

THE NEBRASKA ADVERTISER

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NEMAHA, - - - - NEBRASKA

HORSE VS. AUTO.

Diek and his girl's just left us; that's them, nigh out of sight. I wish him luck, for it's surely a royal sparkin' night. From our gate to the courthouse is 14 mile, exact— A two-hour drive, we call it, when roads are good and packed; But that auto rig contraption of his scoots up and down, And he says it cuts the distance in half (twixt here and town). Well, maybe it does, but seems like he's goin' at thing wrong— On a night like this he ought to contrive at twice as long!

"Tis part of the age, however, an age of rush and run, When unless you're fairly jumpin' you can't be havin' fun, When a couple must take their ridin' at gallop speed or more, With a choo! choo! choo! behind them, and nothin' at all before, In a rig that can't be trusted to mind a crooked road, And right in the midst of matters is liable to explode; I reckon that one feels clever to make the doin' whifl, But days when I was a-sparkin' the main point was the girl!

When I was a-courtin' Marthy I hitched up old white Pete, And the only thing I asked him was that he'd keep his feet, I wasn't obliged to guide him, he did the turnin' out, And he rounded all the corners at a mile an hour, about, When Marthy was snug beside me that old horse seemed to know The likeliest shaded stretches where he had best go slow— Why, grass and the trees and bushes along the way he cropped! Slow! Well, on a few occasions we warn't aware he'd stopped!

That was the style of ridin' when I was courtin'—see? Nothin' to watch but Marthy, and both hands, bless you, free, With old Pete joggin' grazin', and cockin' at times an eye, Back at the seat, but sayin': "Don't mind, it's just a fly," I s'picion there's fun in courtin' at even break-neck pace; And Diek is the boy to do it—I've read it in her face, But courtin' by rapid transit don't 'pear to me so sweet, As the ramby, amby courtin' of Marthy and me and Pete. —Edwin L. Sabin, in Lippincott's.

Romance OF A Water Trough.

"MIGHT as well be in Halifax as in my barnyard. It ain't good for anything, and what's more, it never will be."

Farmer Stone stood looking down in evident disgust at the water trough and faucet which had just been placed by the town official in his barnyard. Not a drop of water came through the faucet, although it was wide open. When the town officials of Southville had applied to Farmer Stone for permission to dig a ditch and lay a water pipe through his land on the way from the springs above to the village below, he had told them that he did not need any of the water and he could not see why he should have his farm all dug up to benefit somebody else unless he were to receive an adequate return. The water commissioner of the village, sturdy Luke Mathers, declared that he would "take the law to Farmer Stone." To which he had just as fiercely replied that he might "take the law and wallop him as much as he pleased." Then Luke did go to the law. The right-of-way across private property had a value which must be considered before entering upon it. But, like many another man, Luke was stubborn, and he did not want to appear to have yielded in any way whatever.

Sitting on the fence he had argued with Farmer Stone the better part of a day on the wonderful benefit it would be to the people of the village, and that nothing Farmer Stone could do would bring him so many friends. He would be a public benefactor. The village was poor and could not afford to go to great expense in the matter of right-of-way. Argument was useless, Farmer Stone said. The farmers were swindled on every hand by unfeeling corporations; and he'd just be as foolish as the rest of them if he followed their lead, like a "passel o' sheep." It was at this juncture that a would-be arbitrator appeared on the scene, the very pretty daughter of Luke Mathers, so fair and so sensible that Joshua Stone, the stirring son of the man who owned the farm, had been suspected for more than a year of caring more for her than for any other woman in the world. One afternoon not long after her father's failure to come to terms with Farmer Stone, she rode over to the scene of contention with her father and sat for a long time in the carriage listening with sorrowful countenance to the conversation of the two uncompromising men. Then she made a proposition.

"Mr. Stone," she said very sweetly,

"If the town would put a nice water trough here in the barnyard and furnish it with a faucet, so that you could have all the water you need the year round, would you not be willing to let the line go through your land?"

Farmer Stone thought Mettie never looked prettier. But he was not so easily captured. If he wanted a water trough he supposed he could put it there.

"But you haven't got the spring, have you?" Mettie innocently queried. And this settled this part of Farmer Stone's argument. It was a fact that his farm was destitute of springs; and when, as always happened in dry seasons, the wells on his farm failed, his place was as dry as the desert of Sahara.

"Well, I'll have to think about it. I ain't one of the kind to make up my mind in a hurry. You'd be willing to do that, would you, Luke?"

"Why, it's more than I ought to do; but if you'll say right now that that'll be satisfactory, I think we can close the bargain. To-morrow I might not want to do it. It's making a great concession on my part, a great concession."

