THE NEBRASKA ADVERTISER

W. W. SANDERS, Publisher.

NEMAHA, - - - - NEBRASKA

A DANDELION.

O, golden heart a-gleaming in the grass On a fair morn o' May. I stoop to touch you softly as I pass Along the common way.

Thinking of one blue-sky and white-cloud

When, tree from vexing care, I pulled and curled your stems in childish And wove them in my hair;

Or breathed across your phantom seedsphere there With wonder and delight To see you, spirit-like, rise in the air

And vanish out of sight; Believing while I watched your shining flight.

The brocding, blessed Power, Mysterious and silent as the light, Would bring you back, a flower,

Ah, sweet child-trust that bides through sun and shower, In wisdem all unskilled:

After long storms will come a fateful hour When it shall be fulfilled. Hope's winged seeds, through all the years

unchilled, Ploom in the wayside grass, The flower comes back and with heart strangely thrilled

We bless it as we pass.

-Anne L. Muzzey, in N. Y. Sun.

THE CHURCH MILITANT.

BY BARRY PAIN.

As I passed the vicarage, I thought that it looked a likely place. I walked on a few yards, and then it seemed to me a pity not to see if the place was as good as it looked. So I went back and asked at the back door if they could asked me if I was all right. give me a job of work.

work for me, and she was not inclined to talk. But she fetched me some bread and cheese, and I had a chance to look round. I marked the scullery window; it was out of sight of the road, fastened with the usual simple catch, with no bars or shutters. A regular invitation-a window like that is. It seemed to me a one-man job, and just as good that night as any other night.

So that night, by half-past ten, I was in the shrubbery of the vicarage gar den, smoking my pipe and watching the house. There was only one light: it was in the study windows downstairs. At 11 o'clock that light went out and another appeared in the upstairs window. "That's all right," I said to my self. "Parson's finished writing his sermon and gone up to bed." When the whole house was dark, I went round it once or twice, just to see how things lay. I couldn't find anything better than the scullery window, but that was quite good enough. I was impatient The window gave me more trouble than | I ask pardon, but you might have done | now to get to Enton about five, and take I had expected; the catch was very stiff, and I had nothing but my pocketknife to force it back with. However, I got it back at last and opened the window very slowly, an inch at a time, making no noise. Then I got in.

I no sooner got my feet down on the scullery floor than I was knocked headlong, and found a 13-stone weight on my chest. I asked it, speaking under difficulties, to get off again. I was a bit dazed, for I had come down hard and bumped my head, but I saw the only thing to do was to sham drunk, and I spoke thickly. I undid one end of my collar, pulled my hair over my forehead, hung my lower lip, and put on a bleary stare. By the time that man had got off my chest, struck a match on the heel of his boot, and lit the candle behind him, I looked a complete drunk if ever any man did.

I could see now that the man who had knocked me over was Rev. William Lake himself. And the more I looked at him, the more I felt sorry that | had finished he thanked me. I had ever come.

"Well," he said, "you dirty little ginger-headed, two-penny half-penny scoundrel, what are you doing here?"

I hiecoughed and answered: "Thor thish was my housh-nummer twenny Willetsh Terrish. Ain't thish ri'?"

"That won't do," he said; "I heard you round the house an hour ago-or I shouldn't have been here waiting for you. Besides, drunken men don't open windows that way. You're not in prayer. I expected the latter. He drunk. Drop it."

I thought about it for a moment, and saw that there was a good deal in what he said. So I dropped it. I fastened my collar again, sat up, and pulled off he smiled again in that queer way of my cap.

"Very well," I said, "then what's the move now?"

I suppose he saw my hand slipping round, for he said, quickly: "Have you any weapons?"

"Bless you, no! I only-"

Before I could finish he was sitting on me again. I tried a smash at him, and carried things from there into the it. After that I didn't try again. It and stronger than most men; he was Stilton, and a bottle of Burgundy. I At last I had done my nine miles and quick as light, and you could never never had a better supper in my life. He stood outside Enton station. I stood tell from his eye what he was going to and took my knife, and the shooter, and help grinning. my jemmy. Then I saw that the game was up.

