

## Nebraska Advertiser.

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### A SONG FOR WOMEN.

Within a dreary, narrow room,  
That looks upon a noisome street,  
Half-fainting with the stifling heat,  
A starving girl works out her doom.  
Yet not the less in God's sweet air  
The little birds sing free of care,  
And hawthorns blossom everywhere.

Swift, ceaseless toil scarce winneth bread;  
From early dawn till twilight falls,  
Shut in by four dull, ugly walls,  
The hours crawl round with murderous tread.  
And all the while, in some still place,  
Where intertwining boughs embrace,  
The blackbirds build; time flies apace.

With envy of the folk who die,  
Who may at last their leisure take,  
Whose longed-for sleep none roughly wake,  
Tired hands the restless needle ply.  
But far and wide in meadows green  
The golden buttercups are seen,  
And reddening sorrel nods between.

Too pure and proud to soil her soul,  
Or stoop to basely gotten gain,  
By days of changeless want and pain  
The seamstress earns a prisoner's dole.  
While in the peaceful fields the sheep  
Feed, quiet, and through heaven's blue  
The silent cloud-wings stately sweep.

And if she be alive or dead,  
That weary woman scarcely knows,  
But back and forth her needle goes,  
In tune with throbbing heart and head.  
Lo! where the leaning alders part,  
White-blossomed swallows, blithe of heart,  
Above still waters skim and dart.

O God in Heaven! shall I, who share  
That dying woman's womanhood,  
Taste all the summer's bounteous good,  
Unburdened by her weight of care?  
The white moon-diskies star the grass,  
The lengthening shadows o'er them pass,  
The meadow pool is smooth as glass.  
—A. Matheson, in *McMillan's Magazine*.

### ORIGIN OF POPULAR PHRASES.

**Bosh.**—The derivation of this word, which is applied to anything nonsensical or trashy, is variously accounted for. It is traced by some to the Dutch bosh, corrupted from Bois-le-Duc, the name of a town in Holland. It is probably a Turkish word, however, meaning empty, vain, worthless, bogus, in short, and was imported into England some twenty-five years ago by British soldiers who had served in the Russian war, and had picked it up from the Turkish soldiery with whom they had been thrown in contact.

**Trodden the Wine-Press.**—This very beautiful and commonly used quotation is from Isaiah, xliii, 3: "I have trodden the wine-press alone." An interesting fact in connection with the line is, that in Italy the same primitive process of treading the wine-press that prevailed in Egypt in patriarchal days is in operation at the present day. The grapes are thrown into an enormous vat, where the juice is tramped out of them by the bare feet of the peasants.

**Hanker.**—Probably a corruption of "hunger." It is always used in connection with the word after, as "we hanker after something." The text in *Matthew*, x, 6: "Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness," shows the affinity, even if it does not establish the identity of the two words, "hunger" and "hanker."

**Run a Muck.**—This is an old phrase for attacking madly and indiscriminately. "Muck" is a Malay word. In the island of Ceylon, cock-fighting is carried on to a great extent. The Sumatrans are addicted to the use of dice, and gaming is strongly characteristic of the Chinese and Siamese. This is notably true also of the Malayan. After having resigned everything to the good fortune of the winner, the Malay gamester is reduced to a horrid state of desperation. He then loosens a certain lock of hair, which indicates war and destruction to all with whom he meets. He intoxicates himself with opium, and working himself up into a fit of frenzy, he bites and kills every one who comes in his way. But as soon as this lock is seen flowing, it is lawful to fire at the person, and to destroy him as soon as possible. This is called "to run a muck," the phrase being first introduced in England by sailors. Dryden writes:

"Frontless, and satire-proof, he scours the streets,  
And runs an Indian muck at all he meets."

And, too, Pope says:

"Satire's my weapon, but I'm too discreet,  
To run a muck and tilt at all I meet."

