

THE NEBRASKA ADVERTISER

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NEMAHA, - - - - - NEBRASKA.

MISSING.

Miss you, don't I miss you?
Ev'ry day I do!
I just put in all my time,
Dear, a-missing you!

Ev'ry time that thoughts of you
In my dreaming come
I stop ev'rything I'm at,
Just to miss you some!

When the sky is overcast,
When it's clear and blue,
When it's day, and when it's night,
Then I'm missing you!

When I'm sitting down to meals,
When I'm nearly through,
When I'm juggling my dessert,
Then I'm missing you.

Waking, yawning, rising,
Bathing, combing, too;
Eating, putting on my hat,
Then I'm missing you!

Going down to work in town—
Paying car-fare, too,
Climbing on, and jumping off,
Then I'm missing you!

And I know when pay-day comes,
Dear, I do, I do!
Know while I am missing you
That you miss me, too.
—J. M. Lewis, in Houston Post.

The Last Days of Summer

By S. Rhett Roman.

It had been a pleasant, quite a pleasant summer, Harold thought, lazily.

Coming to the seashore to spend the first few months of mourning for his Uncle Dick. "Poor old fellow! He was always so absurdly lenient and forgiving of those college pranks, and he remembered later and worse misdeeds!" Harold thought musingly, while looking out across the water.

Aunt had anticipated a dull time.

Aunt Jo (abbreviated from Josephine), had never been a specially hilarious individual, and Harold's earliest and latest recollections of her were unvarying.

They represented a somewhat querulous, very exacting, elderly woman, fastidious in her tastes and habits, spoiled by adulation, as wealthy women are apt to be, and very much of an imaginary invalid.

Her town establishment was on a grand scale, and "Sea View," this cottage on the Atlantic coast, one of her favorite summer resorts, was ideal from the standpoint of comfort and luxury.

If Aunt Jo could only be induced to distract her thoughts from herself and her supposed ailments by reading, sewing or knitting, or by a pug dog, it would be a blessing. She would be more bearable, and less gossipy, Harold was convinced.

When her urgent invitation came, after the funeral, when going back to the great lonely house, whose every nook and corner seemed to miss the presence of the kindly, genial man whose love and affection were so unwavering, Harold had come to rely on them, as on the rising and setting of the sun, he hailed it with pleasure, as offering some solace from the terrible depression, of the handsome rooms, always crying out for one who was absent.

"Dismiss the servants and shut up the house, Harris. I will be away three months, at my aunt's, Mrs. Stuart Campbell, and later I may go abroad. I will notify you," directed Harold to his uncle's gray-haired butler, whose stolid grief was in itself a reason for the new heir to all this wealth to get away from the home which had been his from earliest childhood.

His Uncle Harry had brought him, a forlorn child, too young to realize the awful disaster which had bereft him of parents.

"Of course Mrs. Benson must stay to help you air the house and look after things. I may be away quite a long while," Harold added, which gave a shade of relief to the sad, austere face of the old man.

"I will be delighted to have you," his aunt had written. "You will find Sea View very quiet. My nervous condition does not permit me to take any part in social functions, even if poor Harry's death permitted it. But, of course, you will want to be out of that sort of thing for some months, while your lawyers are attending to matters, then you will be able to go abroad. You will find life here monotonous. But I suppose, under the circumstances, it will not be worse than anywhere else.

"So I will expect you on Thursday; of course, you know that I have Nannie's daughter with me. By taking the morning train you can reach us in time for church, at seven o'clock. The drag will be at the wharf. Your affectionate aunt.

JOSEPHINE STEWART CAMPBELL.

Harold now looked back with a smile

to his first introduction to this distant and heretofore unknown cousin.

Before reaching the pierhead, while leaning on the deck railing watching the usual commotion the arrival of a steamboat creates in remote places, he saw a pair of bays and drag come sweeping down the shell road. The horses were driven by a young woman who certainly knew how to handle them.

Pulling up short with considerable dexterity, she looked up to scan the passengers on the deck, waiting for the boat to land, and the gangplank to be thrown out.

"Hello! I've come for you," she cried, smiling brilliantly and nodding gayly to Harold.

