

# Nebraska Advertiser.

O. W. FAIRBROTHER & CO., Proprietors.

AUBURN, NEBRASKA.

## THE NIGHT BEFORE THE MOWING.

O, the night before the mowing,  
 When the warm south wind was blowing,  
 It was pleasant and sweet to pass  
 Aisle deep in through flowers and grass—  
 Grass and flowers so proudly blowing  
 On the night before the mowing.

But when next my feet went straying,  
 Men were busy with the hay,  
 I saw the sheep with the swiftly pass  
 Through nodding flowers and blowing grass,  
 The blowing grass and flowers were lying  
 Underneath the hot sun—lying.

But 'twas not long ere sweet content  
 Filled the meadow with wonderful scent;  
 And flowers and grass, as blossoming hay,  
 Had learned the meaning of the May,  
 And why they were so proudly blowing  
 On the night before the mowing.

Maiden, unto woman growing,  
 Maiden, with the loose hair blowing,  
 With eyes blue as the skies above,  
 Faces as fair as the roses of love,  
 Crowned with youth and joy and beauty,  
 Thou shalt learn thy duty.

Oh! when life has faintest showing  
 It is ready for the mowing!  
 Then should trouble, pain or strife  
 Lay the blade to thy young life,  
 Do not fear; on some sweet morn  
 Thou shalt learn the why of sorrow.  
 —Mary A. Barr, in Harper's Weekly.

### OSTRICH-HUNTING.

Exciting Episodes on the African Frontier—How the Greatest of Game is Driven Into the Meshes of the Hunters' Nets.

Captain James Fawcett, and his boon companion, Thomas Harrod, recently returned from an ostrich hunt beyond the Orange, 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 of a mile in two minutes for a long time, but, with every advantage on his side, his own stupidity proves his destruction.

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 Captain in springing to the ground to dispatch his prize.

But he made a slight mistake, for when he placed himself directly in the path of the bird and held his hunting knife ready to give him the finishing touch, the ostrich seemed to brighten up. 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 jackal, and he does it by throwing his foot forward, the same as a man. In the present instance Mr. Harrod fell so quickly that Captain Fawcett 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 and was seen no more, while the hunters were glad enough to go into camp and wait till the morrow.

There are different methods of hunting the ostrich. Every school-boy recalls the picture of the bushman awkwardly disguised as one of the birds, who is thereby enabled to approach close enough to a herd to bring down several with his bow and arrow. In other cases, the hunter lies in wait and uses poisoned arrows. In North Africa, the game is pursued on horseback, the chase being kept up for several days, until the bird is literally run down and incapable of going further or making resistance. Sometimes a herd is forced into the water, where it is an easy matter to knock them in the head. The European horsemen prefer to conceal themselves near pools and springs where the bird is in the habit of coming to drink, so as to shoot him unawares. The value of the ostrich, of course, lies in its plumage. These feathers are very costly, it rarely happening that more than two dozen marketable ones can be obtained from a single bird. March or April is the best season, as the ostriches have recovered their moult and the feathers are elastic and vigorous. It is necessary also that the feathers should be plucked from the body of the bird before it gets cool, or they will be found to have lost much of their glossiness and disposition to curl. —Nathl. Cos. Philadelphia Press.

### She Understood.

A woman with a market basket on her arm and a big bouquet of flowers in her hand, was waiting at the ferry dock when a man of pleasant address approached her and said:

"Madam, that is a very fine nose-gay."

"Yes, sir."

"I think it is the finest one I ever saw, and I have been in twenty-seven 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 looking for a husband.' Madam, do you understand the language of flowers?"

"Yes, sir."

"What is the language of that tulip?"

"The tulip says, sir, that if you don't stump along with your brazen impudence I'll have you walked into the cooler!" was her firm reply. He stumped. —Detroit Free Press.

—The Chinese Sunday-school of the Mount Vernon Church, Boston, has 110 members, and is increasing so rapidly that it is hard to supply teachers. A teacher is required for each pupil. —Boston Post.