But Farmer Stone knew his advantage and pressed it.

"All right. So far as I'm concerned it don't make no difference." There was a tone of independence in the voice which at once brought the commissioner to terms.

"I didn't propose it, but I always stand by what Mettie says I must, and I will now."

Joshua felt his heart leap within him when Mettie gave him one of her most approving glances as the carriage drove away. All the evening, while the two were doing the chores, Joshua labored with his father in behalf of the water trough. It was a joy to both of the young people when, the next day, Farmer Stone allowed that he guessed they might go ahead with their line. The water trough was duly installed in the barnyard. The faucet was attached. Then, when all was ready on a certain day the water was let into the main. It leaped into the pipe and went sweeping down to give joy to the townspeople; but not a drop came through the half-inch pipe which rose up from the main five feet below to the trough in the barnyard.

Farmer Stone knew it was a conspiracy against him. They never meant to do as they agreed. Luke Mathers always was a rascal. He might have known better than to trust him. But it was just as much of a puzzle to the water commissioner as to Farmer Stone himself why the water went so scornfully past the water trough. He went all over the line peering into the faucet and listening with his ear close to its mouth in the vain endeavor to solve the problem. To satisfy himself that the work of laying the pipe and making the connections had been properly done, he directed the earth all be dug away and the pipe examined. Everything was found to be all right; no defect anywhere.

Finally an engineer from the neighboring city was engaged. After carefully examining the line he decided that the spring being so much higher than the trough, the water came with such force that it had no time to stop at Farmer Stone's place. Some were so skeptical as to this man's judgment, however, that another engineer of still higher repute was summoned. His verdict was that the spring, instead of being higher than the trough, was, in fact, lower, therefore there was no force to push the water up to the faucet.

"Now it's my turn to see what the law'll do," the farmer said. "They promised me water; they've got to furnish it."

Some one reminded the old man that the commissioner had only agreed to furnish the trough and the faucet; the water was not in the contract. It was a novel situation. The town must either be deprived of water or the trough must be supplied with it, and Farmer Stone brought suit against the town officials. And now Joshua and Mettie were in trouble again. What would become of their hopes and prospects if things went on like this?

"I know there must be some way to get water into that trough," she declared. "If I had half the knowledge some folks think they have it seems to me I could fix it."

Mettie suddenly developed a decided taste for studying water in its relation to supplying cities and towns through the medium of the gravity system. When all others were sound asleep she would be poring over books bearing on this subject, borrowed from the city library. Then she made numerous visits to the spring. She measured the distance between the spring and another larger spring, several rods higher up the hillside, as accurately as she could with her eye.

Still further to complicate matters, Farmer Stone forbade Joshua ever to visit Mettie again.

"We will have nothing to do with them," he said. "They're a bad lot. I don't know as I really ever heard of anything Luke done before this, and I used to think I'd like well enough to have Mettie for a daughter, but this thing's enough to convince me that you never would have a minute's peace

if you married her. Chip of the old block."

Luke in the meantime declared that Joshua never must darken his doors again.

"Good enough fellow, but what's bred in the bone will tell."

So matters stood for several weeks, until it was almost time for the trial of the suit. On the night preceding the day of the trial Farmer Stone was very restless. He had boasted that he had never sued a man or been sued. Now the record was to be broken. Tossing on his pillow not long after the clock struck 12, a peculiar noise broke on his ear. The oftener it came the more mystified he grew. The moon was shining, and by its beams he could distinguish a man's form standing near the spring on the hillside, while from the ditch came the sounds which had disturbed his dreams.

Dressing as quickly as he could, he went out and skulked along the fence until he was within earshot.

"Now, Mettie, it is time you get out of that ditch," a voice said. "It's too hard work for you."

"All right, Joshua, but your hands are too sore to dig any more."

"I'll bet yours are blistered all over. This old ditch will kill us all, I guess."

"They'll get over it, if they are blistered," came back the voice from the ditch, clear and strong. "We will see the end of this before we sleep."

Farmer Stone sprang toward the spot and looked down with astonished face into the ditch. There Mettie stood, pick in hand, her face flushed red as fire.

"In the name of common sense, what's goin' on here?" he demanded.

There was a little scream from Mettie and Joshua made a flying leap down the hill. There seemed to be no such way of escape for the brave Mettie, however, and she leaned against the bank of earth, her hands still grasping the pick, her head bare to the night breeze. The long line of fresh earth which stretched away up the hillside showed the wondering farmer that a new trench was being dug from the large spring to the end of the pipe which supplied the village.

