

Nebraska Advertiser.

G. W. FAIRBROTHER & CO., Proprietors.

AUBURN, NEBRASKA.

GONE.

Gone?—and the world to go on as before?
Gone, with a smile, from the old homestead
door?
Dear, faithful heart, to come back neyermore?
O, sad neyermore!

Gone? and the seasons to come and to go
Wreathing her grave in blossom and snow?
Snow on the bosom that sheltered us so!
Cruel and pitiless snow!

Home is not home; mother's not there!
Dark is her room; empty her chair;
Angels have taken her out from our care—
Lifted her over life's stair.

Even the sunlight misses her face;
Fadless her sayings and doings retrace;
Winds sing a dirge about the old place—
So lonely seems that old place!

Dear, willing hands! they've well done their
share,
Shrivelled and wrinkled—a pitiable pair—
Once they were dimpled and rounded and
fair—
Long years ago, they were fair.

Once thick and glossy the scant locks of snow;
Sparklingly bright the eyes faded glow;
Sprightly the step, that grew slow and more
slow,
Till seaward the tide did flow.

Thorny, oft-times, was the way that she trod;
Yet, with the sandals of faith brightly shod—
Climbed she the steep to the portals of God—
Holding the hands of her God!

Off the dear eyes grew dim from sad tears,
Guiding our unfired feet through the years;
Planning our future with hopes and with
fears—
Drying our quick-falling tears.

No more in anguish the poor heart will bow;
Fadless the crown that encircles her brow;
Clad in the vestments of angelhood now!
Fearless, evermore now.

Mother has got her lost bloom back again;
Found the lost love, long wept for in vain;
Beautiful, glorified, free from all stain,
Never to wander again!

Will she forget the ones she caressed?
Wept over, laughed over, hushed on her breast,
With her glad lullabies, into sweet rest!
Babyhood's innocent rest!

No; the true heart still faithful will be;
Fondly guard those that played at her knee,
Fiy, like a bird, from over death's sea
With her darlings to be!

And when we're done with earth and its care,
Folded our hands, in a last mute prayer,
Mother will reach for us over life's stair—
Over life's wearisome stair.

Sleep, mother, sleep! with your hands on your
breast,
Poor, weary hands! they needed their rest;
Well have we loved you, but God loved you
best.

Dear heart! He's given you rest.
—Mrs. Agnes Haskell, in Alliance.

HOW JOHNNY SAVED THE RAIL-ROAD TRAIN.

[The members of the Whirligig Club are off on a midnight excursion with their bicycles, the boys having stolen away from their homes without the knowledge of their parents. After a ride of about nine miles by the light of a full moon, they have come to a halt near a railroad just where the track crosses over a small creek.]

The Club was at length beginning to feel the effects of the unusually long ride; and, as the party came to the railway, Ben said:

"Let's rest here until the expresses pass."

"Agreed!" said Bob. "What time is it, Joe?"

"After one—ten minutes after. It must be time for the train now," he answered, looking down the track.

The up-express was due at fifteen minutes after one, and the down express at almost the same hour, but they seldom were on time. In a few minutes the trains would surely pass the spot where the boys now were, and they thought the sight worth waiting for, because the trains were through expresses, and always dashed along as if speed was the only thing cared for.

The boys agreed to wait. Two of them stretched themselves on the ground by the side of the wagon-road, and the others sat around on logs, glad to take a breathing spell, as Joe called it.

"I say," said Davie, suddenly, "the railway would be a splendid place for our machines to run on."

"So it would," said Bob. "The places between the ties have been filled and packed, and so many people use it as a foot-path, that it's as smooth and solid as a floor."

Just then the up-express came whistling and roaring along the track, and dashed past them at tremendous speed, raising clouds of dust, twigs, and dry grass. The boys held their breath as the monster swept by them, without slackening speed even to cross the long bridge over the creek and the trestle-work beyond.

And then followed a strange crashing sound, as of earth and rocks rolling down hill; but soon all was still again.

"Where are you going now?" asked Ben, as Johnny and Ned suddenly jumped up, moved by the same impulse.

"To see how the track will do for our 'bikes,'" answered Johnny, as they trundled their machines toward the railway.

Bob had his mouth wide open to suggest that all the Club should follow, when a startled call from Johnny, echoed by one from Ned, caused them to rush down to where the two boys were.

Their faces turned as pale as were Johnny's and Ned's, when, in answer to their "What's the matter?" Ned pointed to a dark heap across the track, close to the bridge. A moment's glance showed them that one of the great rocks from the hill, no doubt shaken loose by the train which had just thundered past, had rolled down upon the track, carrying with it a mass of dirt and gravel. The rock was so large that the boys could not move it, although they at once tried their best.

