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THE BOY THAT I KNEW.

Among the people I've chanced to know,
In the course of my varied career,
Was a certain youngster who, years ago,
I held exceedingly dear.
A rollicking, blue-eyed, mischievous lad—
Not painfully good nor shockingly bad,
Though a trifle precocious, I fear.

He was wise in the larger wisdom that come
While the fingers still number one's years;
He was staggered by none of life's hard sums,
Disinayed by none of its fears.
The future that stretched away at his feet
Was full of promise and tempting and sweet,
And free from the gail of tears.

And wonderful things he intended to do—
This boy whom I used to know:
For fame he would win, and fortune, too,
When to man's estate he should grow.
He would help the poor, lift up the oppressed,
And cause his name by the world to be blessed,
As he told me, with cheeks aglow.

And then, in good time he would woo and wed
A maiden bewitching fair,
With eyes like the night and lips ruby red,
And coils of raven black hair;
And she would be always and ever his queen,
The prettiest girl that the world has seen—
His joys and his triumphs to share.

Ah, well for that youngster of other days,
And well for his golden plans;
If he failed to tread in the dreamland of ways,
Call the fault not the boy's, but the man's;
If the world, as he found it, was not the same
As that which he dreamed would bring honor
and fame.

'Twas the world which youth ever scans!
They tell me he still is alive—the boy
Whom I knew in the years long fled—
And I would not their simple faith destroy,
Though, in truth, I know he is dead!
He died when the freshness of faith went out
In disappointment and sorrow and doubt,
And the man was born instead!

Yes, he died forever, the laughing lad,
When the bitter lesson he learned
That the world grows bleak and the soul grows
and
Whatever the hopes that have burned,
He died, and the trustful happy youth,
Who jumped at the stars and guessed at the
truth.

To the doubting cynic was turned!
I know that the world declares to-day
That I am that youngster of old—
That the man is the boy grown bearded and
gray.

But the world has been wrongfully told!
For time has killed the gentle youth—
With the sharp, keen blade of naked Truth—
And left him stark and cold!
—*Yonthe Brown, in N. Y. Clipper.*

A LITTLE MISTAKE I MADE.

I had an awful time the last week of school. You see the boys called me molly-coddle and girl-boy and things that no feller can stand without being riled; and I just gave out that I'd lick any one of them that wanted to try it, and I can tell you I had to pitch in right and left, pretty lively, for of course they took that the same as a stump, and all for standing up for my cousin Letty Mason, and I'd like to know what kind of a boy I'd be not to stand up for my own cousin—visiting at my house, too.

You see Ned Allen was mad because I said Letty was as smart and pretty as any six girls in town put together, and his big brother goes with a young lady that Ned thinks is just perfection, because she treats him as if he was grown up, and asks him questions about history and things, and I'd like to know what business she has to make him think he's the best scholar in school, when he gets the worst reports of most anybody; it's deceitful, I think.

Then, besides, she hasn't any eyebrows to speak of, and her teeth stick away out. Letty has little curly rings of black hair all over her head, and her great black eyes shine like Uncle's boots after a polish; and the pinkiest cheeks with the cunningest little dimples whenever she smiles. But all that wouldn't go for much if she wasn't so smart. She won all my allies, playing marbles, and I tell you she skips stones just bully, if she is a girl.

But I was going to tell you about Ned's brother Phil. He isn't here all the time, because he's a lawyer, and this town isn't half grand enough for Master Phil's talents. I haven't anything against Phil though; he's a nice feller, only he does wear such dreadfully clean shirts, and is forever twirling his mustache.

Well, so it was the last week of school, just after Ned said that Letty couldn't hold a candle to Phil's young lady, and we just had it hot and heavy, and were both of us pretty well bunged up, that Phil came home with a broken arm. A horse had run away with two ladies, and Phil grabbed the bridle and stopped it, but he was thrown down and trampled upon and got pretty well bruised up, beside his arm. But I guess it paid, for he was about as much of a hero as General Grant. The sewing society talked about him a whole afternoon. Ned felt as set up as if he had done some great thing himself, and was always telling what "my brother Phil" said. And Phil went round as grand as you please, with his arm in a sling, and said any man with the courage of a mouse would have done the same, but of course that was all bosh, he knew as well as anybody; and liked it, too.

