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O. W. FAIRBROTHER & CO., Proprietors.

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WHERE WE WERE BORN.

You'd know the place where we were born—
Not by the old well standing by,
Nor yet by fields of waving corn
Which you might see in passing by,
Yet you would guess it, night or morn—
The dear old place where we were born!

You'd know it, for in all your ways,
On country road or village street,
Through lengths and longths of Summer days
You never saw a place so sweet
As ours in May dews, morn or night,
When apple trees are blossomed white.

For round and round on every side
These trees in friendly group grow;
You could not find, or far or wide,
A place so circled round, I know,
Toward rising sun and closing day
They stand in watchman-like array.

The ancient orchard on the slope
Is first to catch the warm Spring sun,
Its trees are aged beyond hope,
And yet they blossom every one;
And such old apples ne'er were seen
As fall upon its shady green.

And all along the dear old lane
They arch their branches overhead,
And in a breeze or shower of rain
They scatter petals white and red.
We held our little aprons high
To catch the sweetness fluttering by.

And when the Autumn tints were gay
Upon the landscape everywhere,
In reckless heaps the apples lay;
We heard them dropping here and there,
And laughed and gaily tossed them high
Beneath the blue, benignant sky.

And when we'd grown beyond the child,
The aspirations that we knew,
Our vivid fancies running wild,
Our learning of the false and true
Seemed, somehow, in the light and gloom,
To hold a breath of apple bloom.

And now, when May comes yearly round,
And decks the apple trees again
With blossoms sweetest to be found,
Sometimes my tears drop down like rain,
So vividly does memory tell
About the home I love so well.

—*Amer can Rural Home.*

MASTER OR MAN?

Lois Brand leaned over the low railing of the bridge to watch the ripples on the waters for one brief, idle moment, and the minnows darting about in that restless fashion of theirs which made her think of the shuttles flying back and forth through the warp in the weaving-room of the great factory where, day by day, she toiled for the bread she ate and the clothes she wore. She wished she might forget everything connected with the factory for a little while. If she could, she thought, it would be rest. But she had watched the shuttle flying back and forth so long that the sight of a most any moving thing brought it before her. And for so many years had she listened to the thunder and crash of the great looms that she heard them everywhere. She often wondered if she should ever get the sound of them out of her ears.

As she stood there on the bridge thinking in a spiritless kind of way of what a pleasant thing life must be where there is no such drudgery, no such terrible monotony in it as had been hers since childhood, shutting out like cruel hands that bar a door, all she had hoped for and longed for most, a step aroused her.

She turned and saw Dick Evans. His honest face grew bright at sight of her. To him she was the one woman in the world.

"Good-morning, Dick," she said, in a tired kind of way. "Are you going to the mill?"

"Yes; of course," he answered, as if it were scarcely possible for him to be going anywhere else.

"What a fool I was to ask such a question," she said. "As if there was any other place for us! When we get into the mill, once we never get out till death puts an end to the work. If it wasn't for Fan, I wouldn't care much how soon my work was over, I think, though I never liked to think of dying. But if one were dead, he'd know something about rest, wouldn't he? That's more than any of the mill-hands will while they live."

"I don't like to hear you talk in that way, Lois," Dick said, in that gentle way of his, when talking to this woman he loved. "There's no need of your killing yourself at the loom as you are doing. It's only for you to say Yes, Lois, and you know there is nothing I'd be gladder to hear."

"I know, Dick," she answered, a little more tenderly, but with much bitterness in her voice yet. "I am sure I could be quite happy with you, Dick, but there's Fan. It wouldn't be right for me to marry you and bring you such a load as two women, and one of them helpless as a baby, would be. You'd find your hands full with me alone, I'm afraid, and when you come to think of Fan! No, Dick; when I think of the burden both of us would be, I can't make it seem that it would be right for me to say Yes."

"Didn't I know all about Fan when I asked you to marry me?" cried Dick. "Do you think I would have asked you any such question if I hadn't been willing to take care of both of you? You know better, Lois. I've thought the matter all over, and I'm willing to run the risk of the consequences. Poor Fan wouldn't be half the burden to me, if you were to marry me, that she is to you. I can work well now. I'm laying up a little money every year. A man can work better if he thinks he's working for some one who loves him. Now, it doesn't seem as if I was working for anybody or anything in particular. Don't you know that the thought of some put life and energy into a man? If I knew that you were waiting for me in a home of our own, no matter how humble it was, the hardest day's work would seem pleasant to me. The thought of the kiss you'd give me at the door would help me more than the

promise of a better place or extra wages. You'd better say Yes, Lois."