"It's of no use," said Joe, as they gave up, panting.

"We must do something; it's time the

down-express was here, now," cried Davie.

"We must signal them in some way. If we only had a lantern!" cried Frank, breathlessly.

"There's no time to lose!" cried Bob. "Hay!" and with the word Ben and Ned were off, and, before the others could think what they meant, they were back with their arms full of dry hay, from a little shed they had remembered seeing a short distance up the hill.

"We had better go beyond the fallen rock, and then, when we see the train coming, we'll set fire to the hay," said Joe, as they hurriedly divided the hay into several small bundles.

They had just started up the track, when there came a sound which made them stop. It was a faint whistle, far away around the curve.

The train is coming now and, besides, our light won't be seen from around the bend!" cried Ned, as the boys stood staring blankly at one another, for at last they fully realized the danger.

"Some of us must cross the bridge and signal them from the other side of the river," said Joe.

"The ties are cut from some places, and we should have to jump the gaps. Men were setting blocks under the rails when I came past there this evening; they were then going to leave the gaps, and replace the ties to-morrow," said Johnny.

"There won't be time to climb down and up the banks, and cross on the little foot-bridge, nor to swing across the gaps by holding to the rails," said Bob, his voice shaking as he talked.

"There were boards laid lengthwise across. I'll go over on them," cried Johnny, remembering that he had seen men wheel gravel, from the hill on the other side, along the whole length of the bridge, on a narrow path made of two boards; and he determined to cross by it, mounted on his wheel; there was not time for running.

"Get out all your handkerchiefs, tie 'em together, and put them in this pocket. Give me some matches, Davie—here, in my mouth. Hurry! hurry!" he went on, his fingers trembling as he looped his own handkerchief around a bundle of hay, so as to carry it on his arm and leave both hands free.

"You mustn't go!" "You'll be killed!" "You can't cross on 'em!" they cried, trying to dissuade him while yet they went on doing as he told them.

It was a perilous undertaking; but the need was urgent—not a second was to be lost! As Johnny reached the bridge, he felt like giving up; but the thought of what would happen if he should not go, gave him fresh courage.

"Tell 'em at home that I tried to do the best I could, if—" he shouted, but a choke in his voice would not let him finish. And he was off.

The loose boards rattled and shook as the wheels spun over them, and where the ties were out they seemed to bend beneath the weight. Johnny could hear the sound of the water far below him, but he did not dare to look down. When he was half way over, he could hear the roar of the train as it echoed back from the hills, and he was almost afraid to look toward the turn of the track, for fear he should see the head-light of the engine gleaming around the curve.

If he could only get over in time! Faster and faster spun the wheels, and faster and faster beat Johnny's heart, as he reached the end of the trestle-work, and turned the bend.

The head-light of the coming train shone bright and clear up the track.

"Oh, why do they go so fast?" said Johnny to himself, as he stopped, and leaped from his bicycle to light his signal. He crouched down beside the track and struck a match against the rail; but his hand shook so that the head of the match flew off. The next one burned, and he sheltered the flame between his hands until the hay and handkerchiefs were in a blaze. It seemed a long time to Johnny, but it really was only a moment until he was up and away again, on a run along the track, waving the flaming bundle back and forth.

"They must see it! Yes, they are whistling. They'll surely stop, now!" cried Johnny, half aloud, still waving the fiery signal. The flames blew against his hand, but he was too excited to mind the heat. The glaring eye of the engine grew brighter and brighter. But not until the train was close enough for him to see the anxious face of the engineer looking out from his window, did the brave boy jump from the track.

"They're stopping," was the last thing he thought, for he heard them whistle "down brakes," as he jumped off the track; and he knew nothing more until some men raised him in their arms and asked him if he was hurt. Then he opened his eyes to find his head on some one's shoulder, and a crowd of strange faces around him.

"Here, little chap, what did you stop us for?" asked an important man in blue uniform and brass buttons, coming up to the group around Johnny.

"Rock's tumbled down just across the bridge," answered Johnny, wondering why he felt so tired and weak. "Where is my machine?" he added, trying to look around.

The conductor looked puzzled.

"Reckon this is it," answered the engineer, coming up with the bicycle and standing it against a tree.

