

THE NEBRASKA ADVERTISER

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CANNOT ROB US OF THE PAST.

Though cruel hands may strive to blight
The fruit we hoped the years would bring,
They never can destroy outright
The sweets that round the blossoms cling.

If lips shall strive by unkind words
To make our future incomplete,
They have not power to kill the birds;
That in our hearts have sung so sweet.

Though unkind feet may turn aside
Within our path sharp thorns to lay,
They lack the power from us to hide
The flowers we gathered by the way.

If faces shadowed o'er with hate
To flood our course with fear have planned,
They cannot close the happy gate
Through which we have passed hand in hand.

Though strength of foes may hope to build
High walls to part our future ways,
They cannot fence the bliss that fled
Our souls through many yesterdays.

If cruel hands attempt to blight
The fruit we hoped the years would bring,
They never can destroy outright
The sweets that round the blossoms cling.

So though they may our way pursue
And seek our highest hopes to blast,
One thing they have not power to do,
They cannot rob us of the past.

—Thomas Freeman Porter, in Boston Globe.

AT THE END OF THE LARIAT.

BY JUAN MORO.

ALL sorts and conditions of men and women came together in the cattle days. It was one of the peculiar features of the time that there never was asked the question: "Who are you?" The newcomer introduced himself, as did the miners of the mountains, in his own way, and was taken for what he was worth. His real value was usually determined at short notice by the men of the frontier, and when they had once branded a stranger he might as well acquiesce, for the word went along the line as to his standing. When he did not do so he found that there was likely to be a hint that he could not afford to neglect—and he obeyed.

When James Sorten came to the Cimarron ranch and introduced himself as the younger son of a wealthy New Englander, disinherited because of his fondness for the sports of the plains, he was believed. He looked it. His admirable form and his charming manners—as manners went in those days—won to him the men—and women—of the settlements, and made him the friend of the ranch boys wherever he met them. Some of the boys will yet remember him and the lively part he played in the drama of the latter 60's.

Rivalries that are now turned toward the management of the corporations and the manipulating of the prices of stock were then in that section devoted to the handling of herds, and the ranch that had the largest and most energetic force of cowboys was the one that had the better fortune in that line. Sorten, who soon gained the title of "Yellowback," because of his customary clothes of bright saffron, was the leader of the rustlers. He could scent a maverick farther than anyone along the trail, and woe to the herder that allowed a bunch to remain out on the prairie over night—it was likely to be missing for good.

Of course there were efforts to put a stop to the practice of running in the wanderers, for at least a reasonable time after the finding of the same. But who could prevent it? Sorten went to the trail every night to see if there were any wanderers that needed protection from the blizzards, and often returned with two or three that had strayed from some passing herd. One night he did not return as soon as usual, and when he came in it was with a white face, and agitation written upon his entire body.

"What's the matter, Jim?" asked the chief herder.

"Seen a ghost?" asked another.

"No, but I'll tell you, boys," were his words, "I've seen the fastest rider that ever was in this valley."

"Tell us about it."

"There ain't nothin' to tell. I was over in the upper ravine looking for any a-wanderin' steers that might be needin' care and had found two, when along come a stranger on horseback and ordered me to git. I don't take any man's sass, and I told him so. What did that critter do but give a whoop an' scare them steers so that they went belovin' down the ravine. I follered, of course, an' when I saw that there wasn't no chance to git them home turned around to look at the other one. He sat on his boss as quiet as you please, an' when I looked at him smiled, then with another whoop started off the steers himself, an' what do you think, in a minute he had 'em in his line an' was drivin' 'em home—which I take it is over the other side of the trail."

It appeared afterward that he had tried to overtake the stranger, but failed—hence his perturbation. The boys all laughed at him a good deal, and he fairly haunted the trail to catch another glimpse of the mysterious vis-

itor. But it was a week before he was satisfied.

A day off was given the cowboys by reason of the failure of a herd to get in from the farther range, and we all went up to the town for a time. Jim was looking for something all the time, and when as we came within a mile of the settlement he caught sight of a sorrel horse ahead of us he gave a little cry of joy and sank the spurs into the flanks of his pony viciously. We followed, and were by his side when the sorrel was overtaken. Then we noticed something that we had not been aware of before—that the rider of the sorrel was a woman.

Jim's face was a study. He was so sure of his game, and when it came as it did he wilted. But he braced up a little and began a conversation. It was the daughter of the chief herder across the river, and she was about as pretty a picture as often came to the eyes of the herders in the territory. She laughed and joked with Jim, and he deserted us to be by her side. We rode and left them together.

That was the beginning, and for about a month Jim and his girl were the talk of the country around. They were stuck on each other if any two ever were, and rode up and down the ranges like wandering twin spirits.

