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A WOMAN.

The poet's laurel wreath she doth not wear,
Since in her busy life she seldom writes
The poems that she lives: yet on the heights
With native sympathy her soul doth share
The poet's keen delights.

She neither seeks nor gains the world's ac-
claims,
Though rarest gifts are hers of mind and
face;
More proud is she to fill her simple place,
And wear what seem to her the dearest names
That womanhood can grace.

Her joy it is to guard her loved from pain,
To take from them the burdens hard to
bear;
To give her days, her nights, her life, to care
For those who, loving her, yet entertain
Their angui unaware.

And more than artist's patience she doth give
To tasks of motherhood, since not alone
High dreams are clothed in color, form, or
tone;
Wrought from the lives that human beings
live
Is highest beauty known.

On such as she the world may not bestow
Its vain applause, far from all vulgar strife
She dwells content, if through her hidden
life
Her loved the meaning of the name shall
know
Of mother and of wife.

—Grace S. Wells.

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VIOLA;

—OR—

Thrice Lost in a Struggle for a Name.

BY MRS. R. D. EDSON.

CHAPTER VII.

Tom Arnold had a housekeeper, a rather attractive little woman of perhaps thirty-five, who rejoiced in the name of Bugbee. I say rejoiced; perhaps that is not quite correct. It was maliciously reported that Mrs. Bugbee would not seriously object to dropping that cognomen if a favorable opportunity occurred for an exchange. But, being a widow, people were privileged to say such uncharitable things of her without rebuke. I think widows are the most abused and slandered people in the world. The idea of their maneuvering or setting traps for a husband—why, it's simply preposterous! I wouldn't believe it if I saw it with my own eyes.

Bugbee, deceased, had shuffled off this mortal coil something like five years before, so she might be said to be in the lavender and gray stage of her grief, having triumphantly outlived the crape and bombazine period. She was a very black-eyed little woman, with cheeks as round and as red as a China doll's and these cool, gray tints were becoming, and made her look "as fresh as a rose set in a bunch of tansy." This simile is not original with me; it originated in the brain of Ned Bradlee, and it first occurred to him one spring evening when he went up to Arnold's after some turnip seed. And Mrs. Bugbee, in the absence of the master of the house, got it for him, pouring it out of the paper into her plump, rosy palm, and holding it out for him to look at, talking all the time of what "splendid" turnips they were, and what lovely sauce they made mashed up with potatoes and butter and pepper.

"Du you loveturnip sass, Mis Bugbee?" Ned asked, venturing a look from the plump hand to the bright eyes of his companion.

"O yes, Mr. Bradlee, I love it better than anything in the world!" was the fervent answer.

Now, turnip sauce was Ned's special delight, but for an instant he felt a little twinge of jealous envy toward his old favorite.

"I should think you could raise beautiful ones on your place. I thought of it when I was by there the other day," she continued, doing up the seed and laying it in his hand, just brushing her sleeve across his arm, and touching in the lightest possible way her little warm fingers to his palm.

Alas, poor Ned! He went home that night thoroughly bewildered. He forgot that he had eaten no supper, he forgot that his feet were wet from walking directly through a "slough," instead of taking the path round it—indeed, I am not sure but he forgot there was a slough there at all; he forgot to shut up his hens (and as a consequence lost more than half his young beets before he was awake in the morning) and to feed the chestnut colts, but he did not forget Mrs. Bugbee—an not even in his dreams, for then he fancied she was an immense turnip, with lavender leaves bound with pink ribbon, and when he went to "pull" her, she put up her lips and kissed him! He woke up with a little delicious thrill, and an admirable cold in his head. He had forgotten to shut down the window over his bed, and the wind had come round and was blowing directly on him.

"Ned Bradlee, you're a consarned old fool!" he said, dropping the window with a bang. "Ain't you ashamed of yourself, at your time o' life—forty-five the thirteenth day of last June—y'ou old nunny, you?"

But as he laid back in bed for another nap, he somehow hoped he should dream that "turnip" dream again.

The wonderful improvement which had come over Ned's personelle, had all dated from that night. There was a snug little frame house going up now on that "quarter section," and though the question had not yet been directly put, Mrs. Susan Bugbee was as morally certain of some day making "turnip sauce" within its pleasant walls as one can be of anything in this changeable world.

And now, it having just occurred to me, I will go back and look after my hero, whom, if I mistake not, I left on the eve of an introduction to the Misses Montford.

