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NEMAHA. - - - - NEBRASKA.

THE VILLAGE ORACLE.

"I am Sir Oracle, and when I ope my lips let no dog bark!"—Merchant of Venice. Old Dan'l Hanks he sez this town Is jest the best on earth;

He sez there hain't one, up nor down. That's got one ha'f her worth; He sez there hain't no other state That's good as ourn, nor near, And all the folks that's good or great Is settled right 'round here,

Sez I: "'D jer ever travel, Dan?" You bet I hain't," sez he "I tell you what, the place I've got Is good enough for me.

He sez the other party's fools, 'Cause they don't vote his way; He sez the "feeble-minded schools" Is where they ought to stay.

If he was law their mouths he'd shut, Or blow 'em all to smash;

He sez their platform's nothin' but A great big mess of trash. Sez I: "'D jer ever read it, Dan?"
"You bet I hain't," sez he, "And when I do, well, I tell you, I'll let you know, by gee!'

He sez that all religion's wrong Cept jest what he believes; He sez them ministers belong In jall, the same as thieves He sez they take the Blessed Word And tear it all to shreds; He sez their preachin's jest absurd,

They're simply leather-heads. Sez I: "'D jer ever hear 'em, Dan?" "You bet I hain't," sez he;
"I wouldn't go to hear 'em, no! They make me sick to see.

Some fellers reckon, more or less, Before they speak their mind, And sometimes calkerlate or guess, But them hain't Dan'l's kind. The Lord knows all things, great or small With doubt He's never vexed; He, in His wisdom, knows it all, But Dan'l Hanks comes next.

Sez I: "How do yer know you're right?" "How do I know?" sez he;
"Well, now, I vum! I know, by gum,
I'm right, because I be." -Joe Lincoln, in L. A. W. Bulletin.

By Free S. Bomley.

[Copyright, 1897.]

N ONE of the lovely valleys of San Luis, Obispo county, Cal., lies the Ranch del Santa Theresa, the home of Senor Don Alfredo Rodriguez.

In an easy chair on the veranda sat Don Alfredo himself-a dark swarthy man, whose face was almost the color of mahogany. His hair was a grizzly gray; his mustache and side whiskers were worn after the style of the old Spanish grandees, for Don Alfredo always kept in mind that he came from one of the aristocratic families of Mex-

Near him was his wife, a lady whose large black eyes, creamy complexion, and a certain dignity of carriage proclaimed her Castilian blood. Don Alfredo seemed to be watching for some one, and glanced impatiently up the valley.

"Look," said Don Alfredo, addressing the lady in Spanish, "look, and tell me if you can see our boy, Francisco; it is time that he was back from Jolon." "I see nothing, Senor," she said.

"I hear hoofs," said Don Alfredo. "Ah, here he comes right over the hill. See the rascal ride! He will break his neck or kill his horse."

Dashing down the hill at breakneck speed, a handsome, dark-skinned boy of 16, spurred his horse to a flying leap across a ditch, easily clearing it.

The parents watched him admiringly. He was their only son, and all their hopes were centered in him. A few yards from the veranda he reined back his steed. The horse braced himself, jumped stiff-legged, all four feet together, and came to an instant stop. A look of pride came over the father's face, but otherwise he made no sign.

Francisco raised his hat. "Senor," he said, "great news; I have a letter from Clarence Grey. He asks me to come to San Francisco for a long visit, and to bring my horse with me. Clarence writes," said the boy, excitedly, "that the president of the United States is soon to be there. The whole city will be trimmed with flags; there will be music and fireworks, and the launching of a great war ship; it will be a grand

fiesta for a whole week." Don Alfredo's face colored. "Go put your horse in the corral; we will talk of this afterwards," he said.

"But here is also a letter from Senor Grey to you, papa, and one from Senora Grey to you, mamma," continued the boy. He translated as he read, for his parents were deficient in English. Both notes were very cordial, seconding Clarence's invitation and assuring the parents that a hearty welcome awaited their son if he should come.

