

THE NEBRASKA ADVERTISER

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NEMAHA, - - - - - NEBRASKA.

SEPARATED.

"What matters the river which winds between?
It is easy to speak across!" she cried.
But his answer rang through the sunny scene:
"It is better far to keep side by side—
Is there ought to whisper 'twixt you and me?
And the river widens towards the sea!"
They set me a-dreaming—those words they spoke—
A-dreaming of hearts which are sundered
By an angry word or a thoughtless joke,
Or by misty something that none can know.
Only henceforth two go ever apart,
Too far for the touching of heart with heart.
And the one cries vainly, but all unheard,
For the other is stricken deaf and dumb,
And they both fare on, in the hope deferred
Of a meeting day that can scarcely come;
Of the other's heart, each has lost the key,
"And the river widens towards the sea."
And each soul goes yearning apart to cry:
"O, my cherished friend of the vanished days,
We have lost each other—and scarce know why!
And only this bitter-sweet comfort stays,
That despite the mists which have rolled between
That our love is what it has ever been!"
Then we strain our eyes to the ocean vast
(What does it keep at its farther side?)
Where the widest river is merged at last
And the parted strands can no more divide.
Perchance as we sail for its unknown shore
We shall hail the dip of a friendly oar,
And lo, comes the vanished friend to our side:
"I am here—the same as I used to be—
The river will never more divide,
It has lost itself in Death's mighty sea;
We have left behind all the doubt and fret
—But love that was faithful is with us
yet."
—Isabella F. Mayo, in London Argosy.

THE MANAGER'S DOUBLE.

The greatest stroke of luck which ever befell me in the course of my eventful, and in some respects not unbrilliant, career, was my extraordinary resemblance in face and figure to Mr. Benson, manager of the Tinford branch of the London and Tinford bank.

Tinford, as everybody knows, is one of the largest manufacturing towns in the Midlands, and the branch of the London and Tinford bank in that place is one of the largest branch banks in the kingdom. I therefore went down to have a look at it, and see what could be done in my way of business.

Traveling down in the Midland train, I looked about me at my fellow-passengers. All of them, except myself, were reading, and so I had ample opportunity for the study of human physiognomy, a study in which I particularly delight. Most of the faces in that carriage were uninteresting and commonplace, but there was one which riveted my gaze and made me well-nigh leap from my seat in amazement. The face was the image of my own.

In this world we are told that each man has somewhere his double. Mine sat opposite to me now in the Midland railway carriage. Taking a paper from my pocket, I at once began to read and shade my face from my opposite neighbor's view, for it is a rule in our profession to keep other people from knowing what we happen to know ourselves, and, though I did not at the moment guess that the resemblance of this man to myself was going to turn out of tremendous service to me, yet my habits of care and prudence made me take the course I have indicated and protect my visage from his gaze.

After some little time he made a remark to the man seated beside him. I then discovered that his voice was also like mine, but this did not surprise me much, for persons with similar countenances in nine cases out of ten have similar voices.

The man to whom he spoke appeared to be in his confidence, for they talked in low, anxious tones together. Presently I heard the word "bank" mentioned, and I pricked up my ears. They were talking about the very bank to which I myself was bound—the branch of the London and Tinford, at Tinford. Strange coincidence, I thought.

At length the train drew up at our destination, and the two passengers in whom I was interested alighted. I did the same. Calling a porter, I asked him if he knew who my "double" was.

"Yes, sir," he replied, "that gent's the manager of the branch of the Lunnion bank in this 'ere town. Why, you're wonderful like 'im yourself, sir."

I waited for no further comments, but, slipping sixpence into the man's willing hand, I hurried off. For a plan of campaign was beginning to dawn in my brain, and I wanted to discuss it with Ted Marsden, my oldest pal and one of the cutest men in our ranks.

Ted was waiting for me at the lodging he had taken in a small street near the river.

"Halloo, mate," he cried when I entered; "what's up? You look happy."
"Happy!" I echoed. "Look here, Ted, I've just hit upon what may turn out the most splendid bit of luck we've ever chanced upon, old pal." And then I told him as briefly as possible

of my meeting in the train with the manager of the bank who was as like to me as one penny to another.

For a moment he seemed astonished and then said slowly: "Well, supposing there is this wonderful likeness between you and him, how is it going to help us?"

"Ted," I said, "you are a fool." He moved uneasily.

