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G. W. FAIRBROTHER & CO., Proprietors.

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## LINES TO A GUINEA HEN.

I hear thy squawk at morning time, sweet bird;  
When rosy-tinted clouds float in the sky,  
Through daisy distances thy song is heard;  
Above the robin's note thy carols rise,  
Not low and bashful; no, but glad and strong  
Squawks to the clouds thy clear, exultant  
song.

I cannot catch thy warbled note, sweet hen;  
Wouldst thy soft numbers might inspire my  
rhyme!  
Could I but make your circle with my pen,  
How down the ringing corridors of time  
I'd send thy vesper hymn, dear speckle-back—  
K'n ka, k'n ka, ka, ka, k'n ka, ka, kwack!

Thy feet are swifter than the sands of time;  
When down the lane I hear thy distant  
squawk  
I see thee, through the fence get up and climb,  
And cross the meadow, one quick, stealthy  
stroke;  
Swift be the bolt to catch thee on the fly,  
And ostriches, that see thee run, go home to  
die.

I see thy paper mache' head, shy Guinea hen,  
Where flame the scarlet poppies in the sun;  
To reach thy nest, far from the haunts of men,  
About four thousand miles thou hast to run,  
Deep in the bending grass, close by the old rail  
fence,  
You lay your eggs in eggstasy intense.

When evening falls, and loud the crickets sing,  
I see you duck beneath the mortise bars,  
And in the orchard's gloom, you bashful thing,  
You lay yourself to roost beneath the stars,  
And still with tireless squawk your vigils  
keep,  
And strive to sing your answering mates to  
sleep.

I glean the lesson of thy life so sweet—  
To toot my horn, though I may sell no  
clam;  
To make my carol loud, my footsteps fleet,  
That men may hear, but not come where I  
am;  
And hide my treasures where no human arm  
can find,  
Can take my unsung songs to make an omelet.  
—Burlington Hawkeye.

## RAGSDALE AND THE LEPROSY.

A correspondent writes from Honolulu: Bill Ragsdale, one of the most famous political characters the Sandwich Islands ever produced, was for many years the Parliament interpreter. Ragsdale at that time wielded more influence than any dozen Nobles or Assemblymen. He was a half-white, very well educated, a close English student, a brilliant, witty talker, immoral, fearless, jolly and sharp. He bullied the native members, and misinterpreted the foreign members, for or against any measure he was at all interested in; and as it was well known that a cash consideration would interest him, he generally killed or carried a measure as he was paid best to do. When the session was at all dull, and some grizzled old native member had made a droning, guttural speech in favor of a new bridge in the Kohula District, and set every one asleep, Ragsdale would rise impressively and interpret thus: "Nobles and Assemblymen: The learned, grave and venerable member from Kawaihae says—" Then Ragsdale would soar away in poetic flights of flowery English; quoting half the English poets; dash off into an impetuous, fiery tirade on the ills of life generally; tell a witty story, half in French; and, having waked and interested the foreign members, would conclude thus: "That paternal old party from Kawaihae, who put you to sleep with his bad native speech, says that if a new plank ain't put in that Kohula bridge, the first thing you know some wahina (woman) will break her blessed leg on it, or her horse's leg, which would be worse; and so if you have finished your naps, gentlemen, you had better proceed to a vote."

If some stupid foreign member made a dull speech in support of a measure Ragsdale favored, he would "interpret" it into native by ignoring it entirely, and making a rattling and telling speech in native on his own account, probably carrying a point where the foreign member would have failed. His worst trick, or best, as you like it, was to burlesque foreign members, who spoke against any measure he was interested in. He would mimic the foreigner's mannerisms, and twist his sober English into funny native, all in the gravest possible manner, and do more harm than good with a speech intended to support the measure under discussion. Of course this did not always go unresented, and he was more than once discharged, but only to be employed, as his services, though erratically performed, were indispensable. Once Bill Ragsdale was arrested by a man named Dowsett, who married Ragsdale's sister. The arrest was on account of the sudden disappearance from Dowsett's ranch of certain heads of live stock, and in connection therewith Ragsdale got one year in prison. He took his confinement pleasantly for a few months, and until election time, when, by simply exerting his own influence, he secured a pardon. His brother-in-law, Dowsett, had been in the Parliament a number of terms, and was again a candidate. Upon securing his liberty Ragsdale went into Dowsett's district and did a little quiet work among the natives, who all swore by him, and who fiercely resented Dowsett's unbrotherly treatment. The result of the election in that district was that Dowsett, who had several times been elected by an immense majority, was defeated, and Bill Ragsdale was elected by the largest majority the district ever gave. Meeting the defeated and chagrined candidate a few days later, Bill said: "That's even, dear brother-in-law. You retired me into prison and I've retired you from politics. Aloha."