**The Half is Better than the Whole.**—The author of this proverb was Hesiod, an ancient poet whose learning was not drawn from books. It was given in the nature of an admonition to his brother, to prefer a friendly accommodation to a litigious law-suit, and has fixed a paradoxical saying often applied.

**Evil Communications Corrupt Good Manners.**—This line forms part of the 33d verse of the 15th chapter of 1st Corinthians. It was borrowed by St. Paul, from Menander, the Grecian poet, and is found in a fragment of one of his comic productions for which he was noted.

**Nemesis.**—"Grecian mythology" tells us that Nemesis was "a female divinity who was regarded as the personification of the righteous anger of the gods." She is represented as inflexibly severe to the proud and insolent. According to Hesiod, she was the daughter of Night, though she is sometimes called a daughter of Erebus or of Oceanus. The Greeks believed that the gods were enemies of excessive human happiness, and that there was a power that preserved a proper compensation in human affairs from which it was impossible for the sinner to escape. This power was embodied in Nemesis, and she was in an especial manner the avenger of family crimes and the humbler of the overbearing. There was a celebrated temple sacred to her at Rhamnus, one of the boroughs of Attica, about sixty stadia from Marathon. The inhabitants of that place considered her the daughter of Oceanus. According to a myth preserved by Pausanias, Nemesis was the

mother of Helen by Jupiter, and Leda, the reputed mother of Helen, was only, in fact, her nurse. But this myth seems to have been invented in later time to represent the divine vengeance which was inflicted on the Greeks and Trojans through the instrumentality of Helen.

**Dark as Egypt's Night.**—The origin of this phrase is found in the 10th chapter of Exodus, the 21st, 22d and 23d verses: "And the Lord said unto Moses: Stretch out thine hand toward heaven, that there may be darkness over the land of Egypt, even darkness that may be felt. And Moses stretched forth his hand toward heaven; and there was a thick darkness in all the land of Egypt for three days; they saw not one another, neither rose any one from his place for three days; but all the children of Israel had light in their dwellings."

**Lynch Law.**—This term, as commonly in use in the United States, is a personification of violent and illegal justice. According to some authorities, the term was derived from a Virginia farmer named Lynch. But it can be traced to a much earlier date in Ireland. When, in 1493, James Fitzstephens Lynch was Mayor and Warden of Galway, he traded largely with Spain, and sent his son thither to purchase a cargo of wine. The young man squandered the money intrusted to him, but succeeded in running in debt for a cargo to a Spaniard, by whose nephew he was accompanied in the return voyage to Ireland, where the money was to be paid. Young Lynch, to conceal his defalcation, caused the Spaniard to be thrown overboard, and was received at home with great honor. But a sailor revealed to the Mayor of Galway the crime which his son had committed. The young man was tried before his own father, convicted, and sentenced to be hanged. His family and others determined to prevent the execution. The father, finding that the sentence could not be carried into effect the usual way, conducted his son to a window overlooking the public street, with his own hands fastened the halter attached to his neck to a staple in the wall and acted as his executioner. In the council books of Galway there is said to be a minute that James Lynch, Mayor of Galway, hanged his son, out of the window, for defrauding and killing strangers, without martial or common law, to show a good example to posterity.

**Archimedes' Lever.**—The famous Greek philosopher Archimedes was the author of the apothegm: "Give me a lever long enough and a prop strong enough and I will move the world." The saying arose from his knowledge of the possible effects of machinery; and however much it might astonish a Greek of his day, would now be readily admitted to be as theoretically possible as it is practically impossible; for, in the words of Dr. Arnot: "Archimedes would have required to move with the velocity of a cannon ball for millions of years to alter the position of the earth by a small part of an inch. This feat of Archimedes is, in mathematical truth, performed by every man who leaps from the ground, for he kicks the world away from him whenever he rises; and attracts it again when he falls."

