

# Nebraska Advertiser.

G. W. FAIRBROTHER & CO., Proprietors.

AUBURN, NEBRASKA.

## A RIVER IDYL.

Lucinda, dearest, 'neath the bending tree,  
Stooping to kiss the stream that laves its  
feet,  
I'll draw the boat; and, thinking but of thee,  
Will luncheon eat.  
Mark how the placid tide flows smoothly by;  
Note yonder bank aglow with golden grass;  
'Tis nature's specie bank. What's in that pie?  
Ugh! steak, of course.  
Sip life's sweet cup of joy, love, in this spot;  
For thee no after-taste, no bitter drugs;  
'Tis nectar. But! I've told you I cannot  
Eat hard-boiled eggs.  
The dappled shade of willow and of ash  
Spreads o'er the verdant grass, for thy sweet  
smile,  
And love—the said dressings gone to smash,  
And soaked the cake!  
What? Hang it all! Each day I speak in vain.  
Lucinda, this is shameful—only look!  
No mustard on the sandwiches again!  
Discharge that cook!

## DRAWING THE CROSS-BOW.

The cross-bow was undoubtedly the most deadly of all the missile weapons before the perfecting of fire-arms. The Spaniards brought it to the greatest degree of efficiency, but the French and English also made very fine cross-bows. The stocks of some cross-bows are straight, others are crooked, somewhat after the shape of the stock of a gun. A great many of these weapons had wooden bows which were made of yew-wood, but more had steel lathes. The arrows of the cross-bow were called quarrels, or bolts. They were shorter, thicker and heavier than the arrows of the English long-bow. The place in the cross-bow where the string is fastened when it is pulled back, ready to shoot, is called the nut. From the nut to the fore end of the stock the wood is hollowed out, so that, when a quarrel is placed in position for firing, it does not touch the stock, except at the tip of its notch and the point where it lies on the fore end. The trigger works easily on a pivot, causing the nut to free the string, whereupon the bow discharges the quarrel.

The history of the cross-bow is very interesting. You will find that Richard the Lion-hearted was a great cross-bowman. He used to carry a very strong arbalest (the old name for cross-bow) with him wherever he went. Even on his long expedition to Palestine against the Saracens his favorite weapon was his constant companion.

At the siege of Ascalon, he is said to have aimed his quarrels so skillfully that many an armed warrior on the high walls was pierced through and through.

The steel bolts fired from the strongest cross-bows would crash through any but the very finest armor. There are breast-plates and helmets of steel, preserved among the British antiquities, which have been pierced by quarrels. I have read in old books, written in French and Spanish, all about how these terrible weapons were made and used.

Richard was killed by a quarrel from a French cross-bow.

A plowman in the province of Compiègne unearthed a gold statuette of Minerva, a most valuable thing. This he divided, sending one half to Richard, and keeping the other half himself. But, you know, in those days a King wanted everything. Richard's lion heart could not brook to divide a treasure with one of his vassals. So he peremptorily demanded the other half of the treasure, which being refused, he called together a small army and went to lay siege to the strong castle of Chalus, in Normandy, wherein the treasure was said to be hidden. But it was a dear expedition for the bold King. A famous cross-bowman by the name of Bertram de Jourdan, standing on the tall turret of the castle, saw Richard riding around in the plain below and took steady aim at him. This Bertram de Jourdan had cause to hate the King, for Richard had killed his two brothers with his own hand. So when he pressed the trigger of his powerful cross-bow he sent a hiss of revenge along with the steel-headed quarrel. Richard heard the keen twang of the bow-string and bent low over the bow of his saddle, but the arrow struck him in the shoulder and he died of the wound. So, you see, he would have done better to leave that gold alone. However, his men stormed the castle and brought Bertram de Jourdan before him while he lay dying. Richard was too noble to mistreat a prisoner, so he gave the cross-bowman a magnificent present and ordered him to be set at liberty. But one Marsadee, an infamous brute, who was next in command to Richard, as soon as the King was dead ordered De Jourdan to be flayed alive and hung up for the vultures to eat.

In the year 1100, William II., surnamed Rufus, a famous King of England, and a son of the conqueror, was killed by a cross-bow bolt in the forest at Charningham, accidentally, it is said, by Sir Walter Tyrrel, his bow-bearer. A nephew of King Rufus had been killed in May of the same year by a like mishap. But the deeds done with the cross-bow were not all so bloody and terrible. From a very early date in the history of France companies of cross-bowmen have existed, among which those at Lisle, Roulaix, Lennoy, Comines, Le Guesnoy and Valenciennes may be mentioned as prominent. That at Roulaix was instituted by Pierre de Roulaix in 1491, a year before America was discovered by Columbus. The members of these societies shot at targets and marks of various kinds, and their meetings were often the occasion for great pomp and splendor. Many of these companies have been suppressed by law in comparatively recent times.