And all this time Letty was shut up in the house with a sore throat; and she pretended to think it wasn't anything great and couldn't see what all the fuss was about. But the queerest was when Mrs. Allen gave a lawn party in honor of Phil's being at home, and let Ned invite some on his own account—we'd made up by that time; he promised to keep still about Phil's young lady, and I promised not to say anything about Letty! only I told him I should think just the same, and her teeth did stick out anyhow—so he asked me. And Mrs. Allen came over on purpose to ask Letty to come and get acquainted with the young people in the village; and Letty looked as scared as anything and said something about her throat. I guess Mrs. Allen thought it wasn't polite, for she looked surprised, and said kinder stiff:

"I hope Miss Mason's throat difficulty is not serious and will disappear before then; and at any rate I shall expect Joe"—that's me—and she smiled and patted my head. I can't bear to have folks pat me on the head, generally; it makes you feel so small; but Ned's mother ain't that kind a bit. It's an awful thing to have your mother die when you're a baby. So after she was gone aunt says:

"Letitia, what possessed you to be so rude to Mrs. Allen?"

Letty's face was as red as fire, and she burst out crying, and ran out of the room. So then she turned to me and said:

"Josephus"—Aunt don't approve of nicknames—Have you any idea what's the matter with your cousin?"

"Not the least, ma'am, says I, "without her throat's made her delirious."

"Throat!" says Aunt, "stuff and nonsense! She takes after the Pendletons; always were a queer lot. Old Abe Pendleton's more than half crazy."

And off she stalks up stairs, and 'twas lucky she did, for I wasn't going to sit there and hear my own second cousin called a luny. I'm fond of Letty. She'd have made an awful nice boy, and aunt don't think so either, only she was kind of riled just then, and I was glad I didn't get a chance to say anything.

The next morning at breakfast Letty says: "I believe I was rude yesterday, Aunt, and if Joe will carry it for me, I will write Mrs. Allen the nicest note I can and accept her invitation."

Aunt looked real pleased and so that was settled; but all the same Letty was scared and worried about going; I could see that, and when the day of the party came she just stayed up in her room most all the time. We started about half past seven and I tell you Letty looked just stunning. She had a lot of pink rosbuds out of the garden that just matched her cheeks, and her eyes sparkled like anything.

"Joe," she says, "we won't stay very long if you don't mind. If we go to bed early you know we can get up and go fishing before breakfast."

"All right," says I, "any time after the ice cream."

Mrs. Allen seemed awful glad to see Letty, but that was only because she was a stranger, and so she took her round and introduced her to everybody as if she had been the queen. The lawn looked festive with Chinese lanterns strung up between the trees, and croquet sets, and rustic seats. Phil's young lady was there and she called Ned "Mr. Ned" and he just thought she overtopped every one else. She had on a kind of a faded blue thing; Letty says it was baby blue; and anyhow she did look pretty nice, only her teeth. It seems to me I should know enough not to smile so much, if I was that kind.

Well and so I went off with the boys, and by and by we had ice cream and cake, and lemonade in the cutest little tumblers. And I hadn't seen anything of Letty for a long time and I was beginning to think we shouldn't go fishing if we didn't go home pretty quick, when Mr. Phil comes up to me, and he says:

"Joe," says he, "will you escort one of the little girls that live up your way? I'm going home with your cousin."

"Well," thinks I, "that's pretty cool," but everybody was starting towards the gate and I was getting awful sleepy, so I says:

"All right. Fetch along the girl."

Phil laughed, and says: "There's a little Miss Plunkett; go and ask her if you shall have the pleasure of walking home with her."

Well, I just thought I should like to hear myself getting off that rignarole, but anyway I went up to her, and says I:

"All the fellows are going, Liza, and I guess Mrs. Allen wants to clean up and go to bed some time to-night, so we might as well go along."

And she says: "All right, Joe, wait till I get my hat."

I didn't see Letty again that night, and we didn't go fishing the next morning, for I never woke up till awful late, and I wouldn't then if aunt hadn't come and hollered in my ear. But if you'll believe it, the first thing I saw when I looked out was Letty in the garden with a great bunch of roses she'd been picking and Phil Allen with her. But that isn't all. The next thing I knew he just put his arm around Letty Mason's waist, and kissed her, and me looking out of the window, but of course they didn't know that. I let 'em know though pretty quick. I just opened the window and hollered out:

"It's lucky it's nobody but me, Phil Allen, for I shan't tell, but what would your young lady say to that—hey?"

They both jumped, and Letty blushed so I could see her way up there. Phil laughed and says:

"Come down here, you young rascal, and my young lady will tell you what she says."

But the most surprising part of all is this. Phil had been spongy on Letty a long time! He knew her in Boston and wanted her to marry him, and she was going to make up her mind while she was visiting aunt. And who do you suppose were in that carriage but Aunt Letitia and Letty! And she didn't know he lived here at all, and when she heard about the other young lady it made her mad; at least she says it didn't; but I'll bet she thought it was mighty queer. And it turned out that the other young lady was engaged to somebody else, only nobody knew it. And what do you suppose? Phil and Letty are going to be married this fall; and Letty is going to have me instead of a bridesmaid. She says pages are the fashion now; but she would anyway.