Ragsdale always dressed in an ultra dandified style, and when finally he began wearing one light glove, even while performing his duties as interpreter, it was thought to be only one of his eccentricities. He told the sad truth soon afterward. He was a leper. The hor-

rible disease, the scourge of fair Hawaii, had already made its mark on the constantly-gloved hand, into which a knife could be plunged without inflicting the slightest pain. Poor Ragsdale gave himself up to the authorities, and asked to be sent at once to the leper settlement on Molokai. His example in surrendering himself probably induced scores of lepers, hiding from the authorities on all the islands, to do likewise. He went to Molokai and lived the ruler of that ghastly community until about three years ago.

Four years ago a friend of mine visited him there. He was living in a comfortable cottage, attended by all the servants he wanted, rolling the 700 poor wretches around him in a just, honorable manner. Pointing to a room in which no member of the settlement ever entered, Ragsdale said to his visitors: "You will find wine there, gentlemen. It was brought here by friends and no lepers' hands have defiled it. Go in and refresh yourselves. You cannot be waited on, as my servants are all lepers." He inquired after friends in Honolulu, to whom he sent messages and aloha. When my friend left he inquired of Ragsdale if there was anything he could do for him. "Yes, keep me supplied with reading matter. That is all I ask for or wish in this life now—something to read and think about; something to shut out from my mind this life. It is only a short time more with me now."

It was only a short time more, for soon news came that poor Bill Ragsdale, a volunteer exile in a leper settlement, had shut out from his mind forever this life.

I went with Dr. Fitch to the branch settlement for lepers. It is an inclosure of several acres on what is called Fishermen's Point, on Honolulu Bay. Scattered over the grounds are scores of cottages, some connected, others detached, and the offices and buildings used by Dr. Fitch's assistants. Imagine, if you can, a settlement of Anglo-Saxons, or people of any other highly civilized race, all of them afflicted with, and all more or less deformed, by an incurable and horrible disease—knowing it to be incurable, and seeing themselves and each other dropping to pieces from its dreaded effects. I cannot imagine such a picture, because I honestly believe that suicide would make a settlement impossible among any other than a people still barbarians, or else in the childhood of civilization. Such was the settlement I visited. There were men, women and children living in a world apart from ours, having nothing worth living for save mere existence, a succession of days, marked only by slow consumption of the death that had already seized upon their bodies, and had already deprive them of portions, which were already returned to dust.

There were in that strange and unnatural community marriages, births, deaths. I would not attempt to describe in detail the unrelieved ghastliness of the sights there, yet not one of the inmates who helped to make up the absolute dreadfulness of the scene failed to greet us with a smile and cordial aloha.

That only served to emphasize the darkness of the picture. I said not one; yet there was one. On a bed in a little cottage room, whose open door faced the dark, cool canyons back of the city, and whose window looked out upon the lovely bay and let in the lazy murmur of waves breaking over the coral reefs, lay a native woman, dying. Nearly all her right hand had dropped off, but in the remnants of her fingers she held a feather fan, which she faintly waved across her distorted face, to cool the hot, aching eyes that had not been closed for months, the palsied muscles of her eyelids refusing their duty.

As the doctor spoke pleasantly to her, she turned her glaring eyes toward us, but did not speak. "Her mouth is affected, too," the doctor said. We stood aside from her door to admit a cooling breath of air that just then came down from the mountains. The swollen face rested, and the feebly moving hand fell, in gratitude for the mountain breeze, yet, when it died away, the hand did not move again; it was her last moment. The mountain's gentle breath had comforted her, and when it died away her breathing ceased, too.

In one cottage we saw a little girl whose fingers had been drawn up until her hand was half closed. She had experimented with a novel cure by calmly stepping on the bent fingers until she had straightened them out. She exhibited the result with pride: four fingers straight and stiff, and as useful as so many wooden pegs would have been.

Out on what is called the play ground were some boys playing ball, one with a useless hand, another with a palsied leg, another with a foot partly gone, and others with swollen, senseless faces. On the veranda of a cottage sat two old natives, both with useless legs, but neither of whom showed any trace of leprosy in face or hands. As I watched them one of them began chanting a hula hula, accompanying it with appropriate movements of his hands. Possibly, observing the look of astonishment on my face, the old man's companion, with a meaning wink at me, joined in the chant, and soon both the old lepers were chanting and waving their hands in the sensuous measures of the hula hula. It was a dance of death, indeed; Punchinello's mask over a nodding skull, a rollicking revelry in a charnal house; life mocking a gaping tomb.

