

# THE NEBRASKA ADVERTISER

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NEMAH, - - - - - NEBRASKA.

## A SEA DREAM.

I thought, to-day, by the still, gray sea,  
Of ships of mine that long since set sail;  
Of some that never returned to me,  
And some that weathered the winter gale;

My strong and beautiful bark of Youth,  
That swept at dawn o'er the harbor bar,  
Her sails unfurled for the port of Truth,  
Her ensign kissed by the morning star;

The black, belligerent ship, Desire,  
That, from the throats of her battle-guns,  
Sent seaward volleys of crimson fire,  
And set her course for the burning sun;

Of Hope, my confident, naud craft,  
That nymph-like glistened from stern to bow,  
Whose fairy crew at the tempt laid,  
And fixed for Fortunate Isles her prow.

But homeward, oft, with her flags adroop,  
From portless shore and from beachless bourn,  
Hath Hope, my gallant and graceful sloop,  
Come back to me with her canvas torn;

And, driven hard on the shoals of Grief,  
My ship, Desire, and her crew went down,  
And found a grave by the sunken reef,  
Where soon or late the o'er-sanguine drown;

And Youth they say is still sailing on,  
And spoken, ever sends cheer to me,  
Bidding me board her again at dawn,  
In tranquil berth of the changeless sea.

Rich argosies, thus, I now recall,  
Whose foaming waters seek memories gray,  
And know their destinies wait for all—  
The sunken reef or the peaceful bay.

—S. Giffard Nelson, in Boston Watchman.

## THE KING OF THE MILL.

BY JOSEPH NEVIN DOYLE.

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One summer evening, after supper, M. La Rose, the village notary, came out upon the veranda of the Hotel Castor, his hat in his hand, his smoothly-shaven face ruddy and pleasant to look upon. Brabon, the drummer, who came up from Montreal, to St. Pyx occasionally on business, sat smoking quietly in a chair that was tilted against the wall.

"Good evening!" said M. La Rose.  
"Good evening, monsieur le notaire!" answered Brabon, indolently.

Then there followed a little spell of silence that was intensified by the clatter of distant cow bells.

Presently there appeared in the street immediately before the hotel a sort of living fantasy—a singular dark-faced old man, who strode slowly past clad in a loose robe of many bright colors. His eyes had the unmistakable and restless look of the daft. On his head was a crown of buttons; brass, silver, bone, pearl, presumably sewn together on card board and making a headgear of remarkable brilliancy. Behind him walked a gray-haired, gray-eyed woman in ordinary garb. Her look was clear and steady; her demeanor in every way sane. Yet though it was plain to see she was a commonplace woman, there was something august in her carriage, unaccountably so, perhaps, but as natural as the studied pose of the other was constrained and unnatural. Her eyes were set fairly upon the fantastic figure before; but, I declare, this is new!

It was not surprising then to the notary that this apparition, emphasized in the magic atmosphere of the summer twilight, should have made Brabon to cry out with astonishment.

"Allons! What is this, monsieur? I have been in Saint Pyx many times before; but I declare, this is new!"

"A very pathetic affair it is, Brabon," said the notary, taking a chair and looking at his watch, to be assured he had time to tell the tale before going for his customary evening chat with M. Le Cure in the presbytery rose garden.

"There is a tale?"  
"Well, as you will: a history, nothing absorbing but very human, very touching. Old Césaire Moisson, a man with a large family, a thrifty, sober, god-fearing man once owned the mill by the River of Angels—"

"Yes, I see it from here; the squat white building near the cluster of willows yonder."

"Exactly. Well, he was a man with a considerable family, I said, did I not? and when the epidemic of small-pox occurred in the village—that was many years ago, monsieur—poor Moisson's family was attacked, and one after another his wife and children passed away, and he himself, indeed, till there was only left this son Zéphrin, whom you saw go by a moment since—"

"It left him so—the smallpox?"  
"No. He was not at home when the epidemic occurred; he was at college. Old Césaire managed to put by enough silver to educate the lad—the brightest of his brood—and M. Le Cure also contributed, for he had hopes that Zéphrin would become a priest."