Clang! clang! clang! rang out the factory bell like a great brazen voice that bade men and women who heard it cease thinking of anything else but work. Lois shivered. The sound of that bell was so tangled up in her life that the two could not be separated, she thought, as she roused herself from her listless mood and turned toward the factory.

"I don't think I'd better take your advice, Dick," she said, with a little shake of her head. "Not yet a while, anyway. It wouldn't be right, I think."

"I don't ask you to say 'Yes' till you've thought it all over," he said, walking along beside her through the street leading to the factory. "Don't let the thought of Fan, or the hard work I'd have to do, keep you from saying 'Yes,' if you love me, Lois. If you love me you have no right to say 'No.' That's the way to look at it, Lois."

They went into the factory together. As they crossed the threshold the machinery started into motion. The wheels began to turn in their tireless, swift way, and everywhere was din and clangor. Dreams might answer for out of doors, but there was no place, no time for them here. No time to think of love, either.

The warp was waiting for her at her loom. It made Lois think of a spider's web. The old factory seemed more like a great spider to her day than it ever had before. How many men and women were caught fast in its webs, she thought, as she looked down the long room and saw the white, wan, tired faces by the looms.

It was nearly noon when Ralph Leverson came to her looms and paused there to watch her at her work.

Ralph Leverson was her employer. This great factory and the men and women in it were his.

He stood there, silently watching her deft, well-trained fingers as they moved among the threads for many minutes.

By and by —
"Those fingers of yours seem to work of themselves, Miss Brand," he said.

"Yes," answered Lois, scarcely pausing to look up, "we are machines."

She said it with an accent of bitterness in her voice. Poor Lois! This life was wearing her out. It was making her old before her time, and the weariness of it told upon her temper and embittered her thoughts.

"I want to talk to you," young Leverson said, leaning over the loom, and pushing back the lever that caused the iron-brained machine which seemed to keep up a steady thinking of one thing from morning to night, to stop its tireless motion.

"Well!"
Lois folded her hands upon the iron frame and waited for him to speak.

He scarcely seemed to know what to say. He began once and paused.

"Something was wrong about my last web, I suppose," she said, at last.

"Don't be afraid to find fault, Mr. Leverson. We are used to that. Mill hands don't mind such trifles. We can't afford to be sensitive, you know. Such luxuries aren't for us."

"If you think I came here to talk about such things you are mistaken," he said. "I—I suppose you never thought about such a thing as—as my caring for you, Lois?"

She looked at him in blank amazement. Had she gone crazy at last? She had often said that she believed the roar of the looms would make her insane some day.

"You are surprised," he said. "I supposed you would be. I do not wonder, for it comes to you suddenly. I ought to have made you understand by degrees, perhaps, but I have always been an abrupt man, and you must pardon me. I do care for you, Miss Brand. I've watched your face for a long time, and I've grown fond of it. Will you be my wife?"

Lois had often wondered why he was so kind to her. Now she understood. He was a perfect gentleman. She knew that he was in earnest, for he was too honorable to stoop to deceit, too honorable to allow any doubts of his motives.

She thought about it in a swift, muddled way. She thought about Dick, and her heart gave a little thrill at recollections of his love for her that was like a reaching out of hands to him. And yet, Dick was poor—miserably poor. Leverson was rich. He could give her all the beautiful things she had craved so long. A confused union of pictures and flowers, of rich dresses and beautiful books went whirling through her brain to the accompaniment of the grinding, pitiless wheels.

"I can't think now," she cried, putting up both her hands to her throbbing brow. "Don't ask me to. Some other time I'll tell you."

"Take your own time to think it over in," he said. "Try to think favorably, Lois, for I want you very much. I need you."

When she went back to her loom after dinner she was more like a machine than ever, for she scarcely comprehended the details of her work. It is likely that she attended to them all, but she did so mechanically. Her thoughts were elsewhere.

The wheels went round and round. Her thoughts went on and on. Should she choose for her heart? If she did, she should choose Dick—dear, patient, willing Dick. Should she choose for her selfish self? Then she thought of what Leverson's wealth could give her. The machinery seemed to be crashing at her with iron jaws. She fancied it was a great animal snarling at her.

"I'm going home," she cried, at length. "I'm sick, dizzy, faint. If I stay here I shall go crazy. I've got to

get away by myself and think. I shall have no rest till I get it all thought out."

She put on her bonnet and shawl and went out into the cool October air.

