

THE NEBRASKA ADVERTISER

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NEMAHA, - - - - - NEBRASKA.

SOUTHLAND'S WINTER.

Every morn and eve is misty
Till the market tower stands
Looking like a far cathedral
Wrought with unseen fairy hands,
And the city's like a picture
Woven on a dreamland loom,
And the air is heavy weighted
With a faint and sweet perfume,
And the mist is warm and coaxing
As a soft kiss on the mouth,
And the roses still are blooming
When it's winter in the South.

And the bayous seem to slumber
Where the cypress trees are tall;
And the mockbird croons an anthem,
Like the shadow of a call
From an angel choir to listen,
And enough leaves eddy down
Just to make a bronze-hued carpet
In the by-ways of the town;
And the red rose gleams all winter
Through the perfume-laden mist,
Like the lips your own lips yearn for,
Red, red lips your own have kissed.

There are morning glory blossoms
And the four-o'clocks unclosed,
And long pearl-robbed webs are streaming
From the bush where flames the rose;
And the air is opalescent,
And the grass shines misty through
All the whiteness of the morning
Like a green world dipped in dew,
And the red and yellow roses,
And the twisty bayous gleam;
When it's winter in the Southland
Life's a sweet and perfumed dream.
—J. M. Lewis, in Houston Post.

GUILFUL 
PEPPAJEE JIM.

How the Indian Won the Red Top Boots.

BY BERTHA MUZZY BOWER.

PEPPAJEE JIM drew his gay, scarlet and yellow blanket closer about his athletic person and stepped from the glare of yellow sunlight into the cool shade of the catalpa tree by the gate. His black eyes roved restlessly over the silent yard. Keno rose, stretched himself lazily and wagged a languid greeting. Generally speaking, Keno hated Indians even worse than he did the gaunt, gray coyotes which sneaked through the sage-brush back of the chicken yard; but he and Peppajee were old friends.

Peppajee stooped and rested a grimy hand upon the sleek, black head of the dog.

"Yo' Keno, wano dog. Heap wano!" It was the highest praise known to his tribe. Their scale of approbation is simple. It is this: wano, good; heap wano, very good, indeed. On the other hand, ka wano is bad, while heap ka wano is the worst possible. A more elaborate classification of one's good or bad qualities they consider superfluous.

Peppajee ascended and stood upon the porch. Finding the door open for the day was hot—he advanced and stood in the doorway, darkening the room with his six-foot stature.

"Huh. Where yo' ketchum, Will?" Will looked up from the new boots he was admiring. Their high, slender heels and shiny, red tops seemed to him the acme of perfection.

"Hello, Peppajee. Come on in. You like 'em boots? Wano?"

Peppajee came closer, eyeing the boots covetously the while. He ran a long forefinger critically over the red tops. The leather was soft and pleasing to the touch—distracting to the eye. His blanket slipped unheeded from one shoulder and trailed upon the carpet.

"Huh. Mebbysyo wano, mebbysyo ka wano," he replied, guardedly. "Mebbysyo holes come heap quick. Mebbysyo hurt feet—ouch!" His bronzed features mimicked the agony of uncomfortable foot-gear, while his gaze lingered upon the red tops. "Red," he admitted, reluctantly, "him heap wano Where yo' ketchum?"

"Oh, I ketchum heap long way off—San Francisco. I pay \$8, so." Will held up a corresponding number of fingers. "No hurt feet—wano. No holes come, mebbysyo one year." Will, when conversing with the Indians who came often to the ranch, adopted, as far as possible, their mode of speech.

Peppajee seated himself gingerly upon the edge of a chair, his blanket wrapped jealously around him. He would have preferred to squat comfortably upon the floor but for the fact that he prided himself upon his white-man ways. His beady eyes returned hungrily to the boots.

"Huh. Holes come, bimeby, yo' gimme red?"

"Yes, I'll give you red when holes come. It'll be a long time, though—mebbysyo one year."