"Chuck that," he cried, "and come to business. It's one thing to tell me I'm a fool and another to show me how this resemblance is going to bring us business."

"You're not as cute as I thought you, lad," I remarked. "Don't you see my drift? What should you say if I told you that one of these fine mornings I meant to take the manager's place in the bank parlor and to play the very deuce with the bank's transactions?"

He still looked at me dubiously.

"I can't see," he said, pursing his lips, "what good you can do at that game. You're as ignorant of the bank's business as a kid."

"Just so," I replied, "but I don't intend to be always in that condition. Now, listen to my plan. I want you to make friends in your quiet way with one or two of the subordinate bank officials. Find out when they are sending a large consignment of bullion somewhere. Then I shall make my move. I shall take the manager's place, ask for the delivery note of the stuff, tell the clerk that I have been instructed from headquarters to have it forwarded to another destination and finally give him a place we will arrange between ourselves as the address to which the bullion is to go."

He began to look more cheerful.

"Not a bad idea," he said, sulkily; "but it will take a lot of doing."

"Rather," I replied, "and you and I are the men to do it. Now, there's another thing to be spoken of. In order that I may take the manager's place, that gentleman himself will have to be gotten out of the way temporarily, for it would never do to have him cropping up and spoiling the game. So I propose we wire to town for old Jim Levett, and get him to bring down a couple of his lads with him. Levett and the boys will waylay the manager on his way home one night, drug him, and bring him to the house, which, I believe, will be perfectly safe, as old Bennett (the landlord) is a pal of ours. Besides, we can give him a share of the swag, and so count on his cooperation. How does all this strike you?"

"It's all right," he admitted, gloomily. He was never known to be enthusiastic in the whole course of his brilliant career.

"I think it is all right," I replied. "And now the first thing for me to do is to call on the manager and get an insight into his little peculiarities and ways of conducting business, so that I can deputize for the old boy when the time comes."

"You'll have to make up a bit," he growled, "if you're on that game. It won't do for the Johnnie to twig the likeness."

"Leave that to me, my son," I returned gayly. "I have in my bag half a dozen disguises, any one of which will do the trick."

"All right," he replied, "and now I reckon I'll be off and see what I can pick up about the bank. It's close on four o'clock. The fellows'll be leaving now, and perhaps I can make a start with one of them."

Left alone I went to my bag and proceeded to make up. I may say without vanity that I have some ability in this branch of the actor's profession, and very soon I had transformed myself from a dark complexioned young citizen of 35 into a venerable looking citizen of, say, 70 years or more. So complete was the disguise that Ted, coming in two hours later, started.

"Beg pardon, sir," he cried; "what can I do for you?"

"In the queen's name I arrest you, Edward Marsden," I cried, assuming the manner of a detective.

He turned very white. Evidently he thought his time had come at last.

Seeing his distress, I threw off the wig and other disguises, and cried: "Buck up, old man; the queen doesn't want you just yet."

He tried to laugh, but I could see that he was trembling like a leaf. But it gratified me to think how completely my "make-up" had imposed on him, for now I had nothing to fear when I made my call on the manager.

"Well, what luck?" I asked my mate when he had recovered from the shock I had given him.

"Not much, but something to go on with," he made reply. "I watched one or two of the bank chaps go into the little bar opposite the bank, and of course I followed them in. One of them seemed a soft sort of fellow, and I at once made up to him by asking if he could tell me what had won the Chester cup. He told me at once, and as he seemed to be a bit of a sport I got talking on race matters, asking him for tips and so on. He appeared flattered by my reliance on what he said and we had various whiskies together. I didn't breathe a word to him about the bank, of course. That'll come later. Now, I have arranged to meet him at the billiard saloon to-night, where by filling him with whisky and getting on the right side of him I may, perhaps, be able to get hold of something worth knowing."

"A very good start, indeed," I com-

mented. "I couldn't have done the thing better myself."

He grinned, but said nothing. After a pause he said:

"What's your next move, governor?"

"My next move," said I, "will be made to-morrow morning, when I shall call upon the manager in the disguise in which you now see me. And now we had better wire to old Levett to get in readiness to come down and help us."

The telegram was accordingly written out and dispatched. An hour later the reply reached us as follows:

"Leaving for Tinford first thing to-morrow.—Levett."

At 11 o'clock next morning I was ushered into Mr. Benson's room in the bank. He rose courteously to greet me.