Turning, she gave some directions to a groom, who sprang down and went in search of a basket of fruit, while Harold, following the slow-moving crowd, came forward.

Aunt Jo had failed to mention in her letter that her niece—whose name Harold could not recall just then, he was so astonished—was a very beautiful girl.

Of course he remembered her as a thin child with large gray eyes, a mass of auburn hair, a strange grace of movement, and, yes, she certainly had, in earlier years, a large mouth—of that he was positive.

"It's wonderful how girls change," Harold thought, looking at the face beside him when he had gotten in, and she wheeled the horses, in rather a reckless fashion, and started off at a brisk trot, and while they exchanged remarks as to his aunt's health and other matters.

"Of course you don't remember me," she said finally, pulling up to cross over a heavy bit of sand to reach the beach.

"Of course you are wrong," he answered promptly. "I remember you perfectly. You were an awful little spitfire. You bit me once because you thought I had tied something to your cat's tail. Are you as impulsive as you used to be? Did you find out that it was Tom and not I who committed that crime?"

"Yes, and I nearly cried my eyes out. I spent a day and a night screwing up my courage to run and tell you how sorry I was, and when I went down stairs I found you had gone off to college. But, still I don't believe you remembered I was in existence until I called to you. Now confess."

"You'll drive into that parambulator if you don't take care," Harold said, diplomatically, which diverted attention.

That was their first drive. But many others followed.

Also various and many strolls far up to the end of the island in the evening, when the heavens were dotted with stars, when the surf rolled up, singing its sweet, monotonous song to the beach, and the lights of the harbor threw out their steadfast glow, and some incoming or outgoing big ocean liner churned by in the channel, all ablaze with lights.

And now that the summer was drawing to a close, the days and hours must have slipped very swiftly by, it seemed to Harold.

Valerie, little Val. How could he ever have forgotten her name?

It seemed to Harold, as he sat swinging lightly in his Aunt Jo's white hammock, made by the Indians out of the silken fibers of the pitre, that "Val" was a name of unspeakable fascinations, adorable and with a charm beyond description! Like its owner, whom he was waiting for.

Leaning down to strike a match on the flooring of the porch to light his cigarette, a letter slipped out and fell from his pocket.

Harold frowned as he picked it up and put it back.

It was postmarked Paris, and as Harold knew, its writer was waiting for an answer.

When a woman is engaged to a man, even if she has no silly infatuation about him, and does not by any means believe that everything of value in life revolves around him, and even when his social importance and handsome bank account have been strong factors in the matter, still when she writes a clever, chatty letter with just the right amount of sentiment in it, she expects an answer.

Particularly so if she is inclined to be jealous and knows that her fiancé is living under a roof which shelters besides himself a young woman about whom he says very little in his letters.

"I don't see why you delay coming over," the letter read. "Can you not hurry those tiresome lawyers? I have so many charming plans waiting for you.

"And to get rid of these terrible modistes and gown-makers—oh, if you men could realize the exactions and terrors of a 'trousseau' you would be more patient and give us a year or two of latitude. I have a fascinating idea.

"We will run away from dear old Paris, and for two weeks we will ramble about Rome, chaperoned by Cecily Travers, bien entendu.

"You can then give full rein to all those absurd poetical fancies and sentimental proclivities I always feel it necessary to curb, my dear boy. Just fancy Rome during this delightful weather!

"You must be terribly weary of your aunt's 'nerves,' and the monotony of nearly three months of the seashore. Three months! How I pity you! How have you survived such an infliction? You have over there a distant cousin, I believe, your aunt's adopted, who ought to be of some use to vary the days. Is she good looking? What sort of girl is she? A terrible virago I hear, and red-haired. How dreadful! But still you might—and probably do—quarrel. Anything would be a relief I imagine.

"Come over on the next boat. You will be in time for the first night at the opera.

"We will discuss those jewels when you get here. I have no superstition at all about opals, and think them lovely with diamonds. Thanks for leaving the matter quite in my hands. Cable when I am to expect you, and believe me always, dear Harold—whatever you would prefer me to be.

"FRANCES CAMERON."

Remembering the very correct and icy contents of the envelope, Harold laughed grimly, and kept on rocking gently in his aunt's beautiful hammock, while lighting another cigarette.