Ralph felt as he went through the ceremony of introduction, as if he was in a sort of nightmare. Did you ever look at the sun, until, when you looked away, you could see a round, prismatic ball wherever your eyes rested? Just so it seemed to Ralph Anderson for the first few minutes after he came into the room. Look wherever he would, at the gilt wall-paper, the pictures, the carved moldings, or even into the faces of the Misses Montford, a pale olive face, with great lustrous startled eyes, seemed to look out at and confront him. But after a little it wore away so that he could observe his new friends.

Miss Althea Montford was a light-haired young lady—not particularly young, either—with a ruddy complexion and very pale blue eyes. She had a very large—I may say extremely large—nose, of the Roman style of architecture, which was, without exaggeration, the most prominent thing about her. Without knowing anything about her, one would be pretty apt to think her reserved and haughty, and perhaps a little unscrupulous. I don't think you would be inclined to change your mind much after you did know her.

Miss Fannie Montford was not much like her sister in any way. She was slight and sallow, with pleasant, hazel eyes, and heavy dark brown hair that drooped low over her forehead, which was low, but broad and full. She talked some, when her sister, who always took the lead in everything, was not talking; when she was, she busied herself very contentedly over some sort of worsted embroidery.

If Miss Blanche Arnold had searched the country through she could not have found a better foil to her clear, rare beauty, than either of the Miss Montfords furnished. Something of this thought crept into Ralph's mind, but he rather fancied Miss Fannie, despite her plainness. Her thin, sallow face lighted up when she talked, but more especially when she smiled, and contrary to the general judgment, he called her much better looking than her sister, and he didn't feel so much in awe of her, and while Miss Althea and his cousin were examining a Cape Jessamine, whose snowy blossoms filled the room with its heavy perfume, he ventured to ask her the name of the young lady who showed them in.

"Young lady? O yes," she said with a faint smile. "A pretty, bright-eyed little girl, wasn't it? It is a new maid servant my father hired yesterday. We don't usually take a servant without a recommendation."

"Nor would we now, if I had my way," interrupted Miss Althea, in a severe tone.

"But she wished so much to stay, you know," interrupted Fannie, deprecatingly.

"O, it's the young person who answered the bell that you are asking of, is it?" said Blanche. "Do you know? Cousin Ralph here, was quite struck with her; if you will believe me, girls," and she laughed a little soft, musical laugh.

"She looked very much like one I used to love, who is dead now," Ralph said, gravely, his eyes darkening just a little, and a faint wave of color sweeping in his temples.

"Forgive me, dear cousin Ralph," Blanche said, laying her hand on his with a pretty, penitent gesture. "I shall be so unhappy if you are vexed with me! I was only in jest," and the gray eyes looked up into his with such a grieving, troubled look, that he forgave her instantly, and was more fascinated than before.

"It is something rather strange—about this girl, I mean," said Miss Montford. "She came to the office and asked for my father, so the postmaster told Victor this morning. She asked to see him when she came, and Dale, I think it was, showed her into the library where papa was, alone. The first I knew he came into the dining-room with her, and said he had engaged Miss Blanche—her name is Stella Blake—as waiting-maid, and general assistant about the house. I remonstrated, and told him we needed no more servants; but I think the girl must have bewitched him with those uncanny eyes of hers; he declared that we did need her, and she should stay. And so, if he chooses to pay her, I suppose he can, and she will stay."

"She is very quick and handy, and has exquisite taste in arranging a table," Fannie said, quietly.

Almost unconsciously to himself Ralph gave her a pleased, grateful glance. She smiled slightly, and the thin, sallow face flushed just a little.

Just then the door opened, and Mr. Alfred DeVries walked leisurely and quietly into the room.

Ralph had never seen him since that September morning, eight years before, when standing on the dripping, wreck-strewn beach, he had watched him kneeling by the little ledgy mound of sand and kelp. And yet he should have known him anywhere, he said to himself. The tall, elegant form was as lithe and graceful, the step as assured, the hair as dark and abundant, and the full, jetty beard as glossy and handsome. It seemed so strange, when he had changed so much, that this man looked as if time had stood still with him. But there were faint lines here and there about the eyes and mouth which had not been there eight years before, but with the casual glance he had then had of him, he did not notice about that. The general contour and expression of face and form were the same.

When Ralph shook hands with Mr. DeVries and looked in his eyes—those curious, metallic, yellow-brown eyes—it

flashed into his mind instantly what Viola had said concerning their being just the "color of her bronze slippers." "I will ask him about her sometime," he thought to himself.

