Nebraska Advertiser.

G. W. FAIRBROTHER & CO., Proprietors.

AUBURN, : : NEBRASKA.

TOO LATE.

Too late, too late! The work is done,
The deadly mischief wrought;
The evil was that was begun
In one unhindered thought.

One cruel word no gracious speech
Hereafter can recall;
The shaft beyond all human reach,
Though lodged in sight of all.

A moment's thought that thought to still
To hush that cruel word,
And not a single breath of ill
The quiet air had stirred.

O God of Love! Could we but learn
Thy mercy for one day,
The tide of hate would backward turn,
And peace on earth find sway.

—*Harriet M. Kimball, in Youth's Companion.*

[Copyrighted.]

VIOLA ——;

—OR—

Thrice Lost in a Struggle for a Name.

BY MRS. R. B. EDSON.

CHAPTER V.—CONTINUED.

"Myra, you had ought to open an orphan's asylum," he replied, laughing. "But I must be off." Blanche expected me last night. I'm sorry about this thing, sis, but I wouldn't worry about it, it will all come out right, I guess. May be your foundling has gone back to France to look up her pedigree—who knows?" and with a pleasant laugh he shut the door and sprang into his wagon, and giving the two beautiful "gray's" a loose rein, was soon out of sight.

A little silence followed his departure, Mrs. Anderson nervously rolling and unrolling the hem of her apron, and glancing covertly at Ralph, who was moving restlessly about. Presently he came up to his father, who was sitting with his chin buried in his hand, and his eyes fixed on the floor.

"Father, aren't you going to look her up?" he broke out, impetuously. "Because it's a year ago, and somebody has a spite against her, is that any reason why *we* shouldn't love her just as well, and try to find her? May be she is in some alms-house somewhere, and cannot get to us. Let *me* go, father. I'm big enough to go alone, now. I won't give up till I find her if she is in the United States."

Ralph's hurried speech was interrupted by the entrance of Ned Bradlee, who had bought a quarter section of Government land a mile or so up the river, erected a log house on it, and lived, as he expressed it, in the "tallest kind of clover."

"Makin' a Fourth o' July oration 'Squire?" he cried out, "cos if you are, I want you to pile on something pretty steep about this great and glorious West,' with it stupendous pasters and wavin' grain, and all that sort o' thing. I heerd a fellow du it down in Dixon last Independence, and I tell *you*, it was a leetle the sublimest thing *I* ever heerd. I had to stuff my handkerchief into my mouth to keep from shouting glory right straight along. 'Twas most equal to the way I heerd a fellow spread himself up to Boston once, 'bout the Pilgrims."

"We have had a letter from Gordon that has been a year on the way, and he says that Viola bame back three days after we left, and he sent her off on after us the next morning," Ralph said, excitedly, interrupting him.

"Sho! you don't say so! Well, if that ain't curis—well, I declare!"

"And Uncle Tom thinks it's no use doing anything about it, just because it's a year ago! Suppose 'tis a year—who cares? I guess if it was Blanche, he wouldn't mind if it had been half a dozen years!" he cried, with rising color.

"Softly! You're full of fire as a keg of gunpowder. Let's hear the story, neighbor," turning to Anderson.

"Well, it's the most onlikely thing to happen to common folks *I* ever heard," he said, thoughtfully, when the letter had been read, and various comments and speculations had been made on it. "It's almost equal to 'Lonzo and Melisa'—I don't spose *you* ever read that, Ben? It isn't just your style, I'll allow, but it's powerful interestin'; beats Pilgrim's Progress ten to one, and I've an idea it's jest about as true. But that's neither here nor there. *I* say go after the gal, and if you want any help, there's a quarter section of prairie in Winnebago County that would jump at the chance to lay itself out in the cause, and here's my hand on it, neighbor—not a particularly handsome one, perhaps, but I *know* it's honest."

"And so do I, my old friend," Mr. Anderson said, smiling faintly; "but it is blind working now. If I had got the letter direct, the railroad men could have given me something to go by; but it's been too long to hope for that now. There's always been a mystery hanging about the child since her mother died, leaving her name, even, in doubt."

"Oh, that reminds me," interrupted Bradlee, "who do you guess I see down in the city to-day? But of course you can't guess, and mebby you've forgot all about him. But I knew him the minute I see him. You remember that tall, stylish lookin' chap who come down from Plymouth, and was there in the Le Brun, and?"—

"What, DeVries?" exclaimed Anderson.

"Yes, that is the name. I couldn't remember, though I knew it had' a sort of onrighteous sound to it," he said, laughing.