In England, I have read, as far back as the reign of William Rufus, laws were passed forbidding the use of the arbalest, excepting by persons having especial royal permit. This was because the cross-bow, particularly the kind with a windlass attachment to draw the string, was so destructive to the King's deer. You will at once see the great advantage the arbalest gave to huntsmen who used it instead of the long-bow; for he could shoot from any tangled thicket where a long-bowman could not use his weapon at all. Then, too, it required years of patient practice before a man could shoot well enough with a long-bow to hit a deer, while any one, with but a day or two's experience, could successfully aim a cross-bow.

Once De Soto and his men were pursuing some flying savages, when one suddenly turned his face toward the Spaniards and halted. He was armed with a long-bow and arrows, and was just across a narrow river from his foes. He made signs that he challenged any one of the Spanish cross-bowmen to fight a duel with him. The challenge was accepted by one Juan de Salinas, a most expert arbalest, who stepped forth and faced the Indian. The comrades of Salinas offered to cover him with their shields, but the brave soldier scorned to take advantage of a naked savage. So he refused the cover, and placing a quarrel on the nut of his drawn bow made ready to shoot. The Indian also was ready by this time, and both discharged their arrows at the same moment. But Salinas was cooler under such stress of danger than the Indian was, and so took truer aim. His quarrel pierced the savage warrior's heart, and he fell dead. The bows of the savages were puny things when matched against the steel arbalests of the trained Spanish soldiers. The Indian's slender reed arrow passed through the nape of Juan de Salinas' neck, but without seriously hurting him. A quilted shirt of doubled silk was sufficient protection against most of the Indian missiles, and a man in steel armor was proof against all.

I have seen a picture of Queen Elizabeth, of England, representing her in the act of shooting at a deer with an arbalest.

But she had a strong man for her bow-bearer, and all she had to do was to take aim and pull the trigger after the bow-bearer had made the arbalest all ready for shooting.

The manner of hunting deer in those days was to stand in a spot whence you could see in all directions through the forest, while a number of expert woodsmen drove the game near to you as you held your arbalest ready to shoot. If you shot at a running deer you had to aim far ahead of it in order to hit it.

Hare or rabbit shooting was great sport for the cross-bowmen. For this purpose lighter arbalests were used. The hunter kept carefully trained dogs, somewhat like our pointers and setters, whose business it was to find the game. Twenty-five yards was about the usual distance for shooting at rabbits. They were rarely shot while running.—*Maurice Thompson, in St. Nicholas.*

## Struck Dumb While Committing Perjury.

A strange story comes from the eastern portion of this county of a woman being struck dumb while giving false testimony. The facts as related are as follows: On last Friday a colored man named James Price was on trial before Esquire Allen, a Justice of the Peace, who has an office on the Macon road, between Germantown and Bartlett, Tenn. Price had been beating a number of men in the neighborhood, and Isabella Jackson, a colored woman, was placed on the witness stand to tell what she knew of the matter. She began her evidence, and was soon after asked by the Justice: "Do you not know that you are lying?" She answered, "Yes, Sir." These were the last words Isabella Jackson ever spoke. She had appeared quite independent, and to some extent impudent, when first put upon the stand, and after her last remark a number of questions were asked, but the woman made no reply. Believing that she was shamming, the Justice directed Constable W. H. Allen to escort the witness from the court-room, but when ordered to follow that officer she did not move. Two men of her own color were then told to carry her out of the room. While in the act of carrying her out it was observed that she was in a helpless condition. She had been paralyzed in every part, her limbs were motionless, her tongue had no power, and it soon became apparent to all present that the hand of the Almighty had been laid heavily upon her. For two hours or thereabouts the woman remained in this passive state, after which she was placed in a wagon and conveyed to her home. She never moved or spoke afterward, but on Saturday evening she expired, no antidote applied during the interval having availed in affording the slightest relief. The incident is verified by Squire Allen, before whom the woman appeared, and also by a number of persons present at the time of its occurrence.—*Memphis Cor. Louisville Courier-Journal.*

—Though little is known in this country of the Greek Church, it is one of the most important in Europe. Its adherents number about 70,000,000; 44,000,000 of whom are in the Russian Empire; 11,000,000 in Turkey, and 4,000,000 in Austria and Greece. It was nominally in defense of their fellow-members of the Greek Church in European Turkey that the Russians brought about the Crimean war and the war of 1877 with Turkey.

