

# Nebraska Advertiser.

G. W. FAIRBROTHER & CO., Proprietors.

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## MIDSUMMER IN NEW ENGLAND.

The proud pomp of the Midsummer is here; With daisy blooms the meadow lands are white, And over them the birds chant their delight, And the blue, listening heavens bend to hear.

Within the lily's painted cup the bee Swings drowsily, and dreams about the rose He loved in June, and low her leaves repose Where none can find them save the winds and he.

The trees are heavy with their wealth of green; And under them the waiting maidens walk And till the idle hours with girlish talk Of such a knight as never girl has seen—

How he is noble, good, and princely tall, And one day he will come, from his far place, And read the blushes in his true love's face, And she will rise and follow at his call!

And then I see a little, painted boat, With white sails set to seek the summer sea, And in that boat two lovers, young and free, With favoring winds, 'neath smiling skies afloat.

And all the proud Midsummer's pomp is come, And all the joy of flower, and bird, and bee, And all the deeper joy when he and she, Their hearts' Midsummer found, with bliss are dumb.

—Louise Chandler Moulton, in *Our Continent*.

## TOBEY'S FORTUNE.

In 1862 Tobey was a small black boy living in Holly Springs, which was then a Southern town unluckily placed in the path of both armies, so that its war record soon became of the most exciting nature. But none had an experience to be mentioned in the same breath with Tobey, who had a fortune in his grasp and never knew it! It is too outrageous for belief, but it is literally true, and this is how it happened:—

It was the twentieth of December—the glorious, glorious twentieth, the people of Holly Springs call it to this day. Tobey, whose other name was Kinkle, was awakened early in the morning by the sound of firing.

"Git up, pappy!" he called excitedly, "don't you hear de shootin'?"

Uncle Jim Kinkle, who was snoring comfortably in one corner of the cabin, under a great pile of dingy quilts and spreads, was slow in coming to the surface.

"What's de matter, Toke?" he growled in sleepy tones.

"Fightin' de matter," shouted Tobey, hopping up and down. "Don't you hear de guns? Come out to de mound, an' wake up mammy, so she kin come, too."

He was off with these last words, and Uncle Jim, now fairly aroused, jumped up and jumped into his clothes in about the length of time it was said to take the wife of "Billy boy" to make a cherry pie.

Then he dashed out, head in front, as a bull charges. He was soon with Tobey on the top of an old mound, from which there was a good view.

"Great gran'daddy!" cried Uncle Jim, as he looked. "Jerusalem crickets! Pharaoh an' all his hosts!"

A vigorous fight was going on; the sharp crack of rifles and occasional yells were borne distinctly to their ears. Suddenly a ringing cheer burst from a thousand throats; a mounted squad tore like a whirlwind across the field, with another in hot pursuit.

"Which is runnin'?" Tobey, cried Uncle Jim. "My eyes is gittin' ole. I can't tell tudder from which."

"Hooray fur de Ragged Rebs!" shrieked his offspring. "De Yanks is gittin' over de ground' like skinned rabbits. Whoopee! ain't dis a sight?"

By this time Aunt Betsy had waddled to the mound.

"Is de worl' comin' in an end?" she asked, pulling between her words like an engine.

"No, mammy," said Tobey, "de worl' ain't comin' in an end; but de Feds is whipped out, sho's you bawn."

"Look at yo' daddy, Toke," said Aunt Betsy; "what in de lan' is he doin'?"

Sure enough, what was he doing? He had stepped behind a magnolia tree growing on top of the mound and had turned his trousers wrong side out. Seeing this a ray of comprehension lighted Aunt Betsy's face.

"Go 'long wid you, nigger! Nobody's gwine ter notice an ole ijit like you," she said, with such a laugh as made her shake like a bowl of calf-foot jelly.

