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[Continued.]

CHAPTER VIII.  
JAKEE ENTERS THE ARMY.

The two wayfarers started in the direction the cavalry had taken, but after going a short distance Colonel Maynard reined in his horse.  
"Stop a bit, Madge," he said. "I want to consult my staff as to the route." Then to his attendant, "Jakee, I think I know a shorter route than this."  
"So do I."  
"The one you and I took when we went to Chattanooga before."  
"Ter bring back information," added Jakee promptly.  
"We'll take it again. It's off the main road, and we'll be less liable to be murdered for our boots."  
"Reckon," said Jakee, wrinkling his brow and drawing down the corners of his mouth with an intensely deliberative expression, as though, the problem having been submitted to him, it behooved him to consider it carefully.  
They rode back past the house, and keeping on for about a mile turned into a byway. This they followed till they reached the Chattanooga road.  
Colonel Maynard was in the most exuberant spirits. He had turned over the command of his brigade for a day or two to the colonel next in rank to himself and was on his way to join his young wife, from whom he had parted a week after his marriage. The two acted on his spirits like champagne. He laughed without having anything to laugh at; he bantered Jakee; he talked lovingly to his favorite horse, Madge. In short, Colonel Maynard appeared just what he was in years, little more than a boy.  
His services as a scout had attracted the attention of the army and had led the general for whom he scouted to advance him. He had stepped from the ranks to a high position on the staff, and soon after a cavalry regiment being badly in need of a lieutenant colonel, the colonel being inefficient and some junior officer being needed to practically command, Maynard was placed in the position. When the colonel of the regiment was got rid of, Maynard was made colonel. Soon after his command was attached to a brigade where in he found himself the ranking regimental commander. This gave him the command of the brigade.  
He entered upon his duties with misgivings. He knew he was well fitted for the duties of a scout, but doubted if he could command the respect of 3,000 men. Besides he knew there lurked within him a spirit of antagonism to conventional methods; he feared impulses that might wreck not only himself, but his brigade—perhaps a whole army. True, there was often a kind of illegitimate nobility about these impulses, but it did not render them any the less dangerous.  
On hearing the news of his appointment to the command of a brigade he mounted his horse and dashed over to the headquarters of the general to whom he owed nearly all his advancement, with a view to protesting. On arriving there he stammered out reasons which had no coherence and was dismissed by the general with the remark that he was suffering from an attack of ill-timed modesty, the general adding, "You are a born soldier, Colonel Maynard, and if the war lasts long enough to give you an opportunity you will reach a much higher command than that of a brigade."  
Since on the road he and Jakee had passed before on their journey together to Chattanooga, Maynard took infinite delight in talking over their "campaign," as he called the mission they had pursued. Jakee became more puffed up with pride at having been with the colonel on that occasion than having ridden with him into Tallahoma. Others had been on his staff on the latter occasion, but he, Jakee Slack, alone, had been his boon companion, his confidential friend, on his mission to Chattanooga. When Jakee considered this double honor, he felt that he must certainly have been born in uniform and deprived of it by some malignant fairy soon after coming into the world.  
The Chattanooga road was by no means deserted. Wagons under guard, couriers, staff officers followed by orderlies, citizens, negroes, indeed all manner of people and vehicles passing between the different corps of the Army of the Cumberland, met them or were passed by them on the way.  
"Jakee," said the colonel, "I remember every moment of the time when I came along this road on my way back from Chattanooga. I was traveling, as the dignitaries say, in a coach."  
"Yer mean by that they'd a knowed what a 'portant person y' war they'd a showed ther respect' by hangin' y'."  
"Exactly. They would have put several feet between mine and the waving summer grass below. You have a forcible way of expressing yourself, but considering that I'm the subject of your remarks my throat feels clearer at my own more delicate drawling of the picture."  
"Reckon," said Jakee, with proper solemnity, remembering that the topic was likely to wound the colonel's feelings.  
"On that occasion, Jakee, I did not meet even a mule without my heart jumping up into my throat."  
"A rope harness must a skeered y' outer yer skin."  
"Especially when I noticed the knots in it. But seriously, Jakee, that experience has filled me with a peculiar dread. Now, suppose some day a Confederate spy should fall into my hands."  
"Reckon yer'd hev lots o' fun hangin' in him."