**Steal My Thunder.**—This saying originated with John Dennis, an English dramatist born in 1657, and who died in 1734. The incident connected with its origin is found in *Biographica Britannica*, vol. v., p. 103: "Our author, for the advantage of this play (*Appius and Virginia*), had invented a new species of thunder, which was approved of by the actors, and is the very sort that at present is used in the theater. The tragedy, however, was coldly received notwithstanding such assistance, and was acted but a short time. Some nights after, Mr. Dennis being in the pit, at the representation of *Macbeth*, heard his own thunder made use of, upon which he rose in a violent passion, and exclaimed, with an oath, that it was his thunder. 'See,' said he, 'how the rascals use me! They will not let my play run, and yet they steal my thunder.'"

**A Bird in the Hand Is Worth Two in the Bush.**—This saying originated from the following circumstance: Will Somers, the celebrated jester to Henry VIII., happened to call at Lord Surrey's, whom he had often, by a well-timed jest, saved from the displeasure of his royal master, and who consequently was always glad to see him. Was on this occasion ushered into the aviary, where he found his lord amusing himself with his birds. Somers happened to admire the plumage of a kingfisher.

"By my lady," said Surrey, "my prince of wits, I will give it you."

Will skipped about with delight, and swore by the great Harry he was a most noble gentleman. Away went Will with his kingfisher, telling all his acquaintances whom he met that his friend Surrey had just presented him with it.

Now, it so happened that Lord Northampton, who had seen this bird the day previous, arrived at Lord Surrey's just as Will Somers had left, with the intention of asking if of Surrey for a present to a lady friend. Great was his chagrin on finding the bird gone. Surrey, however, consoled him with saying that he knew Somers would restore it him if he (Surrey) promised him two another day.

Away went a messenger to the prince of wits, whom he found in raptures with his bird, and to whom he delivered his Lord's message. Great was Will's surprise, but he was not to be bamboozled by even the Monarch himself.

"Sirrah," said he, "tell your master that I am obliged for his liberal offer of two for one, but that I prefer one bird in the hand to two in the bush."

Hence originated this oft-repeated saying.—*St. Louis Globe-Democrat*.

### FACTS AND FIGURES.

—A New Yorker has been fined \$300 for giving tobacco to a giraffe.

—We caught, cured and consumed \$90,000,000 worth of fish in 1881.

—It is estimated that 600,000 acres of Northern soil are given up to tobacco, and that the crop will reach \$40,000,000 or \$50,000,000.—*N. Y. Graphic*.

—It is estimated that there are, in round numbers, 1,600,000 employees of the United States railroads, about one-thirty-second of the population of fifty millions.

—A Great Northern Railroad train, with an eight-foot single driver outside cylinder engine, lately ran from Leeds to London, 182½ miles, in exactly three hours—sixty-two miles an hour.

—Upward of 13,000,000 letters and postal-cards are posted daily in the world; 1,000,000 letters are annually distributed in the U. S., 1,246,000,000 in America, 7,000,000 in Asia, 36,000,000 in Austria and 10,000,000 in Africa.

—The value of the hay crop in New England, according to the statistician of the Agricultural Department at Washington, is as follows: Maine, \$16,436,740; Massachusetts, \$15,831,456; Vermont, \$12,212,112; Connecticut, \$12,160,800; New Hampshire, \$7,925,255; Rhode Island, \$1,728,240. Total, \$66,383,604.

—The total number of journals published in France is 3,272, being 1,343 in Paris and 1,929 in the provinces. Of the former it is surprising to find that the most numerous class is financial, 209; then medical, 97; illustrated, 88; fashions, 81; political, 71; law, 64; Catholic, 64; science, 41; literature, 30; and art, 19. The provincial papers are thus classified according to their politics: Republican, 615; Legitimist, 177; Orleanist, 146; religious, 108; Bonapartist, 100.—*N. Y. Sun*.