The Grey family had formerly been neighbors of the Rodriguez family, living on an adjoining ranch. But during the "great boom," four years previous, Mr. Grey had sold his ranch for a sum that made him a wealthy man, and had removed his family to San tion. "How shall we manage to make Francisco. The two families had been much more intimate than the Spanish and American families generally are. and the two boys were the best of

When the boy rode away the mother

for him," she said.

fear not."

"But the chance to see the president, the music, the grand sights; and then you?" the kind invitation of our friendssurely we must not slight them," pleaded the mother.

"Very true," replied Don Alfredo

The supper was eaten in silence. Then Don Alfredo turned to his son and said: "Now, Senor, what more?" "Clarence says," answered Francis-

co, reading from the letter, "that he is a member of a riding club, and that some of their best riders are to act as escort for the president's carriage; and if I come, I shall be sure to have an invitation to ride with them. Would not that be an honor, Senor?"

All Don Alfredo's pride was stirred at the prospect of his son's riding with the president's escort. On horseback Francisco would be the peer of any of them. "Indeed it would be an honor," he answered warmly, "and we owe it to our good friend, Sensr Grey, to accept his kind invitation. To refuse would be an insult. You must go, and you shall take 'the Rabbit' for your horse."

Francisco's eye sparkled. "The Rabbit," a spotted white and chestnut, so named for his great leaping powers, was accounted the best saddle horse in that part of the country.

"Go you, to-morrow," continued the father, "to San Luis. Have Pedro Soberanes make you the finest saddle that he can; tell him to put ten pounds of silver on it. Take that yellow wildcat skin to line the sweat cloth with; skin for starup linings. Go to the tailor's and order a new suit of clothes; and get yourself new boots and a fine ashamed of our son. And take plenty | refused to move. of money, my boy; go as a gentleman,

father. "It would be a great pleasure hers, said: "Frank, when you write to something. A wail of terror went up "Of course," said Don Alfredo, "but am to be married soon; and as they say ing carriage came a couple of mounted when once he has tasted such pleasure a piece of the bride's dress brings good park policemen, but too far away to be and excitements, will he be satisfied to luck I have made for you this cravat of any assistance. return and live on the ranch again. I from a piece of my wedding dress. It is ashes of roses-just the color for sharp "click, click, click," of hoofs that you; you'll wear it for my sake, won't hardly seemed to touch the ground,

Francisco thanked her warmly. He would gladly have risked his life for that charming girl.

After breakfast the boys went to the briefly; and the mother said nothing depot for "The Rabbit." Clarence was stinctively what he was going after, for disappointed to see a medium-sized scrubby-looking horse, blotched over with chestnut and white-the sure among the horses of Spanish Califor-

> "A regular bronco!" was Clarence's mental comment. "The Rabbit's" eyes one was brown, soft and pleasant; the left one was a light blue and whitewhat is known as a "wall eye;" and seen from that side a more vicious-looking brute than the Rabbit could hardly be found. His character was fairly indexed by his eyes, good and pleasant at times, unruly and treacherous at

Ben, Mr. Grey's negro coachman, was to lead the horse home. For a block the Rabbit walked as meekly as a lamb; then a street car attracted his attention.

There was a rearing and a plunge, and the Rabbit went flying down the street toward the depot. A sharp cry of 'Runaway! Look out!" startled the boys, and they saw the Rabbit coming back on the run, making vicious kicks at every team, his ears laid back and his teeth snapping.