How different Val was! Brilliant, clever Val. Rome, with just a touch of fall in the air, and a big harvest moon shining at night to cast lights and shadows over everything, and make the world glorious would be an ideal dream if Val was there.

Val and himself, wandering through the old Italian towns, or going to the opera in Paris, or crossing the ocean, or even strolling out to sit on the rocks of the breakwater and watch the play of the moonbeams on the water!

"Val and himself! It would be Heaven!" Harold thought.

Then an immense weariness seized him at the recollection of the writer of that letter who was waiting for him in Paris, and whose elaborate trousseau would soon be completed.

The plan sketched out, he remembered, was a brilliant wedding in the fashionable Protestant church in Paris, then a winter in New York, then—she declared she would map out their lives; he need not undertake the task.

Harold again smiled grimly, and wondered how it had happened, by what awful catastrophe had he ever believed himself in love with Frances Cameron!

Cold as an iceberg, and some thought beautiful, obstinate, and Harold felt very sure also vindictive and cruel. How was it he had let himself fall into the toils?

It occurred to him, and a flush mounted to his face at the thought, that she had skillfully led him on.

What now? She was waiting for him, the wedding was to take place shortly, and—her trousseau was nearly ready.

Harold threw aside his cigarette and sat moodily looking out at the sea, and a determination grew up within him which made his pulses beat.

As a plain matter of honesty he would tell her the truth. Far more honest not to marry a woman while every thought and heartbeat is for another than to hold to an engagement because the day for the marriage is set and the bride's trousseau made.

He would not write, but he would take the next steamer and run over and tell her. She would release him.

Then later Val would listen to him—Val, who was the embodiment of all that was lovely and perfect on earth!

"I kept you waiting an abominably long time; do excuse me. I had a letter to write. But we have time enough for a last stroll on the beach," Val said, coming up to him, while twisting some flimsy lace around her throat and over her magnificent hair.

Red? It was the most beautiful hair Harold had ever seen.

"To whom were you writing?" he asked gayly. "It must have been a volume. I've been waiting for you two hours at least."

Harold lingered while helping her to bring the folds of the flimsy sweet-scented gauze closer around a throat and shoulders of rarest perfection.

"Who?" Val said, with a slight pause and embarrassed laugh. "Why, to James Atherton, of course. You know—or perhaps you don't know—that I am engaged to him. He's coming down shortly, and I am to leave aunt this fall. What a pity you are going abroad! I would love to have you stay. Jim would like you so much, I know. But of course Miss Cameron is dying to see you.

"Come. Let us have one more pleasant chat and stroll by the 'sad sea waves' before you go. What an exquisite night! And how quickly the summer has flown! Do you know, Harold, you have made it very, very delightful for me."

Val turned, and looking at Harold a little wistfully out of her big honest gray eyes, placed her hand in his.

Slowly Harold raised it to his lips. The last days of summer sometimes hold shattered hopes and broken hearts as well as scattered and dying rose leaves.—N. O. Times-Democrat.

Thought He Was Safe.

"Come, old man, tell us where you got the courage to propose to your wife."

"They told me she had taken a vow never to marry."—Stray Stories.

DEAD IN A WRECK.

Mrs. Booth-Tucker, of Salvation Army Fame, One of Victims.

Santa Fe Train Ran into an Open Switch at Dean Lake, Mo., 85 Miles from Kansas City—The Injured Number 10.

Kansas City, Mo., Oct. 29.—The east-bound train No. 2 from California on the Santa Fe railway which left Kansas City at six o'clock last night was wrecked at 9:10 o'clock at Dean Lake, Mo., 85 miles east of Kansas City and about midway between Carrollton and Marceline. Information given by officials of the company at Topeka said that two coaches were in the ditch and 16 persons badly injured. The train ran into an open switch.

Mrs. Emma Booth-Tucker, consul in America of the Salvation army, wife of Commander Booth-Tucker and second daughter of William Booth, founder of the army, was reported to have been so badly injured in the wreck that she died one-half hour later. She was a passenger on the train, having taken passage from Kansas City last night for Chicago, where she was to meet Commander Booth-Tucker, her husband.

