

THE NEBRASKA ADVERTISER

W. W. SANDERS & SON, Publishers.

NEMAHA, - - - - - NEBRASKA.

HOME FROM SCHOOL.

When sweet Libbie's home from school
There are voices in the hall
Mixed with bubbling happy laughter,
And the air seems all a-call
With the voices of wild songsters,
And the perfumed days and cool
Are like beads of pearl and amber,
When our Libbie's home from school.

There's a frow-frow too of garments
Over tessellated floors;
There are romping bits of music,
There's an opening of doors,
'Till the breath of many blossoms
Comes on breezes sweet and cool,
And their sweetness stirs your heart-strings
When our Libbie's home from school.

Ev'ry day is like a jewel,
Each far fairer than the last,
Shipping past your eager fingers!
Shipping faster and more fast!
How we'd love to clasp and hold them,
Days enchanted sweet and cool,
When our hearts are full of music,
When our Libbie's home from school.

Days a-glint with gray-eyed laughter,
Days of red lips, half a-pout,
Rose-red cheeks wherein wee dimples
Half are hid, half peeping out;
Life which erstwhile lay as quiet
As a shaded wayside pool,
Wakes into a laughing torrent,
When our sweet Libbie's home from school.

Child, whose ev'ry day is May time!
Would for you Time might stand still!
These days might last forever!
Orchard, meadow, valley, hill,
Might retain the splendid beauty,
Fountains sing the self-same way,
Would for our sake you might ever
Be, dear, as you are to-day!
—J. M. Lewis, in Houston Post.

The Postmistress of Circle City.

By Elizabeth Florence Gray.

BEFORE a table, upon which lay an open letter, sat Eleanor Van Dyke, her chin resting in her hand and her eyes gleaming with amusement. Her brow was slightly wrinkled, but the light in her face indicated that the problem to be solved was a humorous one. Again her eyes sought the note. "My dear Mr. Van Dyke," it ran, "the photograph of Chief Kadisham sent in care of the postmaster of Circle City has been received and delivered to the Indian. The old fellow was greatly pleased and grunted his satisfaction when I told him it came from a gentleman living in San Francisco. I have many snap-shots of the chief, but none of them represent him, as does yours, patriotically draped in the stars and stripes in celebration of the Fourth of July. I should therefore consider it a favor if you would send me a copy of the photograph to add to my collection. Yours truly,

CAROL H. MORGAN."

With the envelope was a card bearing the words, "Miss Morgan, Circle City, Alaska." Evidently the postmaster of this northern town was a woman, and she had inclosed ten cents in payment for the picture. Eleanor gazed at the coin whimsically, and wondered whether it would be better to send it back or have it framed. She rather inclined toward the latter, for money which she had herself earned would be a curiosity to show her friends. As she turned the coin over it seemed to convey some thought, for she dropped it with an amused laugh, and exchanged the dainty monogram paper for a plain sheet of larger dimensions, upon which she wrote in a bold, angular hand:

"My Dear Miss Morgan:

Your letter at hand. Enclosed you will find the coveted photograph of the old chief and several pictures of the Klondike which I hope may be of interest to you. I trust you will pardon me, however, if I return this coin, for I could not think of accepting money from a lady, especially one whose handwriting has taken so great a hold upon my fancy. Some claim that the soul is revealed in the face, others in the voice, but it seems to me that yours has crept out through your finger tips. May I not see more of it?"

"Hello, Sis, what are you doing?" asked a youthful voice from the door. "I am playing the part of a man, in a comedy," replied the girl. "and I—" A merry laugh broke into her sentence.

"Now, I'd advise you—"

"That's just like you, Harold. Always ready to give advice. Perhaps if you read these, your opinion will have more weight." She handed her brother the two letters.

"Well, this is amusing," he said, as he read the first note. "What do you suppose made her think you were a man? Your handwriting?"

"No, I don't believe it was my handwriting. I suppose few women visit Circle City, and besides, I enclosed the photograph in a business envelope of

father's, because mine were all too small."

"A few more letters such as this one will open her eyes," replied the girl's brother, glancing over the reply she had written. "I'll bet a box of candy to a pair of gloves that the postmistress either doesn't answer your letter at all or discovers you're a girl before the Yukon freezes."

Long before an answer could possibly be received, Eleanor began to watch for the reply. She wondered if the postmistress would be offended by her bold declaration, or if any word or phrase had betrayed her sex. At last the letter arrived, and her heart gave a glad bound when she saw that it was addressed to Mr. E. B. Van Dyke.

"You see, I am taking it for granted that you are a man," it began, "because it did not contradict the assumption in my last letter, but what a joke it would be if you should prove to be a spinster school ma'am visiting Alaska on your summer vacation."