"What a silly little liar you are!" he

was a good deal disappointed, and I had been roughly handled, and altogether I was not in the sweetest temper. So I spoke out. I said that I did not want any (adjective omitted) preach ing from a (substantive omitted) like himself. All I asked was what his (adjective omitted) move was.

"If you swear any more," he said, "? shall be compelled to cause you considerable physical pain."

I had a bumped head and a barked elbow. I was fairly copped, and my temper got the better of me again. It hell." was foolish of me, but I may have thought that he, being a parson, would not actually strike me. Anyhov., I said that if he wanted to know what he was words. I omit the words.

Never in my life have I had such a thrashing as I got then. He hit only with the open hand; if he had used his foreman. "You tell me," he said, "that fists he'd have killed me. There was no getting away from him, and no giving know a little about them; that might him anything back. It was dirg-dong help you. If you can do anything at all all over my face and head until 1 dropped in a heap, bleeding like a pig, and nearly sick. It finished me.

"You're boss," I said. "You can give your orders. I only wanted to see." He stood there smiling, as if he had

rather enjoyed himself. "Pick up your boots," he said, "and

put them on." On entering the window I had my boots hanging round my neck by the laces; they had fallen off when he first them on he turned back his cuffs and washed his hands at the sink. When he had finished he pointed to the sink.

"There you are," he said. "You can repair damages."

I was bleedig from my nose, and from a cut lip, but the cold water soon stopped that. When I had finished he

"Pretty well," I said, "I'm a bit The kitchenmaid said there was no shaky on the legs-that's all. You gave me a good doing."

"Take the candle, then, and go in front of me into the study. I expect you know the way." Of course I did. Show me the outside of any house, and the inside is no puzzle to me,

He picked up my knife, the revolver and the small jemmy, and followed me into the study. He lit the lamp, gave me the knife back again, and locked the revolver and the jemmy away in a drawer.

"And now," he said, "won't you sit down?" He spoke to me as if I were a lady visitor. I sat down, and he, taking him and got away. I was on the outa chair opposite me, began to fill a little old clay pipe.

"I really can't make this out," he said. "you're so small and clumsy. You've got a nasty temper, but you're not very plucky. What on earth made you think of trying to be a burglar?"

"I don't know," I said. "But there's respect. What made you think of being watch and chain were in my trousersto begin, but I did not consider it safe a parson-a man of your build and to start work until half-past twelve. strength, and so handy with your fists? notion when I took it. My notion was better."

He didn't seem to take that as cheek at all. For a moment he didn't answer, sighed and said: "I have sometimes thought so myself. But it is quite certain that you might have done better. How did you come to this?"

"I had no bringing up, and I read penny trashy novels."

He tapped his foot impatiently on the carpet. "Well, well-go on."

"Then I was led away by bad companions and took to drink and gam oling, and not knowing what it was to have a mother's tender-'

He got up and interupted me. "Now drop all that," ne said. "I want facts; tell me the story of your life. How did you come to this?"

Partly from admiring the man, and partly from whim, I did not tell him the story, and told him the plain truth too It was pretty strong, but I left nothing out, and he never stopped me. When I

"Then," he said, "coming of decenpeople, and with a fair education and good chance in life, you none the leshave been from your earliest boyhood just about as bad as you are now-bad all through-always bad."

"That is about the mark," I answered. Then I thought to myself that it would be one of two things-either he would take me out and hand me over to the police, or else he would ask me to join him did neither. He walked up and down the room, with his hands behind him, saying to himself: "And I preach sermons-sermons-sermons!" Suddenly his. "You've kept me up very late," he said, "and in consequence I've become uncommonly hungry. What do you say? Will you come and help me to get us some supper? Very well, then, come quickly. I don't want to wake the rest of the house."

So I went with him into the kitchen cloth, silver forks and everything of the wasn't only that he was bigger, heavier best. There was a cold game pie, a ripe anything like it before. passed me everything I wanted and filled there for about a minute, and then I do next. He went all over me carefully my glass. For the life of me I couldn't

> "Now then," he said, "what's amusing you?"