It must be explained that some days back one of the soldiers had given Uncle Jim a pair of blue breeches, and he had worn them proudly. But, like the Vicar of Bray, Mr. Kinkle had no particular principles, and meant to keep on good terms with both sides. To-day the boys in gray had the victory, and should he stand confessed a partisan of the Union, betrayed by his breeches? Perish the thought! He could not change them, however, for in Aunt Betsy's creed no man needed more than one pair at a time, and no sooner had her husband donned the blues than she cut down his old ones and put them on the growing Tobey Uncle Jim, however, was a man for emergencies. A born turncoat, he readily understood how to turn trousers as well, and when he stepped from behind the tree it was with snowy legs and a face beaming with rebel enthusiasm.

"I'm gwine to town," he remarked.

"Don't you go round' whar de fightin' is," said Aunt Betsy. "You'll git killed fust thing you know."

"I reckon de fightin' is about over, ole 'ooman. We have whipped out de intruders on our side befo' sun-up," said Uncle Jim, with dignity.

"Well, you'll want some breakfas' befo' you git off."

"No," smiling mysteriously. "I spec' I kin git better in town dan what you could give me."

"Kin I go wid you, pappy?" asked Toke.

"Yes, chile. I reckon you won't never learn no younger."

Aunt Betsy, as is the lot of women, had to stay at home. She fried some bacon and roasted an ash-cake, and ate her breakfast placidly. Then she beat up her feather bed and milked the cow and tied the calf; after which she waddled again to the mound. Seeing nothing, she leaned her broad back against the magnolia tree, shut her eyes, and placidly went to sleep.

Suddenly she waked with a start. The atmosphere was heavy. In the distance flames were mounting to the sky. Then a terrible explosion that seemed to make the very earth quiver threw her to the ground. Others followed; the glass in her cabin windows broke into bits; a smell of sulphur tainted the air.

Now, Aunt Betsy knew the world was coming to an end! Falling on her knees, she prayed fervently that Tobey and Jim and herself, and 'ole Mars' an' ole Mis' an' de chillen an' Mars' Abram Lincoln an' Jeff Davis an' all good Christians and miserable sinners might be brought inter de fold."

And she was still pouring forth this all-embracing prayer, when night came bringing son and husband home.

Their day had been very eventful. They had found the town in an uproar. A certain wild young cavalry officer, with a name like that of a novel hero—Earle Van Dorn—had galloped into Holly Springs with his reckless brigade, before the soldiers in camp were awake, to their utter confusion and overthrow. Not much blood had been shed, but all the Federals were captured, disarmed and released on parole. Holly Springs—the pretty little town—was out of its wits with joy. Handkerchiefs and tiny flags—starred and barred—waved from every window. Houses were thrown open to chance guests in gray, and as few had time to enter, the gateways were crowded with children. Matrons and maids, laughing, weeping, shaking hands, asking a thousand questions, stopped only to regale their friends with the delicacies most enjoyed by these sons of chivalry—butter-milk and onions.

Toward the middle of the day the foundry buildings and the old school-house were fired. These held army stores that could not be taken away—delicate eatables for the hospital, boxes of medicine, barrels of flour, coffee, sugar, tea, whiskey, brandy and wine; so it was determined to destroy them, rather than leave them for the benefit of the enemy.

The people of Holly Springs had known by this time what it was to suffer actual want, and they could but feel a pang on seeing the fire lick up what would have been life-blood to so many. The black population found it too much to endure, and for once taking the initiative, they set an example, followed by all who had strength for the venture, and so they hurried from all parts of the town with wheelbarrows, bags and baskets, and rushed as it seemed, into the very heart of the flames. They would come back laden with whatever came nearest to hand, and perhaps some angel of the Odd watched over them, for not a life was lost during their perilous work.

Tobey and his father had their share in all the excitement. Uncle Jim skipped around in his white trousers like a patriot on an electric machine, and shouted, "Hooray for Van Dorn!" louder than anybody; and when the robbing or saving of the foundry stores began he was in his element. He went halves with a man in town who owned a go-cart, and together they worked like Trojans.

