

THE NEBRASKA ADVERTISER

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NEMAHA, - - - - - NEBRASKA.

AN AUTUMN SONG.

When love was young and life was gay,
Then, sweetheart, I was yours always.
The years have sped and youth is dead,
And yet my heart seems young to-day
And, darling, I am yours for aye.

When summer days were fair and fine
I kissed your lips beneath the vine
Of burnished skies, and in your eyes
Drank deep of love as of the wine;
And still to-day that joy is mine.

I held your dimpled hand—I know
I wondered why it trembled so—
I pledged a vow, and then, as now,
I heard your answer, sweet and low:
"I've loved you, dear, since long ago."

Ah, sweeter are those words to me
Than all the songs of minstrelsy;
And the refrain brings back again
Departed years in memory,
All vocal to that melody!

Soon winter will assail the year;
The snow is in our locks, I fear.
The blooms have gone from cheek and
lawn.

As in the autumn shades we hear
Those summer songs of old, my dear,
But what care we if winter rime
Soon will incrust the robes of time;
If snowflakes fall and cold winds call,
While in our hearts the olden chime
Re-echoes from life's summertime?

So, let us pledge our love anew,
And in the sunset wander through
The joys that were, till those that are
Seem brighter with the roseate hue
That blossomed where our young love
grew.

—Chicago Inter Ocean.

THE FARMER GOT EVEN.

With Carpet-Bag of Hornets He Was Equal to the Bunco Men.



HERE are four men in Chicago who will never forget Silas Tatman's visit to the city. It will be many days before these same men will be able to show up at the depots again to prey on the confidence of rural strangers.

When Silas came to town Saturday he came with the avowed intention of revenging himself on a smooth-spoken young man who had met him on a former visit and had relieved him of a carpet sack containing the visitor's money and return ticket. He did not expect to encounter the same fellow, but made up his mind to administer to the first man who claimed to know him the warmest reception the scoundrel had ever met with.

Tatman came from Bunkum. Bunkum is not on the map, and one could go to the place with a repeating rifle and shoot all the inhabitants without reloading. But, small as it is, it can boast of a citizen who outwitted four of the cleverest "con" men in Chicago.

Bunkum is also renowned for its large hornets' nests and the warlike and "grouchy" disposition of their occupants. In Tatman's hog lot hung one of these nests from the limb of a locust tree. It was a gigantic specimen and the terror of the neighborhood.

The morning before Silas left for Chicago he went into the hog lot very early, before the hornets were astir. He took with him an old green carpet bag, and this he opened and slipped carefully around the oblong nest, closing the clasp quickly without losing a hornet. When he took the train later in the day he smiled with delight when he thought



"I BELIEVE I KNOW YOU."

of the harrowing scene that would take place when the carpet bag was opened. When Silas arrived at the depot, instead of going to the hotel, he sat down in the smoking room and waited. His mission was similar to that of the confidence man. He was in quest of a stranger who would cultivate his acquaintance only to rob him of his hornets and regret it to his dying day. Occasionally Farmer Tatman would look down at his carpet bag. As he did so he shook with glee.

The Bunkum farmer had not been seated five minutes when he was approached by a fellow with a sharp, inquisitive nose and a checked suit. "Ah, ha!" thought Tatman, as the stranger extended his hand, "I've got you."

"I believe I know you," said the

sharp-nosed individual. "Let me see, you are from—"

"Bunkum," replied Tatman.

"To be sure; Bunkum. And your name is—"

"Tatman."

"Why, of course. How are you, Mr. Tatman?"

"Tolerable," and Tatman looked down at his hornets and chuckled.

"My name is Cunningham," went on the stranger, grasping one of Silas' hands in both his own. "You remember I was visiting in Bunkum a few years ago with Banker—a— Oh, I never can remember names. You know who I mean, though. He was the principal banker in your town."

There never was a banker within twenty miles of Bunkum. But Farmer Tatman was playing a hand, so he said: "Know 'im. Well, I should say so. Do you mean old Squire Jones?"

"Jones, of course. Ha, ha, ha! Strange I couldn't remember the name."

"Ha, ha, ha! 'Twas kinder funny," and Silas fairly danced with joy. "I reckon that ain't a nice quiet little place somewhere where a feller can talk with a friend what he ain't seen for nigh on to two year."

