

# THE NEBRASKA ADVERTISER

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NEMAHA, - - - - - NEBRASKA.

## THE SUN COMES PEEPIN' THRO'.

How I love the dear old haymow  
And the perfume of the hay,  
And to listen to the sparrows  
In the rafters hard at play;  
And to watch the dancing dust motes,  
Sometime yellow, sometime blue,  
Hurrying out the little knot hole  
Where the sun comes peepin' through;

And to hear the cattle munching  
In the comfortable stall,  
And to see the calves a' romping,  
Now and then to hear them bawl;  
Then to see the mother coming  
With a willow switch or shoe,  
And watch her through the knot-hole  
Where the sun comes peepin' through!

Then to tread the horseless thrasher,  
And turn the fanning mill,  
And climb up to the pigeon nests—  
And sit there awful still;  
Then spy the folks upon the porch,  
And wish they only knew  
What fun to watch them through the  
knot hole  
Where the sun comes peepin' through!

How I wish I could live over  
Those scenes which come to me,  
Through the long and winding alley  
Of my clouded memory;  
And hear the voice of dear mother,  
With a tenderness so true,  
And watch her through the knot hole  
Where the sun comes peepin' through!

—W. A. Engard, in Springfield (Mass.)  
Republican.

## THE KIDNAPPED MILLIONAIRES

A Tale of Wall Street and the Tropics  
By FREDERICK U. ADAMS

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### CHAPTER XXIV.—CONTINUED.

Before Chalmers could say a word, Capt. Waters opened the door and went away.

It was as Capt. Waters said. Hestor was in a hospital. A bullet had plowed its way along the left side of his head, barely missing the temple. The skull was slightly fractured, and there had been a hemorrhage from the brain. When conscious, the patient was wildly delirious. Chalmers left instructions that everything should be done for his comfort. The hospital physicians gave little hope. Chalmers secured the best medical talent in New Orleans and wired the facts to a famous New York specialist. He then rejoined his companions at the hotel.

The afternoon papers contained accounts of the tragedy, and related the story of the surrender of Capt. Waters. Before leaving for New York, a conference was held in Sidney Hammond's room. It was the consensus of opinion that Capt. Waters had acted in good faith, and that he was not deserving of pun-



CAPT. WATERS OPENED THE DOOR AND WENT AWAY.

ishment. Sidney agreed to obtain bail for him, and for the other officers of the "Shark." On Monday bail was fixed at \$10,000 for Capt. Waters, and at \$5,000 each for the arrested officers. Mr. Hammond furnished the necessary securities and was accepted as bondsman. For a time Capt. Waters refused to accept bail. He preferred to stand punishment. Sidney argued with him for a long time. He explained that it might be months before a trial would be held. Capt. Waters finally consented to accept bail. He went to a hotel near the jail, and reported regularly three times a day at police headquarters. No argument could convince him that this was not the right thing to do.

Col. John McIntyre was the sole passenger on the "Helen Carmody" when she steamed past the forts and out into the Gulf of Mexico. In his big leather pocketbook was a check bearing the signature of Andrus Carmody. The amount was entirely satisfactory to Col. McIntyre.

The homecoming of the marooned millionaires was an event never to be forgotten by those who participated in or witnessed it. It began at New Orleans. A special train from New York, containing hundreds of relatives and friends dashed into the Crescent city early the following

morning. Those who have followed the events portrayed in these pages can imagine the joy of the greeting between the lost ones and those they loved. Great crowds surrounded the hotel, and would not be satisfied until the principals appeared on the balcony. The mayor made a speech and introduced each man in turn. Sidney Hammond received an ovation as he stepped forward; one sleeve of his coat hung vacant at his side. Nor was the greeting to Bernard Seymour less cordial. There were repeated calls for Miss Carmody, and when that young lady appeared on the arm of her father, the demonstration reached its climax.

In a remote part of the city, white-robed nurses hovered over a man whose staring eyes showed no gleam of sanity. His head was in bandages and he muttered incoherent phrases as he tossed in a fever of delirium.