"Well, he's a plucky chap, sure's I'm a-livin', an' I can tell you some of us came pretty near gettin' dashed," went on the engineer, who had been taking a view of the situation, and had learned from the other Whirligiggers what a narrow escape the train had had; for the boys had run swiftly across on the foot-bridge, and had now reached the scene, out of breath from their rapid climb up the steep bank.

"If it hadn't been for him, we'd all

'a' been down there," finished the engineer, with an expressive wave of his sooty hand toward the creek, and a nod to the crowd of passengers.

Johnny did not hear the words of explanation and praise which followed, for when the conductor tried to help him to his feet, he fainted away again.

"Let me see—I am a doctor. He has had a rough tumble, and I am afraid he has broken some bones," said a passenger, stepping forth from the crowd.

The doctor was right; for Johnny's ankle was badly sprained, and one arm had been broken by striking against a stump as he fell.

But Johnny knew nothing more of what went on around him, until he opened his eyes again in his own room, in his own bed. The first thing he saw was his mother's face bending over him, and the first thing he heard was old Dr. Clark's voice saying: "He'll do now."

"I know we oughtn't to have gone without asking leave," said Johnny, at the end of a confidential talk with his mother, a few days later, when he was beginning to feel better. "I'll never go again, that way, but I'm glad I was there then."

"I'm not afraid of my boy breaking his promise," said his mother, "but proud as we are of your courage, there are two kinds of bravery, Johnny, and it may be harder for you to keep your promise than it was to cross the bridge."

"I don't know," said Johnny, shaking his head, doubtfully. "I was badly scared, and my heart just thumped all the time I was going over. It's a good thing I practiced so much at the gymnasium, and walking beams and things, or I could not have done it," added Johnny, hoping to reconcile his mother to the ruinous wear and tear his clothes suffered from athletic performances.

It was weeks before Johnny was able to be out again; for the ankle got well slowly, and for a time he had to use a crutch, even after his arm was well enough for him to leave off the sling.

The members of the Club were faithful in their visits, and came every day to see him, as soon as he was able to have company. They brought him all the school news, and did everything they could think of to make the time pass more quickly.

One day, about two weeks after their eventful ride, a box came by express, marked "John R. Ellis." When it was opened, there appeared a great roll of pink cotton, and nestled snugly in this was a solid silver cup, quaintly shaped and daintily engraved; but what gave it its greatest value was the inscription on the plain oval front:

"A testimonial to John R. Ellis, from the passengers who owe their lives to his bravery."—St. Nicholas.

Near the Crater of Vesuvius.

Arriving at the edge of the 1872 crater from the west, one crosses the crater plain and arrives at a low, semi-circular ridge, with an average height of about twenty feet. Ascending this rim-like heap of scoria, one observes occupying its irregular bottom fumaroles and yellow patches of decomposing lava. The complete crater of July is formed of this ridge, together with the southern portion of the former cone of eruption. Within this space rose another cone of eruption, whose center was occupied by the main vent. On this occasion it was possible to approach within a few yards of the great mouth, from which issued the column of vapor and momentary puffs of fluid lava fragments. Thus it will be seen that there are at present three cones and craters, one within the other. This, however, was not the most interesting point. In the lava of the great plain we discovered a large cone or lava tunnel about eight feet high, twenty or thirty feet long and fifteen feet broad, but with a general slope downward. The roof was composed of lava about eight months old, but much decomposed. The whole cave presented one glistening forest of stalactites; some three hundred about were counted; also stalagmites. Most of these were from two to three feet long, and a few twice that length; many, however, with a uniform diameter of less than an inch throughout, and tubular, divided by septa, reminding one of an Orthoceras in structure. The colors most various and beautiful; bird's-egg blue, aqua-marine, salmon, white, yellow and reddish brown, and many variegated in these colors. The effect was, the eyes quitting the rugged and fierce scenes around seemed to rest on some fairy cave. On attempting to approach the entrance the gust of hot air redolent with hydrochloric acid vapor almost prevented one from making an attempt at an entrance. However, these beautiful and interesting prizes determined me to make an endeavor. Nose and mouth muffled, and having placed my friends on each side of the entrance with a strap, I made a dive down some steps. The effort was at first almost suffocation, stinging of the conjunctiva, and a profuse perspiration. To grab a few of these stalactites near at hand and return with them was the work of a minute, then the hearty pull up by my friends, a fit of coughing, and a little fresh air restored me. This was repeated eight times, during which I was able to obtain all the best specimens, some thirty examples, and reach the extremity of the cavity. These prizes were carried carefully to Naples, where they have been placed under glass in a dry atmosphere, since they were highly deliquescent. A qualitative analysis gives the chief component as chlorides of potassium, iron, manganese, sulphates of soda, potash, iron and copper.—Nature.

