

# THE NEBRASKA ADVERTISER

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NEMAHA, - - - - NEBRASKA.

## THE BRIGHT DAYS.

The bright days—they are coming, no matter what they say;  
Beneath the snows of winter dreams the violet of May,  
And some time—in the future, in the golden years to be—  
There'll be blossoms in the desert and the streams'll sing to sea.

The bright days—they are coming; there's a twinkling of the light  
In the storm that sheds its shadows on the starry brow of night,  
And some time—in the future, when the clouds have faded far—  
The sun will greet the morning and the night will claim a star.

The bright days—they are coming; in the cities, in the dells  
There's a whisper of the music from the morning's golden bells,  
And some time—in the future, when the skies are bending blue—  
There'll be angels at the windows and they'll kiss their hands to you!

—F. L. Stanton, in Atlanta Constitution.

## A COLLEGE GIRL.

By Marion Ross.

CORNELIA BURT walked slowly into the reading-room and sat down at the long table covered with blue-prints. She sat down and took up a book filled with "sample copies," but she did not turn the leaves. She looked about the room, at the long green tables covered with daily papers, at the divans around the walls, at the great fireplace and the scattered groups of girls. As she looked, her eyes filled with tears, and unconsciously she lifted her hand and wiped them away.

A pretty little freshman, who never looked anywhere but in Cornelia Burt's direction when that handsome and prominent junior was visible, stared harder than ever, and whispered to her room-mate, "Miss Burt's crying!"

"Nonsense!" said the room-mate, adding, abstractedly, "but the line A B is equal to the line C D, and therefore—therefore—why, what if she is? I suppose she can cry if she likes?"

"Yes," said the freshman, meekly, "of course. But she must feel pretty bad to cry here in the reading-room. And I never thought that Cornelia Burt cried, anyhow. I wish I could—I wish I knew her better—"

"You are absurd," said the room-mate, "and you know it. Anybody would think you never looked at anyone but Cornelia Burt. I don't believe she's crying, either. What should she have to cry for? She's too conceited to cry—"

But the look in the freshman's eyes stopped her. "She is conceited, you know perfectly well that she is!" she reiterated feebly from behind her geometry.

"She is not in the least conceited," returned the freshman, coldly. "She is the most brilliant girl in her class, and everyone knows it. She has a right to look proud of the time, and if she looks bored most of the time, which is what makes the girls angry, it is because she can't help it; if we were more interesting, she wouldn't look so bored!"

The room-mate dropped her book in her lap and stared for a moment in silence. Then, as the gong struck the hour, she shook out her skirts and picked up her books. "I would advise you, my dear," she said, sweetly, "not to show so much disgust when Teddy Carroll tells us that it's the greatest delight of her life to buy violets for Lena St. John—you're getting there fast! But you have my sympathy—here I doubt if you could interest her majesty, you know!"

But it was true, Cornelia Burt was crying; and no one could be more surprised at that fact than she. Through a mist of tears she looked at the familiar faces in the blue-print book—the faculty, curiously labeled: "Miss Brown, withshaw!" "Miss Williams, on steps;" the students, in every conceivable position and combination; "J. Reading, smile;" "Lucia, banjo;" "Cora Willis, Lou Hartes and J. Peterson, in hammock;" "The president, with dog." She had laughed at them all—now she was going to leave them. She had never bought blue prints; she had no memorabilia. Now she would like some, but it was too late. If she had money to pay her bills, she was fortunate, Cornelia thought bitterly.

Some one was practicing on the big organ in the chapel overhead. The queer, wheezing piston on the reading-room wall heaved up and down to the Bach fugue that repeated its doleful minors again and again. It was warm, warm with the delicious, drowsy heart of the young spring term—the beautiful spring term with the long, lazy evenings on the back campus, under the stars, in the hundred hammocks. And this would be her last spring term!

Somehow it was harder to go than she could have dreamed, last year. To go out in good order, as a senior, with four years behind her, to get once more the admiration and pride in her that her class always felt when she had distinguished herself, and then to leave the whole thing finished, completed, and start out prepared for the larger

life—that would not be so hard. All would feel alike, then. But to go as a junior, with all the things undone that she had meant to do, to leave to another editor the college paper which she had meant to manage so well, to lose the senior dramatics she had planned to enjoy so much—oh, it was hard! And all for the lack of a few pitiful hundred dollars!

