# Jebrasha Advertiser. G. W. FAIRBROTHER & CO., Proprietors.

AUBURN. : : NEBRASKA

# " TOO TOO" RURAL, AND TRULY RURAL.

Oh! isn't the country just lovely? So peaceful and quiet an I all that; It seems like a dream or an opera. Of course, dear, your new Watteau hat, The one that you wore as Maud Muller, When to Cambrich, the art st, you sat.

Yes, we'll stroll for awhile amid Nature, And visit each wild woodland nook; Cull daisies and other sweet flowerets, On the banks of some clear, puring brook. A pink sash? No; blue is more rural. No gloves! Why how odd you will look.

No doubt, dear, we'll meet with a shepherd, With curls, and a crook, and a lute That he'll play like a very Apollo. And be dressed in a green volvet suit, His eyes will be big, sad and tender— Oh! bother! Please button this boot.

Just think of the brave, handsome mowers, Who merrily warble their lay, At five o'clock in the morning. To milk maids, whose work is but play, I've seen them so often in "Martha" That—No, I won't write that letter to-day.

And when, coming home through the gloaming. We meet with the soft-lowing kine. We'll deck them with rebbons and garlands, With flowers their meek brows we'll entwine I know, for I've read, how they do it When coming from pastures Alpine,

So these simple city maidens, Who knew country ways so well, Having learned from b oks and opera More than ever rustics tell. Strolled abroad through field and meadow, Met with snakes in woodland nocks, Gathered dataies, with them brambles, Got their feet wet in the brooks.

Found a flock of sheep, and with them Saw a shepherd, it is true; But an opera shepherd he was No more like than I or you. He was ragged and bare footed. Ten years old, and brown with tan; Instead of t ning lutes, he should: "That ram ll butt yer, ef he can."

They heard no brave and gallant mowers. arbling lays to milkmuids cos Bat saw a monster drawn by horses, Driven by a freekled boy, Laying low the tender grasses, With a horrid crash and d n, And found the boy had other fancies Than a milkmaid's smile to win.

Going homeward through the gloaming Is the saddest to recall; For they met the lowing cattle— Merely met, and that was all. Now, when asked about the country, They reply, with smile so sage, That you know they've learned the dif'rence 'Twixt reality and the stage, -Kark Muaroe, in N. Y. Independent, ----

## LARRY O'MOORE'S WHISPER.

"Go way wid ye, now, and don't be afther spakin' to me agin for anither whole year!" cried a young girl with blushes of mingled diffidence and anger.

"What are ye more than any ither girl, that ye can niver be spoke to? An' who is afther spakin' to ye, at all. Not I, I can tell ye. It was to whusper a worrd in yer ear; it's that I was afther doin'," replied Larry O'Moore.

"I wouldn't let ye do that; so go away ow, ve great big mon. know better nor to be tazin' a poor girl whose mother isn't dead a month-and makin' her cry! I'll tell me grandmither ov ye!'

the flowers to the grave of me mither." said Monlea, stopping in her flight. "Will, thin," he s id, rising from the mound where he had been scattering the

flowers, "it is-that I jist wants to whis-per a word in yer ear." At this, Monica darted off as fast as she could run, leaving Larry to fill the

place of mourner, as well as of decora tor, at the grave. Larry folded his arms across his broad

chest, and looking after the flying little form, said to himself: "She's a sthrange cratur', that! If I'd ask her to walk round one ov these graves, barefut an' aloone forty times at midnight, she'd do it. in gratitude to me dead mither for what she'd did for her dead mither! An' yet she'll not let me near enough her to say a word that the whole warld mightn't hear! But I can find plinty who wull open both ears-and their mouths, too-to listen to the whusper ov a lad that can 'arn thirty shillins a week at his home and has a cottage, and a garden, an' a foine old fayther, beside. I know I'se tazed her a dale. Now I'll let her alone intirely, I wull, an' see hoo she likes that!"