"Oh, Mr. Stone," Mettie began, and something marvelously like a sob found its way along with the words, "you will not be out of patience with Joshua and me, will you? It's all my fault, anyway. I couldn't think of letting that miserable lawsuit go on over this trough. It has worried all of us 'most to death. I have studied all the books in the city, I guess; and finally I thought I would just use a little common sense. It seemed to me that there must be some reason why the water wouldn't run up into that trough. I made up my mind that if there could be a little more force behind the other spring, that would be all that was needed. So Joshua and I have been digging this ditch. We have a pipe down as far as we have gone. Now we are almost to the spring. If you only hadn't come just now!" Mettie turned her face and dropped the pick.

"Come, father; go back to bed and let us finish the job," Joshua pleaded, recovering from his surprise. "We'll have the water running into the trough in half an hour. All we have to do is to make the connection between the pipes in the lower spring." "You go to bed yourself! I'll not let Mettie dig here in the dark any longer!" And Farmer Stone sprang into the ditch and lifted her gently out of the narrow quarters in which she had been toiling so heroically. A few minutes later the work was completed. The two pipes were joined by Joshua, who had provided himself with a rude kit of tools for that purpose. Then they all three hastened down to the water trough in the barnyard. With fingers which trembled a little Mettie turned the faucet. A gurgle of joy greeted her ears and a moment afterward the water trickled through the pipe, then fairly gushed out in a stream. She had solved the problem which had defied the ingenuity of her father and all the rest of the wise men of the vicinity. They stood watching the water for a few minutes in silence. Then Farmer Stone took Mettie by the hand.

"Now you go home and sleep good," he said. "You've won two suits fair and square."

And that was the end of the trouble. But the town board did a fine thing for Joshua and Mettie, when, a few months later, they set up the family hearthstone. At the next meeting of that august body one of the members made a motion "that a pipe be laid from the village main to the farmyard of these worthy people, supplying water for their stock free for all time, with a faucet at the back kitchen door in easy reach of the charming mistress." And the motion was agreed to without a dissenting voice.—Los Angeles Times.

Reflections of a Spinster.

To remain a woman's ideal, a man must die a bachelor.

Love that needs proving is counterfeit.

Renunciation is giving up what we can't have.

Friends are kept by silence—not by confidences.

Ecstasy is happiness magnified into pain.—Everybody's Magazine.

True Patriotism

By WOODROW WILSON, President of Princeton University.



TRUST the patriotism of a man who is always spending his feeling upon some distant object, whose energy does not seek the nearest duty, but the more remote. Every citizen who is thoughtful of the welfare of his country should seek to see and understand his nearest duty, and to do it with all thoughtfulness and yet without impatience.

Patience is indeed, though one of the most difficult, yet one of the most indispensable virtues in a polity like our own, for the essence of that polity is consultation, movement, not singly or in chosen groups, but in the mass and multitude, so that in whatever we think or purpose we must carry masses of men with us, and so we need the sort of patience which is full of hope and equally full of persistence.

We need constant and frank talk also about affairs local and national—full, uncolored information, courage to select and use the right arguments and push the right motives. Every effort is worth while which leads even to the slightest betterment, and no discouragement of temporary failure ought to hold us back from the long fight to put the knowledge and the practice of what is right at the front at all times, and in every contest.

A MAN OF MYSTERY.

The End of Bronco John, Gentleman Frontiersman Who Was Lightning with a Gun.

Bronco John Dalley has cashed in. His name doesn't appear in any of the school histories, but that is the fault of the men who write them, not of John. In the days when the frontiersmen were blazing the trail from Julesburg, in Colorado, to Virginia City, in Nevada, Dalley was known far and wide as the quickest man on the draw in the whole region. This, says a Lincoln (Neb.) report to the New York Sun, did not even except Wild Bill Hickok, who had a better press agent.

Dalley died in destitute circumstances in the wilds near Julesburg, where he first made himself known. He was always a mystery.

He started from Missouri with a party of men who broke out the trail to the big gold camps, and he first attracted attention by his book knowledge. After the crowd got a little farther along toward the west his ability in the gun fanning line earned for him a respect that his book learning had not awakened.

"Some of the boys," said Harris Chatfield, a New Mexico cattleman, who was one of the party that accompanied Dalley to the gold camps, "made an attempt to find out where he came from, but they were blocked in every attempt."

"He had an air of distinction about him that was strange in our crowd, and it was not until we saw him handle his gun that we saw what an expert he was. It was a treat to see that man's hand go to his belt and flash back again with the drop on a fellow."

"One of our men found to his sorrow that it had a magic quickness. He was left handed and nearly always got his man in the region of the heart. He never wounded. He always killed."

