

THE NEBRASKA ADVERTISER

W. W. SANDERS, Publisher.

NEMAHA, - - - - - NEBRASKA.

A SOVEREIGN.

She has servants at her bidding, she has subjects leal and loyal, She has vassals who are eager to obey her least command; She has garments fine and dainty as befit a maiden royal, And she is the dearest sovereign you may find in any land.

She is gracious, she is kindly, and her courtiers chant her praises, But she bears herself serenely, with a true patrician air, Looks upon her friends benignly, on her vassals calmly gazes, Never seems to hear us murmur that her face is wondrous fair.

For the depths of Heaven's azure, with a pure, entrancing beauty, Glean upon you softly from her gracious, dark-fringed eyes; She will preach to you no sermons, will not prate to you of duty, But she seems, some way, to draw you ever nearer to the skies.

And her subjects love her dearly, as if something more than human, Though she grants her favors rarely, and she smiles on few; But they know a matchless wisdom and the subtle power of woman Dwell within the mystic precincts of those eyes of rarest blue.

And her subjects love her dearly, as if calm and brooding sweetness; Though her wishes she proclaimeth with a truly regal air, Yet her way is so benignant, and she rules with such discreetness, That we love the lightest tresses of her silken curling hair.

Naught she wists of sin or sorrow, and her nature is the finest, For she keeps affection glowing, keeps our hearts from growing cold; Of all sovereigns she is sweetest, of all maidens the divinest, For she is our dainty daughter, who is barely three months old.

—Mabel C. Jones, in Babyhood.

A MUTUAL SURPRISE.

"Do you know the man who has just left me?" asked Prof. W— of his wife, who entered his study.

"No, sir."

"It was his excellency, the former minister, Baron P—."

"Indeed! But how am I to know all excellencies!" she exclaimed, shrugging her shoulders. "Almost every dwelling in our street is occupied by an ex-minister. But tell me, though, what chair was his excellency seated upon?"

"Seated on? Why, right here, on the one next to which you are now standing. Why do you ask?"

"Well, well, just as I feared, and he has sure enough seen all the threadbare sofa, the worn chairs— Why will you persist in receiving your callers in this room. Is there no parlor?"

The good woman seemed put out.

"Always the same story, whenever I have a caller," grumbled the professor. "Pray, what is wrong with the furniture?"

"Wrong? Everything is wrong I tell you," she retorted, hotly. Look at the sofa, at the chairs—"

The professor put on his glasses and inspected the seats and frames of the pieces indicated.

"I think," he began in an earnest, deliberate way, as though dissatisfied with something, "I really think the furniture does show signs of wear."

"It is old and unfit for use," his wife decided, "and a disgrace to the room, and that is the very reason why you should receive all callers in the parlor."

"Impossible," he responded gruffly. "I would rather buy new furniture."

"Buy furniture—?"

The words seemed to make the little woman speechless. Approaching her tall lord, she extended her hand to him, looking up expectantly.

"All right," she said, "hand me the money. I could not buy a set like this for less than \$100. You remember it was part of my dowry. In those days, some 20 years ago, it cost a trifle less, because everything was cheaper. The covering of the sofa is heavy gros grain silk, and the frame walnut. Where, do you suppose, could I get such goods now for \$100?"

"Nowhere, my dear, I am ready to take an oath! And for that reason I think it is perfectly superfluous to keep your hand extended so long," smilingly retorted the professor. And he meant it. Had his wife remained in the same attitude for days and extended her hands forever, he would never have given her anything besides the household money, because he was still more economical than herself, which means a good deal, considering that she had gone to the length of learning how to make men's wearing apparel, to not be obliged to have trifles like trousers and so forth made by tailors.

As a matter of fact a single glance at the professor sufficed to show how successfully she had practiced economy in his garments.

"Did you know," he asked after a little, "what the minister wanted?"

"How should I?"

"He notified me to be prepared for a great distinction."

"What? perhaps an order or a title—?"

"Not improbable!"

"And we are apt to receive callers and congratulations!"

"Possibly!"

"Whom you would receive in this room?"

"Certainly!"

"Not in the parlor?"

"No!"

"Indeed! Well, then, now I insist on having a new set of furniture," the excited little woman exclaimed in her most positive tone, which the professor knew but too well, and which brooked no gainsaying.