Won't it be bully.—*Golden Rule.*

—Prof. George W. Alberton, of Rutgers College, N. J., has accepted the Presidency of the Pennsylvania State College.

An Agreeable Storekeeper.

Old Jim Doolittle used to keep a store in Cottonwood, Neb., but he is now out of the business. He was a very peculiar salesman. If a customer didn't buy everything he looked at Doolittle regarded him as an open enemy. He took very little stock in the motto: "No trouble to show the goods." In consequence of his peculiar method of transacting business Doolittle's trade dwindled until he was able to enjoy all of that solitude for which his nature seemed to yearn.

One day a lady strayed into Doolittle's store and timidly asked the poor boon of looking at some cheap calicoes. Doolittle clung heroically to his nail keg, and kept right on whittling.

"Yer want to look at some prints, do yer?" he snarled.

"If you please," replied the lady.

"Well, now, ef yer air going to buy some, I'll show 'em down; ef yer ain't I don't propose to unlimber the goods and muss up the counter."

The lady fled.

A man from the North Loup stumbled on to Doolittle's store and went in to buy a pair of boots. The stock of men's foot wear was not very extensively sorted up, and every pair the Loup Fork man tried were too small for him. The last pair of split leather kips were mournfully laid aside, and with a sickly smile he said he guessed he had better go somewhere else.

"Then you don't want no boots ter day," snapped Doolittle.

"Yes, I've got to have sum bates, pardner, but it seems these air are all too small enough."

"Yer don't act like a man as wanted any boots," said Doolittle, glaring at him like a wounded hen-hawk.

"They're too small, pardner."

"Don't you call me pardner, you old lantern-jawed snoozer. Yer one of these flincky chaps as can't be suited nowhere, that's what yer air. What do yer have such cussed big feet for, anyway?"

"I guess I'd better be a-going," said the Loup Fork man, pulling on his old pair of moccasins and starting for the door.

"Yer had that yer splay-footed old mud-dobber. Here, hadn't you better come back and try on the case! Mebbe it'll fit one of your hog-fat feet."

Something like a crowd gathered in front of Doolittle's store immediately after this colloquy. There seemed to be a kind of theatrical entertainment going on inside. Anon the Loup Fork man would swing something over his head a few times, and then he would fetch the floor a thwack with it which made all the alabaster crockery and nutmeg-graters rattle off the shelves.

The floor was strewed with canned peaches, cove oysters, boneless codfish and pants buttons. The dust was so thick that the eyes of the audience could't see a thing that was transpiring within.

Some of the exclamatory sentences overheard it was surmised that some one was trying to sell Doolittle a bill of goods on thirty days' time, five per cent. off for cash. But as he shot out into the heart of the crowd, and lay there in a kind of soft, pulpy condition, his face highly ornamented with displayed ads. and cuts, and a half pint of teeth scattered around him, the assembled multitude reverently made way for a tall stranger who issued from the store minus a hat, with a flushed face and a long rent down the back of his coat.—*Denver Republican.*

Parasites of the Fly.

A microscopical discovery, which may prove highly important in a sanitary point of view, has been made by Thomas Taylor, M. D., microscopist of the Department of Agriculture. About a year ago, while dissecting out the proboscis of a common house fly, Dr. Taylor discovered minute snake-like animals moving quickly from the proboscis. Continuing his experiments from time to time since then, he found that house flies are very frequently inhabited by these animals. He has found them generally in the proboscis of the fly, although sometimes they are found in the abdomen, and he thinks that since flies are carriers of these minute snake-like animals, they may in like manner be conveyers of contagious germs, much smaller bodies. These animals measure about eight one-hundredths to one-tenth of an inch in length, and about two one-thousandths of an inch in diameter. They are classed under the Nematoidae, genus Anguillula. They are much larger than trichinae or so-called vinegar eels. Mr. Taylor has found as many as seven of these animals in the proboscis of one fly, and three more in the abdomen, ten in all. Sometimes none are discovered, sometimes one only, but frequently four are seen. Their presence is usually indicated by a rolling movement in the anterior portion of the proboscis. When this is observed, if a drop of water be placed upon it, the animals will readily leave the proboscis and take to the water. They are frequently observed passing in and out of the proboscis, to and from the water, as if the proboscis was their natural home. A power of twenty-five diameters is sufficient to observe their general movements, but for examinations of their structure from 250 to 500 diameters is necessary. They are perceptible to the naked eye in certain light. Mr. Taylor proposes to make the experiment of feeding flies on trichinae meat to test the possibility of trichinae or the eggs of trichinae being taken up by flies.—*Scientific American.*

—The hair-dressers of Paris have a difficult task set them at the next public competition. One of the subjects for practical illustration is: "Stylish method of cutting the hair of a bald-headed man."

