

THE NEBRASKA ADVERTISER

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ORPHAN BILLY.

Young Billy hasn't any ma
To tell him w'at to do;
To make him mind, an' comb his hair,
An' keep him in a stew.
He doesn't haf to wash his self,
Ner mind about his clothes—
I tell ye Bill has moostest fun
Of any boy I know.

"N Bill kin go a-fishin', too,
Whenever he's inclined,
N he kin stay away all day,
N no one ever mind.
I tell you orfuns has a snap;
I most wish I was one.
My ma an' pa watch me so close
I can't have any fun.

"N Bill kin stay out late o' nights
Till nine o'clock, or ten;
But let me stay till half-past eight
N sompthin' happens, then!
N you ist ought to see Bill's clothes,
All tored up into bits;
But if mine's tared a little mife
My ma ist gives me fits.

Yis, orfuns hav a snap, fer sure—
Still, when I come to think
About not havin' any ma,
I kind o' haf to wink.
To keep the tears from comin' out.
Fer ma is awful kind,
N treats me nice an' lovin', too,
Ist 'cept when I don't mind.

She gives me pie and cake 'tween meals,
N helps me make my kites;
N sets fer hours beside my bed
When I am sick o' nights,
N softly, gently strokes my head,
N calls me her dear son—
I think I'd rather keep my ma
N let Bill have the fun.
—Arthur J. Burdick, in Chicago Record.

CAPTAIN GLOSE

BY CAPTAIN CHARLES KING.

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I.—CONTINUED.

Quitting New Orleans after a long day's sight-seeing with his friends, he had sought a berth in the Pullman and slept soundly until aroused by the porter after two o'clock to change cars at the junction. Now he was wide awake, and, after the first few miles of jolting and grinding through the darkness, was becoming chilled and lonesome—perhaps a trifle homesick. Twice had the conductor bustled through the train, rousing sleeping passengers and seeing them safely off at dark and mysterious stations where hardly a glimmer of lamp or candle could be seen away from the mere shanty which served as a waiting-room and office. A heap of wood was stacked up near the stove, and Lambert poked the waning embers and piled on fresh fuel, whereat a young man who had got on at Coatesville with a shotgun and a big bottle for luggage, and who had for nearly an hour been singing sentimental snatches to his own deep satisfaction, now smiled maudlin approval and companionably held forth the bottle. "S good," said he, in loyal defense of the stimulant most courteously declined. "Bes' thing you can take these co' mawning's. Live 'bout hyuh an' where?"

"No," said Lambert, civilly, yet hoping not to be further questioned. He busied himself again with the fire, then, rising quickly, sought his seat.

But the young man with the flask was gregarious and bubbling over with the milk of human kindness. He promptly lurched after, and, flopping down on the opposite seat, sending some of Lambert's belongings clattering to the floor, held out his hand.

"Seuse me, suh," he stammered. "I hope I ain't fended you. My name's Potts—Barton Potts. We ain't what we were before 't the wah, you know. But I know a gen'l'm'n—every time. Hope—I ain't—sulted—"

"Not by any means!" protested Lambert, loudly and heartily. "Don't think of such a thing! I simply didn't feel like drinking; but I'm a thousand times obliged to you."

"That's right. Tha'z all right," said Mr. Potts, grasping Lambert's hand and shaking it impressively. "I—hello! Wha'z that?"

Lambert's sword, encased in chamois-skin, had come in contact with the stranger's elbow and gone rattling under the seat. Potts made a precipitate dive and fished it out, regaining his equilibrium after some little struggle.

"Goin' to Quitman—too? Tha'z my home. An' I'm glad—meet you. I know a gen'l'm'n—an' I'll stan' your frien'—I mean it. Missur—Missur—"

"My name's Lambert," said the lieutenant, quietly essaying to relieve Mr. Potts of the sword.

"Lammert? Glad—meet you—Missur Lammert. Where'd you say you b'longed?"

"I'm going to Tugaloo."

"Tu-gloo?—Tha'z no kin' of place. C'mawn to Quitman. Come to my house. What 'n 'ell's thiz?" he broke off suddenly.

"My sword," said Lambert, simply.

"Sword?—sword?" exclaimed Potts. "You goin' Tu-gloo with sword? You—Yankee off'cer like that—wha'z name?—Close?"

