

# THE NEBRASKA ADVERTISER

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NEMAHA, . . . . . NEBRASKA.

## THE GOOD LANDLORD.

I sing to you about a man whose memory long should last; His name was Hiram Morethangood, he lived in Nottotofast; And tho' to save his native land he never drew a sword, He was what all his tenants called a mighty fine landlord.

When'er a tenant chanced to break a pane or two of glass, He never used to storm and rave or murmur out "Alas!" But he would go and buy some more, in sunshine or in rain, Or if it was at zero, and have them set again.

No matter if in room or hall the paper should get torn, He would not, as some landlords do, complain from night till morn; And if the paint got scuffed and soiled, the first thing he would do, Was send and have the painter come and paint the house anew.

No matter if a faucet froze or if got clogged a drain, It made no difference to him; he never would complain. And if a tenant short of wood should burn the cellar stairs, He always thought it sweet delight to make such small repairs.

And if a tenant should neglect to close a swinging blind, And it should be thrown from its place by the fierce winter wind, And tumbling to the walk below some passer-by should kill, He would not say one unkind word, but go and pay the bill.

And ere the morning light broke forth he from his bed would rise, And not with thunder in his tone nor anger in his eyes, But with a rosy shade of joy upon his manly face, Would to the tenant go and give a full deed of the place.

—Thomas F. Porter, in N. Y. Sun.

**ON NUBBIN RIDGE.**  
BY GUY A. JAMIESON.

NUBBIN RIDGE lay sweltering in the hot June sun. The fields of sickly corn gasped and wilted; the patches of parched wheat and oats rattled mournfully as the hot winds swept over them. Nubbin Ridge at best made poor return for the labor put upon her barren sides; and when nature refused to be lavish in dispensing her moisture the harvest was distressingly meager.

Mrs. Louise Long sat in the doorway of her cabin and looked out along the Ridge. Everywhere the rows of yellow stunted corn or patches of dead grain met her eye and filled her heart with dismay. It seemed to her that their own little farm was the worst burned up of all. She turned to where her husband crept along the rows of cotton. As she followed his slow movements back and forth across the field a kind of resentment came into her bosom toward him.

"I don't know whatever possessed him to settle on the old clayey Ridge," she complained, giving way to her feelings. "It seems to me some men are born shifless, an' they jest rotate to shifless land—the valley would'n'a come any dearer. Little he can ever promise hisself or family; but it's jest Ridge or starve. An' there's that aggervatin' old hen an' her chickens in the garden scratchin' up the last bean. I don't know what'll become of us, an'—having once got started she was sure to drift on to her two pet causes of irritation, over which she periodically worried herself into the bed—"an' Henry spendin' every cent he can get his hands on fer tobacco, an' the children needin' bread fer their mouths and clothes fer their backs. Shifless an' dissipated; that's jest what I call it. It's downright sin, he bein' a church member, to throw his money away chewin' of the filthy weed—there's them pigs rootin' up the potatoes. It jest seems everything is agin us. The next thing it'll be a cyclone blowing our house away, or an epidemic killin' off the children; an' it might be a providence, fer if things get much worse they'd be better off—Oh, my! it seems I'll burn up, an' it's jest burn, fer the old pool water jest aggervates yer thirst. I'd almost give my soul for a drop of cold water to cool my tongue. Anybody's that lived on Nubbin Ridge in June an' can't sympathize with the rich man that lifted up his eyes ain't got a spark of Christian charity. Believe in my soul I'll melt; and she mopped her face with the under side of her apron, as she shifted her position to take advantage of the breeze that floated lazily along the Ridge, and vigorously plied her turkey-wing fan.

"I could put up with it all an' never a word, if Henry'd show any disposition to give up his extravagant and filthy habits. Goin' on ten years since we moved to the Ridge, and if he'd put half the price he's spent fer tobacco in a well we'd 'a' had water fer the Ridge. Lord o' mercy, yonder's that bull of Jackson's breakin' in the corn. I have enough to worry the soul out of Job."

She chased the bull from the fence to the strip of woods and came blowing back, peering under her hand through the glistening heat toward her husband in the field.

"Yes, a-restin' an' no doubt a-chewin' of his quid. He was born shifless an' tired."

The sun sank down through a cloudless sky behind Nubbin Ridge, and the great yellow glow that lingered in the west gave no promise of rain.