Among those who greeted the returned castaways at New Orleans was Robert Van Horne, editor of the Record, who arrived in New York in time to take the special train south. Mr. Van Horne did not return to New York with the happy throng. He brought with him three of the most famous specialists in the country, and soon stood at the bedside of Walter B. Hestor. Mr. Van Horne alone knew the recent history of the man who now hovered between life and death. He gave the physicians the essential facts in the case.

A year or more before Hestor had been injured in China. While conducting an expedition into the interior of that country his party had been ambuscaded, and in the melee which followed Hestor was knocked senseless by a blow on the forehead, delivered with great force by some blunt instrument. The attacking Tartars were driven off. The immediate effects of the blow were slight, but several months later Hestor had a severe attack of acute traumatic meningitis, from which he apparently fully recovered after a long illness. Later he complained to Mr. Van Horne that his head troubled him. He explained some strange symptoms and was much worried. Acting on Mr. Van Horne's advice, Hestor consulted a specialist in brain diseases. He was informed that in all probability a clot of blood from a ruptured blood vessel had formed and was pressing against the brain tissue. Hestor agreed to submit to an operation, but postponed it and went on another cruise. He suffered no further attack, and the incident was forgotten by Mr. Van Horne. It was vividly recalled when Chalmers wired his suspicions.

An examination at the hospital disclosed the fact that the Seymour bullet had plowed its course past the point where Hestor had sustained the blow some 14 months before. Without going into details of surgery, it is sufficient to say that the gun shot wound exposed and partially relieved the blood clot; the existence of which had been suspected. It was successfully removed. For a month Hestor hovered on the border line, and then slowly moved away from the danger point. Sidney Hammond and Mr. Van Horne alternated in remaining in New Orleans until he was on the road to recovery.

Hestor had no recollection of events subsequent to the Chinese expedition. In his delirium he imagined himself at the head of his men in that far-away Celestial empire. When he awoke from this fantasy, clothed in his right mind, he recognized Sidney Hammond and greeted him with a pleased but mystified smile.

"How came you here, dear old fellow?" he asked as he reached out a wasted hand. "What are you doing in China? What is the matter with me? Ah, I remember now! That pig-tailed beggar hit me on the head. But where did you come from, Sidney?"

Sidney made a non-committal answer and warned Hestor that he must not talk or disturb himself in any way until he regained his strength. During the period of convalescence Hestor's curiosity was too great to be denied, and Sidney evolved a wonderful fabrication, which gave a rational explanation of how Hestor happened to be in New Orleans, rather than in some city of the flowery kingdom. It was apparent Hestor did not believe or understand this statement; but like all invalids, he was compelled to accept with the best possible grace what was offered him.

The physicians in charge of the case prepared a statement in which it was set forth that Mr. Hestor had been suffering from a clearly-defined attack of amnesia, preceded by a period of mild dementia. It possessed many remarkable features, but was by no means unprecedented.

"Do you believe his recovery a permanent one, doctor?" asked Sidney, anxiously.

"Quien sabe?" replied Dr. Brown. "There is no reason why it should not be a permanent one. The cause is removed, and Hestor is now apparently in full possession of his faculties. He is a strong, healthy man, and there is no taint of insanity in

his family. The truth must be kept from him until he has entirely regained his physical strength. He should take a long ocean cruise, in company with some one in whom he has complete confidence. That means you."

When these facts were explained to Mr. Morton and his associates, they were unanimous in a decision to take no legal steps against Mr. Hestor, or against Capt. Waters. They were satisfied to await Hestor's complete recovery, and were confident that he would make honorable amends when acquainted with the facts.

One afternoon Sidney informed Hestor that the physicians had advised an ocean cruise, and that he would be permitted to go on board the "Shark" in about two weeks. Hestor urged that he should go to New York and attend to certain business affairs. This was not listened to, and it was finally arranged that Hestor give Mr. Hammond power of attorney to look after such matters as required attention. Mr. Van Horne took Sidney's place while the latter was in New York.