"Then, I presume, the shock of this great calamity unbalanced the young man's mind."

"That may be pretty true, monsieur, though for a long time after the affair he was thought to be perfectly sound mentally. Well, Zéphrin was obliged to leave college and take up the business of the mill—a lonely task it must have

been for one who had but just tasted the sweets of knowledge. Then, every dusty timber of the mill must have seemed to him like a ghost of the happy days when the place was brimming with laughter and good cheer.

"He was not liked by the villagers on account of his silent and arrogant manner; he was unlike any miller who had ever been known. When the inhabitants came with their grists he received them with the grand air of a seigneur of the old days who, amid his courtly entourage, received the fiefs of his dependents. 'It's like that always,' grumbled the cronies; 'poor parents fill their children's minds with foolish notions of greatness! Poor old Césaire himself—rest to his bones—was not like this peacock. Césaire knew his place bon vieux! A miller is a miller if his head be crammed with Latin or flour dust!'"

"Everyone pitied Zéphrin, of course, on account of his great bereavement and the business of the mill suffered no serious retrogression in consequence of his singular demeanor. This exclusiveness, this hauteur, however, was taken lightly by the young folks of the village and often of a summer's evening, like this one for instance, they passed by the mill crying up at Zéphrin, who invariably pored over his books in the little dormer window: 'Behold the king of the mill!' Then with gestures of mock gravity: 'Think of his mighty empire of rats!'"

"Quite so," said Brabon, "they taunted him into insanity with these gibes. The crown! the robes! I see now how they came!"

"Indirectly these taunts may have affected his mind, monsieur. His curious attire and mien are obviously suggestive of the fact; but it is my opinion his sad derangement is only partly due to them."

"Night after night the little dormer

planet to another which inspired the miller's interest.

"When, at length, she arrived at the door of the mill and deposited her burden beside it, said he:

"You have a meaning step p'tite and a pretty one."

"True?" questioned Colette, with something finely scornful on her eloquent lips. She was piqued, let us believe, since he had not noticed her pretty face; for, though a woman may be conscious of her subtlest grace and charm, homage to the features is the thing—the real joy. Isn't it so, Brabon? 'Well,' said the miller, 'I doubt not there is more in your mind than the mere grinding of yonder grist, eh?'"

"It is my mind now," said she. 'It was my step lately!'"

"It is the mind which regulates the step p'tite. I always watch the step when I would know the mind," he responded.

"Now, there is much in these fragments which reveals the clearness of Zéphrin's mind at that period and also the real character of the man and the bent of his spirit. You see, it was the gesture, the carriage, the aspect that interested him most. Why? We shall see. Though Colette, it may be presumed, did not realize the true significance of his words, she remembered them—everyone—and repeated them to her mother, who in turn told everything to the cure, Langlois, from whom I have this story. The girl confessed also to her mother that she was much surprised regarding the ill-reputed miller. 'M. Moisson—Zéphrin,' she declared was not at all a weird man, but, on the contrary, very sensible and good-natured. Yet her mother warned her she must be wary; such fine qualities oftentimes screened the worst souls. Colette, however, maintained stolidly not a word of the village gossip was true. 'Indeed,'

getting by rote each night where they see my lamp burning in the dormer-window. Hein! They shall sit like rats, the rats whose emperor they say I am now, while I hold them in my spell with the brave lines of Moliere! Of Corneille! Of Racine!"

"The good Saint Ann protect us! Who are they all?" cries Colette, now much perturbed. But the miller continues without noticing the interruption.

"And I shall come to you then with my triumphs: in my fine royal robes of purple and gold and ermine; with my glorious jeweled crown. And I shall kiss your hand in homage to your beauty and lay these laurels, these triumphs at your feet, my queen! my Colette!"

