l'il whip em lor noise! An' every speck of noise! — Wide Awake,

#### ABOUT PINS.

What becomes of all the pins? Can any of our young folks inform us? "Used up," are they? and how? We scarcely ever see a pin with the head worn off, so none are wasted in this way. Surely none are broken, nor worn to any perceivable lesser size, nor "shortened up," so as to be thrown away; and so where do these important little objects hide themselves? "Get bent," do they? Yes, come to think of it, some do get considerably "warped" in the using. But, girls, very few pins, according to the whole number used, get thrown aside as worthless on account of becoming "bent." Somehow, mysterious manner. Occasionally, a is just where we will take these fine felpin is "picked up" from the house lows." floor, or perhaps from the door yard, but very few, indeed, are thus gathered up for secondary use. We are not going to attempt to tell just where all the pins go, after filling crossly, as he gathered up his birdtheir too brief mission. But we are certain that each minute, useful article finds a place in which to "rust out" its slim, wiry body. Surely a "paper of pins" ought to last, at least, twice ing longer, they would not get shorter, nor lose their heads, nor become less in The difference between you and that thickness of body, but only a little more bent with age; and so to what place do they go, after all? But methinks one bright-eyed, tiny maiden says: "I can tell you where lots of pins go, and so are lost; some are swept into the dust-pan and put in the fire; some are brushed out of the door into the dirt; and many are lost in the school-room and church that are never picked up, and roguish boys lose many in the dust while 'playing pins,' and hide them in out-of-the-way places. If some are lost while we are riding out and attending pienies; because every few minutes some one says : 'Give me and drag it out. One time Mr. Long a pin, for I've just lost one, and don't wish to take the trouble to find it."" Upon reflection we willingly accept with red berries. this solution of the problem.

But before we close, allow us to figus estimate the population of our coun- Our Little Ones. try at 52,200,000 at the present time; and supposing six persons on an average to a family, would make 8,700,000 families, and three papers to a family on an average, yearly, would make 26,-100,000 papers of pins used annually. Now, 14 rows to a paper would bring 365, 400,000 rows! Again, 20 pins to the row gives us 7,308,000,000 pins "used up" in our country every year. Allowing an inch as the average length of pins, long and short, and they placed dust of the whole team flying in your in a continuous line, would reach 609,-000,000 feet, or 36,909,090.10-11 rods, 115,840.10-11 miles, which would reach more than four and a half times around the earth. Surely pins are very useful little articles, and people could not well do without them. — N. W. Christian Advacate.

## Short Story of Terry and Berry.

"Oh-oh" squeaked Berry. "I've found a bird's-nest."

"Nest," said Terry, "Girls don't know anything. It's no nest at all—tho eggs are laid right in the sand." And such long, thin, dirty-colored

eggs." piped Berry. "Such a bird as laid those eggs don't

would be likely to step on 'em. and without any nest, at all. I'll tell you, under the brown hon, and when they ourselves And Biddy is a magnificent mother?

soap-box nailed upon the weather- Puladophia Press.

boards, and placed them under Biddy, who was setting therein.

For a fortnight two very eager young people daily frequented that wood-

Six bird-cages had been prepared, and six pounds of bird-seed laid in.

One day as they were playing in the yard, the children were startled by a series of most appalling screams and cackles proceeding from the precious shed. On rushing there they discovered that Biddy had forsaken her nest, and with distended eyes and crimson comb. had perched herself on a neighboring pile of wood, and was giving vent to a volume of wild and terrified 'cut-a-cutcuts.

"Oh, I see," exclaimed Terry, "She's hatched the dear little birds, and she's scared of 'em; she's been used to chicks, you know."

"The blessed little birds," cried Berry, scrambling upon the trestle by which she was enabled to just reach the box. Terry rushed to the shelf, and now returned with the six cages. "Now," instructed Berry, "as I

hand em to you, put each dear little bird in a cage, and mind you, fasten the door well.

"Be careful," said Terry, standing with a cage with its door thrown wide. Berry had her had in the nest.

"Don't squeeze n, or "-"Oh-oh my --my! Get away-ohoh!" squealed Berry, jumping down from the trestle and running to the far side of the wood-shed.

"There's something dreadful—something crawly-in Biddy's nest," gasped Berry, with a shudder. Terry, with a loud "Shaw!" mount-

ed the trestle, and inserted his hand in the nest, remarking, contemptuously: "You girls are so-Oh!-good gracious! Keep off-for mercy's sake! What is it?" and Terry was just about one second joining Berry, his face every whit as scared as her own.

And now papa, brought hither by the racket, joined them, looked in the nest, started back, and then commenced to laugh, and laugh, and laugh, till the children thought he would have gone

Finally he took down the box, and what do you think they saw? Four little, ugly, wriggling, snapping turtles!

"The mother turtle," said papa, aftter the excitement had somewhat subsided, "lays her eggs close to the shore of the creek, in some sandy spot, and then returns to the water, leaving the sun and the hot sand to incubate them; and when the little turtles are out, they pins get out of sight-utterly lost in a also scamper down to the water, which

"What is 'incubate?"" queried Berry, an hour later, as with a very red face, she was tying up her bird-seed.

"To hatch, of course," said Terry, cages .- Youth's Companion.

### Mink.

Amos Long lives on the farm next to ours. One day in spring he caught a young crow in the field. He took him home and tamed him. He taught him some funny tricks.

When the crow was full grown the cat had some kittens. Mink, as the bird was called, would take the tail of one of the kitties in his bill and drag her around the room. Neither the kitty nor its mother liked this, and they cried with all their might.

Mink used to steal thimbles, spools of thread, gloves and other things, and he saw a handkerchief sticking out of any one's pocket, he would snap at it felt a tapping at his back, and found that Mink was filling his coat-pocket

When the men are milking Mink will hop along and peck the cows' noses. ure a little as to the probable number | Mink will not let any one take him up, of pins used in the United States in one or pet him; but if any person holds out year, and we wish our young mathema- a stick, no matter how short it is, he ticians to "reckon" after us to see if will perch upon it. On this stick he will we have made any mistake. Now let let himself be carried about the house. -

### Transplanting Teeth.

I performed an operation of transplanting under romantic circumstances on a certain occasion. A young lady, as pretty as a peach, and a fine-looking young fellow came to see me one morning. After no little hesitation, they told me they were betrothed, and that he was in the army and was going away to the plains for at least a year, hunting Indians. "And we are very unhappy at parting," whimpered she. "Yes, we are," almost blubbered he. "We heard of transplanting teeth, and want you to take one out of each one of our mouths and transfer them." For a moment I was transfixed with laughter and astonishment, and I attempted to reason them out of their foolish proposition-both had excellent teeth, by the way-but they insisted, so I extracted one of her largest back teeth and one of his smallest. Hers fitted his jaw all right, and he went off a few days afterward to his post with his lady love's molar. His tooth, however would not stick in: for within a week the young lady came back with her face dreadfully swollen. I reduced the inflammation and eased deserve to be a mother," observed Ter- the pain, but could not replant her lov-"To put them right where one er's fang, and she went away with it wrapped up in paper. Oh! the inconsistency of women! Six months after Berry, we'll take 'em home and set 'em she married a man old enough to be her father. When the young Lieutenant hatch we will have six little birds all to subsequently returned he indignantly told me of the manner in which he had been jilted, and requested me to imme-Thereupon each gathered up three of diately extract the false love's tooth, their treasures, and scampering away which I did, and he threw it into the to the wood-house, clambered up to the cuspadore, -Interview with the said in