"Yo' eat dinner plenty quick, mebbysyo?" asked Peppajee, insinuatingly, as certain savory odors floated out to his nostrils from the kitchen.

"Yes. You stay, eat dinner with us." Peppajee nodded acceptance of the invitation, and Will produced a box of villainous cigars, bought from a peddler and kept for the delectation of such guests.

"Come out on the porch, Peppajee. We smoke."

Peppajee rose, gave his blanket a hitch, and followed his host.

"Where fadder? Where boys?" he asked, politely, as they seated themselves.

"They went for horses. They come back soon."

Peppajee smoked in luxurious silence for a time, then began, suddenly: "Me got heap wano pony. Me trade him yo'. Him wano—heap wano. Him go fas—lak dat." He drew a hand rapidly through the air. "Him no buck, him no keek, him go all places same. Mebbysyo rocks—lava bed—him go s-i-o-w—him no fall. Mebbysyo wano road, him go, go, all same deer. Mebbysyo heap dark—no moon, no star—him no los', him go all time home. Mebbysyo ride all day, no stop for eat, for drink, him go all time fas'. Heap wano pony. Yo' trade?"

Will applied a match to his newly-rolled cigarette and puffed vigorously. He knew something of the way of the red man; he is full of guile as when he rode rampant the plains, seeking whom he might devour—that is to say, scalp.

"What for you trade wano pony?" he demanded, suspiciously. "What for you no keep him?"

Peppajee shifted his position uneasily; his eyes narrowed. "Vinnie, she ride all the time. Vinnie heap lazy. I lick. She no care, she ride all time same. Vinnie no stay wickup—no cook—no make moccasins for sell. Mebbysyo me keel deer, me come home, Vinnie gone. Me haf skin deer—haf cook. Vinnie come back bimeby, me lick. No good. She go nex' day all same." He paused, dramatically, then continued. "Me trade pony. Me git noder pony, mebbysyo me make buck a little. Vinnie she see, she no ride—Vinnie heap 'fraid. No walk—heap lazy. Vinnie stay home, cook deer, make moccasins for sell—me no lick. Wano."

The explanation was logical and convincing. Will, more trusting than he is at present, smothered any lingering doubt, and inclined his ear to Peppajee's specious reasoning.

"All right. We eat; then I go look at pony. Mebbysyo I trade."

The eyes of the Indian sparkled. "Yo' got wano pony—mebbysyo make buck a little?"

Will nodded. "You saw him out in the corral. Little black pony, wano. You spar him, he buck. You ride him to wickup, you spar him—heap scare Vinnie."

Peppajee looked down at his moccasins. "Huh. Me no got spur."

"Oh, well, there's an old pair in the blacksmith shop I'll give you," said Will, tiring of the "lingo." Peppajee grinned; evidently the prospect pleased him. Still, he clung to his Indian caution.

"Me go look; mebbysyo me trade. Mebbysyo me want ten dollar, so." He raised both hands, the fingers and thumbs extended, and the negotiations were postponed until after dinner.

"Mebbysyo, me ride yo' pony. Wano. Mebbysyo me trade."

"All right," said Will, and led the fiery little black from the corral, and held him while Peppajee transferred his saddle. The horse was a beautiful creature to look upon, but lacked stamina for a hard gallop over the rough, surrounding country, so Will considered the trade all in his favor. Peppajee's pony was a plump little plinto, kind-eyed, sure-footed, and sound.

The black threw back his head and eyed his prospective owner askance. "Him no buck heap?" he queried, apprehensively. The belligerent, backward glance of Mohawk filled his Indian soul with misgiving. Peppajee was a victim of civilization. He had allowed most of his accomplishments to grow rusty from disuse while he tarried long at wine—or, to be explicit, cheap whisky. He no longer rode a la Centaur, I doubt if he could even properly scalp an enemy; I am inclined to think he would have botched the job disgracefully. Will hastened to reassure him.