Shadows had gathered thick in the valley below Henry Long's little farm when he stopped his jaded mule at the end of the rows and began to take off the harness. He groaned as he threw his stiffened limbs across the mule and urged him across the clods toward his cabin. He could see it in faint outline against the grove of trees.

"Lu's worried herself into a fever ag'in," he thought, as his observant eye noticed that no smoke curled from the chimney, and missed the gleam of the kitchen fire through the chinks. A sigh escaped him, something hard came into his throat, and his brow became troubled. He gave the mule a dig in the ribs, then regretted it as the over-worked beast groaned. As he turned him in the little woods pasture to "rustle" a scant supper in the brush he gave him a few gentle pats in lieu of some more substantial expression of good will. The donkey burst into a tired bray, whose mournful cadence struck dire foreboding into Long's already troubled bosom.

The cows were waiting at the bars, and the children not having returned from the fields where they had gone to "chop" cotton, he thought to steal in after the milk vessels and not disturb his wife. But that individual's ear was alert, and, as she caught the sound of his footfall, the groans and muttered suffering to which she gave vent was alarming.

Long stopped, listened, hesitated, then stepped into the doorway.

"Lu, I am afraid you have had another bad evening; and there was tenderness in his voice. "Is there something I can do for you before I go to the cows?"

"Oh, me, I'll burn up! It seems I'd give my soul for a cool drink. This dry Ridge will run me distracted. I am scorched with fever, but the thought of that nasty pool water turns my stomach. I don't see why you squatted on the old Ridge, anyhow. I'd give the whole thing—cabin and all—fer a well of good water. If you'll take me where I can get all the water I can drink, I'll take in washin' an' board you an' the children; an' you can go on spendin' all you make fer tobacco. Oh, I know I'll burn up—what on top side of earth can be keepin' them kids? Pears like they know when I'm taken worse an' stay jest to worry me. Henry, do hurry and get the work done."

"Now, Lu, don't you let it fret you," said Long, conciliatingly, as if he felt guilty, and must say something to appease a just wrath; "we'll do the best we can. You'll soon feel better, now that it is growing cool. I'll have one of the boys go down to Stuart's after some water when they come. Yes, an' if you are able, we'll go over to preachin' Sunday, an' spend the afternoon with Sullivan; he has the best water in the valley, you remember."

He did not wait for the chafing reply, but hastened out in the night to the cow pen.

The following Sunday was a bright day, and the Longs drove over to the valley church. It had been noised abroad that at the conclusion of the sermon there would be a prayer offered for rain, and the house could not accommodate the large crowd that had gathered. A few came to scoff, some out of curiosity, a large number anxiously hoping that the preacher's prayer would be answered. The subject of the discourse was faith, and the preacher's forcible arguments and apt illustrations made a deep impression on the congregation. When they knelt to pray many a fervent petition rose from hopeful hearts.

The day at Sullivan's was a pleasant one. Long's dread that his wife might drift on to pool water and tobacco and spoil the visit for him abated as the afternoon wore away, and there took its place a feeling that some wonderful change had come over her. In his heart he sincerely wished that it might be lasting, but long experience taught him to take little comfort in the hope. He could attribute the spell to nothing but the sermon of the morning. This hypothesis was natural, for it had wrought wonderfully upon himself. He had taken tobacco but once during the evening, and then when walking through the fields with Sullivan. There was a strong resolve forming in his bosom. He had made up his mind to give up tobacco. He was going to ask the Lord to help him; if he only would.

In the cool of the evening the Longs drove up the clayey road that wound along the side of the Ridge toward their home. A bank of clouds that lay low in the west turned to blood and gold as they reached the summit of the hill. A hopeful sign. They rode in silence. Each seemed to feel that something had come over the other, and the result was a passing reticence. Neither cared that the other should know what was passing in their minds, yet they each had instinctively guessed it. Louise Long had determined to quit her nagging and fretting, and her husband felt it. It would be a hard trial and he would have spared her—the sacrifice should all be his. She had also a suspicion of his intentions and watched him narrowly as they drove along to see if he took his accustomed quid. It gave her a remorseful little twinge as

she thought of her browbeating, sharp words and ingratitude. She was forced to admit to herself that he was a kind, self-sacrificing husband and, although not a good manager, had done the best he could. She now repented her harshness at his show of reformation.