Once Jim was scared on the range again, and this time he swore that the visitor made him give up ten head of the finest calves that he had ever laid eyes on. But none of us saw the stranger, and the opinion of the ranch was that Jim was a little leary that night.

One day the order came to go to the southwest after a herd and drive north. It meant two months of hard riding, and how Jim did hate it!

He rode over to see his girl for good-by, and they had an affecting parting, I guess. She loved him, and wanted to marry him before he went, but Jim wouldn't have it so, though he promised that it should be done as soon as he returned.

That was the year of the cattle suffering on the plains because of the rain and sleet. The herds were unable to get from the ice the wet grass beneath and starved and froze to death on the northern plains. In the territory there was no suffering of this sort, but the cold rain made it hard for the cowboys, and they had the toughest time they had ever seen to keep warm while on the range. They rode up and down the lines wrapped in big blankets and with



DRAGGING AT THE END OF THE ROPE.

all the scarfs they could gather around their necks.

One night as the storm was worst there came along the trail a little herd—not more than 200 half starved cattle—that had evidently been herded through the summer on their way north and had not been pushed fast enough. In the camp wagon that was with them was a woman. She came to the ranch house to get some food and we kept her there all night, the cook's wife sharing a bed with her. The girl—for she was not more than a child—asked if we knew a James Morris. Of course we did not, but when the next morning she took from her neck a locket and opening it showed us the face of "Yellowback," we all looked blank enough, I tell you.

She went back to the wagon, but they did not get any farther. The man got sick somehow, and the woman went to the other ranch where she met Jeanne Arsey, the girl that had the love of Jim—or thought she had.

Well, the expected happened. She told her troubles to Jeanne and the girl knew that she had been making love to a married man. Mad? There is no word to express it. She fairly raged and rode the plains for days almost beside herself. She vowed that she would kill him and then was willing to forgive for the wife's sake. But Jim did not come then.

The wife stayed and grew sick faster than her father. At last she died and Jeanne was free. But those who knew were glad they had not the task that was before Jim when he came home.

Our boss told us one day that the herd would be in a week. The ranch was prepared for the coming, and the cowboys looked forward to the event with interest, for they would get a day off in which they could go over to the settlement.

At last the herd was within a day's drive and the whole settlement was waiting for it. The boys all knew the situation between Jim and Jeanne and wanted to see what would happen.

Jim was tired when he came into camp and did not want to talk. He ate his dinner in quiet and then said: "Let's go over to the town."

Of course we were ready and a half dozen of us went with him. On the way he asked if we had seen Jeanne. We told him nothing about the visitor of the past few weeks, and only when we got to the town did we see him look cheerful.

Jim drank harder than I had ever seen him do that afternoon, and about four o'clock was in a lively mood, ready for any sort of an escapade.

As we rode down the little street we saw coming in from the ranches a woman on horseback. All the herders fell back. They did not want to see what happened at too short range.

Jim recognized his old flame, and hurried his horse forward to meet her. But she did not hurry. Instead she was in the most exasperating state of deliberation.

"How are ye?" called Jim, so that we could all hear.

There was no answer.

"What's the matter?" he demanded.

"Don't you want to marry me?"

For an answer she gave her horse a blow with the riding whip and came up to his side. In her hand was the rawhide. She lifted it high, and before he could see what she was going to do it came down across his face again and again. He fairly howled with pain, but she rode back to her side of the street and kept up the highway.

"I'll kill her," shouted Jim, and away went his horse to the saloon where he had left his revolver.

As he stood before the bar trying to get the barkeeper to give it up she rode in front of the house.

"Jim Morris," she called, "come out here."

How white Jim turned! But he went.

"You cowardly sneak," she began. "I thought I loved you once, but now I know you. Do you remember those nights that I used to scare you away from the mavericks?"

Jim looked at her in astonishment.

Had he been outwitted by a woman? "And last month I held in my arms a woman who had this picture. Do you know it?"

She held out the miniature that was in the possession of the woman with the herd. Jim shuddered.

"Where—where did you get it?" he asked.

"From your dead wife's hands. She believed in you, and I did not tell her better. She died blessing you, and do you know where you ought to be?"

The woman's eyes fairly blazed as she sat there on her horse and faced the little company of herders and saloonists.

Jim never said a word. He quailed before the angry woman, but he was too angry himself to give up.

"You said a little while ago that you would kill me," she began once more. "Get on that horse and let's see about it."

A pony was standing near—Jim's. On its back the men placed him, wondering what would be the next move, but all hoping that the vengeance would fit the crime.

"I'll count three," said Jeanne; "then look out."

Jim was unarmed—what else could he do? He jabbed the spurs into the pony and was off like a shot. Up the long street he went, and had 300 feet the start when came "three!"

Then we knew why the sorrel had rounded up the mavericks. It ran like the wind. At the sound of the mistress' voice it was off, and the distance between the two lessened. Out on the prairie they sped. Then came the end.