"A Yankee off'cer certainly," laughed Lambert. "I've never met Capt. Close." The effect of this announcement on Mr. Potts was surprising. It well-nigh sobered him. He slowly drew back until he sat erect, his head wobbling a bit in spite of his efforts at self-control.

Presently he began to speak, slowly and impressively at first, then winding up in a verbal entanglement:

"Missur Lam-p-ber't, I didn't know I was talkin' to—Yankee off'cer—but—I'm a gen'l'm'n, suh, an' I stan' by wh-wha—I say. I mean to stan' your frien', suh; but as fo' that oth—felluh—Close—I'll see'm in 'ell first."

II.

It was sun-up and snapping cold when the brakeman shouted "Tugaloo," and gratefully Lambert stepped from the train and felt free air. Mr. Potts was sleeping soundly, doubled up in one of the seats. The only wakeful bipeds in sight were the conductor and his trainman. Unseen hands forward had shoved the trunk out upon the frosty boards. The sun was just peeping over a low wooded ridge before them. The track wound away among some desolate fields where tiny flakes of cotton still clung to the brown and withered stalks. In a cloud of steam the train pulled away, leaving Lambert and his trunk to look after each other as best they might, and as the cloud lifted the young officer looked curiously around him.

He was standing on a rude wooden platform whose shrunken planks left black, gaping seams between their upper faces, now, at least, beautiful in their thick coat of sparkling white. Except where the footmarks of the trainmen marred the smooth expanse, and where in two or three places the planks were gone entirely, this gleaming sheet stretched the length of the platform to where the white bulk of his trunk stood on end at the eastern edge. The charred and blackened relic of a flight of stairs led from the platform to the sloping ground some five feet below, but not even a hand-rail warned the unwary against a breakneck plunge into space. Part of the platform itself had been burned away, and some charred and blackened posts, sticking bolt upright from the ground in the shape of a narrow rectangle, showed that a wooden building of some kind had formerly stood along the rear of the rickety staging. Midway along its length, on the southern side, a shed with a sloping roof had been loosely thrown together, and the ends nearest him, boarded in and pierced for a door and a couple of windows, bore over the threshold in black stencil the legend "Ticket Office." Under the shed were a couple of plows and some boxes. Out on the bare slope, midway between the track and a "snake" fence that paralleled it some twenty yards to the south, a dozen bales of cotton were huddled, three of them partially covered by old war-worn paulins and ponchos, the others entirely exposed to the rain of sparks to be expected from any passing engine when the wind happened to blow from the track; and all of them, evidently, defenseless against the predatory hands of pilferers, for jagged rents were torn in the coarse sacking of each, and huge fistfuls of the white staple had been dragged from a dozen gaping wounds in every bale.

The red soil, showing here and there through the scant and withered herbage, was seamed with mule and wheel tracks, and a few rods away a broken-down farm wagon lay with a spoke-bristling hub close by its shattered axle, while the tire, rolling away from the general wreck, seemed to have crawled off to die by itself, and leaned rusting against one of the charred timbers. The southward view was limited to a long, low ridge of ugly, white-flecked cotton stalks. Eastward the sun was breaking a pathway through the fringe of trees along another ridge, and a faint line of mist, rising sluggishly in the intervening low ground, with the hollow rumble of the train crossing an invisible bridge, told of the presence of some slow-moving stream. Westward the track came into view around a thinly wooded hillside, with a clearing here and there, in which some low cabins were scattered.

With this cheerful outlook to greet him at three points of the compass, Lambert turned him to the north. There was a siding with a switch at each end, but, as three or four rails were missing opposite the west end of the platform, it stood to reason that the railway company found the other all that was necessary to the traffic of so bustling a place as Tugaloo. A brown freight car stood on the siding with wide-opened doors, and some household goods loomed in plain sight. "There is more honesty in this community than the United States marshal would give us to believe," thought Lambert, as he recalled the extract from a recent report which was shown him at department headquarters. He laid his satchel and sword upon the platform, and, wrapping his blue circular about his shoulders, took a few steps forward and a peep into the interior of the car. From the midst of bedsteads, bureaus and cheap old-fashioned furniture, a quantity of bedding had been hauled out upon the floor, and from the midst of the bedding a woolly head protruded—that of a negro fast asleep.

