THE NEBRASKA ADVERTISER

W. W. SANDERS, Publisher.

NEMAHA, - - - - NEBRASKA.

NOTHING TO DO.

I have shot my arrows and spun my top, And bandled my last new ball; I trundled my hoop till I had to stop.

And swung till I got a fall; I tumbled my books all out of the shelves,

And hunted the pictures through: I have flung them where they may sort

themselves. And now I have nothing to do.

The tower of Babel I built of blocks

Came down with a crash to the floor; My train of cars ran over the rocks-

I'll warrant they'll run no more I've raced with Grip till I'm out of breath;

My slate is broken in two, Bo I can't draw monkeys; I'm tired to death

Because I have nothing to do.

Maria has gone to the woods for flowers, And Lucy and Rose are away After berries. I'm sure they've been out

for hours, wonder what makes them stay?

Ned wants to saddle Brunette for me, But riding is nothing new;

"I was thinking you'd relish a canter," said he.

"Because you had nothing to do."

I wish I was poor Jim Foster's son, For he seems so happy and gay, When his wood is chopped and his work is

all done, With his little half hour to play; He neither has books, nor top nor ball,

Yet he's singing the whole day through-But then he is never tired at all.

Because he has something to do.

-American Homes.

A SUNDAY RACE.

BY PETER STUDLEY.

A cool gray and sweet neatness within, and a world of rampant glory with out!

Cordelia Brown had been brought up a Shakeress, and this was her Californian home. Everybody was thunderstruck when Joel Brown proposed to and was accepted by prim-"Sister Cordelia," as she was called by everyone. Though Sister Cordelia had years and years ago forsaken the community life, still the early training was much in evidence, even to the quaint and spotless kerchief.

When the first froth of it had blown off, everyone agreed that after all it was not an ill-match. Joel was steady. Sister Cordelia was the quintessence of steadiness. Joel Brown was nearer fifty than forty, and assuredly Sister Cordelia made no pretense to youth. Again, their farms adjoined. Therefore it was all as it should be, when Cordelia transferred her bits over to Joel Brown's, his residence being about twice the size, turning her house into a drying place. Joel himself had ever been neat as wax, but now the whole surroundings shone with a purity that was immaculate. Joel had a touch of romance in him; he stroked his silvery

When the evening came on, after the day's work was over, Cordelia, like n

picture of placid rectitude, sat on the porch, the spray sprinkling the grass; and then would Joel harness the little colt and drive away for an hour, returnhis reading. By his suppressed jubilance Cordelia knew the horse was acting magnificently and realizing all Joel's dreams of a colt with such a pedigree.

"Land's sake, Mis' Brown," said Miss Field, a neighbor with a lisp and a sniff, "they do say as Deacon Morrow's horse as he gave one hundred and fifty dollars bit," Joel remarked in explanation to gold coin for, ain't no livelier than your colt, an' if it comes to a trade, yourn might be the better in the long run." She awaited Cordclia's answer with

her usual sniff. Cordelia crossed her hands and said Cordelia added the latter as a saving slowly:

"Miss Field, I don't hold to colts, nohow."

"To be sure-to be sure-to be sure," said the Miss Field, as if pacifying on a subject upon which Cordelia was rabid. Yet, all the same, the next week Miss Field took occasion to remark:

"Mis' Mo rrow seems to look down on all others as small potatces, now her husband lets her drive a blooded hoss to meeting-not that you want to hear of hosses, anyhow. Do you 'low as your colt is as speedy as Deacon Morrow's?"

"It is Joel's colt, not mine."

"To be sure-to be sure. Well, you'll be at the camp meeting next Sunday?" This was prime cruelty, and Cordelia knew it as such; for Cordelia must either ask Joel to drive her there (Joel never went to church or meeting), or cise she must ask a ride behind Deacon Morrow's blood horse. Cordelia was still Cordelia; but more, Cordelia was a woman.

"Yes, I'll be there. Mr. Brown will be for driving me, I guess."