She got up abruptly and left the room. As she passed through the hall, not looking at the large crowded bulletin-boards that lined the walls, some one called her name. "Excuse me, Miss Burt, but there's a note on the board for you."

Cornelia looked up in some surprise on Clara Williston, a rich, rather dull girl whom she hardly knew. "Thank you," she said, with a somewhat cool nod, Miss Williston thought. "I'll get it."

She opened the half-sheet of note paper and glanced at it, only half reading it, her eyes were so blurred with tears:

Dear Nene: Of course you remember our dance is to-morrow night. I've got you as good an order as I possibly could, and may I have the second extra? As ever,

SUE.

How she had laughed at the dances and said they bored her, once! But they seemed the very essence of pleasure and love and music and light now.

She walked home and changed her serge skirt and shirt-waist for a pretty light gown, open at the neck. She put on her rings, all of them, and went to supper. Although off the campus, the house where she lived was a popular one.

Never had she talked so brilliantly. Story after story she told the 20 girls at the table, till the room rang with laughter. She scowled and coughed and mimicked the dark professor, she simpered and smiled and affected the graces of the light ones. More than one of her flashes of wit, her delicious paradoxes, her apt comparisons went the rounds of the class-room for weeks afterward.

When she left the table she crowded around her and followed her to the gate, wrapping her in that delicious atmosphere of admiring interest and affectionate appreciation that only a crowd of college girls can give their idol of the hour.

"Where are you going, Miss Burt? Have you got to go? Won't you come down and have an ice with us?"

Cornelia smiled; the excitement of the supper table flushed her cheeks. "Thank you, but I have an engagement with Miss Leeds," she said.

"Oh, how interesting it must be to know the faculty!" gushed the sophomore with the pretty clothes. "But then, I suppose they're glad enough in your case! I should be so scared, I shouldn't dare to speak to them!"

Cornelia smiled back at them. "You silly things!" she said; "they're very like other people—sometimes they're more so!" And she left them, laughing, at the gate.

She could not study, and even the elastic engagement with Miss Leeds seemed impossible to her. She strolled through the gate and went slowly to the back campus. Already it was covered with light dresses, and the soft tinkle of mandolins came from among the trees. Some of the glee-club girls were singing the "Little Alabama Coon," and near the observatory a few energetic seniors were trying to organize a universal "sing."

Cornelia felt a sudden longing to be with them all, to be close to her classmates, and at the same time she dreaded having to talk to them. She slipped behind the trees to a vacant hammock, and sat slowly swinging to and fro. All about her floated fragments of conversation, and idly she tried to guess the speakers from their voices:

"So I said that I'd have him up for the prom, but it seems that Kitty had asked him already—horrid, wasn't it? I hate to ask a man—"

"I'd just read eight pages of Freytag, and I was as cross as a bear. I said: 'I'm not prepared,' and I don't care what he thought—"

"Mary looked perfectly stunning! She carries herself so well, too. But I don't see how she does so much. She says she never gets to bed till eleven—"

"Oh, as for Katherine, she's too far gone for any use; she can't speak of anybody but Cornelia Burt. And I don't believe that Miss Burt knows who she is, do you?"

"Well, good night, I simply must do a little philosophy, or I shall be expelled. Think how embarrassing that would be!"

"Good night!" and a girl in pale-blue imity that rustled crisply as she walked, left the departing philosopher and strolled over to Cornelia's hammock, stopping when she saw its occupant.

"Oh, don't go away," entreated Miss Burt. "Please come back! I was just going. Is this your hammock?" Then she saw that the girl was Clara Williston.

"I'll come," said Miss Williston, "only on condition that you don't go. Otherwise I go immediately." She waited a moment, and then sat beside Cornelia. "I hope I sha'n't bore you to death?" she said.

Cornelia did not answer, but pulled her skirt aside as Miss Williston sat down. It occurred to her that very probably Clara Williston would spend more money for her commencement gown than she would need to finish her senior year!

"I want to tell you how much I enjoyed your story in the magazine," said

Miss Williston. "I don't see how you can think of such queer, exciting things. Really, I got quite worked up over it! I hope, now you're editor, you won't stop writing."