The winter had come again. Monica felt the comforting effect of time on her heart. But she still missed her mother. She had very little company now. Her grandmother was always busy with her cottage work, or in looking after her fowls. And her gran lfather pounded his lap-stone and hummed old Irish airs all day.

When Monica had finished her task at knitting, or sewing, she hardly knew how to amuse herself. The cottage was poor in books, and of papers and magaines the hum de people of Ireland rarely get a glimpse.

It is not strange, then, that the shy young girl was overjoyed at an invitation to a wedding. The game-keeper's daughter-a school-friend-was to be matried to the shepherd's son. The lady of the castle had given the wedding-gown, and consented to let her servants join in the dance.

The school-master was the gentleman in this strat m of society; and he was a wag, and merry maker withal. No festival was of any account which was not planned and carried out by him.

He was an original, and prided himself on having no two parties enterschol r, and he had laid himself out to make her wedding a great success.

Granny Blaney, also, laid herself out to "dress Monica as well as one of the their heads so high above honest poor folk." So she had bought her a white gown, and knots of bue ribbon to p'n on at every available spot, and to show off her lovely white skin and her pink cheeks.

Her efforts were a success, too. As the old cobbler planted his wax-begrimmed hands on his leathern apron, and stood off to gaze on Monica, he exclaimed:

"Faith thin, an' the ould Duke would giv' his right hand if he could the "unaque intertainment." mak' his rid-hidded and frickled yoong lady as lovely as that! If she warn't such a shy goose ov' a thing, as will niver look a body in the eye, I'd be that prood ov' her that I'd think she ing Monica. was the foinest girl in the world." A gayer party never assembled. The danced a cotillion on their hands, with their heels in the air and their hats on their feet!

"Once there was a yoong maan, and a foine yoong maan was he, and a w'aver by trade.

Here Monica started and tried again to get out of the corner, but in vain. Whichever way she looked she saw a pair of fine grey eyes staring at her from under brown curls and a scarlet cap!

"Sthop yer talking and confersation in that furthermost corner over there.' whispered Larry, with a power that made him heard all over the cottage.

"Will, this same yoong maan, and a foine yoong maan was he, and him a wa'ver by trade, had a great sacret lyin' heavy on his heart! And it was this same secret he wished to pour into the ear ov a certain yoong lady, and a foine yoong lady was she; but he niver could see her where he could spake it oot like a maan aloud.

"He'd see her in the road full ov folks, or in the church-yard full of dead min and live children, or at mass or at a funeral. And all thim times he'd try to whisper this whisper in her ear; but he could niver get near enough to her to whisper it, and"-

The hoarse whispering and its effect under Larry's disguise was very ludicrous, and he was stopped by peals of laughter.

"Will, ladies and gintlemin, that whusper is still whusperin' in that yoong maan's buzzum; whusperin' to get out, and to whusper itself into that fair lady's ear, that is not open for a whusper.

"Now, thin, that yoong maan, and a foine yoong maan he is, and a w'aver by trade, is full ov whuspers to-night that he m'anes to whusper out, ather in that yoong lady's ear, or else in the ears ov this big company-now thin!"-- And the whisper grew louder and heavier. "Here goes! In one minute, unless he gets lave to whusper this whusper where it belongs, he'll whusper it out so that the whole company will get it, as will as the fair lady to whom it belongs be right. What he'd whusper is this, this foine yoong maan, a w'aver by trade-

" But whisht there and be quiet, will ye, in that corner over there. Afore I whusper it out to ye all, I'll tell you that this young maan, and a foine yoong maan is he, bides with his ould faither -the mither ov him bein' dead-and an ould woman not over clane at the cookin', and this same ould faither says to tained in the same way. The game-keeper's daughter had been a favorite why do ye niver bring me home a daughter to look after the hins and ducks and the ould woman?"

"There was but one ov them all that the foine yoong maan cared a pin for, serving-maids from the hall, who held and he could no more get near to whusper it to her, nor if she was the child ov the Quane herself, in place ov the gran'child ov a dacent ould Irish cob'

He was interrupted and the compa-startled by a loud cry: "Sthop, now, Larry O'Moore, a-tazin' me, and lit me aloon!"