"That's just what Cunningham wanted.

"Oh, yes," said he, in his softest tone. "I know just the place. It's not over a block from here."

"Then I reckon we might as well go if you're sure it's safe walking through the streets with as much money as I've got in this here satchel."

At the word money Silas detected an expression of eagerness and pleasure on the scoundrel's face, and the fellow's fingers seemed to itch as the two walked along.

"Ain't you afraid," said he, "of being robbed?"

"Well, you just bet your sweet life the fellow who opens old Silas Tatman's valise will be sorry," and the Bunkum farmer smiled inwardly.

Here Cunningham turned on a little side street, leading his friend by the arm. About half way down the block they turned into a dark and dingy-looking saloon. Cunningham spoke familiarly to the barkeeper, who directed them to a wine-room in the back of the

place. The two sat down at the table and were joined presently by three other men. One of them was a fat man, who tried to get Tatman to play cards, "just for fun."

Another one of the men wore a white vest and a polka dot necktie. He did all the talking, and after Cunningham had whispered a few words in the fellow's ears he could hardly keep his eyes off the carpetbag. He was introduced to Tatman as Thomas W. Bloomfield, the board of trade man.

"It seems, Mr. Tatman," said Bloomfield, "that you are very careless with your money. Mr. Cunningham tells me that you carry it in your satchel."

"You bet I have got a lot of money in that 'ere old carpetbag. I was kinder thinkin' of speculatin' with it."

"Perhaps you would like to have me invest it in wheat. I think you could make a big stake."

"I'm kinder 'fraid of losin' it."

"Oh, not at all; not if it's well invested. People only lose their money through carelessness. But of course some one has to lose money to keep the stuff properly in circulation."

"Well, I hain't got much money to lose, and I'm feared if I was to open that 'ere bag that mine would get to circulatin', and you bet it would circulate mighty dern fast."

"Well, if you did lose it it would stick to some one's fingers."

"You bet your blame life she would, and she'd stick purty gold darned fast."

"So you don't want me to invest it for you?"

"I'm a little bit scary 'bout puttin' it in wheat."

"No risk whatever," said Bloomfield. "Why, I tell you, Mr. Tatman, a good speculator can pick money off the trees here in Chicago."

Bloomfield's expression tickled Tatman. He laughed uproariously and then said:

"You can pick it off the trees in Bunkum, too, but you can't keep it long, 'cause it circulates too dern fast."

By this time the men were growing impatient, and Tatman noticed that they looked more frequently and longer at the carpetbag. He thought it about time to take his revenge, so he said:

"Well, gentlemen, I reckon I'd better be a-goin', and I'd like to leave that 'ere money with you, so as it'll be safe while I hunt up a stoppin' place."

The men were perfectly willing to accommodate Farmer Tatman. They

assured him that the carpetbag and its contents would be perfectly safe, and that they would be willing to wait until he came back.

"Much obliged, gentlemen," and Tatman arose. "Tisn't very often that a feller meets such kind friends as you are in a strange city, and it's kinder soothin' ter know that a fellow's leavin' his money with honest people. I reckon I'll be back in about an hour."

And Tatman once more thanked his friends as he passed out of the room, closing the door behind him.

Tatman did not leave the saloon, as the men expected. By a clever dodge he managed to slip the key of the door in his pocket before he left the room.

He remained on the outside long enough to silently turn the bolt in the lock, after which he slipped into the adjoining room. He did not wait long before he heard one of the men say:

"Well, that was the easiest snap I ever saw." Silas recognized the voice as that of Cunningham. Then Bloomfield answered:

"Easy! Why, you could rob that fool before his eyes and he wouldn't know it. Hand up the granger's grip-sack."

Tatman heard the sound of the grip-sack striking the top of the table. Then he heard them prying at the lock. Presently he heard the clasps give, and in another instant a piercing yelp rent the air. Whack! Crash! Bang! The chairs were upturned and the table was tumbled over in the mad scramble for the door.

Then he heard some one say: "Great heavens! They're hornets and the door is locked."

The howls and yelps which followed brought the bartender and the proprietor to the scene. The Bunkum farmer seized the opportunity to slip out of the saloon, and as he was passing into the street he heard the door crash in as one of the men on the inside dealt it a blow with a chair. Over his shoulder he saw a stream of hornets sail after the bartender.