"To be sure--to be sure. I hope it will be profitable to Mister Brown. He has my prayers. Some people do say as how they don't see for the life of them how you came to marry an unconverted man, anyhow."

"There are conversions through the heart, Miss Field, and there be only conversions through the tongue, Miss Field."

Miss Field hastened to inform her friends that Cordelia, to her mind, "was back-sliding for one of Cordelia's pretensions, seeing how as she even dressed different, to show different, as it might be."

"Mister Brown-Joel, I should like you to drive me to camp meeting next Sunday."

Cordelia had closed the spray: Joel had laid down his book-he was dreaming. Mother earth was cool and sweet; the scent of orange blossom was in the air; an orange fell on the ground with a happy little thud of content. A whinny

from Enid completed the calm peace of

"Miss Field car act as aggravating as spoiled cat."

With that she was relieved. And as Joel tucked in her dress from the dust think she had better have her shawl on, for." ing to devote himself to Cordelia and Cordelia was at peace with herself and the beautiful world again. A wide good road opened up before them for a long stretch. Enid seemed to scent the Pacific breeze, her delicate nostrils expanded, she seemed to be dancing on air for a minute or two.

"Easy, Enid, easy! She smells the sea and wants a little run to ease off a break a step. "Whoa, Enid, steady, slow, now-slow now, that's it, that's She's pining for a run, you see." it.

"Well-then-let her run a-bit." grace to her conscience-and no one was in sight.

"Well, jest a breath then," said Joel. "We'll slow up again after. All right, then, Enid-ah! so-gee up, then, ah! my beauty, that's it. Gee up-so, there's a pace-there's a step-there's grace." Cordelia, after her first fright was

over, was experiencing the most enchanting exhilaration. The trees appeared to fly past. It was delightful, especially as no one was a witness.

"Nay, Enid, nay, nay, now, that's enough."

But Enid was pricking up her ears and Jole turned round:

"She's as sharp as a needle-she heard them that's behind sooner than I did. Steady, now, no, no, you've had your little go. You'll keep quiet now." "Who's that behind?"

"It's Deacon Morrow. Slow, steady. Enid! She hates to let anyone pass her, especially that hoss of the deacon's. Nay, Enid, you'll act pretty now. There that's a beauty - slower - slower! She hates it like poison!"

Joel drew to one side. With a mighty flourish, and Miss Field calmly triumphant, Deacon Morrow flashed past them.

Enid trembled and shook again, with repressed ambition, as the deacon's equipage receded in the distance.

"She do want to go!" said Joel apologetically.

"Well, I guess we're going slower than we've any need to," said Cordelia.

"But if I let her go she'll want to pass them, and she will be wuss if she don't and they are pretty far off."

"Then let her pass them, it cannot hurt, for once anyhow."

"All right, Cordelia. Let 'em have it, says I. All right, Enid-up! There, ah! my girl, go it, ah! so-so-up there, up-there.'

She flew like the wind, nearer, nearer to the deacon's rig. Cordelia tried to preserve her wonted calm, but instead had to hold on to her shawl tightly. .

"Gosh! you sprung on me, Joel!" shouted the burly deacon as they passed. "Couldn't hold her in," yelled Joel

back.

little stretch of lane, and had drawn up in front of their own house, Joel helped her to alight, saying, grimly:

"Cordelia Brown, it's uncommonly and after awhile asked her if she didn't like horse racing you've got to answer

> "I'll answer for it," she responded promptly. "I'm just going to give her the biggest apple there is in my bin. There, Enid!"

As she stepped over the neatly coiled hose she said, dryly:

"Joel, ye may have to fetch that twirlagig fountain back, yet."

And Joel grinned.

Thus passed into the annals Sister Cordelia, but without allowing Enid to Cordelia's Sunday race-with sequels and sequels .- Overland Monthly.

A CLOSE CALL

The Almost Fatal Error of a Western Miner.

"The narrowest escape I ever had in my life," said Mayor Macready, of Little Rock, "was out near Yuba, where I was helping to work an old claim with a number of other Forty-niners. One day, expecting some important mail from home, I asked a new man on the diggings for a mule to ride over to the post office.