He began to fear an assault upon his pocketbook, for now his better half discovered additional need every moment. She was liable to insist upon new wall paper, new curtains and new paintings. Almost every piece in the room had been part of her dowry and done service for 20 years, and had consequently been long ago fit for the attic.

But he was for once mistaken. Nothing like that happened. His wife uttered not a word. Only her eyes suddenly shot a lightning flash at the sofa, whereupon she suddenly left the room.

An hour later, after the professor had left the house, she once more stood before the sofa. Deftly she ripped open a piece of the covering, and as soon as she was able to take a look at the wrong side, she assumed a challenging position, saying to herself:

"Triumph! I knew it! My husband shall soon see what a practical and economical wife he possesses."

"Jaconde, Euphrosine," calling her grown daughters, "listen to me, both of you! You are aware that your father's birthday is at hand. You have already procured presents, and I am getting the newspaper case he coveted, but I should dearly love to show him another attention. He hinted to-day that his study needs a new set of furniture. But a good serviceable set costs at least \$100, and money is scarce. While pondering how to manage, I had an idea. Come closer. There! Look at the wrong side of this gros grain covering. Does not the stuff look almost as good as new? Does not its green color glitter like gold and its brown like bronze? Now, then, listen to my plan. I am going to have the covering of the sofa and the chairs turned, the horse hair cleaned and picked, and the frame repolished and varnished. Say nothing to father. I am now going to the upholsterer to find out what he will charge."

And this the practical little woman at once did.

The professor returned home in ill humor. His wife's desire to have a new set, and especially her positive tone, gave him no rest. His mind's eye beheld the new set as a birthday present, followed by a big bill, which he would have to pay with good grace. He glanced angrily at the sofa, the root of the present evil, and suddenly beheld the loosened corner of the covering which his wife had omitted to tack on again. The professor looked hard at both sides of the stuff.

"The lower side," he soliloquized, "is almost like new. My wife has repeatedly told me that all goods can be turned, even my official swallow-tail. Why not this covering also? The wrong side of the silk looks good, the color is fresh—ha!" he exclaimed, suddenly rising from his chair, "a genial idea! My dear little wife shall learn that I also understand how to be practical. Yes, that's it. I am going to have the covering turned and the horse hair picked and cleaned, and then the set will look like new. What is more, I will have it done at once and lose no time. All will be ready for my birthday. It will be a surprise for my wife as a return for the beautiful newspaper case which she is making for me, as I have long ago noticed. The dear, good soul! She would anyway give me no rest until a new set were purchased, and now she will have no cause to exile us to the parlor when I receive company. But now for a word with my wife."

Pleased as he had been for a long time the professor appeared in the boudoir of his wife.

"Gertrude, dear, I merely came to tell you that we should forbear of buying new furniture. I am short of money and could not even spare five dollars. If you really think that the set in my study is so very much worn I will henceforth receive my callers in the parlor."

"All right, husband," she replied, looking greatly relieved. "I should have undertaken nothing without your permission in this matter."

The professor failed to notice the smile playing around his wife's lips. He had expected opposition, and, behold, all was plain sailing.

On the following Wednesday was the professor's birthday. Two days previous, as soon as he had left his house for the college, the upholsterer and his assistants made their appearance. The professor's wife and her daughters awaited them ready to help. The smart little woman had shrewdly made her arrangements for her husband to take his meals on this and the following day at the house of relatives. Therefore, they could do the work undisturbed, and they did.

When the evening came all was finished, and the woman looked with pride and satisfaction upon the result of her genial idea. The furniture looked like new and the cost was really not worth while talking about, only ten dollars, which the gratified woman promptly paid.

It was late in the evening when the professor returned.

"To-morrow," his wife said to him, "we will give your study a thorough cleaning. Do you object to my remov-

ing some of the things into your bedroom?"

That was exactly what the sly professor had speculated upon and ardently desired.

"Yes," he said. "Certainly. Remove whatever you like. Why not begin with the sofa and chairs, which, as I now perceive, you have already tied together to facilitate their removal."

"Had we not better wait until tomorrow after you leave the house, dear? But if you desire it, we will do it now," said the unsuspecting woman. She called the servant, and a few more minutes found the whole set in the professor's bedroom. Mrs. W— knew better than to suspect her husband of curiosity to examine the bundled up furniture.