Eleanor had been brought up with puritanical rigidity, and had she lived in the time of martyrs would have gone to the stake rather than tell a falsehood. But her desire to win the wager had somewhat clouded her moral vision, and a white lie and a black lie seemed hardly akin. In her twentieth year she certainly had not reached the age of spinsterhood, and she had never taught school; so she could see no wrong in denying this charge.

For the next week she buried herself in the library, where she delved into dusty, dog-eared books and brought forth nuggets of wisdom which she stowed away in her memory for future use.

One morning she startled her father by presenting him with five dollars and demanding a share in his Dawson mine. He mildly protested, but her persuasion won, and she received the deed.

Eleanor's appearance that evening gave one the impression that she was writing a learned thesis. With flushed cheeks and hair charmingly disheveled, she eagerly studied the pieces of paper with which the table was strewn. Some contained mining terms and statistics, while others were finely written with phrases and even sentences cribbed from various men's letters.

The girl felt re-paid, however, when the next note arrived from the postmistress. The writer wondered how she had ever doubted that her correspondent was a man. "You must have laughed heartily over my mistake," she continued, "but your knowledge of mining and your ownership in a Dawson claim have convinced me that you are a broad-shouldered, bronze-faced miner."

Eleanor showed this letter with great pride to her brother, and informed him that she preferred chocolate creams, while he reminded her that the Yukon was not yet frozen.

Frequent letters passed between the San Francisco girl and the postmistress of Circle City during the succeeding months. At times Eleanor's conscience gave uncomfortable twinges, for her enjoyment in this practical joke had gradually been merged in a keen interest in this fearless frontier woman.

"If it weren't for losing the wager," she confessed to her brother on their way to a dinner three months after the sending of the first letter, "I would write to her that I am only a mere slip of a girl and not the six-footer she imagines me. The postmistress is coming out this winter, and—"

"My gloves are rather shabby," remarked the man, "but I guess they'll last until—"

"Oh, don't count on my giving up at this eleventh hour," interrupted his sister, "and there is no chance of the postmistress discovering my identity, for she is convinced that I am a young Hercules, calls me her 'big Californian,' and I fear she is becoming very fond of me, Harold."

"Take care," warned her brother, "or you will have a breach of promise suit against you."

At the dinner table Eleanor found herself seated beside her hostess' nephew, a sturdy Alaskan miner, who had recently returned from the Klondike. In the hurried introduction she had not understood his name. Of course he should have devoted himself to the young woman on his right, but the light in Eleanor's eyes as she spoke of the beauty of his fosterland, together with her sweetness, held him, and the girl herself found it difficult to turn her attention from this face, in which were welded physical courage and intellectual ability. Besides she had discovered that the young man had spent much time at Circle City, and thought he might know the postmistress. Here was her opportunity to discover more about her delightful correspondent. Salad had been served before the girl managed to turn the conversation to the subject. The man glanced up quickly. "What do you know about the postmistress of Circle City?" he asked, watching her narrowly.

"Oh, I know a great deal about her. At least—I mean—I have never met her, but—"

Eleanor was becoming hopelessly entangled in the meshes of her own deception. "I have seen some letters that she has written to an acquaintance of mine," she declared, desperately, "and I think she is the most

remarkable woman I have ever heard of. She has endured the perils and hardships of that northern life with the courage of a man, and her description of the trip over the Chilcot pass and through the White Horse rapids fills one with admiration for her bravery."

"You are a bold champion to espouse the cause of one whom you have never met," declared the man.

"But I know her very well, through the letters she has written to—to my friend. Her moral courage is equal to her physical. Not an atom of bitterness or discontent has entered into her description of the months she has spent on her mining claim, and yet I can read between the lines that it was a desolate life. I hope some day I shall meet this woman, and yet I am almost afraid to, because—I can't explain—but—"

"You may well pity any one obliged to live on an Alaskan claim," said the man. "It is an isolated life, and the only glimpse one has of the outside world is through letters. These are read and reread until they are worn in shreds."

Eleanor's practical joke assumed a different appearance. She had crept into this woman's life in the dress of a masquerader. How would the postmistress feel when she discovered she had been duped? To be sure, the interest expressed had been genuine, but the belief that the letters were written by a man must have magnified its importance.

There was a dull pain in her heart and her eyes were moist as she exclaimed:

"Do letters really mean so much in the far north? I didn't know, or I wouldn't have—I admire the woman so much, you know. If she were a man I believe I should say I was in love with her, and—"

"What are you people so busily talking about? Won't you give the rest of us the benefit of your Alaskan experience?" exclaimed one of the party, addressing the Klondiker.