Beyond the car stood a dusty open square bordered on three sides by dingy wooden structures, some of two stories, but most of them only one in height. A wooden sidewalk framed the square in some places, and in others only indications of its former presence were to be seen. The sidewalk was bordered by a rude railing, to which, it was evident, horses and mules were tethered during business hours, for at one of the rails, even now, sprawled upon the soft, hoof-

pawed dust, a long-eared quadruped was half hanging by the bridle rein, while the dilapidated saddle had worked around during the night until it settled upon the animal's side.

Judging from such signs or legends as were visible over the doorways of Tugaloo, Lambert's impressions were that the vending of intoxicating drinks was the principal industry, as there were three saloons to one store devoted to general merchandise—which establishment, painted white and with an air of prosperity and a flock of cotton bales around it, bore the sign of I. Cohen, and told pathetically that the pioneers of a relentless and one-sided trade had already made their lodgment in the midst of a helpless community.

It was sunrise, and not a soul was apparently astir. A street led away northward at right angles to the main front of the square, and straggling houses lined it at intervals on either side. One of these, with a belfry, at the corner of the plaza, seemed to be a meeting house of some kind, possibly the pro tempore substitute for the county courthouse, thought Lambert, for the center of the square was still heaped with charred and blackened beams and bricks where once the courthouse stood.

As for the camp or quarters of his future comrades and associates, Lambert could see nothing that in the least resembled a military station, and, do what he could, the boy found it impossible to down the faintly heartsick, homesick feeling that speedily took possession of him. A dog would have been welcome as companion, but there was not even a stray dog. For a moment Lambert thought of arousing the negro, but after one glance at the wide, red cavern of his mouth and the emptied tank lying close to the frowzy head, he decided in favor of the mule.

A short walk brought him to the side of the prostrate creature, and a long pull induced his muleship to stagger to his feet, but in his struggles he snapped the old headstall, and the remnant of the bit and bridle dropped into the dust. It was not until the vagrant stood erect that Lambert discovered from the U. S. brand that he was, or had been, government property. The saddle, too, turned out to be one of the old-fashioned, black-skirted, pigskin McClellans, so familiar during the war days. As the mule seemed only half awake and unaware as yet of his freedom Lambert



The young officer became suddenly aware of a man wearing the chevrons of a corporal, who, fishing rod in hand, was standing just beyond a clump of bushes below.

first essayed to reset the saddle, to which he submitted without objection, and then to replace the bridle, to which he would not submit at all, but with lowered front and menacing hoof turned him about and jogged over to where some wisps of hay lay scattered in front of a shanty labeled "Post Office." For ten minutes Lambert exercised his arts in vain effort to recapture that mule, and then, in sheer disgust, threw the bridle on the sidewalk, picked up an abandoned half brick, and let the mule have it in the flank. He merely twitched his scrappy hide, raised one instant the nearest hoof, but never lifted his head. The brute was hungry from long fasting, and did not mean to be disturbed, and Lambert, who had eaten nothing since the previous day, was presently in full sympathy. Once more he looked around in search of some human being, and found himself confronting a citizen in shirt sleeves and a tangled head of hair, who, leaning out of a second-story window was nevertheless not 20 feet away. For a moment each regarded the other without a word. Then the native spoke:

"What ye tryin' to do?"

"I was trying to catch that mule."

"Want him fr anything?"

"No; only I found him tangled in his reins, and he got away after I loosed him."

The native regarded the newcomer curiously. Lambert had slung his blue cape over the hitching rail during his brief pursuit of the ungrateful beast and his neat-fitting suit of tweed was something new to Tugaloo eyes. So was the jaunty drab derby.

"You don't b'long round 'ere, do you?" queried Tugaloo next.

"I don't; and the Lord knows I don't

want to; and I'd be glad to find some way of getting myself and my trunk yonder, out to camp. Can you suggest any?"

"We-ell, you might walk. Don't reckon your trunk kin, though. Know the way?"

"No."

"Foller the track down thar a piece, an' you'll come to a path along the branch. It'll take you right in 'mongst the tents. 'Tain't more'n a few rawds."

"Thank you, my friend. You're the first live man I've found. I suppose I can send in for my trunk?"

"Reckon ye can. They've gawt mules an' wagons enough."