At six o'clock the following morning an upholsterer and his assistants appeared in the professor's bedroom.

"Very well," said the latter, who had been expecting them. "I am glad that you are punctual. Has any one seen you come in?"

"No, sir."

"All right. There is the furniture. You know what I want you to do. But remember, everything has to be finished to-day, and the pieces returned here this evening. On this condition only I agree to pay you the \$15 you ask. Now carry them away and be careful to make no noise. My wife must know nothing about it. It is true, her bedroom is in the opposite wing, but her ears are as sharp as a dog's."

An hour later the upholsterer again appeared before the professor.

"Sir," said he, "what am I to do with that furniture? The set is in the best possible condition and looks as good as new. Why turn the covering, which I think is altogether unnecessary?"

"What are you saying? The covering fresh and new, and dirty only underneath? You plainly don't know what you are talking about. I think I ought to know better. You just do as I told you."

"But, professor—"

"Do as I ordered! Turn the covering, clean the horsehair, and so forth."

"Well, I don't care if you insist."

"And do not forget, to-night before ten o'clock!" the professor called after him.

Sure enough, at the appointed hour the upholsterer came with the furniture, which he had turned according to his employer's wishes. Now it looked exactly as it had two days previous; the worn and dirty side of the covering was uppermost.

"Well, Master Know-all, have you obeyed my instructions?"

"Yes, sir, exactly as you ordered. If I would not fear making a noise I would undo the lot and let you take a look at them."

"Never mind, it is all right. Here are your \$15. I am fully satisfied."

"How surprised my wife will be tomorrow when she unties and replaces the furniture," the professor soliloquized, pleased like a child over the expected result of his practical idea.

Never before had he looked so benign, knowing and self-satisfied, as on the morning of the day that was to bring the denouement, when he appeared at the breakfast table. With beaming countenance he received the presents and congratulations, and when asked by his wife why he had yesterday locked the door of his bedroom and taken the key with him, he looked astonished, and replied like the thorough pharisee that he was:

"Did I really do that? Well, I do declare! I have never been so absent-minded before. Then I suppose those old pieces of furniture are still in my bedroom. I never noticed them this morning!"

"That is nothing," responded his wife. "I will at once order them moved back to your study."

"Do so, my dear," exclaimed the professor, an odd, sarcastic kind of a smile flitting across his face, "and should you perchance meet with a surprise, take it cool, like the brave little woman you are."

It is no wonder that a remark like this filled the heart of the good lady with joyful anticipation. She almost flew on the wings of expectation to the study, but soon she returned. At the threshold she remained immovable. Her face was pale as death, her eyes dilated, her expression betokened surprise, and indecision—almost fear.

"I feel so queer," she finally admitted, as if talking to herself, "have I lost my senses? or do my eyes deceive me? Jaconde, Euphrosine, come with me!"

The professor laughed heartily. He could scarcely await their return. When they at last appeared, his daughters, with an almost idiotic expression on their faces, his wife's thoughtful and restless looks fixed upon him, he thought he would burst from laughing. Suddenly his wife, forgetful of good manners and their children's presence, ran up to him, exclaiming:

"Are you crazy? Why do you carry on like a fool? What has happened in this house? Only day before yesterday I ordered the coverings of the set in your study turned, and the furniture polished and varnished, for which I spent ten dollars, and now—what imp has been playing tricks on me? I see the same dirty, old and worn silk on top as before! How is such a thing possible? It is enough to lose one's senses, and you persist in roaring at my predicament?"

But the professor had now stopped laughing. And as for the expression of his face, it differed not an iota from those of his two daughters.

"Wife," he said, mildly. "I do not comprehend at all. What are you talking about, having the covering of that set turned? Know then, that not you, but I had this done yesterday. I intended it as a surprise for you."

"What? You did, yesterday?"

"Yes, my dear, yesterday! And all was finished by evening. Now you will understand why I took the key of my bedroom door with me. But come, confess! Was I not practical?" And again the professor began to indulge in laughing.

But his wife did not feel like joining in his hilarity.

"Husband," she sobbed, with trembling voice, "supposing I were to tell you that day before yesterday, I and the two girls, together with a couple of upholsterers, have had that furniture repaired right here on this spot?"

