

THE NEBRASKA ADVERTISER

W. W. SANDERS, Publisher.

NEMAH, - - - - NEBRASKA.

IN THE AFTERGLOW.

A message I got from my love, my love,
Who lies in the churchyard sleeping;
A message sweet, that hid at my feet,
As I stood by her lone grave weeping.
A missive sweet in a violet blue,
Saying: "My love, I am ever true,
Watching ever and waiting for you;
In Heaven my vigil keeping."
Ah! delicate, beautiful message rare,
A fond and endearing token;
A thought in bloom, to dispel the gloom
Of a heart that is well-nigh broken.
Thrust from the cold and mould below,
A message sweet to let me know
That love is as true in the afterglow
As when first our vows were spoken.
—Arthur J. Burdick, in Peterson's Magazine.

BREAKAGES.



HAVE just met your fiancée, Capt. Barnes, and I like her so much; I believe we shall be great friends. She has been telling me all about how you met, and how you had to go out to India for five years when you had only seen her three times, and you proposed to her just before you left, and never saw her again till this morning, and now she has come out all this long way to be married to you, and—oh! Capt. Barnes, I do hope I don't seem cheeky, I do talk so, but it's all so lovely and romantic, isn't it? I mean, having been true to each other all these years, and now, after all the waiting—You know I didn't even know you were engaged till Miss Gwynne was pointed out to me as your fiancée, and I was introduced. Why didn't you tell me you were engaged, Capt. Barnes?

"I didn't think it would interest you, Miss Rosie."

"Oh! is that a snub? No? Well, it has more than interested me, it has made me— I think that's the music beginning; shall we move?"

"Not yet; will you finish your sentence? It has made you—what?"

"Oh, nothing, only—well, if you must know, it has made me think."

"Of what?"

"Of men, and their ways; you see—Oh, it is so hard to explain!"

"Never mind, try again; I'm not in any hurry, and when you get excited you do look so bewitching, you know, Miss Rosie."

"There, now, that's what I mean; you see you've so often said things of that sort to me before, and I didn't think when men were engaged they said things like that to other girls; that's why I was so surprised to hear you had a fiancée."

"You are very young, Miss Rosie."

"Is that why you said those things to me?"

"What things?"

"Why, that I was bewitching when I got excited, and that my eyes had a strange fascination for you, and you wished there were more girls like me in the world, and—oh well, Capt. Barnes, you must remember lots and lots of things you said."

"Don't scold me, Miss Rosie; it was very wrong of me, but I tried not to, and I won't any more; will that please you?"

(Pause, then a rather constrained little voice): "I don't understand, Capt. Barnes; you tried not to?—why did you



"YOU ARE SO VERY YOUNG, MISS ROSIE."

try not to? I didn't ask you to say such things!" Voice rising in indignation.)

"Don't talk so loud, Miss Rosie, there might be another couple sitting behind those plants; in fact, I can hear voices."

"Yes (viciously), it might be Miss Gwynne, mightn't it? And, of course, when she was in England she couldn't possibly hear what you said to me; but why did you try not to, Capt. Barnes? I didn't ask you to; I didn't want you to."

"No? No, of course not; you didn't ask, but sometimes you—you tempted me."

"What nonsense! I tempted you! I never wanted you to say them, I tell you. How did I tempt you?"

"Well, you looked rather happy sometimes after I had said some such things to you, and that made me want to say something else."

"And all the time you knew you were

engaged to Miss Gwynne, and in love with her, and—no, I still don't understand, Capt. Barnes."

"No, of course you don't understand; you're only a little girl, Miss Rosie, and you think everyone in the world is good, and honest, and innocent, like yourself; but do you think you could try and understand how a man might think he had met the one woman in the world for him, and he asks her to go through life with him, and then he has to go away for a long time, and the remembrance of her grows a little faint? He tries hard not to let it die out altogether, because he knows he is in honor bound, and that the woman loves him, and then—do you follow me, Miss Rosie?—he meets another woman—"

"There are such a lot of women in this story, Capt. Barnes, it is growing rather confusing. Shall we go back to the dancing room?"

"He meets another woman, who is altogether different, above and apart from anything he ever dreamed of in a woman—"

"Yes, it is a very pretty story, Capt. Barnes, but I have been here long enough; besides, you needn't trouble to explain; there hasn't been any damage done, to this woman, at any rate; of course, I don't know about the others."