"You're far out of the way there, my little Solomon. I fear it would be absolutely impossible for me to do such a duty if required of me."  
"Yer needn't take him, in the first place."  
"It might be my duty to do so."  
"Y' might do like Tom. Tom, he can't never see me when I want ter drive 'im onto pasture. He can see well nuff when I get a ear o' corn fo' 'im, though."  
"A good idea, Jakee. With that subtle sophistry of yours you could reason a Methodist minister into dancing a hornpipe, but I fear it's hardly sound enough to enable one so used to deceiving others as I was when a scout to deceive himself. I should do my best, should I take a spy, to turn him over."  
"S'posin' twar a woman?"  
"Oh, Lord, Jakee, don't suppose any such thing. I'd have to do my duty in that case just the same as if she were a man. What kind of a looking 'go-cart' is that coming down the road?"  
A horse was visible in the distance, its long neck stretched out in front of its body, coming toward them at a rapid gait. The rattling of a baggy which it dragged reminded the colonel of the band of a newly recruited regiment. Within sat a woman in a striped dress, sash and bonnet. In short, Jakee Slack at once recognized his old friend, Betsy Baggs.  
"Howdy, Miss Baggs," he said as she drove by.  
Miss Baggs was the sphinx she had been to Jakee when he met her near Tallahoma. She leveled her spectacles at him, but had no recognition whatever for him.  
"Who's your friend?" asked Maynard as the baggy rattled away.  
"That's Miss Baggs," said Jakee.  
"And who's Miss Baggs?"  
Jakee paused a long while before replying. There was a problem in his mind suggested by the meeting of Miss Baggs so soon after his conversation with the colonel about capturing a woman spy, for Jakee had a suspicion that Miss Baggs was in some way a Confederate emissary.  
"Waal," he said at length, "I reckon she's sweet on Rats."  
"Jakee," said the colonel, "there is occasionally a lucidity about your explanations, a shining brightness, which makes my eyes blink. But on the present occasion I think there is dust in them. Would you mind giving me a pointer as to your meaning? By Rats do you mean rodents?"  
"What's rodents?" asked Jakee.  
Meanwhile the rattling of Miss Baggs' baggy was dying away in the distance.  
"Real rats are rodents."  
"Not them uns. Rats is a corporal in Major Burke's critter company."  
"The corporal's name is quite appropriate to the one you have given his regiment. The woman in the baggy looks as if she'd make a fit vivandiere to a 'critter company' and a fit sweet-heart for a corporal of the name of Rats."  
Jakee made no reply to this. He was evidently weighed down with some concealed responsibility. The colonel tried to draw him again into conversation, but even "their campaigns" were not sufficient. At last the colonel, realizing that they were near their destination and his young wife, became occupied by his own thoughts. Suddenly he caught sight of a large frame house set back from the road. He gazed upon it with a singular mingling of different feelings. In it he had first met his wife, in it she had concealed him from men and hounds, and there she was now, his wife and the mother of their babe. He gave his horse the spurs. Jakee suddenly drew rein.  
"Colonel!" he called.  
"What?"  
"Miss Baggs."  
"Confound Miss Baggs! What of her?"  
"Reckon thar's some'p'a wrong 'bout her."  
"What do you mean?"  
"Mebbe she's a 'Fodorte spy.'"  
"You little imp, why didn't you tell me that before?" cried the colonel angrily.  
"Waal, I hain't sart'in 'bout it now. 'a I thought yer moogata't like 'fo' to hold onto a woman."  
"Jakee," said the colonel impressively, "you have done very wrong. You should have told me of your suspicions at once. Remember I'm a colonel commanding a brigade in the Union army."  
The colonel sat irresolute. What should he do? Miss Baggs was now miles away. Jakee only suspected her. His young wife, whom he had not seen for nearly a year, was within a stone's throw of him. Suddenly he drew the spurs again into his horse's flanks and rode on to the gateway of the plantation. There was no need to open the gate, for there was no gate to open. The road led on to the house through an avenue of trees, and Colonel Maynard dismounted before his horse reached the foot of the steps leading up to the veranda. A young woman flew through the open front door with all the impetuosity of a summer storm. In a moment she and Colonel Maynard were closely locked in each other's arms.  
"Mark!"  
"Laura!"  
Jakee sat on old Tom, viewing this collision very much as he would watch two tempest clouds meet in the sky.  
"Reckon them uns hev got it bad," he remarked sotto voce and with a solemnity that was intended to be reverential.  
Colonel Maynard's brigade went into camp on the river bank some five or six miles from the plantation. The colonel insisted on having Jakee Slack with him permanently and sent him home to ask his father's permission. Jakee at the same time bearing an invitation to his sister to visit Mrs. Maynard, re-enforced by a special request from the colonel that it be accepted. Jakee succeeded in obtaining the desired permission, and after much hesitation Souri decided to accept. Jakee entered the army as a drummer boy, but was not called upon to flourish the sticks. He was at once detailed for duty at brigade headquarters as clerk in the assistant