How peaceful the blue hills looked far off. She wished she were one of them. Then nothing would fret her; her restlessness would be gone.

Oh, which to choose— which to choose!

The words made a little verse of themselves, and her brain set them to the monotonous tune of turning spindles and darting shuttles.

She went towards home in a slow, round-about way. She saw men and women and little children. Some of them bowed or spoke to her. She did not recognize one face among them all. Her thoughts were not with the things about her. She seemed a thousand miles away from earth and everybody.

Suddenly the great factory bell filled the air with a swift clangor that hurt her aching head as if cruel hands had smote it.

"Something has happened," she cried, turning to look back. But the houses hid the factory from her sight.

The bell rang out its hoarse alarm. She ran up the street. When she reached the end of the block she saw a great black cloud of smoke breaking above the roofs of the building between her and the factory. Then she knew the truth. The factory was on fire.

Oh Dick, Dick!" she thought, and hurried toward the burning building. Perhaps there was something her tired hands could do to help the poor wretches who were trying to escape death. What would become of them, of her, if the factory burned?

She knew, before she reached it, that the factory could not be saved. The windows were loop-holes of fire. The eaves were wreathed with flames that coiled and uncoiled themselves like writhing serpents.

Suddenly a great cry rang out from the crowd, and she saw hands pointing to the window of a room over the main entrance. Looking up, she saw Leverson standing there. His face was very white. He must have been asleep, men said, and the fire had roused him from what might have been a pleasant slumber, to put him face to face with an awful danger.

"It is death for him," thought Lois, with stifled breath. "There's no possible way of escape."

"I'll try to save him," cried a voice she knew—Dick's voice, and there was something grand in the sound of it.

Then she saw him fighting his way through the flames, and the last glimpse of his face showed her how brave it was in the wild tempest of fire and smoke.

She held her breath, and waited, pale and trembling, while her heart kept saying over and over, in a prayerful kind of way:

"Dear Dick! Oh, God save him!"

She knew then, in the face of the awful danger, that the lover who was risking his life so nobly was more to her than the lover he was risking his life for could ever be. She had made her choice at last.

Suddenly, through the flame and smoke, she caught sight of Dick's face at the window of Leverson's room. He had Leverson in his arms.

"Throw up a rope," shouted Dick. "Be quick, for God's sake."

Some strong hand flung the line he asked for. He fastened one end of it beneath the arms of the unconscious Leverson, and lowered him to the ground just as the flames burst out of the window below him, wrapping the whole front of the mill in a seething sheet of fire.

A groan went through the crowd. There was no hope for Dick. He had saved a life at the loss of his own.

"Dick, Dick!" rang out a woman's voice, sharp and shrill, and full of terrible entreaty. "Try to save yourself for my sake!"

He heard, and leaned far out of the window in a wild desire to save his life for the sake of the woman he loved. He saw the wire of one of the lightning rods not a foot away from the window. May be it was strong enough to hold his weight. But could he go through the hell of fire beneath him? It seemed death to venture. It was certainly death to stay where he was. Lois had called him. He would make a wild effort to save himself.

He leaned over and grasped the rod and swung himself over the window-sill, and slipped down, down, down! The rod blistered his hands, but he clung to it. The flames billowed up all about him, but he held his breath and slid down, down, down! The last he remembered was that he was in the midst of a whirlpool of fire, with the thought in his brain that he was always going down, down, down!

The first thing he remembered after that was a woman's face bending over him and a woman's tears dropping on his face, and then a woman's kiss was on his lips, and a woman's voice said brokenly:

"Oh, Dick! poor, noble, brave, dear Dick!" And he saw Lois above him and thought he had got to Heaven.

They told him he was a hero. Leverson came and took his poor, wounded hands in his and told him he had saved his life, and that he should do great things for him to prove his gratitude. And he did.

And Lois is satisfied with the choice she made.

—The Convention of the American Forestry Association, recently held in Montreal, has stimulated the people of the Dominion to organize for the protection of forests, to re-wood districts which have been stripped of trees, and to increase the cultivation of the most valuable varieties. The Forestry Association of the Province of Quebec has been formed. Each member promises to plant twenty-five forest trees every year.—*Toronto Globe.*

Youths' Department.

EDITH BAXTER.

The story of how Miss Edith Baxter, aged twelve years, rescued a little boy from drowning, at Bath, E. I., is told in rhyme, by Mrs. M. E. Sangster, in *Harper's Young People*:

A beautiful day in summer,
At Bath, beside the sea,
Where a bevy of careless children
Were as gay as gay could be.