"And supposing I were to tell you," he interrupted her angrily, "that I have had the furniture repaired yesterday, do you hear? Yesterday!"

"Yesterday? really, do you mean yesterday? Heavens! what have you done?"

The poor woman dropped faintly into a chair.

"Unfortunate man, what have you done?"

"Done? Why, I had the covering turned, the—"

"Yes, you had the good side of the covering turned inside, after I had it turned the other way the day before, you fool!"

"W—h—e—t!"

The professor seemed to understand at last, for he shot out of the room and made for his study. When he reappeared after a considerable delay, he declared that it was all true enough and the furniture looked as bad as ever.

"Just think of it, dearest," he remarked, half jokingly, half in anger, "and the upholsterer had even warned me that the goods looked like new, and needed no repairing!"

But the joke fell flat. His wife was not so easily quieted.

"And pray, how much did you pay to that conf—, I mean to that upholsterer of yours?"

"How much? Why, \$15!"

"Fifteen dollars!" the now thoroughly roused woman repeated. "Fifteen dollars!" She tore her handkerchief in shreds.

"I tell you what it is," she added in her most positive tone and manner. "Now, I absolutely insist on a new set of furniture, and what is still more, one for \$150, because for less than that I cannot duplicate a set similar to ours."

The poor, vanquished professor felt cheap. He said nothing. But when some days later he found a new set in his study, and also a bill for \$150, he swore to have no more surprises; but he paid the bill.—From the German, in N. Y. Sun.

BENCH AND BAR.

Entertaining Anecdotes of Members of the Legal Profession.

The late Judge Rosecrans, of Saratogo county, N. Y., possessed a most brilliant intellect, and could, if he chose, so charge a jury as to almost certainly defeat a litigant that he desired, without giving the most astute lawyer any good ground to take exceptions to the charge.

A farmer residing in his county at one time had, growing outside of his dooryard fence and really in the ground belonging to the road or highway, a gigantic chestnut tree. For years the farmer had honestly supposed that the nuts that grew on this tree belonged by lawful right to him, and he had gathered them accordingly. One day two stalwart butchers, out on a calf-buying expedition, came along and began to collect the nuts that hung plentifully in their burrs on the tree. Naturally the farmer objected to this and went out and forbade them. Words followed and an altercation ensued, in which the farmer, although a smaller man than either of his antagonists, gave them both a terrible drubbing.

They, knowing him to be amply able to respond in damages, brought suit for damages for assault and battery. The case came on to be tried before Judge Rosecrans, and he, thinking that the farmer ought not to be punished, proceeded to charge the jury somewhat in the following manner: "Gentlemen of the jury, I charge you as a matter of law that this defendant was not the owner of the nuts growing on this tree, and had no more right to them than the plaintiffs had; and, therefore, they are entitled to damages for the assault made by him upon them. The only remaining question, then, is one of damages. This is entirely for you to determine. The evidence shows that at the time he began the assault the plaintiffs had gathered about a hatful of chestnuts with the burrs. Now I further charge you that in estimating the amount of damages to which you may think the plaintiffs entitled, you have no right to set off against the same the value of chestnuts so gathered, even if you think the damages shall amount to so much as the value you may put upon the chestnuts."

The jury brought in a verdict of damages for plaintiffs in the sum of six cents.—The Green Bag.

—A dream of the moon signifies a sudden and entirely unexpected pleasure.

CONGRESSIONAL.

Condensed Report of the Past Week's Proceedings.

The post office appropriation bill was considered in the senate on the 31st, but was not completed. A sharp debate on mail subsidies occurred. Mr. Vilas opposing an extension of the subsidy system and Messrs. Perkins and White (Cal.) upholding it. Mr. George afterwards spoke in opposition to Mr. Dupont's claim to a seat. The house spent the day considering the sundry civil appropriation bill, a determined effort being made by some of the southern representatives to strike from the bill the appropriation for the pay of internal revenue informers, which is obnoxious to people in the "moonshine" districts, but it was not successful.