"But how came he here?" asked Anderson.

"Well, I don't remember as I asked him. I believe, though, he said somethin' about havin' been here nigh about two year. He seemed to feel bad enough when I told him about Hummin' Bird. He said he remembered what a pretty little thing she was, and he put his hand up to his eyes, an' I wouldn't ha' believed he would been so cut up. He's a pretty nice sort of a feller, I reckon."

"I wonder I have never happened to see him; but then I am not in town much. I'll ask Arnold about him; he will know," Mr. Anderson replied.

Ralph sat silent as they talked, but there came back to him the memory of that morning on Plymouth beach, and the little trunk under the dripping kelp, and the kneeling figure bending over it, and a faint dislike for this nice Mr. DeVries grew up vaguely in his heart.

The next morning Tom Arnold brought Blanche down to spend the day. She was growing very graceful and lady-like, and Ralph felt a faint sense of awkwardness in her presence, and was uncomfortably conscious of blushing when she looked at or spoke to him. She did not seem to notice it, however, but came and sat by him, and told him about her flowers and her pony, and the beautiful garden she was going to have if—well, if *he* would come up and help her a little. To be sure they had a gardener, but she wanted some one else. And then she just lifted the heavy lashes, and flashed a shy, trembling little glance into his face that was full of alluring appeal.

"I'd be so glad to come, Blanche, if you would let me," he said, eagerly, "and if you could put up with my awkwardness."

"*You* awkward, Cousin Ralph!" lifting her eyes in beautiful surprise to his face.

A whole volume could not have better expressed her admiration and confidence, or made a more vivid impression upon his boyish heart.

"Blanche," called her father, "you visit Althea Montford. Who is this De Vries that stops there?"

"Why, he is Mr. Alfred De Vries, Mr. Montford's business agent, private secretary and confidential friend. I thought you knew."

"Perhaps I did, but I had forgotten. It's two years, isn't it, since the Montfords came here?"

"Yes, two years this spring, papa."

This brought Viola to Ralph's mind, and he said:

"Father has concluded to go in search of some traces of our little Viola. I suppose Uncle Tom told you about the letter?"

"Yes, I think he mentioned something about it. Miscarried didn't it? I wonder why you trouble yourselves so much about that strange child, all of you. Of course it was splendid in you rescuing her mother and herself. I don't know as *I* would mind being shipwrecked if I was sure some nice, brave, handsome young fellow would rescue me just at the right moment."

When she first began Ralph felt half vexed at her careless tone, but the compliment, spoken and implied, mollified him immediately. And even while he was speaking of Viola, he was wondering if Blanche thought *he* was brave and handsome, and vaguely wishing she might fall into some little peril from which he might rescue her.

"You see, Blanche," he said, "she was so alone in the world, so utterly friendless, that we couldn't help caring for her, and loving her. You know I had a little sister once, and I think we all loved her more for that reason. I know mother did."

"But she wasn't your sister. May be she was some miserable convict's child; there seemed such a mystery about her name, and her father. People—honest people—are never ashamed of their names. There must have been something wrong about them, and father says, though he's sorry because auntie feels so bad about it, he believes it is just as well if somebody else *has* looked out for her."

"I don't believe *she* was to blame, anyway," Ralph said, stoutly, "and I'd give a dozen farms like this, if I had them, to find her again."

"What a splendid Don Quixote you would make, to go out to the defense of distressed damsels!" she cried, with a little rippling laugh. And then she clasped her pretty white hands about his arm, and tossed the rippling hair back from her white shoulders, and looked up in his face with a little quick, admiring glance, that was altogether irresistible to poor, unsophisticated Ralph.

The farm work waited as a week went by—waited more patiently than Myra Anderson or Ralph—and still no word came from Ben Anderson as to the success of his search. Every night Ralph went to the office, but nothing came to them. Ned Bradlee ran down every evening, to "stretch his legs," he said, not quite willing to own how nervously anxious he was to hear if there was any news from Ben—or rather, from the lost girl.

But all waiting comes to an end at last, and the tenth day from that of his departure, Ben Anderson walked into his house as he had went—*alone*. His wife saw the grave look in his face, and her heart sank like lead. Unreasonable as it was, she had cherished a strong hope that he would find the child, and that every day she had taken the pretty dresses, and dainty ruffled skirts from their resting-place in the hair trunk, and spread them out where the sunshine and soft wind could touch them, wondering the while if she had grown much, and planning how she could make them larger and longer.

There was a little moment of suspense—a little dreading to ask on their part, and a little dreading to tell on his; then he said, in a low, husky tone:

"Our little girl is dead, Myra, we will never worry about her any more."