Francisco ran out and called him by name. Immediately the horse stopped take the belly of the mountain lion and allowed himself to be caught. Plack Ben came running up, breathless and indignant. Again he took the halter to lead the horse away, but new hat. I would not have our friends the Rabbit braced himself stiffly and

A crowd began to gather. Clarence



THEY SAW IT FLY FROM HIS HAND.

caballero Castillano.' "

The trip to San Luis was made, and was a new riata of extra length and great strength.

brim; a blue broadcloth sack coat, with velvet collar; a crimson velvet vest, with goldstone buttons, light fitting go all right now," said Francisco. pearl colored trousers, with wide spring shirt bosom, with a necktie of green, white and red, the national colors of triumph; so slender, so small, with heels fully four inches high, sloping forward to almost the middle of his foot, A great ruby, a family heirloom, adorned his shirt bosom.

"The saints bless and preserve him," the hearts of many of San Francisco's others. young senoritas will break with love for him. Perhaps he may even shake hands with the grande presidente him-

Francisco's journey to San Francisco was uneventful. Clarence met him at the station, and Mrs. Grey welcomed him cordially. Mary, the 21-year-old cisco looked at her smiling face, flossy blond hair, big blue eyes, and becoming toilet, he thought her a very angel. He made his grandest bow, then pressed her hand to his lips. The others smiled and Mary blushed, but the evident sincerity of his admiration

pleased her greatly. After the boys had retired that night the older people held a short consultahim change that suit?" said Mrs. Grey. "The vest is bad enough, but that cravat-it is simply impossible."

"I think that I can manage the cravat," said Mary.

In the morning Mary called Francisco

and remember always that you are 'un | was greatly mortified, but Francisco ing a truckman, he politely asked the the several orders delivered. The sad- lcan of a blacksnake whip. Taking the dle and bridle came home so covered halter from Ben, he laid the whip the city people how to ride, and had with silver that even Don Alfredo was over the Rabbit's head and flanks most satisfied; and on one side, neatly coiled, unmercifully. To the surprise of the spectators, the horse made little effort to escape the blows. Finally, giving When all was ready, this was the the halter back to Ben, Francisco boy's costume: a white hat, with stiff slapped the Rabbit under the flank and spoke sharply: "Auda, pronto!" The horse immediately stepped off. "He'll

The next two days were spent in bottoms, an elaborately embroidered sight seeing, and to the Spanish lad it seemed as if all the wonders of the world were to be viewed. On Saturday Mexico. But the boots-they were the afternoon the riding club were to take a canter out to Golden Gate park.

The riders started, and the Rabbit, with the idea that it was to be a "go as you please" race, immediately started off on a keen run, and had to be held down and whipped soundly before said the proud mother, "but I think he would jog slowly along with the

The park was to the Spanish boy a veritable fairyland. Black Ben was driving Mr. Grey's team, with Mrs. Grey and Mary in the carriage. The horses were spirited, and Clarence cautioned Ben to be very careful. This admonition was not well received, but he brought the team to a walk, and the Riding club cantered off towards the sister of Clarence, also extended her music stand. Francisco turned aside hand in kindly greeting; and as Fran- | from the others, and was watching the

children in the playground. The band had just finished a selection with a grand flourish, when sharp cries startled everyone. "Look out! Runaway! Stop them!" Coming down the driveway at a furious rate was a pair of bay horses with a carriage containing two ladies. The driver's seat was empty, and the reins were dragging on the ground. The horses were dashing directly towards the space in front of the music stand, which was closely packed with carriages, all containing ladies and children. As the looked appealingly to the husband and into the parlor, and taking his hand in vain hope that he might be able to do Fliegende Blaetter.

your mother, you may tell her that I from all the spectators. Behind the fly-

But as they passed there came the and the Rabbit shot by like a flash, his ears laid back and his nose straight out in front. He was fairly flying, and his rider was driving the spurs at every jump. The horse seemed to know inthe bridle lay loose upon his neck; and Francisco was uncoiling the riata, gathering a large loop in his right sign of Arabian ancestry still seen hand. Just at that moment a little two-year-old child ran in front, and again a cry of horror was raised. Then the Rabbit showed himself worthy of his name; a pulling lift on the bridle were his greatest peculiarity; the right from his rider, and he went flying over the child's head.