"'All right,' said my friend; 'take the lop-eared fellow with burrs in his

toil, grazing up there on the hillside.' "I found an animal answering this de-

scription, and was soon on my way to the post office, when I heard a great clatter of hoofs behind me, and a few minutes later 1 found myself surrounded by half a dozen Greasers, who were excitedly talking in a language I could not understand. Before I could say a word they had a lasso over a limb and my head as a target for their guns, while they led me forward and adjusted the noose.

"My thoughts came like a whirlwind in this extremity. I meant to fight, but could not, for the noose was getting tighter around my neck. Just before I felt myself sinking into oblivion I heard another clatter of hoofs, two or three guns were fired, a lot of talk went on I could not understand, and then I felt some whisky poured down my throat. When I came to I learned that I had taken a mule belonging to some Mexicans who camped near by, and they were going to visit Judge Lynch's justice upon me in double-quick order. Some of the miners noticed their hasty departure, and surmising the cause, a rescuing party took after them. The pard who directed me to a mule with his tail full of burrs hadn't yet learned that in that part of the country a mule without burrs in his tail would be as strange as a hen with teeth in civilized lands.-St. Louis Republic.

HE MEANT TO SETTLE.

Showing the Efficacy of a Little Judicious Flattery. Judge Murphy was trying a case in THAT SPLENDID COFFEE.

Mr. Goodman, Williams County, Ill., writes us: "From one package Salzer's German Coffee Berry I grew 300 pounds of better coffee than I can buy in stores at 30 cents a pound."

A package of this and big seed catalogue is sent you by the John A. Salzer Seed Co., La Crosse., Wis., upon receipt of 15 cents stamps and this notice. [K]

Following.—"And did the groom kiss the bride?" "Oh, yes." "Before everybody?" "No, after everybody except the sexton and the organist."—Detroit Journal.

No-To-Bac for Fifty Cents.

Over 400,000 cured. Why not let No-To-Bac regulate or remove your desire for tobacco? Faves money, makes health and manhood. Cure guaranteed, 50c and \$1.00, all druggists.

Deserted Wife (in conversation with sympathetic grocer)-"And I trusted him so!" Grocer-"Confound it! so did I." - Tit-Bits.

Like Oil Upon Troubled Waters is Hale's Honey of Horehound and Tar upon a cold. Pike's Toothache Drops Cure in one minute.

He-"I see that in making champagne the grapes are squeezed six times or more." She-"'Isn't that nice?"-Yonkers Statesman.

All sorts of aches and pains-nothing better than St. Jacobs Oil. It cures.

He-"Why are you so sad, darling?" She-'I was just thinking, dearest, that this is the last evening we can be together till tomorrow."-Comic Cuts.

A lot of bootblacks sitting on a curbstone may not be India-rubber boys, though they are gutter perchers.

The giants who frighten us most, often turn out to be common-sized men on stilts. -Ram's Horn.

A man is usually bald four or five years before he knows it.



Did She See Fer Months-Can Now Sleep Well, Eat Well, and Pains Have Disappeared.

"For several months my health had been failing, and I did not have a well day in this time. I had severe pains in my back, my limbs ached and I was restless at night. I suffered with loss of appetite and severe nervous headaches. A friend advised me to try Hood's Sarsaparilla. After taking this medicine for a while I found I was gaining in health rapidly. I now have a good appetite, can sleep well, and the pains with which I suffered have almost entirely disappeared. I am gaining in flesh. I am still taking Hood's Sarsaparilla and I recommend it wherever I go." MISS SARAH SMITH, 311. North Park Street, Chillicothe, Ohio.

HOOD'S parilla

Sarsa

gray chin and said:

"What do you want most that I can buy you? Something out of the ordinary, you understand."

Cordelia understood-it was to be the wedding present, since before they were married she had persistently refused to accept any memento whatsoever. After much deliberation she replied:

"Mister Brown, I guess that as ye feel ye must be extravagant for once in your life, I'll take the finest sprinkler and fountain hose ye can find."