"Reckon them uns hev got it bad."

nity of his position. He was of great use to the colonel, who at once appointed him dispatch bearer between himself and Mrs. Maynard. The domestic nearness of this office only rendered the boy more consequential. He snubbed not only the orderlies attached to the headquarters of the brigade, but would occasionally approach disrespect toward the officers of the staff. As this was largely their fault, for they were continually trying to amuse themselves at Jakee's expense, they bore it good naturedly.  
"Why don't you carry that note like any other messenger," said an aid to him one day, "in your belt?"  
"Coz I hain't like any other messenger," retorted Jakee. "D'y' reckon a man what carries the colonel's private correspond' air a common orderly?"  
As there was no gainsaying his argument without a seeming detriment of the personal dignity of the brigade commander, Jakee held the field.  
[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE MARCH OF IMPROVEMENT.

The New England kitchen of Boston serves a five-cent lunch, consisting of hot soup, bread and butter, sandwiches, buns or cookies to the pupils of the Boston high schools.  
During the last eight years the Enoch Pratt free library of Baltimore has put into circulation 4,000,000 of books, and now has nearly 150,000 volumes on its shelves, accessible to the public.  
An electric hair curler of the simplest possible construction appears to be a machine like a small garden roller. A button is pressed, switching on an electric current from the handle, and in a few moments the hair is one mass of curling clusters.  
Henry Halls of Three Rivers, Mich., knows something about the production of peppermint oil, and he advises farmers to engage more extensively in the industry. He owns 900 acres in Florence township, and last year had over 100 men working in the mint fields. Over 20,000 pounds of peppermint oil were produced, and it brought \$1.50 to \$2 per pound.  
An ingenious device is being brought out in Birmingham for locking the steering gear of bicycles. By a turn of the key, it is stated, the front wheel of the machine can be locked in any position. If the bicycle is left standing at the side of the pavement with the steering gear locked and a thief jumps on to ride off with it, he will soon find himself in difficulties.  
Professor R. T. MacDougal of the Minnesota university is going to make a study of the influence of electricity upon growing plants. Currents of electricity from the weakest (registered by a galvanometer) to the full strength of the city electric light current will be sent through the earth in which plants are growing, and the effects will be minutely observed. Professor MacDougal is merely doing in a modern way what has been attempted from time to time for a century.

He Loved Dogs.  
Monsieur X called the other day at a house where the love of dogs was carried almost to a mania. He was immediately surrounded by half a dozen of these animals, whose caresses, too demonstrative altogether, he repelled vigorously. "Ah, monsieur," said the lady of the mansion, in a tone of displeasure, "one can see very well that you don't love dogs." "Not love dogs indeed!" he returned, indignantly. "Why, I ate more than twenty dogs during the siege of Paris!"  
Advice to My Boy.  
The teacher says, my boy?  
The teacher says, my boy?  
as a needle?  
Well, probably she meant to compliment you, my boy—I have no doubt she did—but remember that needles always go into things with their eyes closed. You don't want to be like that.  
Now there's the pin. The pin has a head, you will notice, which prevents it going in too far.  
Be like the pin, my boy.



**TIRED, WEAK, NERVOUS, Could Not Sleep.**

Prof. E. D. Edwards, of Preston, Idaho, says: "I was all run down, weak, nervous and irritable through overwork. I suffered from brain fatigue, mental depression, etc. I became so weak and nervous that I could not sleep. I would arise tired, discouraged and blue. I began taking  
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and now everything is changed. I sleep soundly, I feel bright, active and ambitious. I can do more in one day now than I used to do in a week. For this great good I give Dr. Miles' Restorative Nervine the sole credit.  
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HAS A HARD HEAD.