—There are in the United States and Canada 779 Young Men's Christian associations, numbering 82,375 members.

## Caricaturists.

"Are caricaturists engaged on the illustrated journals on a regular salary?" "Some of the best known are engaged regularly, but a number refuse to make any binding contracts, preferring to work on the outside and sell their ideas and sketches, but there are objections to doing this, inasmuch as unprincipled foremen can and often do steal an idea that has been offered for sale and refused. Of course they will not have a fac-simile of the picture offered, but the ruling idea will prevail, and in caricature, ideas are what makes them popular. On this account the best known men work regularly for one firm, and it is the best way, as they have a sure income, and can profit by the ideas of the attaches of the journal. It is not to be supposed that men like Tom Nast originate all their own pictures, for "Pro Bono Publico" and "Constable Reader" write as much to Harper's and Leslie's as they do to the great dailies, and often suggest an idea that, touched up by an artist's pencil, becomes a famous caricature, and then the editors and reporters often furnish a good subject.

"Of course Nast gets all the credit, and has thus become the acknowledged caricaturist of this country. Of course I do not wish to detract from his merit; his work proves his ability."

"What is there about Nast that would interest the public?"

"Oh, the public knows all about him; he has lectured and has been here so long, he is saving of his money, and is, therefore, very rich, for his salary has been for years \$250 a week, and he has done outside work beside. He is the highest-paid artist in the profession. He has the knack of caricaturing public men and politics, and is without an equal in that line."

"What about Matt Morgan?"

"Matt Morgan is an elegant artist, with a vast fund of ideas on all conceivable subjects. He is a better general worker than Nast, but Tommie had been here so long that he knew just what the people in this country would appreciate, while Morgan had to experiment with them; he was first brought here by Frank Leslie from England to fight Nast, and he made a gallant struggle and has a reputation co-extensive with the country. He has abandoned caricaturing for the time being, and is settled in Cincinnati, with a great show-printing house, on a salary of \$200 a week the year round. He apparently intends to stay there, as he is building a \$40,000 house on the hills. He is very much devoted to his family, and always has kept them in elegant style. He is very fond of his six children."

"Does Joe Keppler rank next?"

"Well, I do not know that I wish to state the rank in which these artists stand. In the popular estimation Keppler would come next. He is very well known here, as he was a resident for a long time, in fact, published two or three papers, and was married to a St. Louis lady. It is a peculiarity that he made no money to speak of in this city. He left here under engagement to Frank Leslie at a salary of \$100 a week, and after while started Puck; his partner, Schwartzmann, put up all the money. It was printed in German—a good idea, as it is the only comic paper of ability in that language. It was successful from the start, and the demand for it necessitated an English edition. It is making money fast, and Keppler will soon be rich. He deserves it, as he has worked hard and has great ability."

"Who else is there famous in this line?"

"Oh, there are a great number; it would be hard to talk about them all. The leading artists of the great papers are, of course, the best known, but there are a number of men of ability who are liable at any time to become as well known as those about whom we have been talking. It is just as in any other profession, some men are always being talked about, and others of equal ability are not even mentioned. Some are naturally retiring, and their work is distributed in so many journals that they have not attained that prominence in the public mind that attaches itself to the regular artists.—*Interview in St. Louis Post-Dispatch.*

## Making Stained Window-Glass.

In making stained glass-windows, the coloring matter—red, green, flesh color, or whatever it may be—is first stirred with the glass in its molten state. When it is rolled into sheets and cools it comes out the brilliant hue desired. Next, imagine an old-fashioned patch-work quilt, where the little blocks or leaves are cut out by means of paper patterns and sewed together to make the complete figure. There you have the idea of the stained-glass windows. Artists who are adepts make a large design of the painting wanted. Different small parts of it are transferred from this, and pasteboard patterns made from these, like the patch-work quilt. The glass is cut into the shape desired with a diamond. Then the pieces are joined together into the perfect whole. The edges are united by means of solder and lead, where the patch-work bits would be sewed with a needle. Thus, making a stained-glass window is about as much mechanical as artistic. Rare and fine work, such as the human face and parts of the human figure, are painted upon the glass, requiring the touch of an artist.—*Chicago Times.*

—A scheme is on foot to shorten the time of passage between this country and Europe by the establishment of continuous railroad transportation to the coast of Newfoundland. From this point steamships will sail direct to the western coast of Ireland, a distance of 1,600 miles. By the plan it is expected to gain three or four days.—*N. Y. Herald.*

## Youths' Department.

### THE LAND OF NODDY.

Put away the haub and the bib,  
Smooth out the pillows in the crib,  
Sortly on the down  
Lay the baby's crown;  
Warm around its feet  
Tuck the little sheet—  
Snug as a pea in a pod!  
With a yawn and a gasp,  
And a dreamy little nap,  
We will go, we will go,  
To the Landy-andy-pandy  
Of Noddy-oddy-poddy,  
To the Landy-andy-pandy  
Of Noddy-pod.