The carriage and its occupants were new frightfully near the crowded thoroughfare. But Francisco was almost up to them, and around his head, swinging in a wide circle, was the loop of the rinta. As the people looked, they saw it fly into the air and settle down over the heads of the runaway horses.

The change in the Rabbit was wonderful. When the riata shot out his head came up, his ears were erect, and his eyes fairly flashed. The instant the riata landed Francisco caught two or three turns around the horn of the saddle, while his horse jumped stiff-legged sideways, and braced himself for the

The noose tightened instantly on the necks of the runaways, brought their heads together, and checked, but by no means stopped them. The rawhide rope spun smoking around the horn of the saddle, and nothing but the skill of Francisco in letting the slack run prevented him and his horse from being overturned.

The Rabbit, still braced stiffly, was plowing the ground with all his hoofs. The riata ran out and the loose end went flying. Again the Rabbit darted ahead, Francisco, bending down, caught both the reins of the runaway team and the riata; in an instant they were over the saddle horn, and the little mustang was again braced and his hoofs plowing. The jerk threw the carriage horses down; they were up at once and plunging wildly, but not before the Spanish boy had leaped from his horse and grasped each by the bridle—the Rabbit meanwhile tugging bravely in the opposite direction.

All this occurred in a few seconds. Strong hands grasped the refractory steeds and subdued them. Francisco, breathless, dusty and bruised-for he had not entirely escaped the striking hoofs-was the hero of the hour. The Rabbit, too, came in for his full share of admiration, as he stood there with panting nostrils, heaving sides and be one to every 1,562,500 trips. This bleeding flanks.

That evening there was a grateful group around the fireside at Mr. Grey's house; thankful to a kind Providence that a strong arm and cool head, joined with trained skill, had prevented a terrible disaster. Francisco affected to treat the matter lightly. "My friends," he said, "there was nothing else to do. Mary's cravat has brought me good luck. I will never part with it."

At the Rancho del Santa Theresa, three weeks later, there was great excitement. The young "patron" had returned from the great city. Not only took it as a matter of course. Accost- had he seen the president of the United States, but he had actually shaken hands with him! And he had shown saved the lives of his friends. Don Alfredo's pride knew no bounds,

"Call all my people; they must know what my son has done," he said.

So all the vaqueros and herders were called to the house, and a keg of wine was set out for them. With many "vivas," "saludes," and "gloriosos," they drank health and prosperity to "El Senor Francisco," and long life to his wonderful horse, the Rabbit,

How He Got Off.

Magistrate (to prisoner, who is before him for begging)-What makes you beg?

Prisoner (whining)—Because I can't get any work, your honor. "Would you do work if you could get any?"

"Gladly, your honor." "What work?"

"Anything, your honor."

"I have a heap of weeds I want taken out of my ground. Would you do that?"

"Yes, your honor, only too glad of the "You are discharged."

"Did you say I was discharged, your honor?" "Yes, you are discharged."

"Then weed your blooming garden yourself."--Spare Moments.

So Different.

Sarianne-Reginald, how that bear in the museum hugs that post. I like him, Reggy. Reginald (suspiciously)-You do?

(Fondly)-Yes, Reggy, he reminds me so much of you.

Of me? (Coldly)-Yes; he's so different,-Detroit Free Press.

-Cheering .- Tourist (after spending two days in a mountain hotel)-"Be team passed the Riding club, Clarence sure to have my bill ready to-morrow eried out in anguish: "Oh! boys, it's at seven." Host-"Without fail, and if our team!" and he started after in a I have to sit up all night over it."-

BICYCLE ACCIDENTS.

How Far Has the Wheel Made Life More Dangerous?

The bicycle has increased both the health and the hazards, the perils and the pleasures of life; but in exactly which proportion no one knows, and in the nature of things it is extremely difficult to determine how far the bicycle has made life more dangerous.