"How much longer will the Yukon river be open?" interrupted Harold Van Dyke.

"Winter has surprised the Alaskans by appearing a month ahead of the usual time," was the reply. "The Yukon has been frozen for a fortnight."

Eleanor shot a triumphant glance at her brother.

"Tell us about your trip through the White Horse rapids, Mr. Morgan," said the girl opposite. "It must have been a terrible experience."

"Well, it is not a ride one would care to take more than once in a life time," acknowledged the man. "And yet, it's very peril gives it a charm. I made the run in the fall of '98 with two companions. As I knew nothing about managing a boat, I suggested that I walk along the shore and meet the scow further down the river, but my proposition was received with indignant protest. The provisions were to be carried around the rapids, my companions declared, but I must lie down in the boat as ballast, because if the scow turned over the beans would surely go to the bottom, whereas I might possibly swim ashore."

An uncanny feeling crept over Eleanor. Where had she heard this tale before? Had she suddenly received the gift of second sight, or had she met this man sometime in the dim, forgotten past? Every word, every phrase, was foreseen by her before they had slipped from his mouth. Suddenly the girl's cheeks flamed, and she dropped her eyes in confusion. In vivid words he pictured his wild ride through the canyon, and the frail craft's battle with the angry, churning flood. A breathless silence reigned where he had ceased; then the hostess arose and the guests pushed back their chairs from the table.

The man turned to the girl at his side. She had risen and stood with her head drooping slightly and her cheeks burning.

"Your letters were a great pleasure to me while in Alaska, but since I have known their author their value has increased many times," he said, gently.

Eleanor did not raise her eyes from the floor.

"You have taken an unkind advantage. You have known all this evening and I—I never dreamed that—"

"Why did you say you were a woman?" she demanded.

"I didn't," protested the man. "My sister must have slipped a card into my letter mistaking it for one she had written. I can't help feeling however, that what appears to be an accident is really fate. Are you very much disappointed in the postmistress of Circle City?" He bent nearer and tried to read the answer that lay behind the long lashes.

"I—I'll have to become accustomed to the fact that she is a man, and then perhaps—"

Her Hope.

"Yes, mamma," sighed the fair young thing, raising her limpid eyes to the tender ones of her mother; "yes, mamma, I have set my heart on marrying a nobleman."

Dumfounded, the good woman, her mother, raises her hands and gasps: "Lord love you, child! What—"

"That's just what I hope, mamma," she interrupts, ingenuously.—Judge.

Doom of Western Races

By PROF. H. J. DAVENPORT,
of the University of Chicago.



THE hordes of Asia threaten the extinction of western races and western civilization.

With Russia's increase of 1,500,000 in numbers each year, and with the spread of its population over Russian Asia, and with its warlike and imperial traditions, one understands the reasons for the fear which rests over western Europe. When Russia has perfected its Siberian railway system and when it has established its back door basis supplies in the civilization and workshops of America, its population may again bestir themselves and roll westward just as they did 2,000 years ago.

The contest of civilization against the Asiatic hordes will hardly be one of arms, but a struggle for the survival of the business of living. Western gunboats have foolishly broken down the barriers about the Chinese and have forced western civilization on Asia.

The present fear of a general war in which all European countries and the United States will be entangled indicates that the Caucasian will find himself engaged in an industrial death struggle with a people of marvelous industrial efficiency, of swarming productive fertility and of ability, through centuries of poverty, to thrive upon the minimum of existence.

The west has but small reason to disturb the Asiatic hive. The marvelous reproductive powers of the Chinese will threaten the very existence of occidental races. When the Chinese swarm over the world western civilization may endure, but western races will hardly be able to do so.

MAKING THE DESERT BLOOM.

Great Works of the Geological Survey in the Barren Lands of Colorado.

Though so recently established the reclamation service undertaken by the geological survey in the barren lands has already begun the construction of certain large dams, and has under consideration among other projects a six-mile tunnel for diverting the Gunnison river in Colorado, so that the waters may be used in irrigation. In the planning and carry out of these great works, says "Our National Survey: the Romance of Scientific Pioneering," by H. F. Bain, in Booklovers Magazine, the officers of the service will have unexampled professional opportunities, not only because of the size of the works themselves, but on account of the freedom given the engineers in planning and building them. The supervising engineer will report to a board of consulting engineers, each of whom is thoroughly familiar with the difficulties of such work, instead of having to win, as in private work, the approval of a board of directors largely unfamiliar with his difficulties, and concerned mainly with completing the work at the lowest possible cost.