—The world's production of lead is about 440,000 tons. The estimate for Europe is as follows: Spain, 120,000; Germany, 90,000; England, 67,000; France, 16,000; Italy, 10,000; Greece, 9,000; Belgium, 8,000; Austria, 6,000; Russia, 15,000; making a total of 326,500 metric tons. The product of the United States is estimated at 110,000 tons. This places the United States the second ore-producing country in the world. Spain leads us only in the amount of 10,000 tons, and has been rapidly declining for the past few years. We are now consumers of about one-fourth of the world's lead product, and bid fair by another year to take rank as the first, and capable of furnishing a surplus to the foreign markets.

### WIT AND WISDOM.

—A man gathers wisdom by financial loss. Like a razor, he is sharper for being strapped.

—Here is a suggestion which may do you good: Every man will mend one we shall all be mended.

—If you heed the insults of an enemy you are but his equal, and yet the way to stop his insults is to pound him until he whoops for mercy.—*Detroit Free Press*.

—You do not deal a death-blow to the Darwinian theory by saying: "Man descended from the monkey, but what did the monkey descend from?" The monkey descended from the tree.

—The thing now for city girls rusticated in the country is to whistle miniature hay-racks out of white wood and send them to their admirers in town. This probably signifies: "Come and make hay while the sun shines."—*Chicago Times*.

—Neighbor's pretty daughter: "How much is this a yard?" Draper's son: "desperate 'spoons' on her."—"Only one kiss."—"If it's so cheap I will take three yards, and grandma will pay you." He now sings—

Thou art so near, and yet so far,  
But it's wonderful how cute you are.

—"Somebody has left on our desk a poem addressed to Lillian. We shall not publish it. Not that it isn't pretty good poetry. But we don't know Lillian. This poet makes her out as delicious. If she isn't, we don't want to spread broadcast a wrong impression of her; and if she is, we'll do the poetry-writing about her ourself."—*Boston Post*.

—"Do we love old music?" Berta? Oh, indeed we do. That is the kind we love. There is a piano next door that is now in the ninety-seventh year of its age, and it has the asthma so bad you can't hear it ten feet away from the key-board. And compared with the loud-sounding three-year-old across the way, the antique is an angel's whisper.—*Burlington Hawkeye*.

—A new fashion in ear-rings copies the styles worn by Cleopatra, who bit herself with an asp, and died before the war. When Cleo, dressed to "mash" Antony she wore a pair of ear-rings which cost over half a million dollars. If this is the style now introduced, more than one editor's wife will have to worry along another year without a pair of Cleopatra ear-rings.—*Norristown Herald*.

—The prevailing styles of dog for this season will not be changed in any marked degree. The window-brush dog continues to continue in favor among young women who have been crossed in love and have the dyspepsia. A favorite style of dog has a princess nose, and is trimmed with an ostrich-plume tail tightly curled over the polo-nose. The Prince-Albert cutaway sausage dog is not used in warm weather. City dogs that undertake to depopulate the country fields of the ornate and festive bull will be gored. Shaggy dogs will be worn with the hair bouffant around the neck, plain about the waist and pot-nose, and a pompadour tail.—*Brooklyn Eagle*.

### Youths' Department.

#### THE LITTLE MAID FOR ME.

I know a little maiden,  
Whom I always see arrayed in  
Silks and ribbons, but she is a spoiled and  
petted little elf:  
For she never helps her mother, or her sister,  
or her brother,  
But, forgetting all around her, lives entirely  
for herself:  
So she simpers, and she sighs,  
And she mopes, and she cries,  
And knows not where the happy hours flee.  
Now let me tell you privately, my darling little  
friends,  
She's as miserable as miserable can be,  
And I fear she's not the little maid for me.

But I know another maiden,  
Whom I've often seen arrayed in  
Silks and ribbons, but not always: she's a prudent  
little elf:  
And she always helps her mother, and her sister,  
and her brother,  
And lives for all around her, quite regardless  
of herself:  
So she laughs, and she sings,  
And the hours on happy wings  
Shower gladness round her pathway as they  
flee.  
Now need I tell you privately, my darling little  
friends,  
She's as happy as a little maid can be?  
This is surely the little maid for me.  
—*Harper's Young People*.