"Good morning, sir," he said, briskly. "What can I have the pleasure of doing for you?"

I at once confided to him some imaginary details of an account which I wished to open with the bank. I forgot now what I said, for I was intent all the time on watching him closely, so as to be able to imitate any little peculiarities of expression or manner he possessed when the time came.

I noticed that he wore in his coat an orchid.

I made a mental note that I, too, would decorate myself in this fashion. Then, again, he appeared somewhat deaf, and had a manner of putting his hand on his ear when listening to you. This, too, I carefully noted for reproduction.

In the course of our interview he rang several times for the young man who appeared to be his confidential clerk. This man's name was Mostyn. Fearing that with so many details to remember I might forget so slight a thing as a name I made a note of Mr. Mostyn's on my shirt cuff.

At length I had got together a nice little collection of data, and accordingly took my leave. The interview had been a great success and I had got all that I wanted.

A week passed without my trusty mate eliciting anything of value from the sportive youth whose acquaintance he had made. But at the end of that time he came to me and said:

"Governor, I reckon it's about time for us to make our haul. I've learned from young Barrett that the bank will be sending \$100,000 worth of bullion to Walker's, of Edinburgh, the day after to-morrow."

"Then there is not a moment to be lost," I replied. "Go at once to Edinburgh and take an office there in the commercial part of the town. Call yourself Morrison, Jenkins & Co., and wire me your address. I'll have the bullion consigned there. The moment you get it leave the place and get across the Atlantic by one of the vessels sailing from Glasgow. I'll join you in the old crib in New York. You understand?"

"Right you are," he said, promptly. We shook hands and he was off.

On the following evening as Mr. Benson was on his way home from the theater he was seized, drugged and bound, and conveyed to our roost. In this manner the coast was left clear for me to play my part.

Next morning I turned up at the bank as the manager of the institution. In the faultless frock coat I wore an orchid, and a seal, the counterpart of that worn by Mr. Benson, dangled from my watch chain. Artistically my dress and get-up were beyond reproach.

At the same time I must confess that I felt a sort of tremor as I entered the little room and sat down. Suppose something should go wrong in the course of the day? So many things might occur to give me away. And then there dawned on me the thought that immediately I had dispatched my business I might leave the bank on a pretext of illness. Of course, why had I not thought of this before?

I rang the bell. The office messenger entered. "Send Mostyn here," I said, watching him closely to see if he detected anything strange in his "boss's."

"Yes, sir," he said, and left the room.

Mostyn entered. He gave me a respectful "good morning," and then awaited my instructions.

"Mostyn," I said, hastily, "I'm feeling rather unwell this morning, and shall get home when I've signed anything urgent. There's nothing special, is there?"

"No, sir, except that consignment for Walker & Co."

"Oh, yes, of course," I answered. "Bring me the delivery note. By the way, Mostyn, I've had instructions that the bullion is not to go to Walker's, but to Morrison, Jenkins & Co."

"All right, sir," he answered, carelessly.

He went out to bring the delivery note for signature. And then a feeling of horror shivered through me, for I remembered that I had been idiot enough to overlook entirely the fact that I had never seen Benson's signature. Here was a nice mess to be in.

But in a moment I saw my way out of the trouble. Ringing the bell I told the messenger to bring the current letter book. Here I found scores of Benson's autographs, and with a little practice I contrived to arrive at a fairly good imitation of it.

Mostyn brought the note and asked me how he should fill it in.

"To Morrison, Jenkins & Co. 28 Queen street, Edinburgh," I replied, without hesitation, reading from a telegram I held in my hand.

He rapidly entered the address given and gave me the slip for signature. I signed it boldly, and returned it to him.

"There's nothing else of importance, sir," he said; "the other things I can attend to."

"Very good," I replied. "Then I'll be off at once." And five minutes later I was on the way to the station, bound for Liverpool, and thence to New York by the first ship leaving that port.

Everything turned out splendidly. The bullion was duly forwarded to Morrison, Jenkins & Co., who promptly decamped with it to New York, as arranged. There we divided the swag and went our several ways.

Mr. Benson was found on the doorstep of his own bank one morning in an unconscious state. On recovering he told the reporters that, a week previously, he had been set upon by two men, gagged, and taken to a vile den, where he had been kept prisoner. Then he had again been drugged, and awoke to find himself beside the bank door. He could give no reason for the outrage.