### Advice to a Young Man.

Keep up with the procession, my boy. Don't hang back in the breaching. 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 published 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 pamphlet 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 slightest 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 because 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 asylum 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. There was another man who knew you could never beat hard oil. There was another man who said Colonel Drake was a gibbering idiot because he could pump a better oil than hard 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 trick of ventriloquism. There was a man who said the telephone was a newspaper. There was a man in England who led mobs of agricultural laborers to destroy threshing machines. There was 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 helplessly enslaved, and will never rise to assist themselves. There is a man who "knows" that all politics are corrupt, 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 moving and drag him along. Rasp him with the double-trees; he has to come, for the old chariot never stands still a second. The difference between you and that man, my boy, is that you run, and he is dragged. You spring along with your eyes open, your head erect, and you help to keep things moving. He has his feet set in the road, his eyes shut tight, his back up on his shoulders and his heart under the wheels. Every time you make a leap you throw the dust back in his face. Don't, my boy, whatever you do, don't get back beside that man. Don't have any breeching on your harness. Put on a breast-collar and that is enough; you'll run more lightly and feel freer. Let the man in the breeching hang back. All that you have to do is to step out, keep pace with the times, sing as you march, and keep the man in the breeching so covered with dust the world will only know he's there by the dirt around him. It may be, Solomon, you will run a little fast sometimes; it may be that you will kick over the traces in your exuberance of spirit; you may sometimes want to strike a 2:19 gait on a 3:20 road; you may need more curb than whip, but go it, my boy. There is a good driver on the seat, and a firm hand on the lines, and I'd rather see you coming down the long vistas of history with the bit in your teeth, your heels in the air, the brake rod sprung, 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 dust of the whole team flying in your face, while you hang back in the breeching and only come along because you can't help it. —Burdette, in Burlington Hawkeye.

—Arizona covers an area of 72,000,000 acres of land, four tenths of which 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 \$1,148,807,731; Nevada, \$489,125,948; Idaho, \$71,548,901; Oregon and Washington Territory, \$48,637,231; 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.

—The capacity of the ice-houses along the Hudson River is more than 1,000,000 tons.

### Youths' Department.

#### MAUD'S PROBLEM.

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

And the cat's run off,  
 And Boss is tormented;  
 And my very best dress  
 Is wrinkled and torn.

And I'm not a bit hungry,  
 Or I'd eat and eat;  
 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,  
 And got caught and mad.

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

Well, the fathers and mothers—  
 Who whipped them?  
 Why, Mrs. Noah did  
 Japhet and Shem.

Well, then, who whipped Eve?  
 Why, Adam, I guess,  
 For she stole apples  
 An' tried for a dress.

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

Oh dear! my head aches  
 Thinking it out;  
 When is my turn coming  
 To keep a stick 'bout?

Oh, I know now,  
 The very thing, too!  
 I'll grow up—oh, awful fast,  
 As other folks do.

Then I'll buy little girls  
 An' lots, an' lots of boys,  
 An' I'll whip 'em for each bad, bad thing  
 An' every speck of noise!  
 —Wade 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, pins get out of sight—utterly lost in a mysterious manner. Occasionally, a pin is "picked up" from the house 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 their 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 as long in a household as it does. Lasting longer, they would not get shorter, nor lose their heads, nor become less in 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 some are lost while they are riding out and attending picnics; because every few minutes some one says: 'Give me a pin, for I've just lost one, and don't wish to take the trouble to find it.'" Upon reflection we willingly accept this solution of the problem.

But before we close, allow us to figure a little as to the probable number of pins used in the United States in one year, and we wish our young mathematicians to "reckon" after us to see if we have made any mistake. Now let us estimate the population of our country 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 in a continuous line, would reach 609,000,000 feet, or 36,909,000 10-11 rods, or 115,340 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 Advocate.

#### 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—the 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 deserve to be a mother," observed Terry. "To put them right where they would be likely to step on 'em, and without any nest, at all. I'll tell you, Berry, we'll take 'em home and set 'em under the brown hen, and when they hatch we will have six little birds all to ourselves. And Biddy is a magnificent mother!"

Thereupon each gathered up three of their treasures, and scampering away to the wood-house, clambered up to the soap-box nailed upon the weather-

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

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

Six bird-cages had been prepared, and six portions 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-cut-cuts."

"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 hand in the nest.

"Don't squeeze 'em, or"—

"Oh—oh my—my! Get away—oh—oh!" squealed Berry, jumping down from the trestle and running to the far side of the wood-shed.

"There's something dreadful—something dreadful—in Biddy's nest," gasped Berry, with a shudder.

Terry, with a loud "Shaw!" mounted 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 crazy.

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

"The mother turtle," said papa, after 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 also scamper down to the water, which is just where we will take these fine fellows."

"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, crossly, as he gathered up his bird-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 hide them in out-of-the-way places. If he saw a handkerchief sticking out of any one's pocket, he would snap at it and drag it out. One time Mr. Long felt a tapping at his back, and found that Mink was filling his coat-pocket with red berries.

When the men are milking Mink will hop along and peck the cows' noses. Mink will not let any one take him up, or pet him; but if any person holds out a stick, no matter how short it is, he will perch upon it. On this stick he will let himself be carried about the house. —Our Little Ones.

#### 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 teeth, 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 the pain, but could not replant her lover's fang, and she went away with it wrapped up in paper. Oh! the inconsistency of women! Six months after she married a man old enough to be her father. When the young Lieutenant subsequently returned he indignantly told me of the manner in which he had been jilted, and requested me to immediately extract the false lover's tooth, which I did, and he threw it into the cuspidor. —Philadelphia Press.