When within a short distance of the fleeing man the woman drew a coiled lariat from her saddle and whirled it around her head.

Once, twice it circled and then—away in beautiful curves until it settled over the head of the coward and deceiver, Jim.

Her sorrel planted its feet in the sod; there was a jerk, and fall, and then away over the plain toward the ravine, where was the little cemetery, she went, a dark object dragging at the end of the rope. They disappeared behind the hills, and she did not come back.

Indeed, she never came to the settlement again, for she moved from the trail country a few weeks after. But the boys wished she would come, for they wanted to give her a vote of thanks.

Howsoever, they went out that evening and buried Jim—by the side of the little sad-faced woman who was his wife.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

She Didn't Want Much.

When Andrew D. White, now the United States ambassador at Berlin, was our minister to Germany, nearly 20 years ago, he received some queer letters from Americans, asking for his influence in their behalf in court circles. Perhaps the funniest of all was a very mandatory epistle from an old lady living in the west, who inclosed in her letter four pieces of white linen, each some six inches square. "We are going to give a fair in our church," she wrote, "and I am making an autograph quilt. I want you to get me the autographs of the emperor, the empress, the crown prince and Bismarck; and tell them to be very careful not to write too near the edge of the squares, as a seam has to be allowed for putting them together."—Youth's Companion.

German Daily Papers.

Eight hundred daily papers are published in Germany.

BEE A WEATHER PROPHEET.

She Has Sources of Knowledge Which Man Cannot Fathom.

The question whether various insects and animals have the powers popularly attributed to them of knowing in advance what the weather is going to be, and in particular of predicting the severity of the coming winter, has frequently been discussed. A correspondent of Cosmos, M. P. de Ridder, writes to that journal that he believes the bee to possess this power beyond doubt, and he proceeds to give his reasons for that belief. We translate his letter below. Says M. de Ridder:

"Everyone knows that at the approach of winter certain birds leave northern regions and fly southward, seeking under a warmer sky a refuge against the cold and rigors of the north.

"But everyone does not know of the admirable foresight shown by the bee about the time of the earliest cold weather. It also feels the approach of winter; nay, more, the bee seems to understand a long time in advance whether the winter is to be mild or severe. Between the migratory birds and the bee there is this difference: the former are driven away by the cold and the bad weather from the regions where they are; the latter are guided by a special instinct of foresight, an instinct which I make bold to call the bee's meteorology.

"But the bee does not know how to flee before the approach of the winter, and cannot do so; he cannot abandon the store so laboriously laid up during the fine weather; he cannot leave the hive where he has put away the necessities of life for the coming winter.

"Many times have I witnessed the vigilance and foresight of the bee. Forty years ago bee-keepers were still using the old miter-shaped straw hives with two openings or entrances. Well, I noticed that about the beginning of October the bees stopped up these two entrances with wax, so as to leave passage for only one bee at a time, thus giving a lesson to the bee keeper who had neglected to put a board over the entrances to prevent the introduction of cold air.

"Certain persons think that the bee plasters up these openings as the cold increases, but this is an error. The bee knows enough to take his precautionary measures in good time, for when the temperature of the air falls to five or six degrees (about 40 degrees Fahrenheit) he does not leave the hive, and when the temperature approaches freezing he cannot, without exposing himself to paralysis and death, separate himself from the mass of individuals, who then form a compact ball.

"There are others who believe that extraordinary precautionary measures taken by the bee are only the result of coincidence, and that chance plays the chief part in them. This hypothesis is not tenable. Besides, the bee-keepers of all countries agree in saying—and their attention may have been often called to the phenomenon—that every time that the bees have taken care to seal hermetically the entrances to the hive, so as to leave but a minute passage for air, the winter has been of extreme rigor. On the other hand, the years when the bees have done nothing to preserve themselves from the cold have been marked by relatively mild winters during which no heavy frosts have occurred.

"Here the question naturally presents itself: How can the bee foresee the weather so far in advance, when man, with all his intelligence and knowledge has not yet succeeded in doing this?"

"In truth, I find no satisfactory answer to this question.

"Must we suppose that, toward the end of the summer, a rigorous winter is heralded by drafts of air of exceptionally low temperature, that escape our perceptions and our instruments, but are perceived by the bee, for protection against the cold?"

"However it may be, before his instance of prediction, whose exactness is not open to doubt, on the testimony of a large number of bee-keepers, every observer of meteorological phenomena should stand confounded and express his admiration for the mysterious meteorology of the bee."—Literary Digest.

Discrimination in Philadelphia.