> "I was only thinking, that's all. It

As I have said, I saw that it was all to treat a chap like me. I came here to made my way back a good deal quicker p, and I couldn't make it any worse, crack this crib, you fairly get me, and than I had come. The sun shone and no word about the police-never a word. First you give me a thrashing and then you give me supper.'

"Well, you can't deny that you wanted them very badly. What else should a parson have done? What did you expect? Tell me honestly."

"Speaking honestly, I expected more talk-more parson-talk, you know."

"And what do you mean by that?" "Why, the sort of thing I was always hearing when I was a boy-about the sinfulness of it, and repenting, and

"Do you think it would do you any good if I talked like that?"

"Well, no." "Nor do I." He changed the subject I could tell him. I did tell him in four then, and told me that there was a good chance for work at Enton mills. They were short-handed there for the moment, and he could give me a line to the you are interested in machines, and special-anything, for instance, in the way of repairs, when some trifle goes wrong-they'll soon find it out. Smart men that go there stop, and work their way up. It's the rarest thing for them to be short-handed-in fact, you're in luck."

I thanked him, of course, I had meant, if he let me off, to go to Enton. But I had no intention of going near the mills or getting regular work of any kind. However, I did not want to worry knocked me over. While I was putting him by telling him that I preferred my own way of living, especially as he seemed so pleased with the idea about the mills. After supper he sat down and wrote a line or two to the foreman, whom he seemd to know well. As he was writing it, the clock struck three. "You will start at once," he said, "so as to be there early. You won't be able to work that day, after being up, all night, but you can begin work the next day. It's important that you should apply early, before everything's filled up.

I thanked him again, and asked him to put me on the right road. What I wanted was to get him out into the dark. He came out of the house with me, showed me which turn to take, and said good-by. "Come and see me again. I have much more to say to you when the right time comes." I thanked him and said good-by.

I walked until I heard his front door shut, and then I ran just about as hard as I could go. I passed one policeman, and he tried to stop me, but I dodged skirts of the village then, and once past him I had a lonely country road and nothing to fear.

You see, while I was on my back I had noticed the parson's watch chain. I took care not to look at it again, but I kept it in my memory. While he was saying good-by to me in the dark I got one thing I'd like to ask you, and no dis- an easy chance. The parson's gold pocket, and he never had the least a workman's train on to Waterloo.

I chuckled to myself. He'd called me a ginger-headed scoundrel, stopped me and sat sucking his little clay. Then he swearing, spoiled my little game and given me a thrashing, but I had the better of him in the end. There was his watch and chain in my pocket, and in less than four hours I should be handing them over to Ike and getting three

or four sovereigns for them. As I walked along it gradually began to grow light, and somehow or other I lost my spirits. I stopped chuckling: the more I thought about the nest way that I had secred off that parson the less I felt inclined to laugh about that or anything else. I got angry about nothing. It may seem queer, but I was angry with the parson for having stood out there in the dark, close against me, and given me my change. I called him all the names I could lay my tongue to for his foolishness. I was just as angry with myself, though, for no sensible reason. Then I began to get nervous and took fancies, thought I heard steps coming after me, and imagined there was a policeman waiting to catch me behind every big tree I passed. I didn't enjoy that walk. I wished to heaven that parson had taken me out by the scruff of my neck and handed me over to the police when he first caught me, though I don't know why I wished it. "Who wants this blooming ticker?" said out loud, pulling it out of my pocket. "Strike me if I don't pitch it over

the hedge and be done with it!" But I didn't. I pulled myself together, and argued with myself. "If you can afford to throw money away," I said to myself, "that's the first I've heard of it. You just plug on until you get to Enton station, and don't give way to such silliness." It's easier to argue with yourself than it is to make youseif see the force of it. I went on, but couldn't stop thinking. I wished I had never come near the vicarage. I wished I had got my shooter out and finished the parson on sight. I wished I had never been born, I wished I was but he caught my wrist and nigh broke study. He laid the table-clean, white dead. The farther I went the more down-hearted I got. I had never felt

> made up my mind. "I chuck this," I said, "and take that forsaken ticker

back to the parson again." seems a queer way for a person like you up my mind that seemed to pass off. 1 Chronicle.

the birds sang, and you could see we were in for a rare fine day. I met some workingmen on the road, and passed a good morning to them. I could have said good morning to the very policemen that I had dodged a few hours before, and not been afraid of him. I felt afraid of nothing, and up to fighting any man of my own weight.