Every eye was turned on the pretty little prisoner in the corner; and then peals of laughter and clapping of hands followed-an impromptu not planned in

# Youths' Department.

NONSENSE SONG.

The Jack and the Jolick and the Jamborie, They climbed up into the hanyan tree. They climbed up into the hanyan tree. They climbed to the top. But they had to stop. For no more foot-hold could they see. The inex and the solicx and the Jamborie To elimb still farther did all arree: So the Jack stord up on the topmost limb. And then the Jolick climbed over him. Over the two went the Jamborie – He climbed up quickly the world to see-And then the Jack from the topmost limb. To the top climbed he. The wild to see. And there in the air swung all the three: The Jolick gleefully followed the Jack, And then again went the Jamborie (Direct) The direct the top news the topmost back; And then again went the Jamborie (Direct) The top to the top, the worl to see.

Up to the top, the word to see. On they are going, and on and on; ' They'll reach the stars before they are done! -A, R, Wells, in St. Nicholas.

### JOHNNY AND THE HORSE.

Johnny was very fond of the country, At least he always said he was, and as he had never been in it since he could remember, of course nobody could prove that he was not.

So he was very glad when it was arranged that he should visit at his grandfather's during vacation. He had not been there, he assured his friends at the kindergarten, for quite a number of rears

We had been promised that he should ride on the pony his father had ridden when he was a boy, and he thought more of that than of anything else. He thought the pony must be the oldest one in the world, but that was a mistake, for his father was not so very old.

It was really a very nice, plump, sleek-looking little horse which Uncle Archie brought round that pleasant June morning. He never did anything nowa-days but cat and stand under a tree. with his eyes shut, switching the flies with his tail.

Johnny's grandmother and his aunts came out to see, and grandmother was a little afraid Johnny might get hurt, but he reminded her that he would be seven years old next May. Uncle Archie put him on old Jack and said:

"Now, Johnny, when you want to stop you must say: "Whoa!" and when you want to go on you must chirruplike this"

Johnny managed to make a noise something like his uncle's and felt like a very large man when Jack moved under him, and grandmother cried:

"Hold on tight, Johnny," and some one else cried:

"Don't go too fast, Johnny." Uncle Archie laughed at this, but Johnny did not know why.

The great meadow was smooth and green and full of daisies and forgetme-nots. Jack spent his summer in it. so he felt quite at home, and would stop sometimes to take a nip at them, with-out waiting for Johnny to say: "Whoa," but he always went on again when Johnny chirruped. At last he got into a corner a long way from the house.

believe it's a calf, but Uncle Archie can tell you for sure if you ask him. He

knows. But say—are you leading him, or is he leading you?" At this the boy scowled very hard at Johnny, and picked up a piece of earth to throw at him. But Johnny burst out crying again, and he stopped.

"I didn't mean anything." sobbed Johnny, "and I want Uncle Archie." "Is it Mr. Archie Crandall?" asked

the boy. "Be you his boy?"

"Yes, 1 s'pose so. I want Uncle Archie-I want Uncle Archie"-and Johnny, afraid of the calf, afraid of the boy, and even afraid of old Jack, raised a fearful howl.

"Stop," cried the boy, "Fll go and tell him."

"But-will he let you?" said Johnny. looking in alarm at the unknown ani-mal. The boy tied it to the fence and jumped over into the meadow.

"The little chap's in trouble and wants you," he said to Uncle Archie, and then hurried back to his calf. Uncle Archie started on a run to where they had all the time seen Jack's tail switching in the bushes, and had been wondering why Johnny stayed there so long. And grandmother and all his aunts wrung their hands, shrieking he must have broken his leg, or put his shoulder out of joint, or had a sunstroke.

Uncle Archie was very hot when he got to Johnny and cried: "What is the matter?"

"O, Uncle Archie, won't you please to make Jack turn 'round so I can go back ?"