Some one outside broke out whistling "God save the Queen," and a moment more a light foot-step ran up the long marble steps, passed through the entrance and hall in a gay, breezy way, and opened the door. He stopped short, and colored to the roots of his curly auburn hair, upon seeing that there was company, or rather upon seeing who the company was. Ralph, who had nothing else to do just then, watched him, and saw how eagerly, but shyly, his eyes sought Blanche's, and he fancied she, too, colored just a little. He felt more vexed and annoyed than he would have believed it possible for him to feel about so simple a thing.

Then Miss Montford said, smilingly, looking on the fair, handsome young face, which was frank and open as the day, with a little, quick, fond look:

"Captain Anderson, this is my young brother, Victor."

"He came forward with easy, genial frankness, and extended his hand. There was something peculiarly sweet and winning about the boyish face, for he did not look his twenty-one years. And the little twinge of jealousy that had just trembled across Ralph's consciousness shrunk away out of sight before the pleasant smile and warm handshake of this youngest and fairest of the house of Montford.

"I am so glad to see you," he said, cordially. "Blanche has told us so much of you; and then your sea voyages have seemed something wonderful to me—do you know that you are a sort of Robinson Crusoe to my admiring fancy?" laughing pleasantly.

"I have no man Friday," Ralph said, laughing, too.

"No? No matter. But we will omit the part of Friday. I am so glad you came up!" he said again, with naive frankness.

Whatever one said of Mr. Montford, or his daughters, or his confidential agent, Mr. DeVries, everybody was unanimous in declaring Victor Montford a "tip-top fellow." High-souled, chivalrous, gentle, sweet tempered and open-hearted, he at least was worthy to represent the "gentle blood" the Montfords boasted.

"Mother," Ralph said, thoughtfully, after Blanche had left him and driven away, "did you ever think, or try to think, how Viola would have looked if she had lived?"

He came and sat down before her, and looked wistfully in her face, his own grave and thoughtful.

"Yes, Ralph; but I cannot think of her as anything but a child. She will always be a child to me. Perhaps the dead grow old, but I always think of my baby as a baby still, and Viola always comes to me as I saw her last. She stood on tiptoe, holding open the door a little, and kissing her hand to me with a light rippling laugh. There was a sunny sparkle in her beautiful eyes, and I remember that her hat was on one side, and her hair was lying loose and tangled about her neck. I can see every motion and gesture—I have been over them so many times—as if it were but yesterday, even to the precise pattern of the embroidery on her crimson merino dress. You remember the dress, Ralph? She had it on the night of the wreck. The salt water didn't hurt it a bit, though I remember I thought it would, and that I should have to wash it; but I just rinsed it up and down in some clear water, and hung it up without wringing, and it looked as nice as new. She never wore it again till we started to come out here. What a comfort she would have been to us when you are away, Ralph, if she had lived."

She sighed, and put her hand up over her eyes.

"I suppose it is all right," she said, still shading her eyes with her hand; "I suppose everything is, but I can't always see it as your father does. I am sure I try, and I know 'tis so, but things seem so dark sometimes! They did when your grandmother was drowned."

"I will tell you," said Ralph, "what I had in my mind when I asked you if you ever thought how our lost Viola would have looked if she had grown to womanhood. I have often busied myself fancying the sort of woman she would have made, and how she would have looked. Well, you know I have been up to Mr. Montford's to-day, but you wonder what that has to do with it. I see by your face—what a transparent face you have got, little mother!" And getting up, he came and stood behind her chair, and leaned over and took her face in his hands and drew it back and kissed it. "I wish I could read Blanche's face as easily as I can yours," he added, blushing, and then laughing to turn it off. "What a face that girl has got!"

"She is very handsome!"

"Yes; but it isn't just that, I mean," he interrupted.

"I think Blanche likes you, Ralph; and if you think—that is," she stammered confusedly, "if you two should like each other well enough to—to marry some day, it would be splendid."

"O mother! Blanche is too elegant and accomplished for a fellow like me to think of," he said, deprecatingly, but a faint smile softened his lips and eyes—a faint, dreamy smile, which showed the thought was rather pleasant than otherwise.

"You see if Viola had lived I should have hoped you would have liked each other. It would not have seemed like a stranger's coming into the family. But since that cannot be, Blanche is the next choice of my heart. But, of course, I don't expect you to please me: I only mentioned it because I fancied you

were mutually pleased with each other, and Tom and I thought it would be pleasant to have it so. Tom likes you so much!"