As I drew near the vicarage I didn't feel quite so chirpy. I had a nasty job before me, but I made up my mind to go through with it. They told me the vicar had breakfasted early and was in his study, and would see me there.

The vicar was standing up when I went in, with his hands in his breechespockets and that curious smile on his face. He looked a fine man.

"Good morning!" he said. "You're soon back."

I put the watch and chain on the table. "I-I-I've done a damned dirty trick, and I'm ashamed of myself." "Ah!" he said; "this is good. This

is a start." He went on with what I suppose some people would have called a parson-talk and I had that feeling in my throat as if I were swallowing eggs whole until I could stand it no longer. But I needn't go into that,

An hour afterwards I was on my way again at Enton Mills-and he with me.

A KING'S TOE NAIL.

One of King Victor Emmanuel's Presented to His Wife.

An interesting story is told in regard to the late Victor Emmanuel's toe nail. A few days after the death of King Vie tor Emmanuel, King Humbert sent for his half brother, Count Mirafiori, an officer in the Italian army. Every one is aware of the fact that sons of royal marriages do not look with favorable eyes at the offspring of morganatic marriages. Rumors of the quarrels caused by this emnity had more than once found their way through the palace gates. Count Mirafiori arrived at the Quirinal in an anxious frame of mind. "I have promised his majesty, my father," said King Humbert, "to continue your pension of 10,000 francs a month that he was in the habit of giving you. I hope some day to be able to give you the capital of this income, Here is a case containing two pistols that belonged to the king. Keep them in remembrance of him and this I beg you to take to your mother. It is his toe nail, surrounded with diamonds. The king has had it mounted expressly for her.'

A toe nail surrounded by diamonds! What kind of a relic could that be? It is a talisman. Victor Emmanuel let one of his toe nails grow for a whole year, and on January 1 he cut this curiosity, which was about three quarters of an inch long. A jeweler gave to it the polish and brilliancy of the stone called cat's-eye and mounted it in a gold setting with diamonds. The king was in the habit of offering this strange jewel to his wife and Countess Rosing had as many as 14 of them. The 15th nail presented by King Humbert to Count Mirafiori had been cut January 1, 1878, and the jeweler had not had time to prepare it, for Victor Emmanuel died a week later. Was this talisman supposed to ward off sudden death? It is very probable, for 15 years before his death a popular prediction had announced that Victor Emmanuel would die "colle scarpe," with his shoes on, and sure enough the king did breathe his last while sitting in an arm chair and in full dress.-Cincinnati Enquirer.

THE PERCEVAL MURDER. A Prophetic Dream and Its Fulfillment

in 1812. One of our contemporaries revives a curiously prophetic dream and its fulfilment with regard to the murder of Mr. Perceval, the prime minister, in 1812. Mr. John Fox, a great mining contractor in Cornwall, was on a visit to a friend at Redruth; and on the night of his arrival he dreamed most vividly that he was in the house of commons, and sitting on one of the benches in the lobby waiting for a member to give him a ticket of admission. A man was sitting next to him who seemed very restless, and constantly asked for Mr. Perceval. Then the murder took place, a great confusion arose, the murderer was caught, and his name-Bellinghamelicited.

The dream at this point ended. Mr. Fox had never been in the house of commons, never seen either Perceval or Bellingham. His friends noticed his disturbed state of mind the next morning; but, on hearing the particulars of the dream, not unnaturally laughed at it. The papers, however, soon confirmed it in every detail; and as the story of the dream spread far and wide, Mr. Fox was sent for to come to London, and immediately taken to the house of commons. He immediately pointed out the bench he had sat upon in his dream, the door through which Mr. Perceval had entered, the exact spot where the murder was committed. and also described the appearance of both the victim and Bellingham down to the clothes both had worn.