Youths' Department.

THE CIRCUS-DAY PARADE.

Oh the circus-day parade! How the bugles played and played!

And how the glossy horses tossed their flossy manes, and neighed,
As the rattle and the rhyme of the tenor-drummer's time
Filled the hungry hearts of all of us with melody sublime!

How the grand band-wagon shone with a splendor all its own,
And glittered with a glory that our dreams had never known!
And how the boys behind, high and low of every kind,
Marched in unconscious capture, with a rapture undefined!

How the horsemen, two and two, with their plumes of white and blue,
And of crimson, gold and purple, nodding by at me and you,
Waved the banners that they bore, as the knights in days of yore,
Till our glad eyes gleamed and glistened like the spangles that they wore!

How the graceful, graceful stride of the elephant was eyed!
And the capers of the little horse that cantered at his side,
How the shambling camels, tame to the plaudits of their fame,
With listless eyes came silent, masticating as they came!

How the cages jostled past, with each wagon lathered fast,
And the mystery within it only hinted at at last,
From the little grated square in the rear, and nosing there,
The most of those strange animal that sniffed the outer air.

And, last of all, the clown, making mirth for all the town,
With his lips curved ever upward, and his eyebrows ever down,
And his chief attention paid to the little mule that played
A tattoo on the dashboard with his heels, in the parade.

Oh the circus-day parade! How the bugles played and played!
And how the glossy horses tossed their flossy manes and neighed,
As the rattle and the rhyme of the tenor-drummer's time
Filled the hungry hearts of all of us with melody sublime!

—*J. W. Wiley, in Wide Awake.*

HARRY MILLER'S STURGEON.

Thirty-four years ago boys who lived on the shores of Lake Champlain were very fond of catching the big sturgeons that abounded in its clear waters. Not more so, perhaps, than boys would be now if fine fish were as plenty and as easily captured; but then other sports were not so common in that day, and fishing had much less competition. Often six or seven would go out together with long seines, and some famous catches they used to make.

One spring day several lads about eighteen years old hauled in a splendid sturgeon, whose good nature and intelligence won him quite a local fame, and whose story ought to have been written long ago.

He was such a fine, handsome fellow, that Harry Miller, a kind-hearted boy who was fond of pets, determined to take him home and try to tame him.

The rest of the party were all willing to give up their share in the prize, so the big captive's fate was settled then and there. Harry took him to his home at Cedar Point, near Port Henry, and put him in a box which he had sunk in the water, and fastened to a landing at the edge of the lake.

The box was about eight feet wide and thirteen feet long, so that a sturgeon could have plenty of room, even if he was over three and a half feet long, and weighed about one hundred and fifteen pounds, as this one did. Harry was careful that there should be plenty of chance for the fresh lake water to flow all through this novel aquarium, so that it was always fresh and pure. He also made a door which could be securely locked, so that he could take his pet out when he wished, and yet be sure that no one would steal him.

The next thing was a name, and common place Tom was chosen, just as it might be for a horse or a dog. It did not take Tom long to learn his name, and as he had all the worms, meat and kitchen scraps he could eat, and was always treated kindly, he soon grew very tame and fat. He was ready whenever any one came to feed him, and when his master playfully patted his sides, he would roll over just as roguishly as a pet puss might.

A Frenchman who lived near Harry Miller's home was wonderfully skillful in training animals, and he persuaded Harry to let him see what he could do with Tom. He found a most docile pup, and succeeded amazingly, to Harry's intense delight. After several weeks he considered his task accomplished, and returned his charge to his young owner.

Tom was now ready to do something practical in return for his master's kindness; in fact, he had become a real "sea-horse," well broken to harness, or rather to rope, for that is all he needed to pull a boat.

A heavy ring was fastened through the thick cartilage just behind the dorsal or back fin, and a stout rope was snapped into this ring when Tom was "hitched up," just as a rein often is into a bit.

The other end of the rope was held or made fast in the boat, so that all one had to do to have a fine ride was to attend to the steering. A long pole did duty for reins, and a slap on the water either side of Tom would turn him in the opposite direction.

If he grew lazy, as he sometimes did, a sharp splash just behind would quicken him up. There was never any trouble about getting home after a ride. Just as soon as Tom had a chance to turn around, he would start straight for his box, and swim with all his might until he was once more snugly housed.