"Miss Rosie, you do understand, really, don't you? There are only two women, one is May Gwynne, and the other—"

"Good gracious! what a smash! Somebody has knocked down a pot, I believe, and one of those lovely azaleas. Then there was some one there, and they must have heard that silly story of yours!"

"I don't think so; I don't care. Miss Rosie, you are quite sure it didn't do any damage?"

"What, the flower pot? Well, I don't know. Shall I go and see?"

"You know what I mean—not the flower pot—the things I said."

"I have forgotten them, Capt. Barnes."



"I'M GOING HOME, PHIL."

You are engaged to be married, and—well, I will be honest; I did like them when you said them, but I've forgotten now, and the damage can be repaired."

"There was a little damage, then, Rosie?" (A quick rustle, a little sound, it might have been a low laugh, or it might have been a sob; Capt. Barnes was alone.)

"Oh, is that you, May? Aren't you dancing?"

"No; I'm going home, Phil; I'm tired; but I want to confess something first. Phil, five years is a long time to be away from anyone, isn't it?"

"Yes, May; but what of that?"

"Well, one might change, and it wouldn't be very wicked, would it? And I want you to let me off, Phil, will you?"

"What, let you off marrying me, May?"

"Yes; I've changed my mind; a woman may, you know. I don't think we are suited; no—don't say anything, Phil, it won't be any use."

"Well, if you mean it, May, of course I must let you off, as you put it; it's a queer way of expressing it, and, of course, I'm awfully sorry and all that, but I know I never was worthy of you."

"Oh, that's nonsense. Well, good night, Phil; mind you tell every one I jilted you. By-the-by, I was trying to creep out of here softly just now, and I upset a plant; such a joke, Phil! I think there was a little love scene going on on the other side, so I ran because I was afraid I might hear. I was with Jack Ramsay; I wonder if he picked it up. Will you go and see?"

(Jack Ramsay to friend in the supper-room): "Queer girl, that Miss Gwynne. Been trying to get a little fun out of her in the conservatory just now, and I'm bothered if I believe she heard a word I said; got up in a hurry, too, and bolted, with some rotten excuse, and upset one of old Barton's best azaleas."—Madame.

Bad for the Eyes.

Don't sleep with eyes facing the light is a caution given by all oculists. A test by closing the eyes when facing the light quickly shows that the strain is only lessened, not removed, and the interposition of an adequate shade is as grateful to the shut eyes as when they are open. It is sometimes necessary in a small room to have the bed face the window, but even then by means of shades rolling from the bottom instead of from the top the window may be covered to the few inches left free for the passage of air.—N. Y. Times.

—Brands of flour depend for their respective excellence not only on the quality of wheat, but on skill in mixing different varieties so as to secure a uniform grade.

TRAMPS IN THE WEST.

Their Number Is Increasing from Year to Year.

How the Modern Ishmaelites Spend Their Summer Vacation—Used for Political Purposes in Spring and Autumn—What Makes Vagabonds.

[Special Chicago Letter.]

"Why is Meandering Mike like flannel?" "Because he shrinks from washing." This threadbare little joke has been heard time and again, but no one can appreciate its deep significance until he has had the fortune—or misfortune, if you please—of visiting one of the numerous camps established by the tramp fraternity along the lines of our western railroads.

In winter the tramp establishes himself in the large cities of the land. He



THE KING OF TRAMPS.

pogue from a cut-glass goblet. A few weeks before election time the experienced tramp enjoys life. He is picked up by the agent of one or the other political party and enrolled as a guest at some cheap lodging house from which lives by begging, and sleeps wherever he can find a place. If mendicancy does not pay for his fuel oil and food, he steals or taps empty beer kegs in the rear of saloons. The stale remnants which find no escape through the bar-keeper's faucet, even with the aid of a powerful pump, are poured by the dirty scavengers into the proverbial tomato can and consumed with the same relish displayed by the blasé millionaire when he sips his French champagne can be registered. From the day of registration until he has cast his ballot for the "purification of municipal politics" he lives in clover. After that come neglect and the warm days of spring.

But instead of bemoaning his lot and abusing the erstwhile kind policeman who, after the election, degenerates once more into a petty tyrant, the man without a home takes up his stick and wanders out into the country, unless he can steal a ride on a freight train. Before he has traveled ten miles he will meet a number of his colleagues, and forthwith they will form a band, elect a leader and establish a camp.