Tobey soon escaped from his father's eye, spurred on by his own ambition. He knew that fire-arms were stored somewhere in the building, and he determined to fit himself out in a way to strike terror to the heart of every other boy in the village. He ran up the stairs, though the smoke curled about him and little daggers of flame were striking with wavering menace at the steps. Running through a passage he tried to dash into a room where he fancied he should find what he sought, but the door was locked. Daunted for an instant, he looked about him wondering what to do. At this instant the thunderous explosion of the powder shook the building with frightful violence. Tobey fell, stunned, deafened and frightened half to death. When he picked himself up he saw that a window leading into the locked room was shattered into fragments, and with a spirit-worthy of blue blood, he jumped through.

It was the paymaster's room. Some one had evidently left it in a hurry, some one who had tried to save the money just received for pay-day, as the chests were open and their contents partly gone; some one who had remembered to lock the door as he fled.

Tobey was greatly disappointed. What a stupid thing to find nothing but boxes filled with green pictures, and not a sign anywhere of pistol or bayonet. The little boy had never handled any money, never seen any. I might almost say. The crisp, new bills looked pretty, and with a sudden remembrance of his mammy's fondness for pasting pictures on the cabin walls, Tobey thrust a handful into each pocket and stuffed out the bosom of his flannel shirt with as many as it would hold. When positively driven out by the heat, he bounded down the stairs, the last living being to leave the doomed structure, and worth much more than when he entered it.

As night fell, Van Dorn galloped out of Holly Springs as hurriedly as he had entered. The town grew quiet, the people dispersed to their homes. Aunt Betsy, at her prayers, as I have said, was surprised by the return of the wanderers, both in a state of radiant joy. Aunt

Betsy heard their account of the day with many comments of wonder; but when a full coffee sack was thrown down beside her she merely folded her hands and said: "Bress de Lord!" And who wouldn't have said the same thing who for two years had been drinking coffee made of goober peas and sweet potatoes!

They feasted royally that night, and when supper was over Jim climbed the magnolia tree and tied the sack of coffee securely to its branches; the bag of flour he hid under the house, and into every rabbit hole in the mound he packed a can of fruit.

"What is you up to now, Jim?" said Aunt Betsy.

"Never you mind, old 'ooman, tain't no fool head on dis nigger's shoulders."

In fact, Mr. Kinkle's wits seemed preternaturally sharpened; and the event proved his wisdom. The next day Grant's army came pouring into Holly Springs, and men were detailed to search every house in town for stores that might have been saved. It was done thoroughly; those who had gained treasures lost them as speedily, and were warmly thanked by the jolly soldiers of Uncle Sam for their exertions in the cause of the Government.

They called on the Kinkle family. Jim met them at the door, a clay pipe in his mouth, his trousers blue, his sentiments loyal.

"Me got anything, gen'lemen?" he said, in a tone of great surprise. "Why, lor! I was sick in bed with the rheumatiz all day, an' wouldn't a-been able ter hav' acted like dem harem-scared niggers in town of I had a-wanted to. Tobey here, he went in, an' somebody gin him an ole powder flask, an' a can o' pineapple. We done eat de pineapple las' night; but I know Mr. Lincoln wouldn't be grudge dat much ter a good Union nigger like me."

This eloquence was not convincing, and the soldiers made a pretty good search. As they did not think of looking under the house, nor up the trees, nor in the rabbit holes. So Jim saved his prizes, and held his head very high all the rest of his life in consequence.

Tobey said nothing about the pretty green pictures; he kept them for a rainy day as it were, when Aunt Betsy should be cross. His night-dress was exactly the same as his day-dress; so the bills rested safe where he had placed them, and nobody suspected what a walking bonanza he had become.

Van Dorn's raid was on Saturday. On the Monday following Tobey was hanging about the smoking pile that had been the foundry building, when two officers rode up and looked sadly on the ruins.

"There's no use lamenting," said one of them at last; "let us light our cigars and go."