"I'm greatly obliged to him," Ralph said, with a laugh, "but I'm sure I don't know why he should; he doesn't know much about me—may be that is the reason! Well, now I am going to tell you what I attempted at first. There is a girl—some sort of a waiting-maid, or servant of some kind—at Mr. Montford's, who looks just as I have fancied Viola would if she had lived to be a woman. She is very slight and fragile looking, but for a certain indomitable air and expression which give her a sort of subtle strength. You remember that peculiarity in Viola. This girl, whose name is Stella Blake, came to admit us this morning, and I was so startled by her resemblance to Viola—not so much a resemblance as to what she was, as to what I thought she would have been—that I was guilty of the rudeness of staring at her, I fear, very impertinently."

"How does she look? I wish I could see her," Mrs. Anderson said, eagerly.

"She is, as I said slight, with a pale olive skin, and jetty eyes and hair. But that doesn't give you an idea about her looks at all, for that rests so much upon expression, and she has got the most expressive face—not after Blanche's style, Blanche controls her face, this girl does not—with eyes that look like smoldering volcanoes; Mrs. Montford calls them 'uncanny.' By the way, what sort of a man is this DeVries? It always seemed to me that he knew more about Viola than he was willing to tell. It is rather odd, isn't it, that we should happen to be neighbors?"

"I don't know, I never thought much of it. I never saw him but once; then he called here, and very naturally the conversation turned on the shipwreck. He seemed to feel very badly when I talked with him about the sad fate of little Viola. He said he had been stopping in England and on the Continent some months, settling up the business affairs of Mr. Montford, who had come to America with his family the previous May. He had completed his business, and being at Havre, he took passage in the Le Brun in preference to waiting for the regular steamer a week. There were but five or six passengers, and this Mrs. Mallard—he thinks the name was Mallard, as he remembered seeing it so recorded, and he remembers distinctly hearing the Captain address her by that title—and her child were among them, but he only saw the child; the lady seemed suffering under some nervous malady."

"Why didn't you tell him what Viola said about her mother's being so affected when she saw him?" interrupted Ralph.

"I did, but I am positive, Ralph, that she was mistaken. You would have been if you had seen how pained and surprised he was that the child should have fancied such a thing. He said if he had thought of such a possibility he should not have rested till he had removed the erroneous impression from the child's mind, if he had made the journey from the West on purpose. He thinks illness, and the excitement of the storm, added to her half-drowned condition, turned the poor woman's brain, and your father and I think so, now. But it doesn't matter since both are dead. Did you see Mr. Montford?" she asked, after a moment of silence.

"No, not the senior Mr. Montford. I saw Mr. Victor Montford—a fine young fellow, too, I judge."

"Yes; but why I asked, no one sees much of Mr. Gilbert Montford, only when he drives out, or something of that kind. Some think he is not quite as clever as people in general, and that is why he keeps this DeVries to attend to all his business affairs. May be, however, it's the English way of doing things; I presume 'tis. But no one ever goes to Mr. Montford on any business matter whatever, but always to Mr. DeVries, who negotiates loans, invests all moneys, and pays all claims."

"Do you mean that he is not bright, this Mr. Montford?" Ralph asked, looking surprised.

"O dear no, not that, really. Only that he isn't as shrewd and capable, perhaps, as some, and any one who was keen might take advantage of him, you see; but perhaps it is only surmise."

CHAPTER VIII.

Mr. Alfred DeVries did not quite like the new servant at Montford House. One thing particularly he did not like, and that was the way in which the engagement was made. It was something quite unusual for Mr. Montford to take business into his own hands in this way, and Mr. DeVries felt as if his rights had been invaded.

Perhaps I might as well say here, as anywhere, that Mr. Gilbert was not as clever as some people—his private Secretary, for instance. He was one of those people who are characterized as having "more money than brains." Therefore, to make up for that lack, Mr. DeVries, who was in exactly the opposite condition, had taken upon himself the charge of his affairs. Perhaps he made a good thing out of it, at least he appeared well satisfied, generally; and being high in Miss Montford's good graces, who was Lady Superior in all social and domestic matters, there really seemed no reason why he should not be.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

—A Wisconsin farmer was seen stopping up the chinks in his dilapidated log house. A big snake had crawled in and gone to bed with him on the previous night, and he had disliked it.