The medical profession here in Honolulu is in a terrific dispute about what leprosy is (and whether or not it is contagious). This, of course, is an old, old dispute, but it has been revived with great violence by the assertion of Dr. Fitch that it is, if not curable, amenable in a large degree to treatment, and that it is not contagious from

ordinary contact, such as would demand the transportation of lepers into isolation. Dr. Fitch has been here two years, and naturally his youthful but dogmatic contradiction of the theories of the old and experienced practitioners has raised a discussion of a rather warm nature. However, his practice appeals to the sympathies of the natives, and he has a large, if rather ignorant, following.—San Francisco Call.

## Louisiana Moss.

As the best qualities and the largest quantities are found in cypress swamps, and generally on the tallest trees, unless the moss clinging to these be detached and thrown to the ground by wind storms, the usual and easiest method is to fell the trees, when all the moss can with facility and rapidity be removed. When first gathered from the tree, it is of light grayish or lead color, and in that condition not marketable—therefore not shipped. Before this can be done, it is made to undergo a rotting or curing process, by which what is known and termed the bark of the moss fiber is removed. This process requires from thirty to forty days and is effected by depositing the green moss in wet ditches or trenches, where a flow of water over and through the moss is secured. Subsequently, when the bark has been removed and the moss has assumed a black, glossy color, it is exposed to the sun, thoroughly dried, then baled and shipped to New Orleans, where other treatment awaits it.

It must be understood that there are grades and classifications in moss, as in other articles of commerce, and that they are adopted and recognized as standards of type in the market and by the trade. These classifications are four in number, ranging from No. 1 to No. 4, the latter being the highest type. When moss reaches New Orleans, it is sent to the factory, where it is unbaled and picked, so as to separate the various types, which may be in one bale, and after cutting and immersion in baths, where it is thoroughly cleansed, it is exposed to air and sun to be dried. After passing through the picking, washing and drying process, it is then passed through the moss gin, each quality or type separately, and thus baled, when it is ready for shipment. At this stage the classifications are again changed. The former, No. 1 to No. 4, applying to moss as it reaches the city, while after undergoing the several processes at the factory it becomes known as wash No. 1 to No. 3, the No. 4 being technically known as vegetable hair, the highest grade of which sells at the rate of 125 cents per pound.

There are present in New Orleans three of these factories or moss cleaning establishments, each handling and manipulating daily fifty to sixty bales of the article, and a total during the year of thirty to forty thousand bales. They employ together about one hundred laborers, male and female, paying weekly wages ranging from five to ten dollars. There is no reason whatever why the receipts at New Orleans should not be one hundred thousand bales. With that increase there would be no glut, as the demand will keep step with the increase and development of the industries which utilize and absorb it. The swamps and forests of Louisiana can furnish any supply for generations to come. One parish alone, that of Lafourche, is capable of an annual yield of twenty thousand bales if the proper energy and labor be applied.

It is estimated, that an active and able-bodied man, in a chosen locality, can gather daily of green moss what will make when cured and dried one hundred pounds, worth at current prices from three to four dollars, according to type; which, after deductions for bailing, freight, etc., will yield, a return of two and one-half to three dollars for each day's work. With these inducements, and the additional one that little or no capital is needed, there is no reason why during the idle months preceding the cotton-picking season all hands, particularly in parishes which suffered most and longest from the overflow, should not turn out in force and set themselves to moss gathering. The swamps are full of the material, and the overflow has contributed to cure (and that is the best of curing) all the moss which was on the ground. All that is to be done is to gather and dry it. What can thus be collected and sent to market will contribute somewhat to make good the losses sustained from inundation, and will go far toward paying for the cotton bagging and other fall necessities of the farm and plantation.—N. O. Picayune.

## A Hazardous Undertaking.

At the mill of Palmer Brothers, Palmerstown, Conn., the other day, an attempt was made to put belting on a large wheel, fourteen feet in diameter, and in order to get the belt in position several of the employes got on the spokes of the wheel to turn it. It was found impossible to get power enough in this way, and accordingly the engine was started before it was noticed that one of the hands was still on the wheel. His perilous position was quickly perceived and a scene of the greatest excitement ensued. The unfortunate man owed his life to the presence of mud which he displayed. Had he attempted to jump from the wheel his death would have been inevitable, but he clung to one of the spokes with both hands and feet as the revolvers of the great wheel, with its sweep of fifty feet, carried him first to the ceiling and then to the basement of the mill. The great difficulty was in stopping the engine so that the wheel would be in a position which would allow him to extricate himself, but this was accomplished after quite a number of trials.—Hartford Times.