"He never bucks with me, unless I spur him," he said. "I don't know," he added conservatively, "how he'll act with you. He never had an Injun on top of him. He don't seem to take to the idea."

"Huh," grunted Peppajee, stung by the distasteful epithet. He mounted, and settled himself and his blanket firmly in the saddle. "Yo' let go him head. Mebbysyo, Injun ride fo' yo' hawn!"

Ned and Dick, who were watching the trade, sprang upon their horses, expectantly. Will turned loose the black and swung into the saddle. "We go with you," he explained. "We see how he go."

"Huh," said Peppajee, but got no farther. Mohawk gathered his feet under him and sprang straight into the air, then dashed off down the trail, the boys following.

The scarlet blanket loosened and streamed out behind, like the danger signal it was. Peppajee turned in the saddle to readjust it, and inadvertently drove a spur deep into the flank of Mohawk. He winced perceptibly, lowered his head between his knees and bucked off the trail and into the sage-brush. Will had neglected to warn Peppajee that Mohawk had a disagree-

able habit of bucking backward—it might have spoiled the trade. However, Peppajee was not long discovering this peculiarity. Backward went Mohawk, nearer and nearer to a deep wash-out where a placer claim had once been located. Will, comprehending the danger, shouted, warningly, Peppajee, clinging tightly to the saddlehorn, looked behind him and shouted also.

"Mebbysyo, yo' rope—heap quick!"

Will unfastened his rope, galloping closer the while. The noose circled overhead, and Mohawk backed from its threatening swirl. Now he was on the brink. Twenty feet straight down—Peppajee leaned forward, panic-stricken.

Swish-sh! Will's faithful Gypsy braced herself for the strain. Mohawk dodged—too late. The noose settled relentlessly over his shoulders.

"Damn it all, look at that blamed Injun! He might have had sense enough to dodge that rope!"

Peppajee lay prone upon the neck of Mohawk, held fast by the pitiless rope which gripped horse and rider alike. Will turned Gypsy's head and drew the maddened black—and his thrice-maddened burden—back to comparative safety.

"Throw your rope, Dick!" cried Will. "Catch him by a foot and throw him. I'm breaking that blamed Injun's neck."

Dick obeyed. Another loop circled overhead; another rope swished through the sultry air. Mohawk struggled fiercely; then fell heavily in the loose sand.

Peppajee, freed from bondage, rose stiffly to his feet, assisted by Will.

"Huh!" he snorted, in a tone of deepest disgust, gathering his blanket about his outraged person. Will sat suddenly down in the hot sand, and covered his face with his gloved fingers. His whole body shook with what may have been sobs, but which bore suspicious resemblance to violent, uncontrollable mirth. Peppajee evidently so interpreted the emotion. He stood up, straight and tall, one trembling, sinewy arm outstretched accusingly, and regarded him wrathfully.

"Huh. Yo' heap laugh now. Bimeby yo' no laugh—mebbysyo yo' heap cry. Yo' tink for keel me. Yo' do dat for mean! Me go for town; me tell sheriff-man yo' try for keel me. Him come, take yo'. Me go co't, me tell yo' try for keel me. Me put in jail, one—two—tree year! Yo' bet yo' life! Mebbysyo yo' quit laugh. Me no trade. Me no want cayuse! Huh."

Turning majestically upon his heel, he scowled vindictively at the black and stalked haughtily—albeit with a limp—through the sage-brush and up the hill, not once turning his head to look back.

"He's so mad he forgot his pony and saddle!" said Will, when he recovered, and stood up. "I'll go after him and tell him I'm sorry. Poor old heathen, he did have a hard deal that time. I'll offer him my new boots that he had his eye on; that'll ease his temper, maybe."

Peppajee made no sign as Will clattered up behind him.