Cornelia never quite knew why it was that she didn't make some conventional reply, and then go. She barely knew Miss Williston, and she was a girl who said very little of her own affairs to anyone, even the people she knew best. But to her own surprise she looked over the campus and said, easily: "I'm afraid I shall do very little writing, editorial or otherwise. I shall probably not be here next year."

"Not be here! Why, Miss Burt, what do you mean? Surely you're not going to lose the senior year? Truly, it's the very best of all! And what would the class do without you?"

Cornelia smiled. "I fear you over-estimate my importance," she said. "I have always pitied the poor alumnae, who had practically carried the college with them when they were here, and who are really forgotten by the next class but one. One doesn't count for much unless one's on deck all the time! And I don't doubt that the senior year is very pleasant, Miss Williston. But—"

"But, Miss Burt, it's dreadful! Why, the class—do they know it?"

"No," said Cornelia; "I haven't told anybody yet. I'm sure I don't know why I should tell you. Don't think of it. I'm here now, at all events. So you like the senior year the best? Kate Dickinson always said—"

"I don't care what she said," said Miss Williston with a decision that annoyed the junior. "I want to talk about you. Now don't look haughty, Miss Burt, please. I simply must. You mustn't think me rude, will you? Because I don't mean to be. But—is it money?"

"Yes," said Cornelia, "it's money." And then with a bitter little laugh she folded her hands on her lap and looked at Miss Williston. "I suppose you can't understand how \$500 can be an impossibility, can you?"

"But, Miss Burt, you could earn it. You could write, you know—"

"Not at all," said Cornelia, shortly. "In the first place, I'm not ready to yet. In the second place, I should have to be sure, I couldn't live from hand to mouth, on a chance. It may be very well for genius, but it won't do for me." She spoke quickly and almost angrily, as if she were justifying herself to somebody behind Miss Williston.

"I have lived all my life in comfort. I can't starve in an attic just for a diploma. And then—oh, it's impossible!"

She turned her head away and talked low, as if to herself. Miss Williston listened with hushed breath, fearing to lose a word.

"You see," said she, quickly, "it's all up with the family. They've kept it from me because I hate money matters. I don't understand them. And they thought they could get me through. But they can't. So I'm just going home. I can't teach—I loathe it. Besides, I haven't studied anything with a view to teaching. Oh, why," and she turned and started at the senior as if just conscious of what she was saying, "why do I tell this to you? I must be crazy. I—"

"Because," said Clara Williston, quietly, "because I am just the one to tell it to. Do you mean to say, Miss Burt, that for the lack of \$500 you are going to lose your last year—for that, and nothing else?"

"Yes," said Cornelia, dominated utterly by this rich nobody; "yes, just that."

"Then," said Miss Williston, "then I say that it is absurd, and that you shann't do it. I can do very little at college, but I can—"

"My dear Miss Williston," said Cornelia, leily, "I do not in the least understand you. I hardly know you, and—"

"Oh, but you do understand me; you must—you shall!" cried Miss Williston, and Cornelia saw that she was flushed, and that her eyes shone like stars. "Listen to me! I have—O Miss Burt, when I think of how little it would mean to me and how much to you! Please, please do it! Just think, only \$500! I have \$2,000 a year. I am ashamed of it, truly I am, but I have it for what I please—just exactly what I please. No, you sha'n't get up yet. See, see how it is with me! All my four years here, what have I done? Nothing. I've got through well enough, but that's all. I've made some friends, but not many. The only two girls I ever really loved here were very poor, and they were awfully proud, and they were afraid that because I was the richest girl in college—oh, it was dreadful! And I shall go and leave nothing behind me—nothing! If I could feel that I had given you to your class—to the college—for a year, I should be so happy! I should even think that I was of some use! Oh, let me! Let me feel that I've really done something!"

Cornelia looked at her curiously. She was almost in tears. Her hands held Cornelia's tightly, and she was evidently deeply in earnest.

"It would mean so little to me—so little!" she begged. "And yet it would be so much for the class! And they would never know—never would know; but I should know, and I should know that I've done something for them, and that I wasn't just one of those poor, useless girls that drift into the college and then drift out again, and don't count—either way!"

Cornelia felt deeply touched. "Why, how you care!" she said, wonderingly; "how you care!"