## Youths' Department.

### TIT FOR TAT.

Grasshopper Goggles, down in the clover,  
Drearly cries: "Well! I've traveled all  
over,  
High as the clover tops, down to the ground;  
Rest for my weary legs never I've found.  
Over field and through meadow, up hill and  
down dale,  
There's a fat little foot coming just at my  
tail.  
And the shrill little voice of that fat little Joe  
Exclaims: "Jump, Mr. Grasshopper, don't be  
so slow,  
Jump high and low!  
Hop, Mr. Grasshopper—get up and go!"  
Hop, Mr. Grasshopper—get up and go!"  
"Would Joe find it pleasant, I'd just like to  
know,  
If I suddenly stretched, and, beginning to  
grow,  
Grew bigger, and bigger, and bigger—just so—  
And then, gently extending my little green  
toe,  
I gravely cried out: 'Come, get up, little Joe?  
Jump, little fat boy, and don't be so slow,  
Jump high and low!  
Hop, little fat boy—get up and go!"  
Hop, little fat boy—get up and go!"  
—Eva F. L. Carson, in St. Nicholas.

### INTELLIGENT PONIES.

I wish I could write about ponies from experiences of my own, for I have great respect and admiration for those quaint little horses. But I am left to the next best thing, which is to avail myself of the experiences of some friends of mine when they were children.

The children were English—there were five of them—and each always had one pony, and sometimes more. The special pets were Fly (because he went so fast), Pontedaro, Leanehago, Kitty and Jack. The ponies were indispensable, because there could be no going anywhere in any other way. And before you begin to waste any time in wondering how that could be, I may as well say that the country was South Wales, and that it was a mining region. The place where the family were living was a level spot in the midst of hills full of copper and iron and limestone. There was not a tree or a house in sight; and the nearest village was fifteen miles off, where there was a turnpike on which the mail-coach went. There were no roads; consequently there were no wheeled vehicles of any description. The only way of traveling was on the ponies; and as soon as they were broken, these little children were put on their backs, and presently learned to ride as if they grew there.

The Welch ponies belong to the wild race peculiar to the north of Europe, known as the dun or tan stock. Buffon gives an account of them; and I think that charming artist, Rosa Bonheur, who is so fond of animals, has painted excellent portraits of some of them. They all are close-built, hardy, sure-footed, bright and small; but no others among them so very diminutive as the Shetlands, which are such tiny creatures that we can in any of us believe the story that a gentleman once carried one home in his chaise, covered with the apron, where he kept him quiet down out of sight by giving him bits of bread.

Those of Wales are of fair size, with elegantly shaped heads and beautiful eyes, and manes which sweep the ground. They are not shaggy like the Shetlands, but they have rich colors—all jet black, or bay, or buff, or dappled with gray; and they make beautiful pictures seen in droves on the naked mountains, where they run wild the year round. A colt is never used until he is two years old, and that is why they have such perfect forms. Each one has a mark burned into his hair by the owner, who pays the great land proprietor so much a year for pastureage (ak they call it, for tax), and then all are turned loose to roam about in company. But they are so gentle that they can be caught; and when a Welch peasant woman wishes to go somewhere she will run out and catch one, spring upon his back by just touching her hands, and ride off with only a halter to guide him, her thick serge petticoats making all the saddle she needs. And when she comes back she turns him loose again to take care of himself.

They are wonderfully wise creatures, and can pick up their living where a stable-fed horse would starve. If they cannot find what they like best, they will make the most of what there is; snatch a mouthful of bitter herbs, and suck up a few drops of water left in the hollow of a rock, and be satisfied. Their instincts are sharpened by the necessities of their roving life: they can always contrive to go where they want to, and are keen at all manner of tricks possible for a pony to do.

Some of those which I was told about soon found out that the steward (the children's father) always carried salt in his pockets when he went about over the country to look after the sheep, and they would gather around him and thrust their noses in after it, so that they wore his coats out with their rubbing. And they would come down to the valley where the cottage was, and crawl under the bars like a dog to get into the yard after something good to eat. One piece of mischief they perpetrated was to help themselves to the dinners of the farm laborers. These men came in the morning to their work, and each had his dinner in an oval wooden box, worn smooth by long use, slung over the shoulders by a leathern strap. The food was always the same, for like the peasantry in all countries, they never in their lives could afford variety: bread and cheese, barley bread (which they called *barre cause*), and hard white cheese. Such as it was, however, it was a delectable treat to the ponies, who made a practice of waiting somewhere in the neighborhood until the men had put the boxes away in the sheds and gone off about their work. Then these crafty animals would go to the spot, eat the contents, and—that was the "cutest" feat of all they knew how to do—drop the covers back into places if nothing had happened. When the hungry toilers came down for their coarse and hard-earned noon-day meal, not a crumb remained. They soon

found who had done the mischief; but it was not so easy to find a hiding-place which the four-footed depredaters could not smell or spy out.