While Tom was being trained, he was allowed only about six feet of rope, but after Harry felt sure that he could trust his pet, he let him go twenty or thirty feet from the boat, and instead of short rides he used to stay out as long as three or four hours.

Just think, boys, of going fishing with a fish to do the sculling! Naturally Tom was kept quite busy towing fishing parties, and he worked all the better when he had plenty to do. A vacation of two or three days would make him behave like a colt the next time he went out.

At first he would rush off at a great rate, drawing two men in a good-sized boat nearly as fast as one could row, but he would soon cool down until he hardly wanted to stir at all.

Work every day was what Tom needed to make him willing and steady, and if he had it he was a model of good behavior.

Of course a great many other boys thought it would be fine to have a trained fish, and many sturgeons were caught and petted, but all in vain. None of them could be induced to work, and Harry Miller's Tom remained without a rival, the pride of his master, and the envy of other boys.

Most of the sturgeons which boys tried to train killed themselves by staying too long under water when they were taken out into the lake, and others pined away and died before any progress could be made.

For three years Tom did his young master good and faithful service, but at last he changed owners, and nothing is known of his history from the time he was sold. Harry was forced to part with his pet because the Millers moved away from the lake, but the twenty-five dollars he received was a poor recompense to him for the loss of such an accomplished fish.

But though he never heard of him again, he has always cherished his memory.

Mr. Harry Miller is now a middle-aged gentleman, living in the town of Warren, Pennsylvania, where he often entertains his young friends with the story of his wonderful sturgeon Tom, every word of which is strictly true.—*Harper's Young People.*

The Lesson of the Briers.

"Charley! Charley!" called Ella to her younger brother; "don't go among those briers; come over here in the garden!"

"Ho! stay in the garden! who wants to stay in the garden?" answered master Charley, with great contempt. "I guess you think I'm a girl to want to play where it's all smooth and everything. Ho!"

"That's not it, Charley, but you know we both have on our good clothes, and we must be ready to run quick when we hear the carriage drive up to the gate with Aunt May and Cousin Harry and Alice."

"I know that as well as you do," said Charley, pushing his way through the hedge as he spoke. "Girls aren't good for anything but to sit and sew. I mean to sit!"

Ella felt like giving some angry answer, but she checked herself, and went on with her sewing as she sat under the big tree, wondering what made Charley break off his sentence so suddenly.

"Ella, Ella!" cried a pitiful voice at last, "come help me! I'm getting all torn. O—oh!"

Sure enough, Charley was getting all torn; some big thorns had caught his new trousers, and the harder he struggled the worse matters became.

"Hold still, dear," said Ella. "I can't help you while you kick so. There! now you're free. Oh! Charley!"

Charley, clapping his hand to his trousers, knew well enough what Ella's "Oh!" meant. It meant a great big tear in his new clothes, two cousins coming to spend the day, and a poor little boy sobbing in the nursery until the nurse would stop scolding and make him fit to go down and see the company. The very thought of all this misery made him cry.

"Oh! they'll be here in a minute! boo-hoo!" he sobbed; "what shall I do?"

"Why, stand still, that's all," said Ella, hastily threading her needle with a long black thread; "stand just so, dear, till I mend it."

"Mend it?" cried master Charles, delighted. "O Ella! Will you?"

"Certainly I will," she answered, very gently, at the same time beginning to draw the edges of the tear together; "you know girls are not good for anything but to sit and sew."

"O Ella! I didn't say that."

"I think you did, Charley."

"Not exactly that, I guess. It was awful mean, if I did. Oh, hurry! I hear the carriage."

"Do be quiet, you little wriggler!" laughed his sister, hastily finishing the work as well as she could, so that Charley in a moment looked quite fine again.

"There! we'll get to the gate before they turn into the lane, after all!" Charley held Ella's hand more tightly than usual as they ran toward the gate together. Ella noticed it, and stopped to kiss him.

"I'm sorry I spoke so," he panted, kissing her again right heartily. "Does it show?"

"Not a bit; you wouldn't know any thing had happened. Hurrah! here they are!"

"Hurrah! Howdy do, everybody!" shouted Charley.—*Joel Stacy, in St. Nicholas.*

—Meteorologists say that cyclones are not mere wind instruments, but that they have done up within them an electric battery which does all the damage, and that the wind is a mere side issue, got up to distract attention from the real culprit.—*Chicago Inter Ocean.*

—The upper jaw of a fish, found about twenty-five feet below the surface of the earth in Williamson County, Tenn., has ninety-five teeth, and sockets where fifteen others have been. It is believed to have belonged to a now extinct species.