The other felt in his pocket mechanically. "I have no matches," he said; "have you?"

"No, but we can light them from the fire—so much good it can do us, at least! Here, boy! fetch me a coal."

Tobey neared the smoking heap cautiously. It did not seem possible to get a coal, but he could get the gentlemen a light by twisting up one of his green pictures for a spill. He had strong hopes of receiving a dime in return.

He took out one of the bills, twisted a long lighter and stuck it in the fire. It blazed quickly, and he ran with it to the officer, who took it, lighted his cigar, blew it out suddenly, and cried: "What the dickens is this?"

"Look, Foster," as he spread out the remnant, "a greenback bill as I'm a Captain! Here, you little scamp! how did you come by this? Have you any more?"

"Oh! yes, sir!" said Tobey, in all simplicity. Then he told the story of how he came by them, the officers listening like statues of attention. When he had finished they turned and stared at each other, pulling their mustaches very hard. Then the Captain said, mildly: "Come to the camp with me and I'll give you some better pictures. These are all alike. You may just hand them over to me."

Tobey relinquished the bills, not so crisp and fresh as they were, but worth quite as much, while his captors grew almost speechless with astonishment as they saw the value the notes represented. They were careful not to enlighten Tobey, however, as to the value of his treasure trove, and he was sent off completely happy with a silver dollar and a pile of illustrated newspapers. Uncle Sam got his own again, for the officers were honest and loyal gentlemen. As for Tobey—he never knew that for two days he had been rich enough to buy out Holly Springs, or to found an orphan asylum, or to run race horses, or to own a yacht, or to start a daily paper. Aunt Betsy never knew—Jim Kinkle never knew, or I fear, like certain old heroes in Roman history, they would have died of mortification. Tobey to-day thrives in the ignoble state of a barber, supporting his mother, who has grown too fat even to waddle, and his father, who is almost too lazy to breathe. He is industrious, honest, popular and gay—but what might he not have been had his fortune stuck to his fingers until he had found out its value!—*Sherwood Bonner, in Our Continent*.

—An Iowa Quaker knew full well that he would be made the recipient of a vigorous charivari when he embarked on the perilous sea of matrimony, so he arranged a dozen hives of able-bodied bees along the portico, near which he knew the serenaders would come. He married them. The serenade came, as he expected. Leaning out of his bedroom window, he upset the bee-hives and hastily withdrew. "There wasn't one of them bees," remarked the Quaker next day. "that would let up on a man under three mile."—*Chicago Herald*.

## FACTS AND FIGURES.

—In Buenos Ayres it takes ten dollars in paper money to buy one dollar in gold. The paper currency there is depreciated.

—At present there are no less than twenty-one passenger steamships plying between New York and Europe, and, with one or two exceptions, each has a vessel weekly.

—The intense heat of summer in Australia far surpasses that of the United States—even that of Arizona. A recent note in *Nature* records a temperature there of 180 degrees in 1882, 172 in 1880, 153 in 1871, 159 in 1862, and 158 in 1860.

—A year ago a Laramie Plains cattle man was offered a Utah herd and ranch for \$70,000, which offer was rejected. Since that the Utah man sold \$45,000 worth out of the herd, then sold the ranch for \$4,500, afterward put \$9,000 more into the herd, and then sold it for \$140,000.—*Chicago Times*.

—It is expected that the four manufacturing of Montgomery, Vt., will turn out four hundred thousand butter tubs the present season, of all sizes. A larger proportion of ten, twenty and thirty pound tubs are called for than usual. The material for hoops has become exhausted in that region, and is now brought from Michigan.

—The estimate of the revenue of the Dutch East Indies for the current year shows a deficit of \$3,835,000 at least. Last year the deficit was estimated at \$1,000,000, but proved to be \$5,000,000. For the six years ending with 1882, the Minister of Finance put it at \$12,500,000. The Acheen troubles, not over even now, have been no joke for Holland, where living is very dear and taxation heavy.