Miss Williston drew a long, tremulous breath. "Care!" she cried; "you don't know how we care, we poor mediocre

ones! Do you think that because we couldn't write a poem to save our lives, and can't make original remarks in class, and are never proposed for office, and don't, for the best of reasons, edit the paper, that we don't want to do these things? Oh, if I could only have my father hear the things said about me which are said of you every day! If I could only feel that I was to the class what what you are!"

"The class don't like me," said Cornelia, abruptly.

"They admire you, and if you wanted to, you could be liked very, very much, indeed," said Miss Williston. "I always thought that you didn't care to have us like you!"

There was a pause. The girls were drifting back to the houses, one by one. The stars were well out, and Miss Williston's face seemed white, now, in their light.

"Do you really care for the things they say about one here?" asked Cornelia.

"Care?" said Miss Williston again; "of course I care. So do you, but you don't need them. You're sure of them. You know what you can do. And through you I can do the only thing I ever could do—and I go in June. O Miss Burt, only \$500! I could put it in the bank to your account, and that would be the end of it. And you could pay me back whenever you pleased, if you wanted to. For I suppose you wouldn't let me—"

"No," said Cornelia. "I wouldn't. An hour ago I should have said that the whole thing was impossible."

"But now?" said Miss Williston, quickly; "but now?"

"But now," said Cornelia, slowly; "now—oh, never say again that you are one of the 'mediocre ones!' No one could make so disagreeable and proud a girl as I accept a kindness from a stranger as gratefully as I do from you—"

But she did not finish, for Miss Williston leaned towards her and kissed her. "I thank you," she said, simply; "now I can hold up my head again. I have done something for my college! I am something more than 'Clara Williston, that well-dressed girl!' And before Cornelia could reply, she had slipped away.

Cornelia lay back in the hammock and looked at the stars. A strange peace came to her, and she realized for the first time how unhappy she had been. Slowly the great bell struck eight. The light came up in the great, shadowy buildings. Only the seniors and a few lazy underclass girls filled the hammocks around her. "I live here! This is where I belong!" she thought, happily, and smiled to herself.

A year more to work and plan and get ready in! A year more in the place she—yes, the place she loved! Across the campus came a row of seniors, arms twined about each other, eight abreast: Where, oh, where are the grave old seniors? Where, oh, where are the grave old seniors? Where, oh, where are the grave old seniors? Safe, now, in the wide, wide world! There was a sad little ring to the old tune, and Cornelia wondered if they were sorry.

"That doesn't mean me," she said, happily to the hammock pillows; "that doesn't mean me!"—Youth's Companion.

## ALCIBIADES.

A Fascinating Athenian Who Led a Fast Life.

Alcibiades was an excellent representative of the young Athenians of his time. He was witty, eloquent, full of generous impulses, luxurious, unscrupulous, and absolutely without reverence. His character was full of contradictions. Alcibiades was the most beautiful youth in Athens; he had wealth, ancient family and powerful friends. He fairly bewitched the people. His doings were the town talk, and once he cut off the tail of his beautiful dog for which he had paid over \$1,000, saying that if the people did not have the mutilation of his dog to talk about they might be saying worse things about him.

He lived lavishly and wantonly, and after he had wasted most of his property he married a rich wife, Hipparete, daughter of Hipponeus, who, in time, became justly indignant at his way of life, and left him. She sought a divorce, but in order to obtain this she had to apply in person to the chief magistrate. As she was on her way to the office her husband seized her and carried her by force to his home, where she remained with him until her death.

Alcibiades came to a violent death. He was on his way to Babylon to the court of the great king when enemies set fire to his dwelling by night and he was killed as he leaped through the flames. No country ever suffered or gained more from the changing fortunes of a single person than Athens from the fortunes of Alcibiades.—Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.

## Entire Wheat Muffins.

Sift thoroughly with one and a half pints of entire wheat flour, two tablespoonfuls of baking powder, half a tablespoonful of sugar. Add to this three-quarters of a pint of sweet milk, to which has been added the well-beaten yolk of an egg and two tablespoonfuls of melted butter. After these ingredients are well mixed, and just before putting into well-greased muffin rings, add the white of the egg well beaten. Bake in a hot oven 20 minutes, or until nicely browned.—Chicago Times-Herald.