The wreck occurred at the big steel water tank and the train struck the structure with such force as to move it five feet from its foundation and throw five cars from the track, completely wrecking them. The only cars escaping were the mail, express and day coaches.

AN EXCITING CHASE.

Two Convicts at Jefferson City Make a Bold Dash for Liberty but Are Soon Caught.

Jefferson City, Mo., Oct. 29.—An exciting chase was had here yesterday on the main thoroughfare of the state capitol in an effort to capture two escaped convicts from the Missouri penitentiary. The men were taken half way between the penitentiary and the state capitol after a dozen shots had been fired at the fugitives by pursuing guards. The convicts who made the bold dash for liberty right under the noses of the guards were Bert Dawson, sent up from Kansas City last May to serve five years for grand larceny, and Harry Hammond, sent up from Greene county for 32 years for several offenses. Both men are desperate criminals, Dawson having tried to escape but a few weeks ago.

Famous Cattle-Breeder Embarrassed.

Kansas City, Mo., Oct. 29.—Clouds of financial ruin and disaster have been hovering around the beautiful stock farm of T. F. B. Sotham, at Chilli-cothe, Mo., some time past but yesterday they broke and the famous breeder of white-face cattle is apparently a ruined man. The news came as a thunder clap from a fair sky that immediate payment had been demanded on \$99,000 worth of indebtedness.

May Open Another Blockade.

Washington, Oct. 29.—Acting Secretary of the Navy Darling has sent orders to the Norfolk navy yard for the cruiser Baltimore to proceed forthwith to Puerto Plata, San Domingo, to look after American interests at that blockaded port. The Baltimore should arrive at her destination by Tuesday.

Boers to Have Military Display at Fair.

Johannesburg, Oct. 29.—The Boers in South Africa and their late enemies, the English residents, have formed a syndicate to exploit a spectacular military display at the St. Louis exposition next year. The plan, as outlined, is to show many of the picturesque features of the late war.

\$12,000,000 Depot for Chicago.

Chicago, Oct. 29.—Chicago will have a new 12,000,000 passenger station on the west side to take the place of the union depot as soon as the site for the gigantic structure can be cleared by workmen. It is to be built by the Pennsylvania railroad.

Doctor's Mistake Killed Child.

Mattson, Ill., Oct. 29.—The infant child of Mr. and Mrs. James Chester Welch died in this city as the result of a mistake in medicine. Dr. O. W. Ferguson, one of the oldest practitioners, administered bichloride of mercury where calomel was intended.

Sold Team and Wife for \$150.

Beatrice, Neb., Oct. 29.—A queer deal was consummated here when William Razez purchased a team of mules from Peter Williams for \$150 and in addition to the equine purchase Razez secured William's wife to boot. Razez is said to be an ex-convict.

St. Louis Express Drivers Strike.

St. Louis, Oct. 28.—Drivers of all express companies to the number of 400, went out on strike yesterday because the demands of the Pacific Express company's employes for a wage increase of ten per cent. has not been granted.

\$150,000 Fire at Aberdeen, Wash.

Aberdeen, Wash., Oct. 29.—Fire at Aberdeen destroyed the Commercial block, containing seven stores and the post office. The fire was confined to that block. Loss, \$150,000.

INTERESTING LOT OF MEN.

Personnel of a Railroad Wrecking Crew—Usually Includes Some Left-Handed Men—Sailors Handy.

They are an interesting lot of men—the wreckers—as described by Mr. Day Allen Willey in his article on Minute Men of the Rail, in Pearson's. Selected from the veterans in the car shops, they are "all-round" mechanics; but brains as well as fingers are needed, and a man has to be quick-witted to get into this gang. In the fifteen or twenty which make up the average crew, you can generally find two or three who are little men, for there are tight places in a wreck where little men can do considerable work in propping up or loosening a part, crawling into holes which no one else could reach. The boss wrecker tries to get two or three "left-handers" also, as their services are valuable in hammering away in corners where a right-handed man would be useless. Some of the best wrecking crews in the country include a number of sailors. The half-hitches and other knots that only the seamen can make are of great service in securely fastening lines to portions of the wreck and to the locomotive used in pulling it away. The "old salts" are familiar with the assistance that a combination of pulleys will give, for they have been taught it on ship board, while usually they are very strong and wiry. Consequently a man of this kind who is "out of a job" can frequently go with the wrecking crew.