—The survey of Lake Winnepesaukee, N. H., by the lake company gives the following results: Islands containing over 1,000 acres, one; 500 to 1,000 acres, two; 100 to 500 acres, seven; fifty to 100 acres, six; ten to fifty acres, twenty-five; less than ten acres, 226; total islands having vegetation, 267. The entire distance around the lake and Long Bay is 182 miles; and the water surface is sixty-nine square miles, 531 acres, and 3.03 square rods.

—The value of babies has been fixed. A child less than one year old is worth \$14; between one and two years, \$19; two to three years, \$28; four years, \$31; five years, \$35; six years, \$40; seven years, \$50; eight years, \$60; nine years, \$70; ten years, \$90; eleven years, \$123. These are the valuations made by a baby insurance company of Cincinnati. The parents pay five cents per week for the insurance of their child. The rates for colored children are twice as much owing to their two-fold ability for contracting contagious disease.—*Boston Post*.

## WIT AND WISDOM.

—The sweet girl graduate now divides her time between the picnic and the hammock, while her mother plays a solo on the wash-board.

—An exchange says that "Henry Irving, the actor, has two sons who will beat him on the stage." Henry should have them bound over to keep the peace.—*Texas Siftings*.

—Courage that grows from constitution often forsakes the man when he has occasion for it; courage which arises from a sense of duty acts in a uniform manner.—*Addison*.

—It seems to me we can never give up longing and wishing while we are thoroughly alive. There are certain things we feel to be beautiful and good, and we must hunger after them.—*George Eliot*.

—It costs this Government over \$18,000 per year to fire sunset guns at various military posts, but we wouldn't have 'em stop it for anything. The sun doesn't know enough to sink out of sight without being shot at.—*Detroit Free Press*.

—The following occurred in a San Francisco court: "Have you," asked the Judge of a recently-convicted man, "anything to offer the court before the sentence is passed?" "No, your Honor," replied the prisoner; "my lawyer took my last cent."

—It was a refreshing variation from the general run of speeches at temperance meetings when a man got up in Pittsburgh, the other day, and remarked: "Ladies and gentlemen, to bring my nose to this state of blooming perfection it has cost me at least \$10,000."—*Detroit Post*.

—A lad who had been bathing was in the act of dressing himself, when one of his shoes rolled down the rock and disappeared in the water. In attempting to rescue it he lost the other one also; whereupon, contemplating his feet with the most melancholy expression, he apostrophized: "Well, you're a nice pair of orphans, ain't you?"

—Unsatisfactory arithmetic: Parson—"I wish to complain, Mrs. Diggins, of the conduct of your daughter at the Sunday-school to-day; it was rude to the extreme." Mrs. D.—"Ah, it's what they teach her at that their board school as dun it; yesterday she came home and she says: 'Mother, they are a-taching of me vulgar fractions.' What can you expex after that, sir?"—*London Fun*.

—The *Scientific American* says: "An invention that will be appreciated by travelers who play chess en voyage is that reported from Berlin of an iron chess-board, with magnetized men, that will hold in place, no matter how often the ship or the car rolls over." When a ship rolls over a few times, or when a car gets to the bottom of an embankment, we can imagine how much a traveler will appreciate an iron chess-board with magnetized men.—*Texas Siftings*.