It was on the backs of such bright ponies, made if possible more intelligent, and so faithful and affectionate by being much petted, that the party of little folks always used to be going off on errands or for their own pleasure. Such a joyous, healthful kind of life as it was, too, though those jaunts on which they went to deliver messages for their father often took them into dangerous places. But the ponies were to be trusted; and so were the children, who grew to be courageous and self-reliant, and no harm ever came to them. In the summer the only paths over the mountains were the beds of the brooks, from which the water had dried away—crooked channels, gullied and worn by the winter torrents, and turning many a sharp angle where a craggy ledge or a boulder almost shut the way, but the small rider would leave everything to the faithful pony, drop the bridle on his neck, and stick fast, sure that he would pick his way and come out all right.

It was as dangerous a kind of country as could well be imagined. Great perils lurked in the old forsaken lime-pits, which had been left open when there was no further use for them. These were on the edge of some precipice—deep, vast, cemented pits, into which the broken lime-stone rocks had been thrown, then a fire made below, which would burn there with a solid white heat for days together, lighting up the whole country-side.

Of the many ponies who were their companions, right good comrades in the best of fellowship, over so many miles almost every day of their lives, the handsomest was Jack. He was of pure Welch black, except a diamond-shaped spot as white as snow in the middle of his forehead. In genuine pride and self-respect, which kept him always at his best, he was as near human as a pony could be. He carried his head so high that when his ten-year old mistress was on his back their two heads were nearly on a level. He was very fond of her, and would follow her about like a dog, and so far as he knew how, was a useful little servant to her; and when she was riding he seemed to feel it his duty to take charge of the whip, which he held between his teeth as he galloped along.

In the morning she always went out to the stable to see him; and, like the trim English maiden she was—as quaintly sweet, I imagine, as Kate Greenaway's little damsels—she had on a white apron tied with long strings. These had an irresistible fascination to Jack, who immediately began to untie them; but if by any chance he took hold of one of the bows instead of an end, he saw his mistake, and dropped it, seeming to understand that otherwise he should pull it into a knot. After he had made the apron fall off, he would try to twist the buttons from her dress.

The stable opened into the door-yard, and as soon as he was let out he would start for the house to find her, going up the steps into the hall, and past the kitchen door, as if there was nothing there to attract him. If it happened to be meal-time he would stop in the dining-room, and, walking up to the table, lay his head on the shoulder of some one of the family, and drink a cup of tea. His favorite place, however, was in the parlor, where at certain hours little "Missy" was sure to be practicing on the piano. To get there he was obliged to go up several more steps; then he would unlatch the door and let himself in, march straight up to where she was perched at the instrument, and lay his nose against the keys. He would even go and sniff at them, coaxing her to play; and many a time she was to be seen at the piano, with the kitten lying on one end and Jack's head on the other; and until the music ceased it was next to impossible to get him out of the room.—Amanda B. Harris, in Wide Awake.

### What the Ancients Believed.

Arrian, who flourished about the middle of the second century of the Christian era, was of a skeptical frame of mind and had a wholesome distrust of the evidence of eye-witnesses. He ridiculed the old stories about ants that dug up gold, and griffins that guarded the precious metals, and declared that none were to be found in those parts of India that were visited by Alexander and his officers. He describes, however, a learned, or rather a musical elephant which "beat upon a cymbal while several others danced to his music. Two cymbals were hung between his forelegs, and one tied to his proboscis or trunk. He then striking the cymbal which was tied to his trunk against the others between his forelegs alternately, the rest of the elephants moved round him as in a dance, and lifted up or bowed their bodies as fitly and justly as the measure and reason of the sound seemed to require, or as he who played upon the instrument directed." He also speaks, though from hearsay, of an elephant dying of grief because it had killed its keeper in a moment of frenzy. Nearchus, it seems, had protested that he once saw the skin of a tiger, and that the natives averred that the animal, when alive, was as big as a full-grown horse, and further, that it would leap upon an elephant, and strangle it. Thereupon Arrian remarks that those he saw were like speckled wolves, only a little larger, so that he never saw a tiger at all, but only a leopard.—All the Year Round.

—There is a clock in Nantucket that shows the movements of the tides and planets, one wheel of the clock requiring 100 years to complete a single revolution.—Boston Post.