It was dark when the wagon rattled up to the little cabin. An occasional flash of lightning illuminated the clouds on the horizon.

"I believe we shall have rain in a day or two, Lu."

"I hope so, if it don't turn out to be a cy—" She would have said cyclone, but checked herself in a little cough. Already she was improving.

Long awoke the next morning with a throbbing pain in his head; his limbs moved heavily and a feeling of lassitude was on him. From force of habit he felt in his pocket for his tobacco. As his hand gripped it he bethought himself. He was half sorry of his resolve; it was foolish of him to have made it. He recalled the sermon of only yesterday as something far in the past that had irresistibly moved him. He regretted that he went to preaching. He continued to hold the piece of tobacco and debate the matter. There was enough to last him a day. He would use it and then quit. His strength of purpose was growing weak when Louise, rattling the pots in preparation of breakfast, began one of her old tunes she used to sing when, full of hope, they had moved to the Ridge.

"She's turning over a new leaf," thought Long; "and I must." Pantaloons in hand he stepped to the door and cast the tobacco across the garden. He saw it fall on the onion bed, noted the place, and hurriedly dressed.

The day began still and sultry, clouds still lingering in the south and west. The children were hoeing afield and Long was plowing in the cotton. His wife was missing from her usual place of espial in the doorway. After the breakfast dishes had been cleared away she picked up the hoe and began to work industriously in the garden.

"It'll be of little use," she thought, as the hoe thumped on the hard ground and rattled among the rocks; "but it strengthens folks in their resolution, to keep busy."

"Why, what's this?" she said, picking up something in the onions. "Well, if it ain't Henry's tobacco." Her suspicions were confirmed. She involuntarily glanced toward the field; she was just in time to see her husband disappear in the brush down the side of a ravine that ran across the farm. "The second time he's stopped this morning. Something must be ailing him." She stood leaning against the hoe, gazing intently at the spot where he had vanished. Five, ten, fifteen minutes passed, and her husband had not returned to the mule that stood patiently in the sun doggedly fighting the flies.

Her curiosity, not altogether un-mixed with fear, was aroused. She dropped the hoe and, still holding the tobacco, started under cover of the patch of corn for the ravine. She entered it and crept along the dry bed toward the spot where Long had disappeared. She had made only a few yards when she stopped and listened. She could hear a mumbling just ahead. She was almost sure it was Henry's voice. What could be the trouble? He must be hurt, and she could scarcely restrain an impulse to rush to his side. What she did was to crawl cautiously some yards further. Only a bush or two separated her from her husband, and she could hear him distinctly.

"Lord help me," he was saying, "give me more faith. I am so weak; I've tried so hard to quit. O Lord, give me strength for Lu's sake. It worries her so to see me throwing my money away, an' it takes from her an' the children. O Lord help me—help me!"

A deep rumbling rolled along the west; hurrying clouds passed under the sun. A silence fell for a time on the ridge; then a breeze came sweeping up the ravine that smelled of rain. Long paused only a moment to listen to the prophetic sounds, and feeling that it was a propitious time for a more comprehensive prayer, he resumed: "Yes, Lord, help, and if it be Thy will send us rain. We so badly need rain. Lord, for Lu's sake and the children, send us rain. O Lord, help me, help me give up the filthy stuff! And, Lord, if it is Thy will give us a bountiful crop; we need another mule, we need some plows, we need so many things; an', O Lord, we so much need a well. Lu's health is poor, an' she can't drink poor water. O Lord, give us a big crop, an' for Lu's sake give us a well."

Louise fell on her face and cried out: "O Lord, have mercy on me, a selfish old sinner. Help me, O Lord, to keep from worrying, an' help me be submissive."

She rose and pushed her way through the brush. Long heard his wife approaching, and, still on his knees, turned and faced her with an expression of blank amazement.

"Get up from there, Henry. I've been a-hearin' you, an' I'm a selfish old sinner, a-begrudin' you the little satisfaction ye have from your quid." She stepped nearer to him and extended the piece of tobacco. "Here's yer tobacco; I found it in the onion bed where you throwed it; if it's any comfort to you take it an' chew it, an' I'll never open my mouth in a word of complaint ag'in—ain't ye goin' to take it?"

Long had risen to his feet and stood staring at his wife and the proffered tobacco. A tear rolled slowly down his

cheek, and he raised his hand and brushed it away.