A UTILITARIAN KITE.

Uses of the Cody Aeroplane as Described by Its Inventor—Withstands Strong Breeze.

"My invention," Mr. S. F. Cody writes, in his article in the Pearson's, explaining his recent invention, "I have called the 'Cody Aeroplane.' One of the main objects aimed at in the construction of the aeroplane is utility for reconnoitering purposes—during any weather, day or night—in time of war, both on land and at sea.

"In its present stage it has been proved quite practical as a carrier and support for wireless telegraph apparatus, for taking photographs at any given altitude, man-lifting and signaling.

"During my recent experiments at sea it has been conclusively proved that my aeroplane will fly successfully with a vessel that is going full steam ahead with a beam gale; the same success in flying has been achieved on land, with no more than a seven or eight-mile breeze.

"Then, again, I have experienced a wind of 58 miles an hour, and perhaps the strength of such a force will be better understood and realized when I say that it is almost strong enough to uproot trees and carry away solidly-built frame houses."

Which Ray is Responsible.

The X-ray operators at Guy's hospital, London, where the most extensive use has been made of X-rays in the treatment of disease, suggest that the severe disturbances reported by Mr. Edison as coming from the X-rays are really from the ultraviolet rays, for in their large experience in the application of X-rays in skin diseases no such accidents have occurred.

Scotland's Farm Lands.

Scotland has an area of 19,062,482 acres, of which 4,894,466 acres are under cultivation; 112 persons own one-half of the total area, and 18 persons own one-fourth of it. One-fourth of the tenants hold five acres or less, and nearly one-third hold between 5 and 20 acres.

THE GENERAL MARKETS.

Kansas City, Nov. 3.	
CATTLE—Beef steers	3 65 @ 5 45
Native heifers	2 85 @ 3 00
Western steers	2 00 @ 4 50
HOGS	4 00 @ 5 40
SHEEP	2 00 @ 3 25
WHEAT—No. 2 hard	73 @ 74
No. 2 red	81 @ 82 1/2
CORN—No. 2 mixed	39 @ 39 1/2
OATS—No. 2 mixed	33 1/2 @ 34
RYE	40 @ 40 1/2
FLOUR—Hard winter pat.	3 50 @ 3 70
Soft winter patents	3 70 @ 4 00
RYE—Timothy	6 00 @ 10 00
FRUIT	4 00 @ 8 50
BRAN	6 00 @ 6 75
BUTTER—Fancy to extra	18 @ 20
EGGS	20 1/2 @ 21
CHEESE—Full cream	9 1/2 @ 11 1/2
POTATOES—Home grown	50 @ 70
ST. LOUIS.	
CATTLE—Beef steers	3 30 @ 5 20
Texas steers	2 25 @ 3 25
HOGS—Packers	4 05 @ 5 15
SHEEP—Natives	3 00 @ 3 70
WHEAT—No. 2 red	87 @ 88
CORN—No. 2	42 1/2 @ 42 1/2
OATS—No. 2	30 1/2 @ 31
RYE	54 1/2 @ 55
FLOUR—Red winter pat.	4 00 @ 4 20
BUTTER—Creamery	18 @ 22 1/2
CORN MEAL	2 40 @ 2 40
BACON	8 25 @ 9 00
CHICAGO.	
CATTLE—Steers	3 40 @ 5 75
HOGS—Mixed and butchers	5 10 @ 5 50
SHEEP—Western	2 25 @ 3 60
WHEAT—No. 2 red	84 @ 84
CORN—No. 2	44 @ 44 1/2
OATS—No. 2	34 @ 34 1/2
RYE—December	50 @ 55
FLOUR—Winter patents	3 90 @ 4 10
LARD—January	6 80 @ 6 75 1/2
PORK—January	12 25 @ 12 37 1/2
NEW YORK.	
CATTLE—Steers	3 25 @ 5 20
HOGS	5 00 @ 5 55
SHEEP	2 50 @ 3 35
WHEAT—No. 2 red	87 1/2 @ 87 1/2
CORN—No. 2	50 1/2 @ 51 1/2
OATS—No. 2	32 @ 32