Twenty minutes later, from his retreat in the alley across the street, Tatman saw his five friends limping out of the saloon to the ambulance, which had been called, and which had backed up to the curbstone.—Inter Ocean.

She Wasn't Bothered.

They were two women. One old and plain, the other young and pretty.

It was in Paris.

"I don't like being followed about in the street," said the young and pretty one, "by strange Parisians who poke their noses right under your very hat."

"Oh, that's nothing," said the old and plain one.

"I suppose you are used to it by this time, dear?"

"Quite."

Then she saw by the smile of the younger that her answer told against herself.

"What do you do when they become a nuisance?"

"Just look at them."

"Then they don't look at you again?"

"No."

"Nor follow you any more?"

"No."

"I should think not."—Boston Budget.

Asked If Queen Victoria Were Black.

Reached Kambuidi's at 9:15. Kambuidi is a very affable man, lean and old, but good-natured; likes the whites, he says. Joseph Thomson gave him a British flag and a letter; the letter was taken away from one of his men by an Arab, and the Arabic letter given in exchange, which I shall endeavor to obtain.

The flag was floating over his village near by, and was destroyed by the Angoni. Shall make him another flag. He asked me if Queen Victoria was black. Have met here an Arab trader, Buana Sulimani, who is going to the Luapula. Seems a decent old chap, but I suspect he is a cunning rogue, like the rest of them. He is going to the Luapula; so am I. He knows that country; I do not. He promises to give me men as far as Kasembi's.—"Glave's Journey to the Livingstone Tree," by the late E. J. Glave, in Century.

Nasartin's Grating.

One day when Nasartin was wandering around in the fields he came across a woman hanging from a branch of a tree. Seeing this, he ran to get a saw, and began eagerly to cut a few branches from the same tree. Some of his friends, finding him doing this, asked what he was going to do with the branches, to which he answered: "It looks as though women like to hang themselves from this kind of a tree. For this reason I am going to graft the trees in my garden, so it will be convenient for my wife."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

A Big Hit.

Windsplit Adolphus Wiery (an amateur Thespian)—How did you like our production of "Hamlet?"

Youngknocker (a bit hazy, but desiring to be complimentary)—Ha! Ha! Ha! Good! Immense! Funniest thing I ever saw!—Philadelphia North American.

The first historic mention of card in Germany is in 1275, when "the Stadtbuch," or city record of Augsburg, notes the fact that Rudolph I amused himself by playing cards.

—Edward I. was six feet two inches high, and it is said that the tips of his middle fingers extended below his knees.

SEWALL'S CONTRIBUTION.

The Democratic Nominee for Vice President Gives a \$20,000 Check to the Campaign Fund.

New York, Oct. 5.—Candidate Arthur Sewall brought his check book into use Saturday and contributed \$20,000 to the campaign fund. The check was given to Treasurer St. John and, while it does not represent all Mr. Sewall has given during the campaign, it is one of the biggest single sums contributed to the free silver cause so far. Mr. Sewall has been in the city since Monday and has been playing politics 18 hours out of each 24. He consulted Mr. Bryan about New England in the east and Tom Watson in the south and west. He talked to Senator Jones about the national situation and also consulted Senator Gorman as to the general outlook. Mr. Sewall is believed by democratic leaders to be absolutely honest in his advocacy of free silver coinage. He will not resign. He will make the fight, win or lose.

G. A. R. STAFF OFFICERS.

Orders Issued from the Headquarters of Gen. Clarkson at Omaha.

OMAHA, Neb., Oct. 5.—The following order was issued yesterday by Commander Clarkson, of the G. A. R.:

The following staff appointments are hereby announced: Adjutant-general, Charles E. Burneister, of Omaha, Neb.; quartermaster-general, Augustus J. Burbank, of Chicago; inspector-general, Charles A. Snydam, of Philadelphia; judge advocate-general, Albert Clark, Wellesley Hills, Mass.; senior aide-de-camp and chief of staff, J. Cory Winans, Troy, O. The following comrades will constitute the executive committee of the national council of administration: William H. Armstrong, Indianapolis; E. M. Sterrett, St. Louis; Albert Scheffer, St. Paul; Thomas W. Scott, Fairfield, Ill.; Charles A. Shaw, Brooklyn; Roscoe D. Dix, Berrien Springs, Mich.; J. J. Kents, Trenton, N. J.; Comrade Capt. E. L. Zallinski, U. S. A., New York, is hereby appointed special aide in charge of military instruction in public schools. Comrade Andrew Traynor, of Omaha, is hereby appointed special aide in charge of transportation, to whom all matters pertaining thereto will be referred.