Some with their spates so tiny
Were tugging over the sand,
Some were merrily racing
With the surf that dashed on the strand.

And others, bold and daring,
Plunged into the deep green waves,
At the touch of the grim old ocean
They felt so blithe and brave.

Laughing, leaping and diving,
The sturdy, frolicsome crew
Had never a thought of danger
Under the sky's soft blue.

And nobody noticed Harry,
A dear little five-year-old,
With just a glimmer of sunshine
Tinting his curls of gold.

Till, after the rest, as swiftly
As a flash the darling went;
And a cry of sudden terror
The giddy madness rent.

The billows have caught the baby,
They are bearing him far away;
Alas for Harry's mother
And her empty arms this day!

Some one has darted to save him,
Forth from an awe-struck throng,
A fearless heart to the rescue,
Steady and true and strong.

Buffeting surge and breaker,
Straight through the curling foam,
On through the angry waters,
She is toiling to bring him home.

Only a child, with girlhood's
Glow lighting her candid eyes;
Only a girl, but a woman
In her glory of sacrifice.

On the shore they watch and listen,
Spell-bound in a dumb despair,
Ah! hark to the shout of triumph
That ends in a thankful prayer.

Edith has saved wee Harry,
'Twas a noble deed was done,
At Bath, that day, by the ocean,
In the light of the summer sun.

HOW MARY FED THE CHICKENS.

Mamma had been invited out to tea, and Maxy was to spend the afternoon with Dollie Mayo, but she kept saying to herself that she mustn't forget to run home and feed old Speckle's chickens before sunset. She remembered it even while they were swinging, and playing "keep house."

Brosie Miller sat under the great balm of gilead tree, in his father's front yard, with his pug nose between the pickets.

"Come over here," he shouted.

"Can't," said Dolly.

"You come, then, Maxy."

"Mamma said stay here."

"Pshaw! if she'd care for your coming across the street, I want to show you something."

Maxy and Dolly looked doubtfully at each other.

"Let's ask your mother," proposed Maxy, and in a moment Dolly came flying out of the house.

"Yes, we can go, but tea will be ready in half an hour."

It was in the midst of an exciting game of hide and seek, in which Brosie's big dog was joining, that Maxy happened to glance at the sun and remembered mamma's charge concerning the chickens.

"Oh, it's most down! I must run and feed 'em!" she cried.

"What's down? Feed what?" demanded Brosie.

"The sun—the chickens—mamma always does—oh, dear, it'll be down before I can get there," and breathless, Maxy flew across the street, followed by Dolly, Brosie and the big dog.

Into Mrs. Monroe's neat kitchen they clattered; in haste they searched through boxes, chests and barrels, but no meal could they find.

"What shall I do?" asked Maxy.

"They won't starve, will they?"

"I'm afraid."

"Borrow some." "Feed 'em bread,"

in turn suggested Dolly and Brosie.

"Here's lots of flour; why won't that do?" said Maxy.

"It will," replied Brosie, with a very wise air. "They use meal because it's cheaper."

Maxy grew cheerful at once. "Well, we can afford flour once, I guess," so the flour and water were mixed into a stiff dough, in a little tin basin, and then began a search for the chickens.

Old Speckle had found a way out of her coop, and was gone, with all her children.

"Got tired waiting for her supper, I s'pect," was Maxy's opinion.

After a long search they were found down at the end of the garden, under the gooseberry bushes. Maxy's calling failed to bring them from their retreat, so she emptied the dough on the ground, and ran back to her play feeling satisfied. Soon it was tea-time, and after that Maxy went to sleep on the sofa, while Mamma Mayo was telling "Silver Hair and the Three Bears."

Then somebody was waking her up, and laughing because she said: "Yes'm, I heard—the great big bear, and the middle-sized bear, and the teeny wee-ny bear—oh, I fed 'em about sundown, mamma."

"What the bear?" laughed papa, as he lifted her in his arms.

"No, the chickens."

"Oh, you know where they are, then. Katie has been hunting for them. They are out of the coop, and she says she can hear them calling somewhere."

By this time Maxy was wide awake, and ran off to show Katie where to find her chickens. It was quite dark now, and papa went with them and let Mary carry the lantern.

Under the gooseberry bushes what did they find? Ten little chickens all grown tight together, like the Siamese twins; ten miserable, fluttering, chirping, scared little chickens, fast in a lump of dough! Nobody knew what it meant.

"They've been stepped on!" cried Katie.