Then in the faint light of the soft May gloaming, with slantwise beams from the young moon in the west, falling across the floor till it touched the smouldering coals on the hearth, Ben Anderson told the story of his ten days' search.

First he had gone to Detroit to see Gordon; but Gordon did not keep the house now, and had moved out of the city, and no one seemed to know just where, though it was somewhere near Lake Huron. After two days of delay and inquiry, he found out that it was Saginaw. It was not accessible by rail, so he went up the lake in a boat, and reached it in that way. Of Gordon he learned the particulars of Viola's return. It was just at dusk, and the boarders and guests were seated at the supper table, when a little figure dashed through the door, and stopping, panting and breathless, before the table, ran her eyes up and down the long line of faces.

"It is Anderson's lost girl!" was the simultaneous exclamation from a score of lips.

"Where is he? I want my father Anderson!" she cried, bursting into passionate weeping.

He led her to the parlor, and she grew suddenly quiet and listened, with great solemn eyes, while he told her that her friends had gone on, after waiting for her a long time and thinking she was dead. At first she declared that she was not dead, and she did not go till "right off;" but after explaining to her that she could not go till morning, she sat down content. But when he proposed writing to me to return for her, she grew wild again, and they were glad to pacify her by promising her she should go on the first train west.

Her account of her absence was vague and confused. Somebody, she didn't seem to know who, had promised to tell her something she wanted to know if she would go to walk with him. They hadn't gone very far when they came to a dark, dirty street, and somebody opened a door and caught her away from the side of her friend into a damp, cold place, where there were no windows, only two little panes of glass up high like a cellar. She thought she cried and screamed, but she couldn't really remember, she grew so sleepy ever since, till that night. Then she had opened her eyes and looked about and there was nobody in sight. She thought if only she could get away before any one came! She sprang off the bed and to the door but she could not reach the latch. She moved up a block of wood, and by standing on tiptoe unlatched the door, and without waiting an instant she darted out and ran as fast as her feet would carry her. She remembered the name of the house, and after running by a good many streets she asked a lady, who pointed out the house, which was just in sight, and so she had come to it.

Mr. Gordon had blamed himself very much for letting her go as he had. But he had thought she would come through safely, she seemed so bright and fearless, and independent. He had paid her fare out of his own pocket as far as Chicago, and given her money to pay it the rest of the way. He had also given her in charge of the conductor, and then not quite satisfied had written that letter, and thought everything was all right and straight.

Then, taking Gordon with him, he had returned to Detroit to find the conductor. But he had been dead six months. Then he had stopped all along the route until at last he reached Michigan City, the then terminus of the road. It was a bleak, straggling little place, its long pier laid with railroad track, running far down from the "city" into the waters of the lake. The boat that was to take them across was nowhere in sight, and he went back to the hotel where they had taken supper a year ago when they came on. He related his errand to the landlord, and some way chanced to mention the child's name.

"Viola!" exclaimed a gentleman, looking up suddenly from his paper; "why, Reeves, that is the name on the little wooden cross old Brierly put up over the child that died at his place last summer. I noticed it because the name was odd and rather pretty."

Well, the result of it was he did not take the boat, but went out to see this Brierly, who lived about two miles away. He said he had found the child in the street, crying and bewildered, just after the boat had left one night. He took her home with him, where she was sick a good while and "crazy as a bear." She kept saying her name was "Viola, and nothing else," and so when she died he cut that name on a bit of wood, and put it up so as to show her friends if they ever came.

"But it may have been some other Viola," said Ralph, unwilling to believe that the bright, spirited little creature could die, as perhaps some other Viola had done.

"I think there is no doubt about it whatever. This Brierly is an old, eccentric, miserly fellow, who lives quite alone in a little hut near the lake, but, though he bears a rather bad name in the neighborhood, I think he did as well by her as he could, and I could forgive him a great deal for that," Mr. Anderson said, in a faltering voice.

"If only we had waited a little longer, Ben."

"Yes, but we did not know. For some reason God saw fit to take her from us in this sad way, but He knows best, wife, and all His ways are right."

And so the thought of a simple cross bearing the dear name, by the far-away, lonely lake shore, fell into their hearts a sad, and tender, and sacred memory, to be cherished and talked of, and remembered forever. But now a new trouble—or rather an old trouble renewed—came to haunt Myra Anderson's heart. Ralph declared his resolution to go to sea. This tame, monotonous farmer's life, fretted him more and more every day and week. All through the summer he dwelt upon it, and not even the graceful fascinations of his beautiful cousin could drive it away.