—A letter addressed "gin o shed, mastusit," mailed in Champlain, N. Y., was forwarded by a sharp-witted clerk to Indian Orchard, Mass., and found its owner.

The Blue Jay.

Before the year 1870, or near that date, a blue jay was rarely seen except in the woods, and his voice was one of the sounds which, from my boyhood, I had associated with solitude. But the jay, though not a game bird, was always regarded as a prize by that ubiquitous individual, "the boy with a gun." He was prized for his rare beauty of plumage and because he was a conspicuous object for the boy's aim. The jays were hunted and persecuted during all seasons of the year; and, being wary and intelligent birds, they soon discovered that they should find security in the suburbs of our cities, among the trees that shade our pleasure grounds, than in the wildwood. They learned that "the boy with a gun" was not wholly ubiquitous; and though numerous in the woods, he was very scarce in the villages and suburbs. The jays saw their opportunity to escape harassment from human beings by coming and living among them.

The jay is now fairly domiciliated in the groves around our churches and school-houses, where, if he chooses, he may learn some lessons which he sadly needs of justice and humanity. His harsh, unmusical note is one of the familiar sounds about our homes, no longer reminding us of deep woods and solitary fells, or like the voice of the woodpecker, of former winter rambles; and I will confess that this change has caused me some regret. Sounds that are associated in our minds with the solitudes of nature derive a peculiar charm from their alliance with those scenes. They become the reminders of pleasant occasions, when we have rambled alone in the woods for study or recreation, or with comrades on some lively excursion. Sounds though unmusical, like the scream of the jay, may, by their association with the charming scenery of rude nature, become music to our ears, as an old stone wall covered with gray lichens has a beauty in our sight surpassing that of the most luxuriant hedgerow.

If the jay should ever die, the death of so distinguished a person would demand a public eulogy. I should prefer, however, not to be selected to pronounce it, if I were to survive him, for he has but few laudable traits of character. A greater rascal is not to be found among tramps or politicians. He is admired for the beauty of his plumage, his lordly demeanor, his courage and sagacity, and his lively manners. Like Balaam's ass, he has been known to speak, and, according to Mark Twain, he is always perfect in his grammar. I am not sure but his extreme audacity has gained him some admiration, as we are prone to admire impudence in a fellow man when he carries it to a point of sublimity.

"All jays," says Dr. Coues, "make their share of noise in the world. They fret and scold about trifles, quarrel over anything, and keep everything in a ferment when they are about." "The jay is a stranger to modesty and forbearance and the many gentle qualities that charm us in some little birds and endear them to us. He is a regular filibuster, ready for any sort of adventure that promises sport or spoil, even if speiced with danger. Sometimes he prowls about alone, but often has a band of chosen spirits with him, who keep each other in countenance and share the plunder on the usual terms in such cases, each one taking all he can get."

The jay is not remarkable for his musical powers. I cannot join in the praise bestowed upon him by Mr. Gentry, who says "the song of the blue jay exhibits a variety, beauty and harmony which are truly creditable." Neither have I had opportunity to witness his powers of mimicry. His displays of them must be rare, amounting to an occasional freak. Of the sounds uttered by the jay only two are commonly heard. One his usual scream, the other a more subdued sound, somewhat like the tinkle of a small bell. As Dr. Coues says of an allied species, "he talks to himself in a queer way, as if thinking aloud and chuckling over some comical notions of his own." This is seldom witnessed, however; it is only by patiently watching the jay in his native woods that we can find a chance to hear any of this "absurd talk," as Dr. Coues humorously terms it. There are other birds who are addicted to a similar habit of soliloquizing, as I have frequently observed of the little chickadee.—Wilson Flagg, in Boston Transcript.

Desperate Suicidal Attempt.

Colonel Holman Watts is an Austin gentleman of a desponding turn of mind, who is always threatening to commit suicide, when things do not suit him, but who has never succeeded in doing so. He became depressed a few days ago, because his hat flew off when he sneezed, and, desiring to put an end to life, he started as usual for the cistern to drown himself with suicidal intent.

"Take off those boots first," said his wife, who is a matter-of-fact kind of a woman.

"What for?" he asked, feebly, pulling open the trap door.

"Because the water will harden the boots, and next time you go down to the lodge in them, when you come home you will complain of your corns hurting you," replied Mrs. Holman Watts, resuming her work on the sewing machine.