Lambert gathered up his belongings and trudged away. He did not mean to yield to the feeling of depression that was struggling to possess him, yet the blue devils were tugging at his heart-strings. Wasn't this just what his heart-mates had prophesied would happen if he went into the infantry? Could any service be much more joyless, uneventful, forlorn, than this promised to be? "Mark Tapley himself would go to pieces in such a place," he had heard some one at headquarters say of Tugaloo, but he meant to out-Tapley Mark if need be, and nobody should know how much he wished he hadn't been assigned to this sort of duty and to this particular regiment—certainly not his classmates, and, above all, not the loving mother at home. Heavens! how unlike was this bleared, wasted, desolate land to the sweet and smiling New England vale where his boyhood had been spent, to the thickly-settled, thrifty, bustling shores of the Merrimac!

He had walked nearly a mile and had seen no sign of camp or sentry, but on a sudden the path left the brushwood beside the sluggish "branch," rounded a projecting knoll, and was lost in a rough, red clay, country road. A fence, with a thick hedge of wild-rose-bushes, was to his left—leaves and roses long since withered—and over the tops he caught sight of the roof and upper story of some old southern homestead, at which he had a better peep from the gate-way farther along. A path of red brick led to the flight of steps, broad and bordered by unpretentious balustrades. Dingy white columns supported the roof of a wide piazza. Smoke was drifting from a battered pipe projecting from the red brick chimney at the north end, and the morning air was faintly scented with a most appetizing fragrance of broiling ham. It made Lambert ravenous.

Somewhere around the next bend in the road, beyond the northward extremity of the old fence, he could hear the sound of voices and a splashing of water. Hastening on, he found himself overlooking a level "bench" surrounded on three sides by a deep bend of the stream and partially separated from the red roadway by a fringe of stunted trees and thick, stubborn bushes; and here, in an irregular square, Lambert came face to face with the encampment of the first company, outside of West Point, it was ever his luck to join. At that particular moment he was just about ready to resolve it should be the last.

On two sides of the square, facing each other and perhaps 20 yards apart, were the "A" tents of the company, ten on a side. At the flank farthest from the road and pitched so as to face the center of the inclosure was a wall tent, backed by one or two of the smaller pattern. Nearest the road was a second wall tent, used, possibly, by the guard—though no guards were visible—the white canvas cover of an army wagon, and a few more scattered "A" tents. Cook-fires had been ablaze and were now smouldering about the wagon. Several men in gray woolen shirts were washing their faces at the stream; others, in light-blue overcoats, were sauntering about the tents, some of whose occupants, as could be easily seen, were still asleep.

Standing at the edge of the winding road, and thinking how easy a matter it would be to toss a hand-grenade into the midst of the camp, Lambert paused a moment and studied the scene. Resting on his sword, still in its chamois case, with his cloak and satchel thrown over his shoulder, the young officer became suddenly aware of a man wearing the chevrons of a corporal, who, fishing-rod in hand, was standing just beyond a clump of bushes below and looking up at him with an expression on his shrewd, "Bowery-boy" face in which impudence and interest were about equally mingled. So soon as he found that he was observed, the corporal cocked his head on one side, and, with arms akimbo and a quizzical grin on his freckled phiz, patronizingly inquired:

"Well, young feller, who made them clothes?"

Lambert considered a moment before making reply. One of his favorite instructors at the academy had spoken to the graduating class about the splendid timber to be found among the rank and file of the army. "They are like so many old oaks," said he, and some of Lambert's chums had never forgotten it. Neither had Lambert.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

—The convicted murderer cannot be said to have a very high regard for the law, but he has for the law's delay.—Texas Sifter.

Men say more evil of women than they think; it is the contrary with women toward men.—S. Dubay.

LABOR DISSATISFIED.

An Open Letter to Senator Morgan—Iron and Steel Workers Quit Work—Coal Miners to Strike—Lockout in Pennsylvania.