So Joel bought a length of hose and a gilded nozzle that took her breath away. She had secretly sighed many years for half such a length, and as she directed the stream on the golden fruit until every orange shone like a golden ball in its setting of deep green, she murmured: "My! but I hope such a length of nozzle is not sinful."

However, Cordelia was Cordelia still and two things she would not countenance, viz.: the twirling whicling fountain attachment to the wonderful hose and the other-Joel's colt.

Joel magnanimously changed the first to a steady triumphant matter-offact spray, which played nightly on the tiny lawn that was a part of the trim glory of the place; but the colt-ah, there was the rub! It was Joel's weakness, his one weakness-he doted on a bit of good horseflesh, and this colt was a colt of pedigree. It had a famous racing sire. Had it been branded on its silken coat with the word Sin it could condemnation to Cordella. To her it was the carnal representative of the pomps and vanities of this wicked most becomingly. world. Joel was not unmindful of it; but the colt-was the colt!

Tractable and gentle as a kitten, led by a little halter it would run by the side of sought with soft whinny to woo Cordelia as she passed the paddock in her clean gray dress and white cap; but Cordelia never turned her head. Joel Cordelia's notions all the same.

The colt grew apace. The neighbors, men and women, also respected Cordethey strolled over to Joel's to "hey a look at that colt."

Joel's methods "Enid" (for such was accordingly.

the place. Joel was sensible that it was a grave request.

"Yes, I will drive you there, of course -but-but Cordelia, I think that old Betsy's lame; anyhow, if you kin bring your mind to it, I will drove powerful slow-with Enid.'

Enid heard her name and took a highstepping little flourish round the paddock. Cordelia sighed gently and was silent for a few minutes.

"Joel, I am minding if it does not hurt you to drive her, it will not hurt me to be driven."

This was the nearest to a love speech that Cordelia had ever made to Joel. The barometer of Joel's humor rose correspondingly-in fact, Cordelia had to say aloud to preserve her own cool equilibrium: "Men are that foolish, they be no better than a boy with a bag of nuts and a new pocketknife, if anything happens to please them."

Having made up her mind to it, on the Sunday she dressed with more than usual precision, as if to make up in neatness and spotless attire for whatever of the vanities she might thus be countenancing. Joel Brown was true to his word, and as Deacon Morrow passed them with his high-stepper, Cordelia felt quite comfortably sedate. Miss Field was enjoying the back seat of the deacon's rig, and gave a friendly, patronizing little nod to Cordelia.

Enid behaved like the lady of high pedigree she was, and beyond a shake of not have been more an object of silent the mane as the deacon went by, also a suspicion of impatience at the slow pace, she went to the camp meeting

Joel Brown also behaved most becomingly when there, and allowed himself to be alluded to as "a brand from the burning," without the usual twinkle Joel, as he drove to market. It even at the corners of his mouth. Cordelia felt she had passed through a crisis satisfactorily, and no doubt would have been her own placid self had not Miss Field, with her little lisp and sniff, resmiled softly to himself, yet respected marked, as Cordelia was stepping into the buggy, that of course she would want to be getting off, so as to get in

before dark; Deacon Morrow had no lins' notions-insomuch that the very call to hurry, as the horse was that swift few men friends of Joel would wait un- -no doubt the deacon would pass them heart thumping as it had neverthumped til she had passed on to meeting before on the road, so they need not say good night, etc.

The air was sweet and refreshing: the It was whilst Cordelia was away that | first evening breeze wafted over them the colt was first "broke into harness." like a benediction; for the day had been Little breaking was required, for by a hot one and the exhortations fervid Womanlike, with the grateful breeze the colt's name) seemed to understand came a relaxation of her nerves, and it was a proud promotion and behaved | Cordelia gave vent to a remark most "techy" for her after a camp meeting.

Now that they had distanced the other horse, Enid seemed more content | and bitterly contested. It had not proto take things easier. Cordelia was excited, but did not know it. She felt the thrill of that swift rush past the enemy. When again she heard the other behind her, Cordelia this time turned to see. "They'll pass us," she ejaculated,

nervously. "We'll let them," said Joel, thinking

to please her.