"Let the boy go," Tom Arnold said; "one voyage will cure him. It's as natural for a Massachusetts boy to want to go to sea as it is to take to the girls. I don't believe in trying to force a boy to stay at home if his heart is set on going."

"But father—Tom," she faltered.

"Yes, Myra, but because *his* ship went down, it's no sign Ralph's will. You and I can never forget that; it weaned me from the sea—I never want to look on its treacherous face again!" he stopped abruptly and leaned over and drew his sister's face to his bosom and kissed it.

"O Tom, I cannot let him go!" she moaned.

"But he *will*, Myra; you may depend on that. The lad has got a will of his own, may be you know."

Ralph was seventeen in October. He had worked faithfully all the summer, but when the harvest was all gathered, he said, firmly:

"I am going to sea in the spring, father. I want you and mother to consent. I want to go away man-fashion, but one thing, I *shall* go. I am sick of this prosy life,—why! sometimes I long so for the spray breaking over the rocks, for the swash of the waves, the roar and tumble of the surf, and the scent of the salt breeze coming up from the strong lungs of old ocean, that it is like a sharp pain, and I cannot help crying out, and catching my breath as if I was falling from some dizzy height!"

"I shall never consent to your going while you are under me," Ben Anderson said, with iron determination.

"Then I shall go without your consent. I *will* go!" was the low, resolute answer, the frank boyish face growing white, and firm, and set.

"Silence!" commanded Anderson, sternly. "How dare you talk so to me, boy?"

"I only said the truth, father. You always brought me up to speak the truth, and to avoid hypocrisy and deceit. I'd scorn to go away unbeknown to you, and make believe I didn't mean to go, for I do; and I tell you so openly and plainly—I shall go if Heaven spares my life!"

"You shall not!" Ben Anderson's face was alight with sudden fire, and there was a hard ring in his usually quiet voice.

"We will wait and see," Ralph answered, unflinchingly.

The winter slipped away and the matter was not again referred to between them. Ralph was apparently contented, and happy, joining with eager zest in all the winter sports gotten up by the young people, entering with his characteristic impetuousness into both work and play, and his father congratulated himself on having conquered the rebellious spirit of the boy. "There is nothing like unyielding firmness in dealing with one of these passionate natures," he said, with a feeling of intense self-satisfaction.

It never occurred to Ben Anderson that the boy had his own stubborn will. His theory was that obedience was the first law of a child. The natural instincts and intuition were to be *crushed* out, if they run counter to the judgment and wishes of the parent. Years and experience fitted him to judge what was best and most proper for the child, and he considered it his solemn duty, assigned him by Heaven, to thus bend and control the future life of the child by deciding for him. With his rigid idea of "responsibility," it will be readily seen that Ralph's chance of choosing for himself was extremely small, unless his choice chanced to coincide with his father's plans. Ever since the morning, when, after a night of feverish anxiety, his mother had stolen softly out and whispered with a proud smile that "Myra had got a fine, great boy," had his resolution been taken as to what that boy should be if God spared him to grow up. While he lived East it seemed sometimes as if he might be dooming the lad to a hard life, and he sometimes feared necessity would force him to abandon his long-cherished plans, but now there was no necessity. It looked to him as if Providence had led him hither expressly to open the way for the realization of his desires. And if sometimes a faint longing for the land of his nativity stirred vaguely in his heart, and old memories came, *this* thought comforted and strengthened and encouraged him: Ralph could be a farmer without sacrificing his chances for comfort and independence, for the home in the West gave promise of at least that, if not of extravagant wealth.

One gusty March night he came home from Cherry Valley, and though it was dark, and had been for a good half hour, there was no light anywhere visible in the house, and no sign of life about the place. A vague sort of presentiment seized him, and he hurried into the house. His wife sprang up hastily as if from sleep, and called his name in a quick, startled voice.

"Why Myra, why are you sitting here in the dark? I feared something had happened," he said, in a relieved tone.

She came forward through the dim, uncertain dusk, and laid her hand on her husband's arm.

"O Ben—where has *he* gone?" she cried, in a faint, dry whisper, that sounded strange and unearthly in the silence and gloom.

He caught her arm in a grasp so fierce that a slight cry of pain escaped her.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A Ceylon Jungle.