#### "THE MINUTE-HAND OF THE CLOCK."

A German Boy's Adventure.

"Kaspar, thou little rogue, how often shall I tell thee not to meddle with that clock?"

"I was only watching the wheels go round, father," said a sturdy little fellow in a soiled leathern jacket, starting up with a mischievous look in his blue eyes.

"And what hast thou to do with the wheels, eh? Suppose this clock is stopped or put wrong some day by one of thy tricks, what shall I, Hans Scheller, custodian of St. Martin's Church, say to the Town Council? Dost thou know what birch porridge is, thou rogue? Beware, or I'll give thee such a taste of it as shall make thee go round faster than the wheels."

Poor Hans was, indeed, kept in constant terror by his inquiring son's uncontrollable habit of going wherever he ought not. The old Church of St. Martin was a famous play-ground for any boy, with its shadowy aisles, and countless pillars, and tall towers, and deep niches, and half-ruined battlements; and the worthy custodian, when he awoke from his after-dinner nap in his little room at the foot of the great clock tower, never knew whether he should find his hopeful boy hiding behind the altar-screen, trying to blow the organ bellows, playing the lute, or sitting astride of a carved pillar, and looking down and sixty feet above the ground.

All this, however, might have been forgiven, for the custodian was really as fond of the little rogue as the boy, with all his wildness, was of him. But the one thing that Hans could not pardon was the danger caused by his son's restless inquisitiveness to his beloved church clock. It was his pride and glory to be able to tell every one that during the whole forty years that he had been in charge of the "St. Martin's Kirche," the clock had never stopped or gone wrong; and nothing would convince him that it was not by far the finest clock in the whole world.

"Don't tell me of the big clock of Strasburg Cathedral," he would say, with an obstinate shake of his gray head. "Could it go forty years on end, think you, without the slightest deviation? No, that it couldn't, nor any other clock on the face of the earth except this one."

Mindful of Kaspar's inquiring turn of mind, his father, having to do some marketing in the town the day after our hero's stolen visit to the clock, locked the door of the tower, and took the key along with him.

"No harm can happen now," he muttered; "and, in any case, I shall be back before he gets out of school."

But, as ill-luck would have it, the teacher was called away by some business that afternoon, and the boys got out of school more than an hour earlier than usual. Kaspar, finding his father gone, went straight to the door of the clock tower, and looked rather blank on discovering that it was locked. But he was not one to be easily stopped when he had once made up his mind. Getting out upon the roof, and crawling along a cornice where only a cat or a school-boy could have found footing, he crept through an air-hole right into the clock-room.

For some time he was as happy as a child in a toy shop, running from one marvel to another, until at length he discovered another hole, and thrusting his head through it, found himself looking down upon the market-place through the face of the clock itself. But when he tried to withdraw his head again, it would not come.

It was such a queer scrape to be in that Kaspar was more inclined to laugh than to be frightened; but suddenly a thought struck him which scared him in earnest: his neck was in the track of the minute-hand, which, when it reached him, must inevitably tear his head off!

Poor Kaspar! it was too late now to wish that he had left the clock alone. He tried to scream for help, but with his neck in that cramped position, the cry that he gave was scarcely louder than the chirp of a sparrow. He struggled desperately to writhe himself back through the hole; but a piece of the wood-work had slipped down upon the back of his neck, and held him like a vise.

On came the destroyer, nearer and nearer still, marking off with its measured tick his few remaining moments of life. And all the while the sun was shining gayly, the tiny flags were fluttering on the booths of the market, and the merry voices of his school-fellows who were playing in the market-place

came faintly to his ears, there helpless, with Death him inch by inch. His eyes, and the measured ticking sounded like the drum, while the clock looked like a man stretched to seize him, faces on the spouts seemed gibber at him in mock the terrible hand crept on nearer, nearer.

"What can that thing face be?" said a tourist behind his spy-glass upward. "What it looks like a boy's head!"