"How could they all be stepped on at once?" asked papa, trying to separate one of the unfortunate from the fluttering mass.

"It seems like paste," he added, holding the lantern close.

"Oh!" cried Maxy. "Flour and water make paste. Oh, mercy! I've pasted them together!"

"They can't run! They're breaking their legs off!" and Katie looked so indignant, and the chickens so very miserable, that Maxy fled sobbing to mamma, declaring that "Brosie Miller said it would do."

Katie and papa brought the poor little prisoners into the kitchen, put them into a basin of warm water, and worked patiently for an hour, freeing their poor feet. When at last they succeeded, and one by one those wretched, long-legged, forlorn creatures were rubbed by mamma's soft hands, wrapped in warm flannel and laid in a little basket by the fire, Maxy wept aloud, and declared she would "never feed chickens any more."

"I never thought they'd stand in their supper," she said.

"I'll forgive you, if Speckle will," said Katie, solemnly; "but don't you ever take Brosie Miller's advice again."—*Chicago Interior.*

American Children and Horses.

American boys are quite as brave and active as any in the world, and learned travelers tell us they know more than any boys yet discovered in the solar system. Likewise the American girl is sweet and good and true—as bright as any girl in Europe. For all this, American boys and girls do not, as a rule, ride horse-back. It is true, some country boys, East and West, ride fearlessly and well, but the majority of boy and girl riders have climbed, by the aid of a rail-fence, on the back of a farm-horse, and when they were mounted the horse either laughed in his mane or ingloriously tumbled the rider over his head. It is very strange that in such a land of horses so few boys and girls know how to ride. It is a mistake to think that, when Dobbin has been brought to the fence and you have climbed on his back, this is riding. Not even the most uncommonly bright girl or the most learned boy can ride without instruction. One has to learn this art, just as one must learn to play the piano or to mount a bicycle.

Let us consider the horse, see what he is like, and then, perhaps, we may learn what it means to ride. A horse is an animal with a large brain, and though he seldom speaks, you may be sure he thinks and has a mind of his own. Besides this he has four legs. These are important things to remember—he stands on four legs and can think for himself. He also has ears, and, though he is not given to conversation, he hears and understands much that is said to him. He also has a temper—good or bad—and may be cross and ill-natured, or sweet-tempered, cheerful, patient and kind. In approaching such a clever creature, it is clear a boy or girl must be equally patient, kind, cheerful and good-natured. Unless you are as good as a horse, you have no right to get upon his back.

Of course, there are bad horses, but they are not fit for riding, and are used only to drag horse-cars or do other common work. All riding-horses fit for the society of boys and girls are good horses, not merely for walking or galloping, but morally good—gentle, kind, patient, careful and obedient. Any boy or girl, over seven years of age, with a brave heart and steady hand, and also, sweet-temper, gentle, kind and thoughtful, can learn to ride. All others must sit in a box on wheels and be dragged about.—*Charles Barnard, in St. Nicholas.*

An Infernal Machine.

A rather sad affair took place on one of our streets the other day. A young lady with her arms full of bundles emerged from a dry-goods store, when one of them fell on the sidewalk without her noticing it. Just behind her was a young man, and a Belfast young man who if not polite is not anything, and he quickly stepped forward to pick it up. Now a bundle done up in a piece of paper with a dry goods advertisement on it is apparently as harmless as a mother's spanking, and there it lay as guileless as an angworm on a sidewalk after a rain. Just as he stooped to pick it up there was a rustling of the paper, the twist began to come out of the ends, and in another instant a bright red thing, a sort of a cross between a balloon and a devil-fish, flew into the air before his eyes, and a number ten, thirty-six-inch, double-jointed, elliptic, steel-bowed, bustle-attachment, dollar-and-a-half, red-headed hoop-skirt, waltzed around and gyrated and opened and shut up and fell on the walk as flat and thin as a restaurant pie; and the young man straightened himself up and looked as if he wished the tail of comet No. 2 would sweep him from this fair land; and the young lady came back with a face that resembled a sunset on a fifty-cent chromo; and she picked up the wire contrivance, and then she went toward the east and he went toward the west, and the sun ducked his head behind a cloud to hide a smile, and three or four looked on, laid down and laughed and doubled themselves up in a manner that would have made a mess of green apples hang their heads in shame.—*Belfast Journal.*

—A Pittsburgh father, whose two little lost girls had been found by the police, was so glad that he danced a breakdown in the Mayor's office.—*Pittsburgh Post.*