Accident Assurance, a Boston paper, has collected from the newspapers the bicycle accidents in the United States in August. They numbered 1,450, and the journal which collected them reaches the conclusion that they are about 15 per cent. of the whole number. This is, of course, not much better than a mere guess, though the paper from which we are quoting claims to have reached this conclusion "after careful investigation." These August accidents consist of 46 deaths, 244 fractures, 224 cuts and lacerations, 420 contusions and bruises, 44 dislocations, 89 sprains and 297 injuries to the head.

For an innocent recreation in a single month this will strike most people as a pretty fair list of casualties. Besides the 46 persons reported instantly killed in August there were 48 persons reported as likely to die. Assuming onehalf of them as terminating fatally, and there would be 70 deaths from bicycles in August. August is a favorite month for riding. Fairmount park had, for instance, 219,364 riders in August, against 163,675 in September. Accident Assurance concludes that the average number of deaths for the month is 65, of 780 a year. Nearly all the deaths from accidents probably get in the newspapers, so that one may fairly say that the fatal bicycle accidents in this country are from 700 to 800, and nearer 800 than 700. It would surprise no one who knows how much the newspapers do not get to learn that the fatalities reached 1,000.

Taking even 800, this compares with 181 passengers killed in 1896 (year ending June 30), 1,900 railroad employes an 4,406 persons run over by trains. These things are, however, relative. About 5,000,000 bicycles are believed to be in use. If there are 800 deaths, and this means a pretty fair proportion. there is one death annually for 6,250 bicycles. Among trainmen there was in 1896 one death for every 152 employed. This indicates that it is 41 times as dangerous to be a brakeman as to ride a bicycle. No one can certainly object to a risk as small as this. Noone looks on a brakeman as foolhardy, and his risk of getting killed is fortyfold that of a bicycle owner's. Out of the passengers carried one out of 2,827,-474 was killed. These are not separate passengers as individuals, but as trips. Giving each bicycle owner in 5,000,000 five trips a week of all sorts, long and short, and with 800 deaths there would would make the bicycle just about twice as dangerous, trip for trip-not mile for mile, a very different matter-as railroad riding.

All this is mere approximation, but as far as the death risk goes one may safely say that the bicycle rider has a very much less risk of a fatal accident than a trainman, and that his risk is a good deal greater, say, twice as great, as a railroad passenger's. So far there is some basis for calculation-no very good basis, but better than nothing. When it comes to mere accidents Accident Assurance is at sea. It assumes that only one-sixth to one-seventh, or 15 per cent, of the accidents are reported, and, taking the reported non-fatal accidents only 1,404 for a single month. it concludes that the entire number is about 9,000 per month, or 108,000 a year.

No great trust can be put in a calculation of this sort. If there are about 100,000 bicycle accidents in a year then about one bicycle owner in 50 is injured in each year. Among the trainmen one in ten is injured, so that while the bicycle owner's chance of being killed is 40 times less than a trainman's his chance of being hurt is only onefifth as great. Again, assuming that bicycles are ridden on the average five times a week, about one bicycle passenger or tripper, so to speak, is hurt out of every 115,000, while among passengers one out of 178,132 is injured, so that the chances of injury on the bicycle to the chances on a railroad train are about as three to two.

The sound conclusion, therefore, is that while bicycle riding is on the whole less safe than riding on a railroad, it has far less hazards than work on railroads. Hazards and perils bicycle riding unquestionably has. This is one of the very best things about it. Our civilization would be but a poor, weak and spiritless thing if 5,000,000 bicycle owners were not glad to face some risk for an invigorating sport .-- Philadelphia Press.

A Deeper Depth.

"We have lost all," mountd the bankrupt husband.

"Never mind, dear," replied his wife. 'It might be much worse." "How could it be worse?"

"We might be heirs to some of those mmense English estates we read about in the newspapers."-Detroit Free Press.

No Doubt in Her Case.

She-You say you are sure that you love me, but how do you know you are

He-Wasn't your father elected president of the bank, yesterday?-Cleveland Leader.