All of Mr. Hestor's property was in interest-bearing securities, and these required little or no attention. Mr. Chalmers had not made public his suspicions concerning Hestor's Wall street operations, neither had any statement been made by Mr. Morton or others. Sidney found a record of the various transactions in a safety deposit vault. He then called on Street & Rogers and presented his credentials. Their books showed that Walter B. Hestor had a credit of \$32,000,000. He had originally purchased 700,000 shares of stock, and had issued instructions which had been strictly carried out. The money was due from various banks, trust companies, commission and brokerage houses. Street & Rogers had decided not to force payments, fearing to disturb the money market. Mr. Hammond indorsed this course and instructed them to gradually convert the credits into interest-bearing securities.

Thus it happened, one fine September afternoon, that the steam yacht "Shark" sailed down the river from New Orleans, destined for the waters of the South Pacific. On board were Walter B. Hestor, Sidney Hammond, L. Sylvester Vincent and Bernard Seymour; Mr. Vincent and Mr. Seymour were present at Mr. Hammond's invitation, and Hestor was delighted with his new acquaintances. Vincent had a wonderful venture on hand which demanded his presence in southern waters, and Mr. Seymour proposed to gather the materials for a book, which, he asserted, "would make them all sit up nights." And on the deck of the "Shark" with Capt. Waters once more in command, this narrative will leave them.

The later events in the lives of these characters must be relegated to some future chapters. It may be said in closing that the doors of the Carmody mansion were not closed to Mr. William Chalmers, managing editor of the New York Record.

### [THE END.]

#### He Was an Irishman.

A fine specimen of the bull is to be credited to Sir Thomas Myles, an eminent Irish surgeon and an expert of the College of Surgeons in Ireland. He made it in the course of a speech delivered at the meeting of the Solicitors' Apprentices' Debating society in Dublin. The subject of the address was "Cecil Rhodes." Sir Thomas paid a high tribute to the force of character, the spirit of personal independence, and the indomitable courage of Englishmen. He pictured the British empire as having been in danger at the time of the late war, and asked with emphasis, "Was England to stand with her arms folded and her hands in her pockets?" When he realized from the attitude of his audience what he had done, he observed that his only apology was that he was an Irishman.—London News.

#### Spoke From Experience.

A man who tried to uphold all his statements with the prop of personal experience is pretty sure sooner or later to find himself in difficulties.

"What kind of posts should you say I'd better have for my piazza?" asked a summer resident of the oracle of Bushville. "Cedar?"

"No," was the instant reply; "not less you want to pay for poor stuff. Git pine. Pine will last ye a hundred years."

"Are you sure?" asked the summer resident, doubtfully.

"Sure!" echoed the oracle. "I never state a thing without I can prove it. I've tried 'em both. Tried 'em twice on my south porch, I tell ye!"—Youth's Companion.

#### Those Who Roost.

Newcome—They tell me hens never lay eggs at night. Did you know that?

Subbubs—Oh! yes.

"Strange, isn't it?"

"Not at all. All the hens are roosters at night, you know."—Philadelphia Press.

### CHAIN OF SUGGESTION.

One Barber After the Other Had an Idea to Offer the Pertinacious Customer.

"A man up in my country had a melancholy experience," declared Senator Frye, of Maine. "This man determined to get a shave every other day and to let every barber cut his hair who suggested it. At the end of a week three different barbers had intimated that the hair needed trimming and were told to 'go ahead and trim.' As the hair was now beyond the trimming stage, the fourth barber's advice, 'that clipping would be beneficial,' was accepted. 'Now,' thought the man, 'the next barber will be satisfied that when I say 'shave,' I mean 'shave' and nothing more. Yet when the fifth barber mentioned 'singeing' he permitted his closely-cropped hair to be singed. The sixth night was on a Saturday. He went to still another barber, now satisfied that when he said 'shave' no barber would have the temerity to hint at an attempt to reduce the length of his hair.

"Did you ever try Dr. Comeup's hair restorer?" questioned the barber as he took up a bottle.

"The Indians had a quicker way of getting at a man's scalp than these barbers," commented Senator Chandler.

"Yes," said the Maine statesman, "but we are living under modern, not ancient barbarism."

### REMINISCENCES OF CHICAGO'S EARLY DAYS.

How the First Freight Was Shipped to the City by Rail.