Hundreds of colored boys are employed in Philadelphia to sell hot fishcakes on the streets. The cakes, as a rule, are cooked by colored women and are as delicious as fishcakes can be. The boys carry the cakes in tin cans, to the bottom of which is affixed a heating pot. They have also a small box of fuel. They take a stand on some crowded corner and in the course of an evening sell from 50 to 200 cakes. To a sober person the charge for each cake is one cent, but if the purchaser shows signs of having indulged too freely in drinks alcoholic a demand for five cents is made and generally paid.—Philadelphia Press.

Beautiful Indian Superstitions.

Among the superstitions of the Seneca Indians was a most beautiful one. When a young maiden died they imprisoned a young bird until it first began to try its powers of song, and then, loading it with caresses and messages, they loosed its bonds over her grave, in the belief that it would not fold its wings or close its eyes until it had own to the spirit land and delivered its precious burden of affection to the loved and lost one.—Chicago Times-Herald.

ANCIENT CITY IN GEORGIA.

Traces of Civilized Life Found on Demetrius Island.

It appears that there was an ancient civilization on the coast of Georgia prior to the advent of Europeans, and the remains of an old town built by civilized people have been discovered. Gov. Atkinson has received from Charles N. West, the secretary of the Georgia Historical society at Savannah, a letter telling of a prehistoric town on Demetrius island, just below St. Catherine island, off the Georgia coast. The letter is as follows:

"Hon. William Y. Atkinson, Governor, Atlanta—My Dear Sir: A night or two ago while browsing among some books I came across a very extraordinary thing. De Brahm, who was the royal surveyor of the colony of Georgia in 1753, in his report to the board of trade and plantations, date unknown, states circumstantially that he had found on 'Demetrius island' the remains of an ancient town of great antiquity. He says that there were many ancient dwellings in ruins, and that the town had certainly been the work of civilized people. It was so old and had been depopulated so long that he could not even trace a tradition among the Indians as to the origin of the town, and he could only guess that it had been settled and destroyed some time in the seventeenth century.

"I have always found De Brahm very exact and have no doubt of the truth of his statement. But it seems perfectly obvious that any town of so ancient date in the middle of the eighteenth century no tradition even remained concerning it must have considerably antedated the sixteenth century. It will therefore be very interesting to find the old ruins, if possible, and have them classed by an antiquarian.

"But my trouble is first to identify 'Demetrius island.' By De Brahm's description it lay between St. Catherine's Island and the mainland. In fact, he says so precisely, but I do not find the name Demetrius island on any map of old or modern date.

"Will you, therefore, do me the kindness to hand this letter to any person in charge of the old maps of the state, and to ask him please to ascertain whether the name of Demetrius island can be found on any one of them in the locality specified? A very old map by De Brahm himself, of 1757, contains the name 'Demetres Bluff,' just north of Harris Neck, and I think that is the locality alluded to. But I would like to be certain.

"A day or two of vacation next winter might be pleasantly occupied in looking up this site of what will probably turn out to be the oldest town in North America. You will find no allusion to this extinct colony or settlement in any history of Georgia, nor indeed in any print whatsoever except De Brahm's report. With best regards, yours very truly,

"C. N. WEST."

The oldest map in the office of the secretary of state was drawn in 1818. It shows no Demetrius island, but Colonel's island lies between St. Catherine's island and the mainland at the mouth of Medway river.—Atlanta Journal.

FUNERAL WEDDINGS.

The Strange Custom Observed by a Tribe of Farther India.

Among the Shan Karens of farther India funerals are made the occasions of grand wedding festivals, in which all the marriageable young men and women of the village are privileged to participate. As it is not always convenient to hold these interesting ceremonies at the exact time a villager may die, it is customary to deposit the corpse in some temporary resting place till the marriage market is favorable to giving it obsequies worthy of its former estate. Consequently six months or a year may frequently pass before the memory of the dead Karen receives the honor which is its due.

When a good time comes for weddings, the remains are taken from their resting place and set upon a platform which has been prepared for them, and the eligible bachelors and marriageable young women are invited to come and compete in a marrying match. The "funeral service" is then begun with a chorus of men celebrating the beauties of Karen maidens in general. The girls respond in a drawing falsetto. The bachelors, each in his turn, begin usually, for the sake of peace, with the most muscular maiden. If one of them is rejected, he waits till his turn come again, and addresses, if he sees fit, some other girl.

The girls receive the proposals in perfect self-possession, and respond to them in phrases like those with which they have been addressed, the models of which have come down from old times. Rejections seldom occur, except when a man makes a mistake and applies to a girl who is known to be reserving herself for another. The "funeral service" goes on in this way till it is plain that no more alliances can be made, when it is closed, and the body of the deceased is buried. The matches thus made are binding, and no other way of making them is in favor.—Detroit Free Press.

An Extreme View.

"What are mock marriages, Uncle Julius?"

"Nine out of ten."—Chicago Record.

—Necessity is a good thing to make a virtue of—if you have no better material.—Chicago News.