## Egyptian Mudras.

The fact that Europeans still remain in Upper Egypt would indicate that the populations residing beyond the limits of cities and larger towns, with their habitual wariness about going to war, have not as yet taken any direct or at least serious part in the outbreak. The action of the Governor of Minieh, 136 miles up the Nile from Cairo, was a perfectly natural proceeding for that official, when he refused to permit any interference with the administration of the railways. The province of which Minieh is the capital is agriculturally one of the richest in Egypt, and the Governor considers himself an important factor in the governmental machinery along the Nile. When travelers stop there he generally provides an elaborate Turkish dinner, the inevitable chibooks and coffee, and gayly caparisoned asses and donkeys on which to mount to visit the points of interest lying beyond the town. Then follows the *faisiyya*, with the Egyptian dancing girls; the *ghazee*, which holds the party far beyond midnight to the sound of revelry and the rude native music. Few of the large towns along the river have ever had a heartier or more hospitable Mudir than Minieh. The town is simply a mud city of some 15,000 souls, dwelling near the bank of the river in all of the squalor peculiar to the Egyptian habitations. In these settlements, and as such they are further to southward, the entire population—men, women and children—are made to work. The Mudir holds his appointment from the Khedive or through the Minister of the Interior, who manages the entire local administration. The Mudir has supreme charge of the taxation in his province, in fact, is King of the domains over which his jurisdiction extends. He must, however, be careful to see that every interested official between himself and the Khedive receive handsome presents, and neither must they be insignificant in point of value, usually consisting of a handsome bag of British sovereigns with proffers of eternal gratitude. At least annually the Mudir makes a visit to Cairo, and there he is expected to signalize his advent in the capital by substantial testimonials to the Khedive. These generally take the form not only of money, but also of the handsomest Egyptian maidens whom he can find in the province. Nor is their social quality respected. There have been in years gone by terrible reprisals on account of the ruthless desecration of the household. Among the more spirited Bedouin Arabs, when their daughters and sisters have been seized for the harem of the Mudir or the Khedive, the scheme of blood revenge has been developed, and retribution has followed until whole families have been swept away. It thus appears that the Mudir is but a slave of the ruling power in Cairo, making the better Governor when he can excel in pandering to his immediate superior the Minister, and then to the Khedive. Thus it is that when Arabi, now the supreme power at Cairo, calls on the six Mudirs of Upper Egypt for 500 horses and 650 camels they will be forthcoming or the Mudirs will lose their positions.

It is not always safe for a Governor of a province to reside among the people whom he has plundered and oppressed. It also not infrequently happens that the Governors are nothing but common assassins, who are called upon to execute the summary and secret vengeance of some Minister or favorite at court of whom they stand in awe. A case that occurred while the *Herald* correspondent was in the upper country is directly to the point. A Turkish official of high rank—he was a Bey—had long been a favorite of the Khedive at Cairo, for they had been educated together in France. This official was, therefore, a great deal around the palace, and it occurred to the Khedive's mother that she would like to marry off a favorite child of the harem to a gallant officer in receipt of large pay. The Bey was summoned by the Khedive and told that his mother had found him a wife—a wondrous creature. Of course in the East such an intimation to a subordinate is simply a command; yet while the Bey submitted he secretly chafed at what he considered a gross imposition upon a friend, a Turkish aristocrat, and an officer accustomed to European liberties and customs. The marriage took place and was a grand fete, costing many thousand dollars. Of course the Bey had never looked upon her face, until after the nuptial knot was tied, and when he did neither the countenance nor the owner thereof was to his liking. Two years went by and the Khedive's mother perceived that the young wife was slowly pining away. At last persistent inquiry made the girl disclose that from the very hour of the ceremony the Bey had declined to treat her as his wife. The Khedive's mother—a perfect tigress—hastened to his Highness and demanded that the Bey should be put to death instantly. He could not refuse. The Bey was immediately seized, conveyed by a guard 1,800 miles to the Soudan, and upon his arrival the Governor-General was ordered to strangle him; but the Governor-General happened to be the life-long friend of the condemned man and allowed him to live. Six different orders were sent to kill him, but not one of them was obeyed. The *Herald* correspondent was the guest of this gentleman in the Soudan for over two months, and these facts came from his own lips. A better educated man one seldom finds in the world's travel. He finally joined caravans with the *Herald* correspondent on a journey of 1,500 miles to Cairo, and returned to Khartoum to become Governor-General in the very Capital where he had been sent to be put to death. He has since been Minister of Public Instruction in the service of the present Khedive.—*N. F. Herald*.