The senate on the 1st completed the post office appropriation bill, with the exception of the ocean mail subsidy item which caused an animated discussion. Mr. George spoke on the Dupont election case and Mr. Pepper gave notice that he would move to take up his resolution for an inquiry into the recent bond issue on the morrow. Mr. Butler (N. C.) introduced a bill requiring the acceptance of current local tender funds in payment of notes, bonds or private obligations. Mr. Call (Fla.) introduced a resolution to immediately use a United States naval force to protect Americans in Cuba from atrocities and for humane reasons in general. The resolution went over. The house practically completed the consideration of the sundry civil bill. Mr. Blue (rep.) of Kansas, made some indirect charges against the board of managers of the soldiers' home and Mr. Steele, of Indiana, replied to them.

The senate on the 2d considered the post office appropriation bill, and the propriety of abolishing country post offices and absorbing them as branches of city offices was warmly debated. Mr. George closed his three days' speech on the Dupont election case. Mr. Pettigrew reported the Indian appropriation bill and gave notice that he would call it up on the 8th. Mr. Lodge introduced a bill to charge monthly publications the same rate of postage as weekly publications, and Mr. Sherman introduced one providing for the use of a uniform flag by the army and navy after the year 1900. The sundry civil appropriation bill was passed in the house after a warm debate of four hours over an appropriation of \$2,000 for the Howard university, a colored institution of Washington, the contention being that it was an appropriation for sectarian purposes. The house voted, 139 to 105, to retain the appropriation.

The senate was not in session on the 3d. In the house Mr. Hitt, chairman of the foreign affairs committee, presented the conference report on the Cuban resolutions, and in the course of his speech said that he did not think President Cleveland would "be so recreant to his duty as to disregard the expressed wish of congress" as to recognizing the belligerency of the insurgents. Mr. Patterson argued that if the United States would interfere to prevent Spain from acquiring new territory in this hemisphere we should prevent her from retaining territory by subjugation. The debate was not concluded. Many private pension bills were passed at the night session.

INSPECTION OF IMMIGRANTS.

Inspection of Immigrants Brought Out in the House Discussion on the Measure.

WASHINGTON, April 3.—Representative Danford, of Ohio, yesterday reported to the house from the immigration committee the Stone bill providing for the inspection of immigrants by United States consuls. The object of the measure, says the report, is to enforce existing laws and such laws as may hereafter be passed by congress restricting immigration. Statistics show, says the report, that with a foreign population of 14.77 per cent., more than half of our white penitentiary convicts and more than half of the white inmates of our poor houses are foreigners, and prove that of the immigrants coming here during the past few years too many of them are deficient in morals and are incapable, physically, of self-support. The bill does not add to the excluded list of immigrants.

OUTLOOK FOR TOBACCO.

It Is Predicted That the Cuban War Will Advance the Price.

BALTIMORE, Md., April 3.—Mr. Charles Dittman, of the wholesale tobacco firm of Dittman & Voneiff, of this city, has returned from a trip to Havana and does not take a rosy view of the situation in Cuba. He said yesterday the outlook for the tobacco interest is most discouraging. Though manufacturers in this country could miss a whole crop without great drawbacks, Mr. Dittman says the effect of the war will presently be felt in a material advance in price. The stock lying here at present is sufficient to check any sudden increase and it has been supplemented by the addition of inferior grades during speculation. In the open market Havana prices have advanced about 20 per cent. in the past six months.

Could Not Violate His Oath.

LOUISVILLE, Ky., April 2.—Because he could not choose between the A. P. A. and his Catholic sweetheart, John Schweitzer, of this city, committed suicide by shooting. Schweitzer was engaged to be married to Miss Lulie Scherzinger, but had often told her that he was an A. P. A. and was prevented by his oath from marrying a Catholic. He asked Miss Scherzinger to abandon her religion. This she declined to do, but said she would marry him, even though he were a bigot.

Immigration on the Increase.

WASHINGTON, April 2.—The immigration officials are somewhat disturbed at the present enormous increase in immigration. During February the number of arrivals at New York aggregated 11,822, an increase of about 65 per cent. over the arrivals during February, 1895. The class now coming to this country is said to be altogether undesirable, even while entitled to admission under a strict construction of the immigration laws.

Ives Wins Again.

NEW YORK, April 3.—The fourth game of the international billiard tournament, at 18-inch balk line, was played last night in the Madison Square Garden Concert hall. The contestants were Frank C. Ives and Albert Garnier. Ives won the game. His average was 50 and his highest run 164.