"A boy's head!" cried a g watchmaker beside him (one Scheller's special friends), looking hastily at the glass as he spoke. "Why, good gracious! it's little Kaspar. He'll be killed! he'll be killed!" And he rushed toward the church, shouting like a madman.

The alarm spread like wild-fire, and before Klugmann, the watchmaker, had got half way up the stairs leading to the tower, more than a score of excited men were scampering at his heels. But at the top of the stair they were suddenly brought to a stand-still by the locked door.

"It's locked!" cried Klugmann in tones of horror, "and Hans must have taken the key with him, for it isn't here."

"Never mind the key," roared a brawny smith behind him. "Pick up that beam, comrades, and run it against that lock. All together now!"

Crash went the door, in rushed the crowd, and Kaspar, now senseless from sheer fright, was dragged out of his strange prison just as the huge bar of the minute-hand actually touched his neck. And so it fell out that poor old Scheller, coming home from a quiet afternoon nap, found the door of the tower smashed in, his son lying in a swoon, and his little room crowded with strange men all talking at once.

But from that day forth Kaspar Scheller never meddled with the church clock again.—*David Ker*.

\*The great English Cathedral of St. Paul's is said to have witnessed a somewhat similar adventure.

#### A Magnificent Telescope for Russia.

The Russian Observatory at Poulkovo will shortly be in possession of a gigantic telescope. For a long time this observatory, constructed in 1839 by order of the Czar Nicholas, possessed the most powerful instruments in the world, but of late years the scientific progress which has been made in England, France and the United States has put the Poulkovo Observatory in the shade. The University of Virginia, for instance, has now the enormous McCormick telescope, the objective of which is 26½ inches in diameter and thirty-three feet long, while the Naval Observatory at Washington has one of the same caliber, and Mr. Leek, a wealthy Californian, is about to place a still greater telescope on Mount Hamilton, near St. Jose.

Four years ago the Russian Government accordingly determined to construct a new instrument which both in respect to its mechanism and optic power would surpass any existing telescope. The astronomer Otto Sturwe was commissioned to superintend the work, the execution of which was intrusted to Messrs. Alvin Clark & Co., of Cambridge, Mass. The glasses, consisting of an amalgam of flint and crown glass, have been in hand for nearly a year, and by the month of October they will be ready for use. The total length of the Poulkovo telescope will be forty-five feet, and the diameter of the glass thirty inches, exclusive of the mounting. The telescope will be placed in a meadow to the southwest of the principal building of the Poulkovo Observatory, and it will stand upon a movable iron turret which will itself rest on rails. The telescope will be so powerful that the moon will be brought to an apparent distance of only a hundred miles from the earth.—*London Telegraph*.

#### The Snake's Ability to Charm.

A veritable instance of the peculiar fascination which the snake exerts was witnessed a few days ago, within a short distance of our city. The gentleman who saw this says he was walking leisurely along the road when his attention was directed to the movements of a brown thrush which was flitting about near a small plum bush, and at intervals giving a cry, as of distress. He walked up to the bush supposing he would find a brood of young birds. He looked carefully, but saw nothing, and was walking off, when he noticed that the thrush had returned to the bush from which he had frightened it. He waited a moment to watch its movements, when he saw it fly down on the ground beneath the plum. There it stood still a short while, then began to circle around the bush, still crying in its peculiar tones. This circling was kept up for a while, and then the thrush seemed gradually to weaken and at length stood perfectly still—immovable, with its wings partly open, and with its head bent forward. He drew nearer to the bush, when he heard an ominous hiss, and a large black snake coiled up and about to spring upon the bird. He frightened the snake away and picked up the bird, which made no effort to escape, and seemed powerless. In a few minutes, however, the bird revived, and shortly afterward flew away.—*Petersburg (Va.) Index-Appal*.

—Griffin, Ga., has the largest peach orchard in the South, containing 50,000 trees and covering most of 600 acres. On the same farm are 4,000 grafted apple trees and 5,000 pear trees.—*Chicago Times*.