"I remember an incident that happened after we got to Virginia City. Dalley and I took a stroll up the valley to see what this country looked like. After a short walk we came upon a saloon and Dalley invited me in to have a drink with him."

"There were many bad ones around the hang-outs in those days and when we went in we were scrutinized by more than a dozen of bad lookers. Dalley gazed about him in his rather austere manner and with his usual dignity. He was always the gentleman, no matter where he was."

"Somehow he did not take with the bunch and one of the crowd walked up to him."

"Your kind don't go here," said the chap, who was evidently seeking a fight.

"Dalley looked at the man with an expression of contempt. He pulled out a gun that reached nearly to his knees and laid it on the bar. With a quick movement of his hand he sent it spinning about on the surface of the rude counter and then made the soul of the braggart frontiersman feel the taste of terror when he turned his piercing eyes upon him."

"See, I am unarmed," he said to the man. "If you have the nerve to shoot, take that gun and get to work. You have the look of a murderer, but not one who does his work in the open. Take that gun, you coward," his voice rising. "No? I thought so. I knew it wasn't in you."

"Dalley knew his man and the fellow fell back in the crowd, never once having moved to draw his own gun or take that thrown upon the bar by Dalley. After that Dalley was the king pin of the town."

"But he wasn't taking any chances when he tossed his shooter on the counter. In his waistcoat pocket he had two derringers, with which he would have killed the man upon the first sign that the latter meant to do business."

A Mean Character.

Growell—He's about the meanest white man I ever met.

Howell—At any rate, he's successful. He has taken advantage of his opportunities.

"His opportunities were small, no doubt; another proof of his meanness."—Philadelphia Press.

SOME MIGHTY APES.

Valuable Collection Has Been Presented to the New York Academy of Natural Sciences.

The Darwinian theory of the descent of man may soon be studied at close range, owing to the generosity of a prominent Philadelphian, Dr. Thomas Biddle, who lately returned from Europe with what is believed to be the most complete collection of anthropoid apes ever owned by one person. The specimens, says the New York Tribune, were obtained from various sources and prepared by the German taxidermist, Umlauff. Among them is a fine specimen of that rarely secured animal, the gorilla. On account of its immense strength and ferocity when cornered it has been most difficult even to obtain a dead specimen of the gorilla family, it being necessary to risk life in order to track it to its lair in the interior of Africa. The specimen secured by Dr. Biddle was shot by a venturesome German, George Zenker, near the Yaunde Station, Western Africa, a little to the north of the equator.

The height of this gorilla is a little over five feet, and the strongest man would probably be a plaything in its hands. To some monkeys, despite their lack of good looks, the expression "cute" may apply, but it is not possible to so describe the gorilla. With his flat nose, enormous jaws and protruding teeth, the thick neck and bulging chest this ape is far from the human ideal of a handsome animal.

When he can, the gorilla will run from a man, and as no one has been particularly anxious to come to close quarters with him, it is not possible to speak with assurance of his mode of life. It is said that he travels for the most part on all fours, and only rises on his hind legs to resist attack. It is also said that he builds himself a home in the trees.

The collection contains three specimens of the chimpanzee. One is the ordinary chimpanzee, another the bald chimpanzee, and the third a variety called the Koola Kamba.

The chimpanzees are more intelligent than the gorilla, and have been trained in captivity to do tricks. Naturalists have been long at odds as to the number of their species, as well as those of the orang-outang, of which a fine specimen is included in the collection presented to the Academy of Natural Sciences in Philadelphia by Dr. Biddle. The specimen presented by Dr. Biddle has a great lateral expansion of the cheeks.

NUMBER ON PAPER MONEY.

All Bills Marked "A" and "C" Are Odd While Those Marked "B" and "D" Are Even.

"If anyone comes up to you and wants to bet you that they can tell whether the number on any of Uncle Sam's paper money is odd or even by looking at that part of the bill on which the number does not appear, shun him as you would the plague," said a guest at a Duluth hotel, according to the Evening Herald.

"Why? What is the joke?" asked another guest.

"Only this," replied the first. "I was out this afternoon with a number of men with whom I have business dealings. We ate lunch and then one man wanted to bet me that he could call the even or odd on the number of any bill I had, the loser to pay for the lunch. I took a bill from my pocket, folded it so that the number did not show and, after he had looked at it he said: 'Even.'"

"It was even. Soon afterward I got stuck for the cigars the same way. After I had been done four or five times they explained to me that all of the bills marked 'A' and 'C' were odd, while those marked 'B' and 'D' were even. It cost about six dollars to find out, but I guess it was a good investment at that. It is the same on all bills. Be careful when attempting to do the work not to take the series letter in front of the number, but hunt for a small letter on the left hand side of the bill."