"Lu, you're too good; it's me that's the selfish old brute," he began, huskily. "God being my helper, I'll never put a chew in my mouth again until you have a home in the valley and a well of lasting water."

He took the dirty piece of tobacco and hurled it far down the ravine. Before it had reached the ground large drops of rain began to fall on the parched ground and splash on the dry leaves.

"Oh, Henry, forgive me!" cried his wife, throwing her arms about his neck. A terrific clap of thunder burst from the clouds overhead, and following it came a downpour of rain.

The tears rolling down Long's cheek mingled with the falling drops as he drew his wife into the protection of the denser brush.—N. Y. Independent.

### AN ECCENTRIC GENIUS.

Henry D. Thoreau, Who Always Sought the Unattainable.

"Cultivate poverty, sell your clothes and keep your thoughts," said Henry David Thoreau. The American author and naturalist practiced what he preached. He was one of the most unique and interesting characters of our history. A stoic holding fast to lofty ideals and aiming always to reduce life to its simplest forms. He said:

"I would not be one of those who foolishly drive a nail into mere lat and plaster."

He drove his nail on the shore of Walden pond, near Concord, where he spent two years in studious retirement. That he struck solid timber there his book, "Walden," a fresh, amusing, suggestive piece of literature, will testify.

"Thoreau," wrote Emerson, "dedicated his genius with such entire love to the fields, hill and waters of his native town that he made them known and interesting to the readers at home and over the sea."

In 1839 he made a voyage down the Concord, out of which journey grew his first book, "A Week on the Concord and Merrimac." The book was not a success from a financial point of view and the publisher requested the author to take away the unsold copies, which he did, carrying 700 home on his back and boasting that he now had a very respectable library all of his own writing.

In manner and dress Thoreau was eccentric, and is described as looking "eminently sagacious, like a sort of wild beast." He never went to church never voted, and never paid a tax. Once, when a taxgatherer called upon him, rather than pay for the support of a government which he detested, he allowed himself to be locked in jail. Emerson, calling upon him, asked: "Henry, why are you here?" "Why are you not here?" was the reply.

Thoreau was an unusual mixture of the poet, the naturalist and the moralist; he preached the most austere self-denying, stimulating truths. He was always in quest of the unattainable, "waiting," as he said in "Walden," "at evening on the billtops for the sky to fall that I might catch something, though I never caught much, and that, manna-wise, would dissolve again in the sun!"

Thoreau never married and died of a lingering malady May, 1862.—Detroit Free Press.

### A Bodice Too Much.

A funny little story is told of a certain lady who was one of a Saturday-Monday house party in a country house recently. She took her maid with her, but on the first evening of her visit the hostess sent her own attendant to help her dress for dinner.

The toilet was almost completed, when the hostess sent for the maid. The guest said she could finish dressing alone, and the maid went away. Then the guest missed the bodice of her gown. It was nowhere to be found. Evidently it had been left behind. The dinner hour arrived. She was keeping the others waiting. She is a woman of resource. On the bed lay a white crepe shawl. She picked it up, threw it about her shoulders, pinned it here and there, and sailed down to dinner in a tog-like garment—with the bodice of her dinner gown dangling behind her from the waistband hooks to which the maid had attached it.—Pearson's Weekly.

### A Trade Warning.

Butcher—"Ow is my daughter gettin' on with'er moosic, professor?"

Professor—"Well, I am only teaching her the scales at present."

Butcher (indignantly)—"Teachin' 'er the scales! I don't want 'er to know nothink about the scales! She ain't going to serve in the shop. I mean 'er to be a lady. Teach 'er the pianner, or I'll take 'er away from yer.—Scraps.

### Cant.

Cant, meaning mock humility, took its name from Rev. Andrew Cant, a minister in Aberdeenshire, who, during the time of the Covenanters, was famed for his whining and pretending fervor.—Detroit Free Press.

—Probably the oldest sailing craft in the world is the so-called Gokstad ship, a viking vessel which was discovered in a sepulchral mound on the shores of Christiania fjord. It is not less than 1,000 years old.

### MIDDLE-OF-THE-ROADERS.

The Conference at St. Louis Issues an Address of Principles—National Committee Called.