SIX PROBABLE MURDERS.

An Arkansas Farm Hand and a Recrutee Wife Wanted for Foul Crimes.

LITTLE ROCK, Ark., Oct. 5.—Bud Chaffin and his wife and five children lived on White river between Des Arc and Devall's bluff. John King, a hired man, is said to have alienated Mrs. Chaffin's affections. None of the Chaffins have been seen since September 21, when King drove away in a wagon with Mrs. Chaffin. Yesterday the neighbors began an investigation. Blood was found spattered all over the floor, but no bodies were found. The theory of the officers is that the bodies were thrown into the river. Every effort is being made to locate King and Mrs. Chaffin.

TO TRAVEL ON A KITE.

A Signal Service Officer Intends to Make an Aerial Trip.

CHICAGO, Oct. 5.—Lieut. Joseph E. Maxwell, chief signal officer of the department of the Missouri, and now stationed in Chicago, will soon make an ascent on a man-carrying kite, to be built by Octave Chanute. The ascent will be made in an arm chair fastened to a portion of the kite frame, and will be for the purpose of testing the efficiency of a flying kite for observation purposes, as an adjunct to the balloon service, which for some time has been an important part of the signal corps' work.

FLORIDA STORM SUFFERERS.

Hundreds of People in Three Counties Made Destitute by the Hurricane.

JACKSONVILLE, Fla., Oct. 5.—Late reports from the region laid waste by Tuesday's storm are that the people of the western part of Alachua and Levy and the eastern part of Lafayette counties, left homeless with no food, with the cotton crop destroyed and no resources at hand, are threatened with starvation and the people who have visited them are earnestly advocating a special session of the legislature to make some provision for them.

DEPEW TO MARRY.

The Noted Orator and Railroad Magnate Will Wed Miss Edith Collins.

NEW YORK, Oct. 5.—The engagement of Miss Edith Collins and Chauncey Mitchell Depew is now practically acknowledged by their friends. The wedding may be looked for in November. Miss Collins is now in Russia, but will reach New York the latter part of October. Miss Collins is a beautiful young woman and has a fortune of \$3,000,000 and is a great-granddaughter of Commodore Vanderbilt.

CAUGHT IN QUICKSAND.

Narrow Escape of Freighters Near Earlboro, Ok.—Horses Go Under.

EARLBOBO, Ok., Oct. 5.—A party of freighters headed by A. Rentz, of Johnsonville, I. T., attempted to ford the South Canadian river southeast of here and getting in the quicksand all of the wagons with their loads were lost and several horses also disappeared in the treacherous sands. The men escaped with their lives by a hard struggle and several of the horses were cut loose and managed to get out.

Stone Slated for the Cabinet.

ST. LOUIS, Oct. 3.—The Republic, the only morning paper in St. Louis which supports the Chicago platform and ticket, printed a report this morning that Gov. W. J. Stone, of Missouri, had been offered a place in Mr. Bryan's cabinet should he be elected and declines that this was the cause of Stone's withdrawal in favor of Mr. Vest in the race for the United States senate.

WATSON ATTACKS BUTLER.

The Populist Nominee Now After His Party's National Chairman.

ATLANTA, Ga., Oct. 3.—In this week's issue of his people's party paper Thomas E. Watson, populist nominee for vice president, makes the following editorial attack on Chairman Marion Butler, of the populist national committee: "Attempts have been made to show that Mr. Watson favored fusion in the state of Indiana. This is not correct. Mr. Watson took the position at the beginning of the campaign that no populist could consistently vote for a single Sewall elector any more than he could vote for a Hobart elector. He filed with Chairman Butler a written protest against Mr. Butler's fusion policy. Mr. Butler has ignored Mr. Watson's protest and gone steadily forward on his own line. Mr. Watson's position is now what it was when the Georgia state convention met. He is for a straight 'middle-of-the-road' ticket. In no other way can the democratic managers be forced to abide by the St. Louis contract. Mr. Watson's position has been humiliating and embarrassing, and he has been compelled to submit to policies he did not approve."