"Hold on, Jim. Come on back." There was no answer, though the face of the Indian lost an atom of its sternness. It was balm to his soul to be called Jim. Will went on, conciliatingly: "Come on back. I hear sorry. Mebbysyo you trade; I give you boots."

"Huh." Peppajee relaxed sufficiently to grunt sarcastically. "Mebbysyo holes come heap quick."

"No, no; heap wano boots. You trade; I give you boots."

Peppajee stood still and considered. When he spoke it was as an emperor commanding his vassal.

"Yo' gimme boots, yo' gimme ten dollar, me trade. Yo' no trade, me go tell sheriff-man. Me ride cayuse, me no spur. Him buck, mebbysyo me break yo' back!" Thus the ultimatum was pronounced, and Will consented, reluctantly, to the terms.

A week later a travel-worn old Indian, who disclaimed any knowledge of the white man's language, skulked into the shadow of the catalpa-tree, and was immediately set upon by Keno, who would have done serious damage to the dirty gray blanket had not Will appeared opportunely and called him back. The Indian, after scanning the young man's countenance sharply, handed him a soiled fold of cheap letter-paper, and skulked back into the sage-brush whence he had come. Some ex-student of one of the mission schools had evidently acted as amanuensis for Peppajee Jim, who dictated the letter. Will read, and his soul was filled with bitterness.

"Yo'. Will Holter, yo' heap big fool. Long time ago, yo' gimme big bottle, yo' say heap wano whisky. Me take whisky home, me drink, drink, whisky all gone. Heap ka wano! Me heap sick—me tink all time mebbysyo me die. Me mad, all same lak for keel yo'. Me no keel, me wait one, two year; me bring pony; me say wano pony. Yo' glad for trade. Pony him not my pony; him John Little Rabbit pony. Yo' gimme boots, yo' gimme ten dollar; yo' gimme black pony. Wano. Me sellum boots, sellum pony, heap dollar. John Little Rabbit, mebbysyo him come take him pony. Yo' try for keep, yo' go for jail. Me go heap long way—yo' no can find. Me got heap dollar, yo' got notting. Wano!"

His Peppajee X Jim. Mark.

—San Francisco Argonaut.

THE ANT AND THE CHRYSALIS.



Find Wano of House.

An Ant, nimbly running about in the sunshine in search of food, came across a Chrysalis that was very near its time of change. The Chrysalis moved its tail, and thus attracted the attention of the Ant, who then saw for the first time that it was alive. "Poor, pitiable animal!" cried the Ant, disdainfully; "what a sad fate is yours. While I can run hither and thither at my pleasure, and, if I wish, ascend the tallest tree, you lie imprisoned here in your shell, with power only to move a joint or two of your scaly tail." The Chrysalis heard all this, but did not try to make any reply. A few days after, when the Ant passed that way again, nothing but the shell remained. Wondering what had become of its contents, he felt himself suddenly shaded and fanned by the gorgeous wings of a beautiful Butterfly. "Behold in me," said the Butterfly, "your much-pitied friend! Boast now of your powers to run and climb as long as you can get me to listen." So saying, the Butterfly rose in the air, and, borne along and aloft on the summer breeze, was soon lost to the sight of the Ant forever.

THE INDIAN PROBLEM.

Chief Factors in Its Solution Are Industrial Education and Dispersal Among Whites.

Miss Estelle Reed, superintendent of Indian schools, was recently telling a Washington Post reporter a good deal of what was being done for the young boys and girls of that race throughout the United States, reports that paper.

"There is no sort of doubt," said she, "of the good progress the young generation of Indians is making toward a higher civilization. Not long since I was out in South Dakota, inspecting the day schools on the Rosebud and Pine Ridge reservations, and was gratified to see how well the young Sioux are doing. The boys are getting not only a fair degree of book learning, but they are being taught in a practical way that old-fashioned occupations—agriculture, there is a garden connected with each school, and they are shown how to plant and cultivate potatoes, beans, cabbages and various other vegetables. Wherever irrigation is feasible they are shown its application.