"Just then appears a farmer with his grist and the happy, frightened girl fits away like a startled bird."

"Bon dieu!" said Brabon. "I see—the stage was his vagary!"

"Yes!" said the notary, bowing his head as before some great mystery. "At the college entertainments, while strutting through the plays of these great masters in the little hall, with its small stage and crude scenery; before the common village audiences, he first heard the siren voice of art. And it is as a siren's voice, to some you know, Brabon. Eh bien! What is the difference? He is playing a role now—how tragic a role—"

"But about Colette?" interrupted Brabon, with some impatience. The gentle sentimentality of the notary escaped, to an extent, the bluff, practical drummer.

"Ah, there is the role!—the role of beauty and distinction! Think of it! All along she has believed in him vaguely. From the day he had frightened her with his strange talk, seemingly so irrelevant to her happiness, the poor, small mind was filled with visions of mysterious greatness and joys to be in the future—much as are our visions of the life to come. He asked her to wait. She must never be the wife of a common miller, but of a great man, a man whom the whole world applauded. And so she waited; trusting, loving, believing in him infinitely; and even when her reason is fallen into decay—see the devotion! Each day, all these years, she goes to the mill and tends upon him, performing the household duties, conducting the business of the mill, detailing the work and instructing the men hired to do the milling. Thus has she cared for him as no one would care for a child and, in all, save the matter of this vagary, he is obedient to her slightest whim."

Brabon touched the notary's arm.

"See! They come again!"

Once more the bizarre figure strode past, followed by the woman. They had walked to the church where Colette was making a novena for Zéphrin's recovery.

To look upon the notary one would suppose an angel passed, but there was on the face of the drummer only a look of perplexed incredulity.

When they were gone a little way, the notary arose, looked at his watch and made as to set forth. Brabon detained him.

"One word, monsieur. They are married now?"

"Oh, no! That could not be," he answered, with something like a sigh. "They are still courting and looking forward to a day of greatness and making ready for the wedding. Mon Dieu Brabon! That is love, eh?"

"A Model Correspondent."

"One woman who has a long list of friends with whom she corresponds has a record of never being in arrears with her letters. She has made it a rule to write one friendly letter each day. It may not be a long epistle, but it is always an interesting one, for it gives in a newsy, bright manner the little incidents of the writer's daily life, and is not penned with the idea of simply filling a certain number of sheets. Business letters must be written, and take much time; this one epistle a day is only a heart-to-heart chat with a friend, consuming only just as much time as the writer can spare—sometimes ten minutes, on other days half an hour. By this rule of writing a single letter to some one of her correspondents each day this woman says she is never obliged to give a whole day to 'catching up' with her friends, and she scarcely misses the few minutes she spends every 24 hours in 'keeping even.'—Harper's Bazar.

Providence and the Cyclist.

"Say, Uncle Eph, how did de Lawd make de fust man?"

"How did de Lawd make de fust man? Why, He done make him out ob de earf, out ob de mud; dat's how He made him."

"Den why doan' He make 'em out o' mud no mo'?"

"Cause de Lawd doan' nebber do noffin' extravagant, my chile."

"What'cher mean by dat, Uncle Eph?"

"Land ain't as cheap as it was 'fo' de wash, chile, and den anudder 'ting, dere wan't no bisickle people, dey done sot demselves ter work ter acadamate all de roads in dis hyar country; dis means dar ain't gwine ter be no 'mud an' no 'mud, chile, w'ed jess mean no 'mud' folks, den w'ed be honey? Dar ain't no good talkin' 'bout it, nohow; de Lawd am de bes' judge ob how to go 'bout His business and He is de only one who can sarcument dem bisickle, you hyar me, chile!"—The Wheel.

—Of manufactured linseed oil there went abroad last year 62,718 gallons, valued at \$87,363.