"Is that what you've been waiting for, Johnny ?"

"Yes, sir." Uncle Archie pulled one of the straps

Johnny held in his hand, and Jack turned easier than if he had been on a turn-table.

The boy laughed very loud and very long. He untied his calf and both went down the road so fast that to this day Johnny doesn't know whether the boy was leading the calf, or the calf leading the boy.

But he surely knows it was a calf. for Uncle Archie told him it was .- Youth's Companion.

#### A Little Rag-Picker.

A heap of little bits of calico and linen ay just ahead of Phenie's broom. It was a very cunning new broom, and it swept as clean as new brooms always The sitting-room had to be swept do. a good many times in a day, for Miss Poor, the dress-maker, was there, snipping and snipping and making all the litter she possibly could—so Phenie thought. But she liked to sweep it up very well, indeed.

"I'd pick those pieces out and save them for paper-rags," said Aunt Anna, coming in just at that minute.

"There's such a little of 'em," said Phenie. "I don't believe it's a cent's worth. I want to go out and sweep the

"Oh, doon't, doon't; I'm afeared ov her!" cried the great, stalwart fellow, shrugging his shoulders in affectation of alarm.

"Thin I'll till the school-maister," said the young girl, wiping her eyes on her apron.

"But I'm not one ov his b'ys, and he knows better nor to put his hand on me. I could squaze him up in me fist, Latin and all!" cried O'Moore. "Coom now, will ye let me just whusper a word in yer early

"'Deed an' I will not, an' I'll till the praast that ye taze me, an' git a pin-nance on ye."

"Arrah, now, jist do it. He's me frind, an' he'd tell ye to listen to me," said Larry

"Thin I wouldn't haad him, if he did, Go home, noo, an' be aisy!'

By this time Monica had reached the tidy little cottage of her grandfather-who was the village cobbler of Droggellan-and fled into the shop like a frightened hare.

But indignant as she was at the young weaver's "tazin'," she did not complain of him to her grandfather. She said in her heart: "He's an honest lad, an' havin' no sister to taze, what ilse can he do but taze the shyest girl he can find ?"

The winter was over, and the daisies and shamrocks were peeping above the ground. Children, always the first to welcome summer, were scattered along the roadside, and even among the crosses and head-stones in the churchyard, filling their aprons with the treasures

Monica was among them. They loved her and followed her about whenever she would allow them to do so. She, poor child, was gathering and kissing the feeble little flowers that were just peeping from the sod over her mother's grave.

The little ones stood reverently by, One was stroking her hair and whispering some little word of comfort, when they were all startled by the appear-ance of Larry O'Moore, with his arms full of garden flowers. He had come, not knowing Monica was in the churchyard, to lay the flowers on her mother's grave.

The children, with an innate delicacy which greatly distressed Monica, hurand turned to follow her little friends.

But Larry called after her: "Am I sich an evil inemy that ye run from yer more than like Larry O'Moore. mither's grave to be rid ov me?"

"No, Larry, yer a good friend, butbut-I'm afear'd ov ye,'' cried Monica. "Will ye do me a favor, Monie? And

thin I'll promise not to spake to ye again for a year, if ye say so,'' said the hand- "Indade, the story I hav' to tell ye some young fellow.

"Xis, I think I'll do it-for ye brought | be tould in a whisper.

A one-legged man danced a jig in a wash-tub, with a humpback girl, in another tub, for his partner.

On an awning, which he had stretched from one end of the long kitchen to the other, the school-master invited "the ladies and jintlemen" to waltz, saying:

"You may take my word for it, as a man of honor, that this awning is as safe as terra firma-that same is the Latin for solid ground. I interpret this for your sakes who are not Latin scholars. I hope those o' ye who are-the same havin' been to school to me-will take no offense at my translatin', as if there were any need of it for thim. I do it pro bono publico, which manes in plain English, 'for the good o' the pub-

All was going on "as merry as a mar-riage bell," when Monica was startled by seeing Larry O'Moore walk in, in his best clothes, and looking as happy as if she had allowed him to "whisper to her" as often as he pleased.