Nearer and nearer; the deacon was putting his horse to its pace.

It passed. "Good night," blandly called Miss Field in triumph.

But Enid was not to be put on one side like th' she could not understand such folly, ped the Lord knows what would have imppened if Cordelia had not exclaimed:

"Let her go!"

"Let her go, Gallagher!" replied Joel eestatically: for it had taken all the repression in him to hold Enid back.

Nearer, nearer! The deacon looked back and urged his horse, and thus urged its speed on ahead. Enid needed no urging. She was mad with joy at the chance of a race-quasi or genuine. Gradually they gained on the deacon.

"We'll pass them yet," said Cordelia under her breath, and Joel, stupid owl, began to apologize for his inability to check Enid under the circumstances. "O, go on!" said Cordelia excitedly,

and Joel went on.

They came even with the deacon. It was no occasion now for salutations and ceremonies-Miss Field was engaged in holding on. It was neck and neck. Only those who have experienced it can ununderstand the tingle of it all.

The deacon yelled, his horse answered with a grand sweep that left Enid yards behind. Then Enid showed all that was in her and sped over the ground like some swift fabled creature. It was for the palm of victory, both horses knew it, as well as their masters

Enid was gaining again, oh, so slowly to Cordelia, who could see Miss Field while she was the slightest degree in front of them.

Gaining, gaining! Cordelia felt her before. Nose to nose! -- Enid was first. The deacon, by a shout, urged his animal to its utmost. For one moment Cordelia thought it would overtake and win.

"Joel Brown!" she cried, "ef ye cannot win-give me the reins and I will win myself!"

And Enid won.

After they had run down their own | Rollins, in Century.

San Rafael once. It was a murder case, ceeded very far before the attorneys got to loggerheads. The attorney for the defense did his best to imitate the attorney for the prosecution, and the proseenting attorney retaliated with all his might. Finally matters got to such a pitch that the attorney for the prosecution turned upon his opponent and called him down in open court. Judge Murphy interrupted, saying:

"Gentlemen, gentlemen, this won't do. This sort of thing is very disrespectful to the court. This is no place for such exhibitions. If you gentlemen have any differences to settle, settle them out of court."

The attorney for the defense immeditely rose and said: "We have no difference, if your honor please."

"If your honor please," said the prosecuting attorney, "I wish to say that we have differences. And I wish to give notice that when court adjourns I intend to crack that man's head over there!"

Judge Murphy exploded: "How dare you, sir? How dare you? This is the grossest contempt of court! How dare you come here and attempt to terrify counsel? I fine you \$50, sir; \$50."

The attorney replied: "That is rather hard on me, if your honor please. Your henor distinctly suggested that I should settle my differences with this gentleman out of court, and I gave notice of my intention to do so. That was all. I have the highest respect and appreciation of your honor's judgment in such matters, and I felt proud to accept your honor's advice."

Judge Murphy was not proof against such subtle flattery, and the fine was promptly remitted. - San Francisco Bulletin.

Aphorisms. When a man claims that he understands women you may be tolerably sure that he has had experience with one woman whom he found he didn't understand. Experience is not always a good teacher. The man who has once taken a sham for a reality is apt ever afterward to take all reality for shams. An unhappy woman turns for distraction to "things;" but with a man the memory of love can be affected only by a new love. Hence devotion, intense and sincere as far as it goes, to a fascinating woman is often only his surprised tribute, though genuine in its way, to her ability in helping him to forget another woman who, at all hazards, must not be remembered. Demand does not always regulate supply; a lover may ask for letters at the post office for a year without getting any .- Alice W.



The only bicycle with true bearings

Last year the Waverley was as good as any wheel in the marketbetter than most. Because new machinery was not needed for its continued construction, the price of the improved 1896 model has been reduced to \$60-a saving of \$25 to you. Catalogue Free. Indiana Bicycle Co., Indianapolis, Ind.