There in the shadow-maker's tent,  
After the twilight's soft descent,  
We'll lie down to dreams  
Of milk in flowing streams;  
And the shadow-maker's baby  
Will lie down with us, may be,  
On the soft, mossy pillow of the sod,  
In a drowse and a doze,  
All asleep from head to toes,  
We will lie, we will lie,  
In the Landy-andy-pandy  
Of Noddy-oddy-poddy,  
In the Landy-andy-pandy  
Of Noddy-pod.

Then when the morning breaks,  
Then when the lack awakes,  
We will leave the drowsy dreams,  
And the twinkling starry gleams;  
We will leave the little tent,  
And the swanders in it pent,  
To return to our native sod,  
With a hop and a skip,  
And a jump and a tip,  
We will come, we will come,  
From the Landy-andy-pandy  
Of Noddy-oddy-poddy,  
From the Landy-andy-pandy  
Of Noddy-pod.  
—*Illustrated by Johnson, in St. Nicholas.*

### NELLY'S TEMPTATION.

"I think I shall go by the Mill road to school this morning," said Nelly May to her little brother Fred, as the two started out from home, one fine October morning, to walk the mile that stretched out through pleasant fields between their father's house and the school-room.

"Oh! please don't," said Fred, pleadingly. "That is an ugly, rough road. But the hickory-nuts grow there," said Nelly. "There may be some fallen by the bridge. I shouldn't wonder a bit if there were."

"I know there aren't," answered Fred. "John and I came by there yesterday, and there wasn't one." "Oh! that was yesterday," said Nelly. "There may be lots to-day." "And it's ever so much farther, and we'll be late at school," persisted Fred, holding back.

"There is no danger of being late," answered Nelly; "and it isn't much farther. You're lazy; that's all. But I'm going that way, and you may as well come along."

"I don't want to," urged little Fred, beginning to cry. "I'm tired, and it is a long way. Mother said we were to go straight to school, and not loiter." "Who is going to loiter, I'd like to know," snapped Nelly. "You need a shaking, Fred May. You're just the laziest boy I know. 'Tired! tired!' That's all you can say," continued the little girl, quite crossly, and getting angrier every moment. "I guess I walk as many steps as you do and carry this great heavy lunch-pail and all my books into the bargain, while you have only that teeny-toonty baby Reader and Arithmetic. I'm not tired, and neither are you; so just march along. I'm going the Mill way, whether you like it or not. So!"

Freddy, who was a weakly little fellow, only seven years old, and not used to walking, began to cry, as he followed behind his sturdy ten-year-old sister, who trudged briskly over the uneven Mill road, instead of following the smooth pike, which was not only the shortest way to school, but also much the pleasanter walk.

For a few minutes Nelly walked very fast and with firm steps, holding her head high, and looking straight before her. Presently Freddy's little whimpering cry attracted her attention. She looked around. The little boy was almost running, as he tried in vain to keep up with her.

"What are you crying for, baby?" she asked, as she waited for Freddy to come up. "You're a great boy, I must say."

"I don't want to go this long, rough way," Freddy said, as he tried to choke back his sobs, for Nelly's scornful tones, as she pronounced the words "baby" and "boy," stirred the little lad's heart. "You wouldn't want to, either, only you think may be Nancy Lewis will be at the bridge, and you'll get some of her grapes without going to her house, 'cause mother said you musn't go to her house any more."

"You naughty, hateful boy!" cried Nelly, catching Freddy by the arm, and giving him a little shake. "How dare you say such a thing? You're as mean and hateful as you can be. I was just going to offer to carry your books for you, but now I shan't. You may carry them yourself, and I have a great mind to make you take this dinner-pail too." Poor Nelly! Her cheeks were red, and her eyes flashed, while her pretty mouth parted with all its beauty as the two rosy lips puckered themselves up into a very ugly pout.

Freddy said no more, and the two children walked on in silence for some moments.

Then a voice that seemed to come from inside her heaving bosom spoke so plainly to Nelly.