ST. LOUIS, Nov. 25.—After an all night session of the national organization committee, representing the middle-of-the-road faction of the populist party, they reconvened to-day behind closed doors. This afternoon Abe Steinberger, of Kansas, gave out the following address as having been unanimously adopted by the committee:

Recognizing the importance of active and aggressive work to the end of lining up all reform forces for future campaigns, we, the national organization committee of the people's party, hereby call a meeting of said committee at the LaCade hotel, St. Louis, for January 12, 1898.

To the end of restoring perfect harmony in the ranks of the party and effecting a more compact organization, we respectfully invite the national committee of the people's party to meet with us in conference on the above date, appealing to their patriotism and sense of duty to aid us in restoring to its once splendid estate our party organization.

Feeling it due to the members of the people's party to outline the objects of this call, we submit the following:

We recommend the holding of a national nominating convention on the first Wednesday in April, 1898.

We recommend the holding of state conventions, at which delegates to the national convention shall be chosen on the third Wednesday in March, 1898.

We recommend that the nominations of congressmen be delayed until after the holding of the national convention.

We recommend that the platform on which the contest for 1898 and 1900 be waged should embody the following propositions:

1. Absolute paper money, based upon every commodity and resource of the nation, a full legal tender and receivable for all dues to the United States.
2. Free coinage of gold and silver at the present legal ratio; the coin debts of the United States payable in either, at the option of the government.
3. All money to be issued by the government and paid out direct to the people for services rendered, or to be loaned to them at a low rate of interest on safe security, and without the intervention of private banks, provided that the volume of the currency shall not exceed \$50 per capita.
4. Government ownership and operation of railroads, telegraph and telephone lines.
5. Opposition to alien ownership of land for speculative purposes.
6. Opposition to court made law.
7. Opposition to trusts.
8. We especially recommend the initiative and referendum and the imperative mandate.

### THANKSGIVING FOOTBALL.

Kansas Easily Defeats Missouri—Nebraskans the Champions.

KANSAS CITY, Mo., Nov. 26.—The expected has happened. On a field made leathery by a drizzle that passed in the night the valiant Kansans yesterday gathered home the sturdy Tigers of Columbia. The score was 16 to 0. Not once during the 70 minutes of play did the Missourians threaten the Kansas goal. In the beginning the tide of battle set in against them, and with a mighty onward sweep the exultant Kansans pressed them down the field. The gaunt specter of defeat stalked early across the field wearing the old gold and black of Missouri. The attendance was small compared to former years, less than 3,000 persons witnessing the game.

A dispatch from Council Bluffs, Ia., says: "Nebraska, 6; Iowa, 0, and again Nebraska finishes the season unbeaten, champions of the Western Inter-College Football association. The game was much closer than many looked for, Iowa putting up a most stubborn defense. Several times the ball was secured within a few yards of Iowa's goal and forced back into safe territory."

### GREAT FINANCIAL SHOWING.

Condition of Iowa Banks the Most Satisfactory in the State's History.

DES MOINES, Ia., Nov. 26.—The most remarkable increase ever known in bank deposits is indicated by the consolidated statement of state and savings banks just issued by State Auditor McCarthy, who is at the head of the banking bureau of the state. It indicates that an increase of ten per cent. was made in deposits in the 373 banks of these classes in the three months and five days ended October 5. The last previous statement was for June 30. It showed that in the year ended on that date there had been an increase of only \$1,000,000 in the total deposits, or about 2 1/2 per cent. In the succeeding three months an increase of ten per cent. was recorded. The new statement shows a total of \$50,491,525.60 deposits, an increase of \$5,048,631.44 since June 30. That is, in three months beginning June 30 the increase of deposits was five times as large as for the 12 months ended June 30. It is the most remarkable statement ever contained in the report of the state banking department.

### DR. GUNSAULUS RESIGNS.

Noted Chicago Pastor Forced by Ill Health to Give Up His Church.

CHICAGO, Nov. 26.—Rev. Dr. Frank W. Gunsaulus has permanently resigned the pastorate of the Plymouth Congregational church. The resignation will be heard and acted upon by the congregation next Sunday morning, and the officers of the church say it will be accepted. Dr. Gunsaulus' letter is a long and touching one. It refers to the fact that it is the third letter of resignation he has sent the church within as many months and says that, though the church in its loving partiality has disregarded the first two, the third is final and irrevocable. The sole reason for this step, he says, is the condition of his health. Dr. Gunsaulus is one of the foremost preachers and lecturers of day.