Of course, not a tented camp, because tramps have never been known to carry baggage. The leader of the band simply selects some deserted barn or ten-antless section house, and there he establishes his kingdom until driven away by the outraged farmers living within the purlieus of his realm.

When men have learned to be philosophical, they do not require much to live. After a winter's campaign among the five and ten cent eating houses of a metropolitan city, a baked chicken, even though it be burned and full of pin feathers, is indeed a luxury, and a breakfast of fresh-laid eggs is enchanted into a Lucullian feast. Usually the depredatory habits of the vagabond are confined to the collection of such eatables, although once in awhile he will make an attack upon a freight car loaded with beer or other liquid refreshment. Given these luxuries—and a few pieces of clothing which he secures by begging—the king of the road is a happy man—an up-to-date philosopher who believes that the world owes him a living, and who lives up to his conviction with a steadfastness worthy of a better principle.

Inasmuch as no body of tramps will invade the territory preempted by another detachment, the breaking up of camps is not a very serious matter. When given notice by the farmers to vacate they usually comply with the request promptly, only occasionally burning a barn or two to show their displeasure. If orders to quit are issued in the spring or early summer, the band moves ten or fifteen miles westward; if in late-summer or fall, the progress is toward the east, provided Chicago has been the point of departure. In this way some companies travel through Illinois and Iowa, others through Wisconsin and Minnesota, always following the line of railroad selected as their own at the beginning of the season, and return by the same route, reaching the city before the first snowfall.

The question has often been asked: "How are tramps made?" It is doubtless true that a certain percentage of men is born with a hatred for honest employment which no system of education can eradicate. Such creatures are the natural vagabonds, the sleek on the body politic which has defied treatment ever since society was established. And there is no doubt in the mind of the

sociologist that they will continue to exist as long as mankind has to struggle for existence. But the majority of our latter-day tramps are creatures of circumstances.

There was a time in the history of the United States when a genuine tramp was a rarity. That was when employment was plentiful and the demand for labor did not exceed the supply.

After the close of the civil war the modern tramp, the Ishmaelite of our fin-de-siècle civilization, made his appearance in small numbers, but not until 1873, when the great panic paralyzed every American industry, did he throng our highways and byways. No human being, not born into vagabondage, drops from respectability into a state of savage freedom without passing through intermediate stages. A few facts gathered from time to time by the writer lend substance to the statement that nine-tenths of the miserable wretches who now live in idleness, and often by crime, started upon their career as tramps while honest workmen.

Through no fault of theirs they had lost employment in the towns where they had worked for years. Several of those interviewed—and their statements were afterward corroborated—had made part payments on homes and others owned lots and household goods. When the factories which had given them work closed their doors, these men took what money they could spare and traveled to other points to earn a livelihood. They found the same unfortunate conditions prevailing wherever they went. Their funds gave out; they could no longer pay railroad fare; they had to rely upon the charitable for food and lodging; their once neat clothing had become shabby and threadbare. Onward and onward they went, like the Wandering Jew; from the lodging in a hay loft to a cot in the calaboose, and the stone pile. Honest and honorable, every hand was raised against them until they, in turn, raised their hands against everybody.

The transition from respectability to trampdom was a rapid process. It required years to accomplish it. But, once accomplished, it took hold of body and soul, and neither reformatory nor prison could eradicate it. The once respected mechanic, owing principally to their intelligence, became the leaders of bands of predatory wanderers and the founders of a class of society which is destined to thrive for many years to come.

The depression of 1873 was succeeded by a few fat years, but the industrial condition never recovered to that point which denotes universal prosperity. Each era of overproduction gave birth to new evils; and the ranks of trampdom, augmented by foreign recruits, have been gaining rather than losing in strength.

Hence, to a certain extent, every tramp encampment on the prairie of the middle west is a constant reminder of the mistakes of our system of political economy, as interpreted by professional politicians. While the tramp, as an individual or a class, is a nuisance, his existence should teach a great lesson.



HARD TO BEAT.

The foremost thinkers of America are unanimous in pronouncing him a creature of the nuisance of power and wealth; and this estimate is no doubt correct when applied to all but natural vagabonds.