BECAUSE A COMMON MILLER COULD NEVER WIN MY HEART.

window of the mill was light till dawn; yet the earliest comer did not fail to find Zéphrin up and about. No one could understand, for not another light save the miller's might be found in all Saint Pyx, not even at the presbytery, after ten o'clock. At length the tongues of the gossips began to wag. It went abroad that he was closeted each night with the Old Man—the evil one—debating upon the sale of his soul for riches and power to satisfy his sinful pride. Again, others said it was not Zéphrin's light at all; but only the glowing of the ghosts of his family who came to entertain him. Indeed, taken all in all, the miller has become a fearsome individual and the neighborhood of the mill a place to be shunned after dark; unless one had no fear in his heart. If by any unfortunate concurrence of sorceries a person should chance to meet a firefly while passing the mill, no plunging of steel into wood might save him from the evil spirits. Even to bless himself and utter a pious invocation, perhaps, might not avail!

"In the midst of Zéphrin's ill-repute a singular thing occurred. He was known to have fallen into conversation with a customer. It was this way: Colette Dion came often to the mill with the grist of her mother—a poor widow with 13 children, of whom Colette was the eldest. One day when she came down along the dandelion-dotted pathway leading to the mill, with her mother's grist in a bag upon her head, Zéphrin watched her with much interest. If common report may be believed she was certainly, in those days, a picture not to be blinked casually. She had the figure of a nymph and a face, for all it was commonplace at points, something unusually fine for a villager. But the step, the carriage; it remains to this day, as we have seen, monsieur, dignified, distinguished, majestic! At first glance, it is said, there was some remarkable resemblance between Colette and Zéphrin—and who can tell? it may have been some vague, suggestion of congeniality—some thin ray as from one distant

said she, 'they say also: naught things of me, because they think I am proud. And you know, mamma, I am not proud nor wicked.' So every time Colette fetched the grist from the mill, she returned radiant and full of praise of the miller. At length one day said he to her, so she retorted:

"Colette, I am going to ask you something."

"If it is one thing I know what my answer will be,' she responds with much piquancy.

"Well, if I should ask you to marry me?"

"Then I should answer, 'no!'"

"Why?" says the miller, his heart sinking to his boots, no doubt; but rising again very quickly when he catches the twinkle of mischief in her eyes.

"Because a common miller could never win my heart," says she, coquettishly, yet with something truly dramatic in her pose. "That is only for a great man."

"A seigneur?" ventured the miller.

"Higher."

"A governor?"

"Nay, higher."

"A prince?"

"Even higher."

"A king?"

"Yes, a king." Then, after a pretty pause: "And that is thou, my dear king of the mill!"

"Now he draws her hands across the door of the mill and kisses her fair head that is fallen against his breast—and that is all. Let us suppose they simply looked out in a day-dream across the little River of Angels, to the pleasant daisied meadows and green fields about here.

"Well," says Zéphrin to her, very gravely and with a new, strange look in his eyes—a look that frightens her not a little.

"They call me in contempt, 'The King of the Mill,' but they shall bow before me yet as their king. And indeed I shall wear the robes of a king and speak the noble words of a king, which I am

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WHAT is the baby's name? Indeed we haven't one selected. We're waiting till November comes, To see which man's elected. —Washington Star.

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JOHNNIE CHAFFIN.—"Come, Mamie, let us play Adam and Eve." Mamie—"How will we play it?" "You tempt me with an apple and I'll eat it." —Texas Sifter.

Hall's Catarrh Cure Is a Constitutional Cure. Price 75c.

"AN" so O'Flannigan was snt up fer loffe, ye sez?" "Yis, but his friends do be thryin' to get his sentence redooed tin years." —Life.

"There is no such thing as perfection in this world," said the philosopher. "Right," assented the colonel. "Even whisky has to be nigh 50 pilsent watah." —Indianapolis Journal.

FOURTH.—"I thought her husband was French." "Oh, no. Broken English." —Detroit Tribune.

Most of us know a good thing when someone else has it. —Life.

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