And she said, in her heart: "He's an ungrateful lad. thin, afther all his mither did for my dear mither, to go and be laughin' and as happy as if he'd seed me ivery week in this six months! He hasn't looked at me no more'n if 1 wasn't here at all.''

Larry danced on the awning. He sang funny songs, and he told Irish stories till the rafters of the game-keeper's cottage rang with the laughter of the company.

Monica stood crowded up in a corner looking very solemn and very uncomfortable, while the company were all laughing. She tried to get out, but could not.

When Larry attempted to sit down there was a loud outery for "One story more! jist one more, Larry."

He, too, was in a corner; the one directly across from that into which Monica was wedged.

He pulled up his collar till it touched ried away as if their presence was not his ears, and drew his curly brown hair wanted, and Monica spring to her feet over his forehead. Then he put a little scarlet skull-cap on his head, and he look like anybody else in the world

> Then he began to speak in a very loud whisper which was distinctly 'heard: "I'm very hoarse, ladies and gintlemin, as yersilves all see. If ye will hav' me "Indade, the story I hav' to tell ye is

In the midst of this merriment Larry O'Moore gave a leap through the "whuspering" in the ear of the blush-

No one knows to this day what words he "whuspered;" but in six months charm of the entertainment was in the from that time they all knew that the unique dancing. Four school-boys "school-maisther" was busy getting up another "unaque intertainment" for a wedding at the cottage of the ould cobbler, Daddy Blaney, as he was familiar-ly called. -J. D. Chaplin, in Youth's Companion.

## Cod ish Curing and Marketing.

To cure a codfish well requires care and experience; and unless done well all the fisher's toil may go for little. The cod is usually passed to a gang of four men. One rips up the fish, a second takes out the entrails and cuts off the head, a third-usually the best man of the lot-by a deft movement cuts out the backbone, a fourth spreads on the salt and lays the fish in a pile. Then the heap of cod are distributed on the flakes, or fir-strewn platforms, reared along the shores. Everywhere in the neighborhood of the unnumbered fishing viflages these broad platforms appear, now perched in a cleft of the rocks, now rising in tiers, but always placed near the sea, in which the offal is dropped. During the curing, which lasts two or three weeks, the fish must be watched carefully. If left too long on one side, they become "over-salted." The sun in that case draws the salt to one side, leaving the other soft or rank. and the fish is almost unsalable. Then they must be heaped up at . night, cov. ered with canvas or oil-cloth against rain, and tended almost as sedulously as babes. When ready for market they are sold to the wholesale dealers, bringing at St. John's, during a scarce season like the present, only five cents a pound. Newfoundland finds her chief market other side of the fence. It was a boy in Roman Catholic countries, where the fish are consumed during Lent. Lately. however, the Norwegians have become hot rivals of the Newfoundlanders in the European markets. American housewives may be glad to know that the local tests of a good salt codfish are a surface hard and well dried on both sides, white flesh, and an absence of salty crystallizations. Efforts thus far to utilize as compost the thousands of tons of offal annually wasted have failed, and the same is substantially true of attempts to preserve the delicate caplin in some permanent edible form. Post.

-An English lady who sued for damages because of a fall when boarding steamboat, has just lost her case. The jury decided that her high-heeled boots had wantonly and willfully contributed the story ov a whisper, and it can only to cause the injury of which she complained

He went in among some trees and bushes till he reached the fence, and then stopped and shut his eyes.

Johnny was quite willing Jack should rest awhile, but as he waited and waited and seemed to have no desire to do anything but switch his tail Johnny got tired and chirruped to him. Jack moved a little, but the fence was right before him and he couldn't go through that, so Johnny said: "Whoa," and Jack stopped at once and shut his eyes again."

Poor Johnny began to wonder if he should have to sit there all day. He wanted Jack to turn round and take him back to the house, but how was he to make Jack understand that? He knew how to stop him and how to set him going again, but Uncle Archie hadn't said a word about turning him round.