In Sir John Rennick's autobiography, in 1825, it is related that the story of Mr. Fox's dream had been heard by him and his father, and was implicitly I was as tired as a dog when I got to believed, owing to the high repute in the station; but as soon as I had made which Mr. Fox was held .-- Newcastle

HOUSE-CLEANING TACTICS

Hints for Meeting the Annual Trial with

Comparative Ease. According to a long-established tradition, house-cleaning is imperfectly done if comfort is permitted a foothold in the house during the period of cleaning. The tradition is utterly and absurdly wrong. The "new" homemaker-she was evolved from a college girl--has proved it so. She has discovered that the spring rites to the goddess of cleanliness may be offered with much system and little upheaval. How she manages will be told in a short series of articles, of which this is the

The wise housekeeper cleans from the top toward the bottom. If the lower rooms are cleaned first, they will be more or less soiled later with the dust from the upper regions, which has an unpleasant habit of sifting through closed doors. The garret is the first part of the house which should receive attention.

According to the same principle, ceilings and walls should be the first part of each room to be renovated. It requires only a little common sense to see that the kalsomining of a ceiling after carpets have been laid or floors polished is apt to be disastrous to the carpets or floors.

Those parts of the house which are used as storerooms, such as attics and cellars, require particular attention. They need more soap and water, more quick lime and more dusting than the rest of the house to counteract the effeet of lack of air and sunlight throughout the year. When the garret is to be cleaned, therefore, the hygienic housewife removes, if possible, everything from the room. Garments should be shaken vigorously in the air and hung out in the sunlight. Chests should be carried into the yard and dusted out with a cloth dampened in a mild solution of carbolic acid. They should then be exposed to the sunlight until they are perfectly dry. As much as possible of the clothing should be disposed of. and that which remains should be wrapped in paper and returned to the chests. The lid of each chest should have pasted or tacked inside a list of its contents.

While the contents of the garret are being freshened in the back yard or on the roof, the storeroom itself should be thoroughly cleaned. If it is plastered, a coat of whitewash will do wonders toward clearing the atmosphere. If it is merely lathed, the lathes should be swept and dusted with a cloth wrung out in a solution of carbolic acid. The floor should be treated in the same way. Then when the room is dry its coutents should be returned to it and placed as neatly as possible in a well-regulated

The bedrooms, which should be taken in order, and not all at once, should be examined for useless or decrepit furniture. The former should be disposed of in whatever way the thrift of the owner may decide. The disabled furniture should be sent to a repairer's.

If carpets are used in the bedrooms -which is something hygienists forbid -they should be taken up, and not cleaned on the floor. They may be sent to the renovating establishment or restored to their original state at home. A thorough shaking and beating prepares them for the removal of stains. Grease spots may be removed by chloroform. An old-fashioned but effective method of cleaning an entire carpet which has grown dingy is to spread it on the floor, sprinkle it with pared and grated raw potatoes and rub these over it with a stiff new broom. When the potatoes are removed, the carpet should be allowed to dry thoroughly.-Philadelphia Record.

Pineapple Dessert. A delicious dessert for a dinner or a sweet dish for a luncheon is made from grated pineapple prepared in the following way: After grating, drain the fruit by spreading it out on a sieve. Beat the whites of three eggs to a froth, and add to them gradually three tablespoonfuls of powdered sugar; beat until stiff; then flavor with a teaspoonful of good sherry and a teaspoonful of orange juice. Whip one pint of cream and stir or fold it a little at a time into the egg and sugar mixture. Add the grated pineapple a little at a time and carefully, and serve in punch-glasses or custard-cups with fresh macaroons. Serve very cold .- N. Y. Post.

Engagement Slips.

The modern woman, with her multitudinous activities, needs an engagement list. Her desk should be provided with one. If her means do not permit her to indulge in a silver-framed affair, she may make a very good substitute by removing the glass from a leather-bound cabinet photograph frame and substituting a piece of white slate. On the slate the days of the week should be painted in color matching the leather, and the engagements may be jotted down in pencil opposite each day.-St. Louis Republic.

An Error of Judgment. Husband-Somebody has stolen a

whole layer of these cigars. Wife-I gave them to the servants.

Husband-Why did you do that? Wife-You said they were domestic cigars, and I thought they must be intended for the use of the domestics .--Texas Sifter.

-Accidental deafness may result from inflammation or ulceration of the mucous membranes.