The evil resulting from the increase in the number of homeless and degraded waifs is felt mostly in cities like Chicago and New York, where they are used for political purposes. Many municipal elections in the western metropolises have been carried by the cheap lodging house vote which is cast exclusively by individuals degraded by years of lawless living. They are bought up for a song by ward politicians, and thus frequently help to perpetrate rottenness in the administration of the city's affairs, without, of course, contributing anything towards its revenues.

Nevertheless, before pronouncing judgment on the human wreck that applies at your door for assistance—and at times takes by force what is not given quickly—it is well to ponder the conditions which have reduced him to his sad condition. The bleak-eyed, dirty-faced mendicant may at one time have been the husband of a good woman; may have been the father of a family as promising as your own. Before casting a stone it would be wise to consider what we might be had we been in his place.

G. W. WEIPPERT.

—The ten-cent piece weighs 4.5 grains.

A Veil of Mist

Rising at morning or evening from some lowlands, often carries in its folds the seeds of malaria. Where malarial fever prevails no one is safe, unless protected by some efficient medicinal safeguard. Hostetter's Stomach Bitters is both a protection and a remedy. No person who inhabits, or sojourns in a malarious region or country, should omit to procure this fortifying agent, which is also the finest known remedy for dyspepsia, constipation, kidney trouble and rheumatism.

ELISE—"The report you heard about Edith's engagement must be true. I heard it from a number of persons." Ruth—"From whom?" Elise—"Well, Miss Brown, Miss Jones and Miss Robinson." Ruth—"Oh! I told them."—Brooklyn Life.

FITS stopped free and permanently cured. No fits after first day's use of Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Res. orer. Free \$3 trial bottle & treatise. DR. KLINE, 1633 Arch St., Phila., Pa.

"Your lawn is beautifully mowed; it looks like velvet." "It ought to. I never saw velvet that cost as much a yard as that lawn does."—Detroit Free Press.

You may follow luck to ruin, but not to success.—Garfield.

Best Hood's Sarsaparilla

Results prove Hood's Sarsaparilla the best blood purifier, appetizer and nerve tonic. In fact Hood's Pills cure all Liver Ills. 25 cents.

"A SUMMER NOTE BOOK."

That's the name of it. It is beautifully illustrated and contains just the information you want, if you are contemplating a trip to Niagara Falls, the wonderful City of Buffalo, the Thousand Islands of the St. Lawrence River, the Adirondacks, the White Mountains, the Green Hills of old Vermont, or to the old New England home. You want comfort in travel. The Michigan Central aims to give it to you over a smooth track, solid road-bed, elegant cars, a splendid dining car service. In fact, everything on this old and favorite line is first-class.

Send 10 cents postage for a copy of "A Summer Note Book," to L. D. HEUSER, 119 Adams Street. It will tell you just where to go and the best way to get there.

O. W. RUGGLES, General Passenger and Ticket Agent.

Seaside and Country Gowns need Duxbak S.H. & M. BIAS VELVETEEN BINDING

on their skirt edges. It is rain-proof, sheds water and never turns grey.

If your dealer will not supply you we will. Samples showing labels and materials mailed free. Home Dressmaking Made Easy, a new book by Miss Emma M. Hooper, of the Ladies' Home Journal, sent for 25c. postage paid. S. H. & M. Co., P. O. Box 699, N. Y. City.

A Colorado Summer

—Is the title of an illustrated book descriptive of Resorts in Colorado reached via the Santa Fe Route. It tells where a vacation may be pleasantly spent.

Address G. T. NICHOLSON, G. P. A., A. T. & S. F. Ry., Chicago, for a free copy.

Summer tourist rates now in effect from the East to Pueblo, Colorado Springs, Manitou and Denver. The way to go is via the

Santa Fe Route.

Our Native Herb AGENTS.

There has been no increase in the price of the above medicine. We shall sell to all at the old price. Persons sending us 25 names of honest people, who would make us good agents, or who are afflicted with any disease, we will send free "The Washington Weekly Post" newspaper one year.

THE ALONZO O. BLISS CO., General Western Office, 1410-1412 Main St., Kansas City, Mo. Principal Office, Washington, D. C.

Drink HIRES Rootbeer when you're hot; when you're thirsty; when callers come. At any and all times drink HIRES Rootbeer.

Made only by The Charles E. Hires Co., Philadelphia. A 25c. package makes 1 gallon. Sold every where.

HAVE YOU TRIED YUCATAN?