Johnny, you see, did not belong to that blessed class of boys who tumbled about the country all their happy, rollicking young days, riding hay-loads, buck-boards, stone boats, spring wagons, ets., learning to handle a horse almost as soon as they learn to talk and walk. He had ridden in steam-cars and street-cars and hacks, and he now tried to remember something how they were managed. He did not believe steamcars ever turned round-they always seemed to go straight ahead. He had neverseen how the hack-drivers got their horses to turn, but he had seen streetcars turn on a turn-table when they reached the end of their route. Jack certainly seemed to have reached the end of his route, but Johnny could not see anything that looked like a turntable.

He called as loudly as he could for Uncle Archie, but no one heard him. Then Johnny cried as he wondered how long he might sit there, and if it was nearly dinner-time.

After a while he heard some one comng along the green, shady road on the and a rope and something else. The boy was at one end of the rope, but Johnny could not at first make up his mind what it was at the other end. He knew it was either a calf or a sheep, for Uncle Archie had shown him both that morning, but he could not quite remember which was white and which was red.

He became so much interested in watching the boy as to forget all about turn-tables and dinner. Sometimes the boy would be ahead, leading or jerking the calf (or sheep) along. And then all at once the sheep (or calf) would rush forward and pull the boy along. As -St. John's (N. F.) Cor. N. Y. Evening they came near Johnny the boy happened to be ahead, and he stopped at sight of Johnny's tear-stained face.

"Hullo!" said the boy. "Say!" said Johnny, pointing eagerly at the animal, "is that a calf or a sheep?" The boy stared at Johnny without answering.

"Oh, never mind," said Johnny, the first very politely, "I thought you'd know. and so on.

So Phenie fidgeted a minute with her broom, and when she found Aunt Anna didn't say any more she left the bits of cotton in a corner of the wide brick hearth, and went out to sweep the veranda floor. And when she went in again the rags were all out of the way. All through the summer there were a

good many bits of cloth and paper to pick up; but Phenie didn't touch them very often. There was always such a little, and she didn't like to anyway.

But in the fall a tin-peddler drove up to the door, in a shiny-green cart leftered with gold. And among other beautiful things he had some little tin pails, painted and lettered, too.

"O auntie," screamed Phenie, in the greatest delight, "can't I have one?"

"Thirty cents, only," said the peddler. After one look at Aunt Anna's face. Phenie felt, with a dreadful sinking of her heart, that he might as well have said thirty dollars.

"I'll take rags," said the peddler. swinging one of the pails on his finger;

Aunt Anna's eyes began to laugh. "Have you got any rags, Phenie?" she asked.

"No'm," said Phenie, solemnly.

"If you had only saved them, Phenie.

"But there was such a little." said Phenie.

Aunt Anna laughed. Then she brought in from behind the shed-door a bag stuffed full of rags. "Here they are, Phenie," said she.

Phenie opened her eyes, and the peddler began to laugh. In a minute he

had weighed the rags. "The pail's yours," said he, "and two cents over. Many alittle makes a good deal, little girl. Now, I'm coming round again next spring. Can't you save some rags for me?"

"Yes, sir," said Phenie, hugging her pail with the two jingling coppers.

And the other day when Aust Anna found a breadth of her lilac poplin dress in Phenie's rag-bag, she almost wished that Phenie wouldn't pick the rags up quite so snug.

-Whatever else may survive in the future, Dr. Seimens is certain that the steam-engine is doomed. Its fate is first to be confined to the driving of large dynamo machines, which will distribute force at present supplied by a myriad of small and wasteful steamengines, and then to be superseded altogether by the gas-engine. Gas and electricity may be mutually hostile, but they are to unite their forces in order to extirpate the steam-engine.

-A recent advertisement in a Paris paper runs: "Princes, dukes, counts, viscounts and others who wish to marry rich American young laties, write in the first instance in all confidence,"