—In Germany even the smallest watch wheels are now made from paper pulp.

RELIGIOUS AND EDUCATIONAL.

—The Baptist churches in Sweden report 20,000 members.

—For evangelizing 800,000,000 heathen, the American churches give about \$3,000,000 a year. —Detroit Post.

—Five hundred conversions are announced at Oswego, N. Y., as the result of the evangelistic labors there of Mrs. Maggie Van Cott.

—At the recent meeting of the Maryland Teachers' Association the abolition of corporal punishment in schools was generally advocated.

—Over eight hundred millions of the inhabitants of the globe are still under the shadow of paganism and idolatry. —San Francisco Chronicle.

—Two Princeton Theological students, graduates of the college of the class of '82, walked from Oberlin, O., to Princeton, in four weeks, and arrived in time for the opening of the theological institution.

—The Hudson River Baptist Association has withdrawn fellowship from the Greenbush Church, because the latter refused to remove a married pastor who had written love letters to a young lady. —Troy (N. Y.) Times.

—Mrs. Elizabeth Wright, a member of the Frostburg Methodist Church, Maryland, died recently in her ninety-third year. She was seventy-four years a Methodist, and had contributed some \$14,000 to that church.

—Kentucky has twenty universities and colleges, seven schools of medicine, six theological schools and one agricultural and one mechanical college, with several hundred grammar schools, academies and colleges.

—A noted Roman Catholic in Rome has become a Protestant. This time it is Signor Catalano, Professor of physical science in the University at Rome. He has connected himself with the Fro Italian Church. —The Interior.

—A letter to the Boston Herald describes the female students at Cornell as strong in health and quick and accurate in study. The writer declares that between the young men and maidens in the college there are few friendships formed which result in marriage; and adds: "It is said that the young men find the ladies of the town more interesting than the quiet, studious college girls. The daily intercourse between the men and women students is so commonplace, the occupations that call them together are so high and so engrossing, that no time nor inclination seems left for sentimental dawdling."

Cash After Marriage.

One frequent cause of trouble in married life is a want of openness in business matters. A husband marries a pretty, thoughtless girl, who has been used to taking no more thought as to how she should be clothed than the lilies in the field. He begins by not liking to refuse any of her requests. He will not hint, so long as he can help it, at care in trifling expenses—he does not like to associate himself in her mind with disappointments and self-denials. And she, who would have been willing enough, in the sweet eagerness to please of her girlish love, to give up any whims or fancies of her own whatever, falls into habits of careless extravagance and feels herself injured when, at last, a remonstrance comes. How much wiser would have been perfect openness in the beginning! "We have just so much money to spend this summer. Now, shall we arrange matters thus or thus?" was the question I heard a very young husband ask his still younger bride not long ago, and all the womanhood in her answered to this demand upon it, and her help at planning and counseling proved not a thing to be despised, though hitherto she had "fed upon the roses, and lain among the lilies of life." I am speaking not of marriages that are no marriages—where Venus has wedded Vulcan because Vulcan prospered at his forge—but marriages where two true hearts have set out together, for love's sake, to learn the lessons of life, and to live together till death shall part them. And one of the first lessons for them to learn is to trust each other entirely. The most frivolous girl of all "therosebud garden of girls," if she truly loves, acquires something of womanliness from her love, and is ready to plan and help and make her small sacrifices for the general good. Try her, and you will see. —Our Continent.

Locating a Fault in an Ocean Cable.

The work of locating a break or flaw in the cable—a process seemingly so abstract—by the present improved instruments, comparatively quick and easy. Discarding technicalities, we may say briefly that the whole electric potency of the cable when fully charged is known, and the same can be quickly ascertained of the two parts created by a break. A delicate machine adjusted to the nicest fractions discloses the electric units or "ohms" in each part, and as the number of ohms to the mile is known, the miles and fractions of miles in both parts can be found out at each end of the cable. In the case of a clear break the locating of it takes about fifteen minutes. But a very angular break, or a flaw, makes perturbations of the measurement which it now and then takes some hours to rectify. The usual cause of breaks or flaws is attrition on rocks or sand; and sometimes a break in very deep water indicates that sea currents of considerable force prevail there, contrary to the generally accepted theory that deep-sea waters are always placid. Most of the fractures, however, take place in shallows, and many of them are due to the dragging anchors of the fisher craft. In two of three instances the cables have evidently been snapped by enraged or hungry fish. —Cor. N. Y. Evening Post.