The Giraffe's Dome of Thought is Like a Sledge Hammer.  
"Speaking of knockers," said Ed Coyne, who for the last ten years has been keeper of Daisy, the giant giraffe at the Cincinnati zoo, "do you know that the giraffe is the original and natural knocker? Look at that long slender neck and the lumpy, bony head at the end of it. It reminds you of a sledge-hammer, and that is what it is in fact. When Daisy gets excited she begins knocking; that is, she throws her head from side to side, using it like a hammer and dealing fearful blows with certain aim. If any other person beside myself should enter her stall he would get a blow from her head that would knock him senseless, and then she would trample and kick him to death. The animal has but a small brain and can not be reasoned with. The only way to get along with her is to be quiet and not get her excited. I can do about as I please with her. I enter the stall at all times, feed her, and brush her off every day. She is a clean beast, and gives but little trouble. A new keeper would have a hard time with her, as she knows me and will not let a stranger do anything for her."  
The observant beast was standing at the other end of the stall, looking out of the window at a man who was walking on the hotel porch, but on hearing her name called out, she came over and stuck her head out of the wire lattice and looked at the keeper with a bright look in her face. Daisy is the largest giraffe in captivity. She and her departed partner were bought by the zoo fourteen years ago. There was one offspring, but it died a few days after birth.

IT WAS AN AWFUL SHOCK.

Not so Much the Coincidence as the Actual Return of the Fifteen Dollars.  
"Here is one of the odd coincidences of this life," said Williams. "Some time ago an acquaintance came to me and told me he was in great need of \$15, and at considerable trouble to myself I let him have it. He promised to return it in a few days.  
"When three weeks had elapsed I mentioned the matter to him casually and he was profusely apologetic—would send it to me the following day sure. It didn't come, though, nor did I get any word from him. About two weeks after I met him in Broadway. He declared it was a shame I hadn't got my money and vowed he wouldn't let another day pass without paying me.  
It went along, then, for a week or ten days, and as my expenses were very heavy, I was considerably embarrassed and needed the money badly. One night, when I was feeling particularly discouraged, I sat down and wrote him a note. I said: "My dear sir—About six weeks ago I loaned you \$15. Lest the paying of it should occasion you any inconvenience allow me to hereby make you a present of the money."  
"That will bring it if anything will, thought I. Judge my surprise when by the next morning's mail I received a letter from the man inclosing the \$15. By the same mail exactly he must have received mine making him a present of it, and by the dates both letters were evidently written at about the same hour."  
A Case of Spontaneous Ignition.  
The fact is well known that petroleum spirit, or benzine, is largely used in the silk and wool industries and in chemical cleaning works as a solvent for greasy impurities. It is extremely volatile and inflammable, and has often been suspected of being the cause of those mysterious fires which occasionally break out in works and factories where it is much used. One who has studied this phenomenon declares that the ignition of this spirit is spontaneous, and is caused by electrical excitation—that is, in certain states of the atmosphere, particularly when it is cold and dry, the spirit becomes excited and exhibits sparks and flashes of light, to the accompaniment of crackling sounds, and the ignition of the spirit may take place at any moment.

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The true way of softening one's troubles is to solace those of others.  
The man who is ruled by his feelings cannot travel in a straight line.  
The man who runs from trouble will never find time to stop and rest.  
The more we help others to bear their burdens the lighter our own will be.  
Our happiness in this world depends on the affections we are enabled to inspire.  
Perhaps perseverance has been the radical principle of every truly great character.  
Wealth and want equally harden the heart, as frost and fire are both alike alien to the human flesh.  
Sincerity is the first element of all good conversation; all others combined cannot atone for its lack.  
The sudden end of a severe run of hard luck will do more to make a man an optimist than will years of luxury.  
There is a difference between sitting before the fire and thinking about doing good, and going out in the cold and snow to do it.  
Wealth is like a viper, which is harmless if a man knows how to take hold of it; but if he does not, it will twine around his hand and bite him.

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Notice of Sale of Real Estate  
In the matter of the Estate of Mary A. Hostetter, deceased.  
Notice is hereby given that in pursuance of an order of Samuel Chapman, Judge of the district court of Otoe county, State of Nebraska, made on the 21st day of February, 1905, for the sale of the real estate hereinafter described, there will be sold at the premises, No. 3111 O St., Lincoln, Nebraska, on the 28th day of March, 1905, at 2:00 o'clock p. m., at public sale to the highest bidder for cash, subject to incumbrances against the same, the following described real estate, to-wit: Lot numbered six (6), in block numbered one (1), in Platteview addition to the city of Lincoln, Lincoln county, Nebraska. Said sale will remain open one hour.  
Dated this 27th day of February, 1905.  
G. M. McCREW,  
Administrator of the Estate of Mary A. Hostetter, deceased. 3514

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FRANK J. CHENEY,  
Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence this 6th day of December, A. D. 1904.  
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