Holman shut the trap-door with such violence that neighbors a quarter of a mile off thought it was the blasting of rock over at the foundation at the new Capitol at the head of Austin avenue.—Texas Siftings.

—There has been a rise in the price of copper in England, which is partly due to the belief that the extensive use of electricity will greatly increase the demand for that metal.

How the Irish Assassins Probably Escaped.

I am not greatly surprised at the Dublin murderers not having been discovered. The original fault was unquestionably in the police allowing Lord Frederick and Mr. Burke to walk through the park without any precautions being taken for their safety. This mistake being made, and the idea of driving up to them in a fast car having occurred to the murderers, the rest was easy.

Let us suppose that the murder was planned by six men. Their first object would be to find a car and a car driver. This driver they would have to take into their secret. Two men would be set to watch the victims, and the four would mount the car. The murder being effected, the car would be driven back by a circuitous route into town. The men would get out of it, go severally to their lodgings, and burn any portions of their clothes which might be stained with blood. Then they would either remain in Dublin, and do precisely what they would have done had they not committed the crime, or they would slip out of the country one by one on some of the numerous vessels bound for America. It is evident, therefore, that with ordinary prudence they might render it impossible for the police to obtain any clue either to their identity or to their whereabouts.

Murderers are almost always found out owing to some fault in their planning, or to some accidental circumstance in their preparation. Either a weapon is dropped, or a chance word is heard; or blood is seen by some one on the clothes of one of the perpetrators, or the previous relation of the murderer with his victim becomes a clue. To follow up a thread is easy, but where, as in this case, the murderers have been evidently most cautious, there is no thread to follow up.—London Truth.

Awful Discouraging.

There are some people who eat money. They never sit down to enjoy a meal of victuals in a rational, sensible sort of way, that encourages digestion and promotes the health. Not at all. The Celostists belong to this class of people.

"How much did this steak cost?" says the head of the family.

"Twenty-eight cents a pound. Dear me. It does taste awful strong of money."

"And the butter?"

"Now, I don't see how we can afford to eat butter much longer. It's forty cents a pound for poor quality. What poor folks like us are coming to I don't know. We can't get a new Brussels carpet for our parlor this year and—and—well it's awful discouraging."

"I wonder how much spring lamb is now. 'Twas sixty cents the other day—"

"Goodness gracious! Well, we could live on dandelion greens only our Johnny wants ten cents for picking them."

And so it goes, each meal of the day. Amid the comforts and luxuries of modern civilization these people eat money. In these days of silver dollars and subsidiary coin we should think it would set hard on their stomachs. We hope it does.—New Haven Register.

It Does and It Don't.

On the farm it pays to be honest in all things. It pays to be at peace with all of your neighbors. It pays to indulge in practical thinking. It pays to always have a little of something of the best class to take to market to exchange for farm and house supplies. It pays to improve the quality of all classes of stock. It pays to do all the work on the farm in time and systematically. It pays to have a good credit for selling the best of all the products of the farm. It pays to make home cheerful and the wife and children happy.

It don't pay to be always grumbling and growling about your neighbors. It don't pay to keep poor farm implements. It don't pay to employ ignorant and willful farm hands. It don't pay to spend all the day in town and then scold the boys in the evening for doing no more work. It don't pay to keep poor stock. It don't pay a farmer to run for an office that he is not qualified to fill. It don't pay farmers to go on the bonds of town office holders. It don't pay to be stingy and penurious, nor loose and extravagant.—Iowa State Register.

Prove Your Sweets.

J. M. Chapman, of Chicago, says the following is a sure test of the presence of sulphuric acid in sugar and molasses:

Buy at any drug store five cents' worth of muriate baryta, and dissolve it in say an ounce bottle of water. Dissolve in another bottle of water the sugar sample, and when it is settled and clear pour into it a half teaspoonful of the baryta. If it becomes milky and cloudy, it is safe to say the sugar contains sulphuric acid. If it remains clear it has none. Keep your baryta bottle and try every lot of sirup, molasses and honey in the same way. Sulphuric acid (oil of vitriol), like arsenic, is often good as a medicine, but when taken daily for years as food, in ever so diluted a form, who will have the presumption to say that it is not a most dangerous and destructive poison?

"Hi! Hullo! Stop there," shouted Sozzle, as he ran along the sidewalk wildly gesticulating at a loaded Herdic.

"That Herdic is full, sir," said a bystander. "Wa' of it," said the old gentleman, sustaining himself with great dignity and a lamp-post; "sho'm f'—"

—Boston Commercial-Bulletin.

—Terra-cotta shades are still in the ascendant.