REVIEW OF TRADE.

The Failures for the Past Quarter—Advance in Wheat—Cotton Weaker.

NEW YORK, Oct. 3.—R. G. Dun & Co.'s Weekly Review of trade says:

The complete report of failures for the quarter which ended Wednesday shows an increase which would be surprising if the political causes were not obvious. In number, 6% per cent. less than in the panic quarter of 1893. Failures for the quarter show liabilities 11.1 per cent. less, amounting to \$73,283,349, against \$77,809,082 in the previous half year. Manufacturing liabilities were \$32,479,195, or 37 per cent. greater than in the same quarter of 1893, while trading were \$28,738,217 and "other commercial" were \$12,067,236. To this must be added \$11,712,939 liabilities in 59 bank failures, making exclusive of railways nearly \$85,000,000 in a single quarter. Comparisons are given showing that in only six quarters in 22 years have defaulted liabilities been as large; that the ratio to solvent business has been \$6.06 per \$10.00, against \$2.34 for the same quarter last year; that the average per firm in business has been \$53.37, against \$28.92 last year; that the proportion of increase has been greater in the western states, both in amount and in average liabilities per failure, and much larger in manufacturing than in trading.

The continued advance in wheat may prove of the utmost importance. It has been 1.12 cents for the week and 1.10 cents since September 2, and is mainly due to short crops abroad and unusual foreign demand. Cotton has weakened after its sudden rise, because the demand for goods has relaxed into hand to mouth buying and print cloths are lower at 2.16 cents.

DEATH LIST GROWING.

Probably Five Hundred People Lost in the Awful Storm on the Southern Coast.

JACKSONVILLE, Fla., Oct. 3.—At least 350 lives—possibly 500—were lost in and about Cedar Keys as a result of the terrific hurricane and tidal wave Tuesday night. Of 100 fishing and sponge boats with from four to ten men each, anchored below the town Monday night, only about 20 escaped destruction and the loss of life there is estimated at from 330 to 450. In the town itself, before the storm, a thriving place of 1,500 people, 20 dead bodies have been recovered from the mud and ruins. Few houses are left standing and scores are suffering from injuries.

Mexico Buying American Corn.

MOBILE, Ala., Oct. 3.—Corn is being shipped from this port to Mexico in big quantities just now. Two months ago Mexico lifted the import duty off corn from this country. A corn famine in the two Mexican provinces upon which Mexico depends for its supply of grain prompted the action. Since that time 1,500,000 bushels have been shipped from this port alone to the City of Mexico and to Puebla, whereas the total corn shipments from the United States to Mexico during 1895 aggregated less than 180,000 bushels.

Union Generals in Kansas.

ARKANSAS CITY, Kan., Oct. 3.—Over 75,000 Kansans saw the ex-generals yesterday on their trip from Topeka to this city. It has been in the nature of a grand ovation. The banner crowds were at McPherson, Newton, Wichita and here. The greatest demonstration was made here, but this may be explained by the fact that the hour was better fitted for a wild reception than at any other place visited during the day.

No Window-Glass Trust.

PITTSBURGH, Pa., Oct. 3.—The big window-glass trust that was to have been formed by all the window-glass manufacturers has collapsed, and the conditions that regulated the trade last season will prevail during the coming "fire." Had the scheme been carried out the combination would have been the greatest in the country. It would have embraced firms, the total capital of which would amount to \$15,000,000.

Frogener of a Multitude Dead.

MARINETTE, Wis., Oct. 3.—Francis Pollant, a resident of Fond du Lac county for 25 years, but of late of this city, is dead at the age of 83 years. He probably left more progeny than any other man in the state. He was grandfather to 115 children and the parent of 15. Ten children now are living, and one of his daughters is the mother of 20 children.

Coinage in September.

WASHINGTON, Oct. 3.—The monthly statement of the director of the mint shows the total coinage at the United States mints during the month of September, 1896, to have been \$5,915,363.50, which is divided as follows: Gold, \$3,140,922.50; silver, \$2,774,441.00; minor coins, \$20,236.00. Of the silver coined \$2,700,100 was in standard dollars.