Prof. Haeckel thus describes his first attempt to penetrate a Ceylon jungle. The jungle, he says, is not, properly speaking, primeval forest—forest, that is, untrodden by the foot of man (such are in Ceylon of small extent and rare occurrence)—but it corresponds to our idea of such a forest in that it consists of a dense and impenetrable mass of mighty trees of all kinds, which have sprung up without regularity or any interference from man, and are surrounded and overgrown by a wilderness of creeping and climbing plants, of ferns, orchids, and other parasites, the interstices being so completely filled up with a motley mass of smaller weeds that it is quite impossible to disentangle the coil of tendrils so as to distinguish one species from the other. My first attempt to penetrate such a jungle as this was sufficient to convince me of the impossibility of the undertaking, except with the aid of an ax and fire. A hard hour's work brought me only a few steps into the thicket, and then I was obliged to acknowledge myself vanquished, and make good a retreat, stung by mosquitoes, bitten by ants, with torn clothes, and arms and legs bleeding from the thorns and prickles, with which the climbing palm (Calamus), the climbing Hibiscus, the Euphorbia, and a multitude of other jungle plants repulse every attack made on their impenetrable labyrinth. But the attempt had not been made altogether in vain, for it enabled me to gain a very fair idea of the jungle as a whole, more especially of the magnificence of its trees and creepers, besides introducing me to many separate varieties of animal and vegetable life, which were of the highest interest; here I saw the magnificent Gloriosa superba, the poisonous climbing lily of Ceylon, with its red and amber flowers; the prickly Hibiscus radiatus, with large, cup-shaped, brimstone-colored flowers, deepening to violet in the hollow; while around fluttered gigantic black butterflies, with blood-red spots on their tail-shaped wings, and chafers and dragonflies flew past with a metallic gleam. But my delight reached its height when on this, my first attempt to penetrate a jungle in Ceylon, I came across the two most characteristic of its inhabitants from among the higher class of animals—parrots and apes. A flock of green parrots flew screeching from a lofty tree as they became aware of the gun in my hand, and at the same moment a herd of great black apes sprang with a growling cry into the thicket. I did not succeed in getting a shot at either one or the other. They appeared to be too familiar with the look of a gun. I was consoled, however, by securing with my first shot a colossal lizard or iguana six feet long, of a kind held in much awe by the superstitious natives (Hydrosaurus salvator). The huge, crocodile-like beast was sunning himself on the edge of a water-tank, and the shot hit him so precisely on the head as to kill him at once. Had it struck any less vital part he would probably have dived into the water and disappeared. When seized, the iguana has the power of hitting so sharp a blow with its scaly tail as to cause a severe wound, and even sometimes a broken limb.

Cold Winters.

The following statistics of the good old winters are curious. In 401, the Black Sea was entirely frozen over. In 768, not only the Black Sea, but the Straits of the Dardanelles, were frozen over; the snow in some places rose fifty feet high. In 822, the great rivers of Europe—the Danube, the Elbe, etc.—were so hard frozen as to bear heavy wagons for a month. In 860, the Adriatic was frozen. In 991, everything was frozen; the crops totally failed, and famine and pestilence closed the year. In 1067, the most of the travelers in Germany were frozen to death on the roads. In 1133, the Po was frozen from Cremona to the sea; the wine casks were burst, and even the trees split by the action of the frost with immense noise. In 1236, the Danube was frozen to the bottom, and remained long in that state. In 1316, the crops wholly failed in Germany; wheat, which some years before sold in England at six shillings the quarter, rose to two pounds. In 1339, the crops failed in Scotland, and such a famine ensued that the poor were reduced to feed on grass, and many perished miserably in the fields. The successive winters of 1432–33–34 were uncommonly severe. It once snowed forty days without interruption. In 1468, the wine distributed to the soldiers in Flanders was cut with hatchets. In 1684, the winter was excessively cold. Most of the hollies were killed. Coaches drove along the Thames, the ice of which was eleven inches thick In 1709, occurred the cold winter. The frosts penetrated three yards into the ground. In 1716, booths were erected and fairs held on the Thames. In 1744 and 1745 the strongest ale in England, exposed to the air, was covered in less than fifteen minutes with ice an eighth of an inch thick. In 1809, and again in 1812, the winters were remarkably cold. In 1814, there was a fair on the the frozen Thames.—*Scientific American.*

—In slavery days, the chimes of St. Michael's Church, Charleston, were rung at seven p. m. in winter and eight in summer as a signal to negroes that their bed-time was nigh, and again an hour later to warn them to disappear from the streets, after which all blacks found abroad were arrested. The custom was continued until a few days ago, though nobody has obeyed the bells since the war. The Mayor has now cut off the salary of the ringer, and the act is exciting considerable discussion among the old residents.—*N. Y. Sun.*