It has been estimated that ultimately 60,000,000 to 100,000,000 acres, which are now worth perhaps 50 cents an acre, will be converted by irrigation into farming and orchard land worth from \$50 to \$500 per acre. The law carefully provides that this shall be sold in small lots to actual settlers, so as to accomplish the main purpose of the whole work—homes for our rapidly increasing population and opportunity for the young men and the children equivalent to that which the older generations enjoyed.

ABLAZE WITH DIAMONDS.

Son of a Poor Charwoman in Vienna Found Precious Stones Worth a Fortune.

How a poor charwoman, Frau Blaschek, came into possession of a large number of valuable diamonds, which she had had for the most part set, pawned or given away, came out when the woman and her son were arrested by the police.

Last August Herr Lachmann, a court jeweler, sent away by parcel post a packet containing 308 diamonds, worth \$60,000. These never reached their destination and the mystery of their disappearance was only lately cleared up. Frau Blaschek's son confessed that he found the precious packet in a railway van and gave it to his mother.

The charwoman was remarkably liberal with the jewelry. To the godmother of one of her children she gave three stones, and on her sister (also a charwoman) and her niece she bestowed 16 diamonds each, after having had them set in gold. It was this display of jewelry which led to the suspicions of the police and the woman's arrest.

She herself possessed five rings, three pairs of earrings, a necklace and a pendant cross, all richly set with diamonds, and these she usually hid in her bed. She sold 97 stones to a jeweler, giving another dozen as presents to her children. She explained that they were gifts from a relative in Chicago.

His Child's.

Wildrake—I bucked up against a fargo game last night.

Ascum (sarcastically)—And as a result you broke the bank, eh?

"Yes, I did this morning. I suppose Willie will cry, but I simply had to have car fare."—Philadelphia Ledger.

SWISS ELECTRIC ROADS.

Are Operated by Cheap Power Derived from Alpine Streams Instead of Coal.

Owing to the increase in the price of coal during the last few years, Mr. Thorman, a prominent Swiss engineer, wished to find out whether it would not be an advantage to use electrical energy, furnished by hydraulic plants, over the whole of the railroad system of Switzerland, says a consular report. After investigating the subject he published a report which has awakened considerable interest and will no doubt bring about practical results in this direction. He finds that the substitution of electricity for steam on the railroads is quite practicable and has many advantages, although it will not bring about any considerable reduction in the cost of operating roads.

The five main railroads in Switzerland require over 30,000 horsepower daily. In order to organize a complete electrical service it will be necessary to obtain about 60,000 horsepower in the shape of the alternating current of high tension, not counting the reserve supply, which is indispensable. Not taking into account the considerable number of falls which are not utilized in the country, there exist already 21 large hydraulic plants which can give a total of 86,000 horsepower. These include the plant of Siel, near Linsiedl, which has a capacity of 20,000 horsepower, and the Laufenburg plant, on the Rhine, giving also 20,000 horsepower, and five others, giving each 5,000 horsepower. He enumerates 21 plants which will be more than sufficient to supply the energy for the Swiss railroads.

The cost of changing over the system would, of course, be considerable. It is to be noted, however, that the adoption of the electrical system would have the great advantage of doing away with the present consumption of coal, which is now imported, and that the use of hydraulic energy would be of great benefit in developing several branches of manufacturing.

The publication of Mr. Thorman's report aroused considerable attention in different quarters and already one of the railroad companies has applied to the government for an authorization to use electric trains on a trial stretch of road 12 miles long.

A Real Message from the Deep.

Six years ago the British schooner Ethel mysteriously disappeared en route from Bombay to Port Said. Her owners, Barkfoot & Co., of the latter port, gave her up for lost, and since that time until last month her fate remained a mystery to the world. It was an empty and tightly corked wine bottle that brought the story of her fate and that of Capt. Lee and his crew to land. The bottle was discovered by Capt. Lombard on the beach of the island of Fukave, situated in the South Seas, and the note it contained read as follows: "Will the find of this inform Barkfoot & Co., of Port Said, that Ethel mysteriously disappeared about 1,900 miles from Bombay? This note is written by the sole survivors, Capt. Lee and Seaman Thomas, who are in their last hopes. 'Signed,' J. T. Lee, Jan. 26 or 27, 1897."—From Manila Cable.

In Hospital Parlance.

Visitor (calling on friend in hospital)—Sorry to find you here, old chap. Badly hurt?

Patient—Yes, I am afraid I am. I heard the doctor say I was a "beautiful case."—Stray Stories.

A Pair of Shoes.

With the assistance of the latest machines, a piece of leather can be transformed into a pair of boots in 34 minutes, in which time it passes through the hands of 63 people and through 15 machines.