"Freddy is right, and you are wrong," it said. "You know that you are only walking on this road in the hope of meeting Nancy at the bridge, and getting some grapes from her without exactly going to her house for them. Your mother forbade you to go to Nancy's house for any more grapes. You think you can still get the grapes by coming this way, and you do not care for your weakly little brother. Perhaps he may fall ill from this long trudge. Your mother told you to be kind to him, and to take good care of him. And you

promised to do so. You promised to think of your verse, too. And you have quite forgotten it."

Nelly felt very uncomfortable. The voice spoke again: "You know that you are not coming this way for nuts, but for grapes; you tried to deceive Freddy as to your motive, but he was not deceived, and because he saw your real motive, and told you of it, you became angry, and spoke crossly, and shook him; you have added sin to sin. And all because you have forgotten your verse." And just then Nelly remembered.

Her verse for the day had been: "Lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil." She had promised her mother to think of it during the day. And before an hour had passed she had quite forgotten it.

"Oh dear!" said Nelly, with a sigh: "what a wicked girl I am!" Freddy heard the words, and looked up quickly. He saw a great tear roll down his sister's cheek.

"Don't cry, Nelly, he said. "I'll walk my best. You aren't such a wicked girl. I wish we had a grape-vine, and you could have all the grapes you wanted, and then you wouldn't want to go to Nancy Lewis' so much. She is a cross, naughty girl, and she makes you cross, too. That's all."

Nelly put down her books and the pail, and knelt down in the road and flung her arms around her little brother.

"You dear little forgiving thing!" she said, hugging Freddy tightly to her. "That's all—that's enough, I think. I've been as mean as mean can be. And I'm ashamed, Freddy May; and I must stop right here and ask God to forgive me, and to lead me not into temptation."

And there with her arms around Freddy, Nelly prayed for forgiveness and help; and, rising to her feet, she took Freddy, books, lunch-pail and all, up in her stout arms, and carried them back to the turn where the Mill road branched off from the pike.

"There now," she said, as she put Freddy down and fanned her hot cheeks with her geography cover, "we'll go the straight safe road, and after a while I'll give you another lift; and if you see me starting off into temptation again to-day, Freddy May, you just call out: 'Lead me not!'—and I'll remember my verse; will you?"

"Yes, I will," said Freddy, smiling brightly. "I'm rested a good deal now, and I don't believe you'll need to carry me any more. You're a good sister, Nelly."—*Mary E. C. Wyeth, in S. S. Times.*

### How to Travel.

Traveling in our country is both comfortable and agreeable, if the traveler will pay attention to a few directions. I suppose, dear little friends, that you have seen fussy and fidgety people on the road, who made themselves and other people unhappy by their behavior. The cars were too warm or too cold, the locomotive was going too fast or too slow, they feared the baby in the next seat had the whooping-cough, or they were sure there would be a collision. If on the water, they were in terror lest the engineer was racing, and the uneasiness they felt made them wretched.

Now, my dears, listen to me. When you go on a journey you are a passenger; your ticket is paid for; and as you are neither captain, pilot, conductor, nor engineer, give yourself no trouble about the way car or boat is being managed. Never take responsibility that does not belong to you.

The old Romans used to call baggage *impedimenta*. They tried to have as little of it as they could when on a march. Unless you are going to stay a long time, take no more luggage than is necessary. A little hand-bag or a shawl-strap, with perhaps an umbrella, is all that a young traveler should have to care for on a journey.

When you purchase your ticket, if no older friend is with you to attend to the checking of your trunk, you must see to it yourself. This is very simple. Go with your ticket to the place to which the expressman has taken your trunk, show your ticket to the baggage-master, and he will attach a check to your goods, and give you one precisely like it. You must put this away in a place where you can get at it conveniently, as you must return it to the steamer or railway company when you claim your property.

Never tuck your ticket out of sight or into some out-of-the-way pocket. Have it ready to show the conductor whenever it is called for.

A little girl is sometimes uncertain what to do about her money if she is traveling with a gentleman. For instance, Eda is going to visit Angelina, and at the station in New York she is met by Angelina's brother Dick. She does not wish him to purchase her ticket, but she feels awkward about offering him the money to pay for it.

The proper thing for Eda is to hand her pocket-book to Mr. Dick, and request him to take from it the amount of her fare. The pleasantest way, if the journey be a long one, would be for Eda's papa to give her escort a sufficient sum to pay all her expenses.

People on a journey should not be selfish. Nobody should take two seats when only entitled to one. Two or three merry boys and girls traveling together should be careful not to laugh and talk so loudly that they annoy others. Ladies and gentlemen never do this. You can have a deal of fun without being conspicuous.

Never neglect a chance to do a kindness to an aged or feeble person. Nothing is more beautiful on the road than courtesy from the young to those who are old or in trouble.—*Harper's Young People.*