CHICAGO, July 2.—W. D. Ryan, secretary of the United Mine Workers of Illinois, has written an open letter to United States Senator Morgan, in which he says:

The stand taken by you in behalf of the patriots in Cuba deserves the commendation of all liberty loving people, but let me call your attention to the condition of 40,000 of your constituents—the coal miners of Illinois. The insane competition inaugurated by the coal operators has brought about a condition of suffering and destitution which was never equaled. We have been forced to accept reduction after reduction, until the price now paid is so low that miners cannot earn an average of 75 cents a day, and the mines work only half time. Taking an average of \$1 a day and three days' work a week, a miner earns \$12 a month. With a family of five—a fair average—the wife has an average of less than three cents a meal, to say nothing of clothing, rent, etc. I doubt if any more lives have been lost in Cuba since the insurrection commenced than in the mines of Illinois during the same time; and I am certain there are no more women and children hungry in Cuba at present than among the families of the miners of Illinois. Do something to put the idle miners of Illinois to work at a fair rate of wages and I will guarantee that every miner in Illinois will contribute at least one day's wages every month for the benefit of the downtrodden people of Cuba.

At Streator, Ill., a meeting of miners voted unanimously to go on strike now and not wait for a general suspension order. As a consequence, no coal is being mined here and nearly 2,000 miners are idle. At Braidwood, Ill., the miners of the entire Wilmington field met at Glacken's grove yesterday and decided by a unanimous vote to go on strike when the national officers shall order a suspension of work.

THOUSANDS OF MEN STOP WORK.

PITTSBURGH, Pa., July 2.—As the result of the failure of the joint wage conference of the Amalgamated Association of Iron and Steel Workers and manufacturers to agree upon the scale at the Youngstown conference all the union mills closed down yesterday and between 75,000 and 80,000 men are idle. This includes the skilled workmen and those depending on them. The general suspension of work following the disagreement of the joint conference committee at Youngstown cannot be regarded as either a strike or a lock-out. Repairs are always made at this season of the year and many manufacturers do not sign the scale until after their plants have been overhauled. This usually takes two or three weeks. In the meantime, the conference committee will meet and endeavor to settle the differences. If the committee finds that an agreement is impossible, the strike can then be considered as on in earnest. The conference on the tin plate wage scale will be resumed to-day by the committees of the manufacturers and Amalgamated association. All the tin plate plants in the country, with the exception of four non-union concerns, are idle, and a number of manufacturers are anxious to get to work.

BITUMINOUS COAL MINERS TO STRIKE.

TERRE HAUTE, Ind., July 2.—Next Sunday, or prior to that day, circulars will be placed in the hands of all the bituminous miners in the United States, calling them out on strike. It is estimated that 250,000 men will be involved. Pennsylvania, Ohio, Indiana, Illinois and parts of West Virginia and Kentucky will contribute to the movement. The strike is to enforce the Columbus scale of 69 cents per ton for Pennsylvania; 60 cents for Ohio; 60 cents for Indiana, and 55 cents for Illinois. When the Columbus scale was adopted, it was not thought advisable to attempt its enforcement. A committee was then appointed to take in hand the matter of a strike and to order one as soon as such a course seemed opportune. This committee has decided that the time has come to act.

LOCKOUTS IN PENNSYLVANIA.

NEW KENSINGTON, Pa., July 2.—Chambers' glass works and the two tin plate works at this place have shut down pending a settlement of the wage scale. About 1,500 men are out of work as a result. Chambers' glass works gives employment to over 1,000 men and boys. Neither the manufacturers nor their men want an extended shut-down.

JAPAN IS ANGRY.

May Withdraw Her Minister on Account of Hawaiian Trouble.

WASHINGTON, July 2.—Toru Hoshi, the Japanese minister, is likely to be recalled at an early date. While officials of the Japanese legation here claim to be ignorant of any such probability, well-informed opinion in state department circles inclines to the belief that Mr. Hoshi will ask for his papers within a short time. The reasons for the minister's recall are twofold, not the least potent of which is said to be the feeling of the mikado's government and of the minister personally toward the United States over the Hawaiian difficulty.

WHOLE FAMILY POISONED.

Mother and Three Children Dead and Two Other Children Ill.

BLOOMINGTON, Ind., July 2.—The vicinity of Belmont, Brown county, 14 miles east of here, is greatly excited over the extermination of the family of John Stephens. The mother and five children were taken suddenly ill with what was thought to be flux Monday afternoon. That night the infant died. Tuesday morning the little one-year-old boy died. Yesterday morning the mother died and an hour later the six-year-old boy died. Two little girls are all that are left of the family and they are dangerously ill. It is now believed that all were poisoned.