"The young girls are instructed in all the branches of housekeeping, cooking, sewing, mending and the like. They take to these arts readily and are much cleverer with their fingers than white children. The sewing of some of the girls is really beautiful. While excelling in manual dexterity, the Indian children are slow to comprehend abstract ideas. They can be taught to cipher very well, but mental arithmetic puzzles them sadly. This, in my opinion, is additional reason for emphasizing their need of training along practical lines. It is far better to teach the rising generation how to make a crop and keep the house decently than to employ them in parsing sentences or studying history. They take interest only in the tangible and the concrete, something they can perceive with the eye, and to which they have in a way been used from infancy.

"There is no longer any opposition to the children attending the government schools on the part of the parents. In fact, the old folks now gladly bring their offspring to the schoolhouses and are proud of their scholastic attainments. The solution of the Indian problem may not be easy, but in time it will be accomplished. The two chief factors to that end is this industrial education and after that the dispersion of the Indians among the white people throughout every part of the United States."

COLORS IN BIRDS' EGGS.

A Secret of Nature Which is a Posee Even to Men of Scientific Education.

"If you are interested in national problems," said a man who likes to pore over cases in the Museum of Natural History, according to the New York Sun, "here's a very simple one, but you can find in it all the food for speculation and theory you want, as scores of eminent thinkers have done already.

"What is nature's reason for the color and marking of birds' eggs, and in the process of evolution how has it worked out? There must be a reason for their infinite diversity, and it can hardly be an aesthetic one.

"That looks simple enough, yet the most advanced naturalists haven't been able to puzzle it out. All they can say with any confidence is that the all-pervading instinct of distrust and need for protection is exhibited in eggshells as in more important things, and the main idea in their color scheme has been to secure safety in harmony with their surroundings. But even that has exceptions.

"Take the doves. Their eggs are white and are plainly visible in the flimsy nest, though the nest is built in a tree, and the eggs should be of a darker tint, to follow the general rule.

"Now, that, I believe, has been reasoned out in this way: The original doves were rock doves, and they laid white eggs in conformity with the natural law which ordains that color for most species of birds nesting in the dark, so that the female might readily see them when she comes into the gloom.

"You find traces of this early instinct in the fact that wherever there is a deserted rabbit warren you will find doves taking advantage of it to build their nests in the abandoned burrows. But whether in holes or trees, the nests still contain white eggs, which nature ordained for their rock dwelling ancestors.

"Owls lay pale eggs for the same reason. They breed in the dark.

"On the other hand the ducks, which, so far as anybody knows, have always frequented the most open places, also lay pale eggs without markings. But with them you will find a greater tendency to revert to olive browns or sandy tints, the very color of the sand and shingles on which the eggs are laid.

"The eggshells of the plovers and similar beach breeders are exactly ground color, just as the partridge and pheasant eggs are the color of fallen leaves. And grouse, quail and moor fowl have eggs matching exactly in color with the brown stems of heather and the pine tree scales among which they lie.

"But there are blue and white and spotted eggs you can't explain. At least I can't satisfactorily. Anybody may start his own theories on the subject, and find the problem endless. Solve it correctly, and I think you will solve at the same time half a dozen other mysteries which have puzzled great scientists on this queer problem-filled planet."

To Fool His Cows.

Frank Leidgen, who lives northeast of town, came in one day in search of green eye-glasses for his cattle. Of course our men who deal in glasses were forced to give it up as a hard proposition. When asked why he wanted his cattle to wear them, Leidgen replied: "When in the pasture the green glasses will make the grass look green and the cattle will think it is spring and the pasture green." It is true that it has not rained in that part of Oklahoma for some time and the grass is very dry. We have patents on everything we can think of but patent eye-glasses for cows. Can't some one accommodate the gentleman?—Frederick (Okla.) Free Press.