When, however, he heard of the missing bullion, it is possible he began to see through the business, but in all probability he will never know how admirably his place was filled on one eventful morning by the man who had the good fortune to be the bank manager's double.—Tit-Bits.

ALTERNATIVE OF THE DUEL.

There Was No Escape in Former Times Except Through Dishonor.

Among archaic things in this country we have come at last, happily, to class "the duello," as it was once proud to be called. "The field of honor," "the code of honor," "the satisfaction usual among gentlemen," and other such phrases, have become practically obsolete; and whereas formerly it would have been a very astonishing thing if a gentleman failed to send his "friend" with a challenge to any other gentleman who had insulted him, the astonishing thing now would be for such a challenge to be sent under any circumstances; although it must be said, in honest truth, that the duel itself (considered apart from its code) was much less objectionable than are many of the modes of violence that have succeeded it. So much may be conceded, without in any degree lessening the just condemnation of dueling as a relic of a barbarous chivalry.

It was "the code" which really gave the duel its specially malefic character. As long as this inexorable law prevailed, every gentleman was under bonds of honor to resent to the death any impeachment, however slight, of his truth, honesty or courage. A few exemptions were allowed, it is true, but, on the whole, not to recognize the code, when occasion arose under it, was to be banned as a coward. Reversing the maxim of the civil code, the duello magnified trifles to wrongs that could be expiated only in blood. It was not allowed to treat such things with indifference or contempt, and any attempt to pursue that course toward an equal in social, political or professional life, if it did not at once conclude the matter fatally against the person undertaking it, only shifted the mortal initiative to the other party. There was no alternative where it was so sternly commanded to fight or be dishonored. Even men like Clay had to obey the despotic rule, and beneath it such men as Hamilton had to fall.—Lippincott's.

He Was Apprehensive.

"Scuse me, sah," he said, as he approached one of the attaches of the Smithsonian Institution, "but I wants ter ax yoh sumfin'."

"What's the matter?" was the inquiry. "Are you looking for something to eat?"

"N'need, I ain't hungry. I wants se'ntific infohmation. I wants ter know 'bout dese hyah X rays dat dey's takin' de phortygrafs wif. Dey done tell me dey kin take pieters right for yer; dat when dey gose after ye wif one er dem, yer skin ain' yer clo's ain' no 'tection' t' all."

"That's what they claim."

"An' ef I dun hed chicken foh dinner, I's pose dey could jes for me down an' take a pictur ob de chicken."

"I believe the theory is something like that."

"Da's whut I thought. Da's whut I thought. But yere's whut I done come ter ax yer. Does yer b'lieve dat dey could get er good nuff likeness ob de chicken ter inable de ownah ter recognize 'im?"—Washington Star.

She Was Dying to Know.

The following dialogue occurred in church at the morning service between a little girl and her mother. The rector had just read: "On these two commandments hang all the law and the prophets."

"Mamma, mamma," said Effie in a loud whisper, "how many—"

"Sh!" said the mother.

"But, mamma, just one question!"

"Well, softly," answered the mother, seeing the question must come.

"How many prophets are there?"

"I don't know."

"Can't you guess?"

"No. Now keep quiet!"

"Were there three?"

"Oh, yes! Sh."

"Ten?"

"Yes. Don't ask another question."

"Twenty?" asked Effie, her eyes dilating.—Chicago News.

—Recognized probity is the surest of all oaths.—Mme. Necker.

Voluntary Confession.

It becomes evident from a story, which is said to have originated in western New York, that there are widely varying ideas in existence as to what constitutes voluntary testimony on any subject. "Did I understand you to say that this boy voluntarily confessed his share in the mischief done to the schoolhouse?" asked the judge, addressing the determined-looking female parent of a small and dirty boy who was charged with having been concerned in a recent raid upon an unpopular schoolmaster. "Yes, sir, he did," the woman responded. "I just had to persuade him a little, and then he told the whole thing, voluntarily." "How did you persuade him?" queried the judge. "Well, first I gave him a good licking," said the firm parent, "and then I put him right to bed without any supper, and I took all his clothes away, and told him he'd stay in bed till he told me what he'd done, if 'twas the rest of his days, and I should lick him again in the morning. And in less than half an hour, sir, he told me the whole story, voluntarily!"—Youth's Companion.

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WHEN all is summed up a man never speaks of himself without loss; his accusations of himself are always believed, his praises never.—Montaigne.

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