## KNIGHTS OF LABOR.

The National Assembly Adjourns After Adopting Important Resolutions.

LOUISVILLE, Ky., Nov. 18.—The general assembly of the Knights of Labor, which has been in session in this city since the early part of the week, completed its work yesterday and adjourned until the second Tuesday of next November, when it will convene in Chicago. Resolutions were adopted as follows: Declaring unequivocally in favor of the independence of Cuba; condemning the alleged hasty action of the deputy sheriffs in the Hazleton affair, and calling upon the government to take such steps as will bring the offenders to justice; denouncing the Cleveland administration for "hatching" the present sale of the Union Pacific railroad, and the present administration for carrying out the plan; condemning the act of the brewery workers of the American Federation of Labor in seeking by alleged unfair means to force the Knights of Labor employes of the Rochester Brewing company to withdraw in favor of the federation, and the executive board was authorized to take such steps as will bring the offenders to account for what is considered a most unfair action. If it is found necessary, the board is authorized to retaliate by declaring war against the products of all breweries where American Federation of Labor men are employed.

The co-operation board was instructed to obtain all the information possible to carry out the scheme of the Knights of Labor and to attempt to establish colonies for co-operative plants in all states where the proper advantages can be secured. The scheme, it is thought, will give employment to thousands of idle workmen.

The financial question occasioned no end of discussion and finally resulted in the adoption of resolutions denouncing strongly the present banking system as advocated by the national bankers.

## THE KETCHAM MYSTERY.

Mrs. Walkup May Have Married the Butler Instead of Ketcham.

CHICAGO, Nov. 18.—Additional mystery is thrown about the case of John B. Ketcham, with every development brought forth by the police in their efforts to ascertain the facts surrounding his death at the home of Mrs. Minnie Wallace Walkup, or Ketcham. Joseph Keller, the butler at the home of the woman who now claims to be the widow of Mr. Ketcham, disappeared Tuesday evening, after having been held for some time by Police Lieutenant Creighton, under cross examination of the most severe character, regarding the circumstances of the alleged marriage of Mrs. Walkup to Ketcham last September. The suspicion has been growing upon the police, as the result of rumors which started in Milwaukee, that Keller appeared in the role of bridegroom at the wedding and that he, and not Ketcham, stood before the minister with his face concealed under the folds of a scarf. As the result of this suspicion, he was yesterday driven away in charge of an officer. He is now held by the police, who are able to produce him at any time he may be needed. Relatives of Ketcham will contest his will, if such an instrument is in existence, on the ground that he was not only of unsound mind at the time he may have signed it, but for ten months previous. Ketcham's two brothers and two sisters will also deny that their brother was legally married to Minnie Wallace Walkup.

## KNOWS CLAYTON'S MURDERER.

A Georgia Man Who Agrees to Produce the Arkansas Man's Assassin.

LITTLE ROCK, Ark., Nov. 18.—The memory of the most famous crime ever committed in Arkansas—the assassination of John M. Clayton—has been revived by the receipt of a letter by Gov. Jones, written from Pitts, Ga., by Luther Atkins. The writer of the letter recalls the crime, inquires about rewards and states that he can locate the murderer and produce proof of guilt. The murder of John M. Clayton will be remembered by politicians and public men all over the United States. Clayton was a brother of Powell Clayton, the present United States minister to Mexico. He was the republican candidate for congress in 1889, his opponent at being Clifton R. Breckinridge, late ambassador to Russia. Breckinridge was declared elected, but Clayton immediately instituted a contest, and it was while conducting this contest that Clayton was murdered. The legislature offered a reward of \$5,000 for the conviction of the murderer and this reward is still good.

## ANOTHER CHICAGO MYSTERY.

Exemplary Young Man Disappears on the Eve of His Wedding.

CHICAGO, Nov. 18.—The police are anxiously looking for George A. Bergman, a young man who was to have been married yesterday evening, and who cannot now be found. He was to have wedded Miss Margaret Perry, of 343 East Fifty-Third street, and they were to have gone east on their wedding tour. Bergman left the Perry residence with \$700 in his pockets, intending to purchase the tickets to Washington. He never reached the railroad office, nor can anything be learned of him. He bore an excellent reputation and was devoted to his fiancée, to whom he had been engaged ever since they were children.