"As a live stock market, Chicago stands second to none," said a well-known dealer. "The figures for 1902 show that almost eight million head of sheep, over four million hogs, a hundred thousand horses, a quarter million calves and three million cattle were brought to the Chicago market last year by the big railroads that reach out, like The Chicago & Northwestern, into the cattle ranges and feeding grounds all over the west. The reports show 278,100 carloads of live stock received here in 1902—quite a growth for the 55 years since the first shipment."

The stockman ruminated a moment. "That first shipment was queer, now, wasn't it?" he continued. "Did you see that little account of it in the papers the other day? Young Millican Hunt, now over 80 years old, had started across the prairies to market with a sled load of hogs and when he got across the Des Plaines River he found there was no snow on which to draw his pigs the rest of the journey."

"That was in '48, the year the Galena road, now The Chicago & Northwestern, built its first ten miles; and young Hunt made a dicker with the crew of a construction train, loaded his porkers on the train, and rode into Chicago triumphant, behind the little old 'Pioneer'."

"Was you ever out to the Field Columbian Museum?" he continued. "Well, you should go out there some day and see that old locomotive. She stands for a good deal from Chicago's point of view.—Brought in the first load of live stock, and the day the road was opened and the Mayor and the big men of the town were trying the novelty of a ride on the first regular train, she pulled the first rail shipment of grain into town."

"They tell me, now," he went on, "that last year that load of hogs had grown to over 65,000 carloads of live stock brought into Chicago over The Northwestern Line alone, and instead of one wagon load of wheat The Northwestern brought over 30,000,000 bushels of grain to the city."

A Catching Advertisement.—Ida—"Gertrude inserted an advertisement that she would like to meet a gentleman who was fond of outdoor life." Belle—"Who answered?" Ida—"Sixteen tramps."—Philadelphia Record.

#### Here Is the Evidence

That the Great Southwest is full of money-making possibilities—our booklets on "Beautiful Indian Territory," "Texas," "The Golden Square," "Business Chances," and others equally as interesting, which will be mailed you on receipt of two-cent stamp. Address: GEORGE MORTON, G. P. & T. A., M., K. & T. Ry., Suite I, Wainwright Bldg., St. Louis, Mo.

Some sins show a soft head rather than a hard heart.—Ram's Horn.

# ABSOLUTE SECURITY.

Genuine Carter's Little Liver Pills.

Must Bear Signature of *Dr. J. C. Carter*

See Fac-Simile Wrapper Below.

Very small and as easy to take as sugar.

**CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.**

FOR HEADACHE. FOR DIZZINESS. FOR BILIOUSNESS. FOR TORPID LIVER. FOR CONSTIPATION. FOR SALLOW SKIN. FOR THE COMPLEXION

Price 25 Cents

GENUINENESS MUST HAVE SIGNATURE. Purely Vegetable. *Dr. J. C. Carter*

CURE SICK HEADACHE.



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Four graceful poses from life; figures ten inches high, reproduced in colors. Highest example of lithographic art.

"THE ONLY WAY"

To own one of these beautiful calendars is to send twenty-five cents with name of publication in which you read this advertisement, to Geo. J. CHARLTON, Gen'l Passenger Agent, Chicago & Alton Railway, CHICAGO, ILL.

The best railway line between CHICAGO, ST. LOUIS, KANSAS CITY and PHOENIA. Take the "Alton" to the St. Louis World's Fair, 1904.

# SAWYER'S EXCELSIOR BRAND OILED CLOTHING and SLICKERS

Look for this Trade Mark

Guaranteed to keep you dry. The best waterproof clothing in the world. Get only the genuine—the kind that won't crack, peel or get sticky. All sizes, all styles, for all kinds of work.

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CASCARETS. Surprising, isn't it, that within three years our sales are over TEN MILLION boxes a year? That proves merit. Cascarets do good for so many others, that we urge you to try just a 10c box. Don't put it off! Do it to-day.

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WORK WHILE YOU SLEEP

When you ask for Cascarets, don't let the dealer substitute something else. There is nothing else as good as Cascarets, and if you are not pleased we pay your money back. 10c, 25c, 50c, all drug-gists. Sample and booklet free. Address Sterling Remedy Co., Chicago or New York.

# Best for the Bowels