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Marini Ma REBELLION OF LUCINDA BOWERS.

BY JOHN WALKER HARRINGTON.

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UCINDA BOWERS looked at the little invitation card, and rebellion arose in her heart.

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"I don't care," she said, "I'm going." All the Ohio village of Valley City knew that afternoon that Lucinda Bowers was buying a new dress. Margaret Elton had seen her purchasing the organdie at Dorchester's that morning. Ben Sturgis met Ruth Ames, on his way home to dinner, and told her just what kind of paper pattern he had sold to Lucinda.

Mrs. Benson, who had issued cards for a lawn party on the following Thursday, could hardly have been expected to know who composed "society" in Valley City, and who was beyond the pale-though several well disposed persons, when they heard that old Sam Bowers' daughter had been invited, would have put in a word in the right direction had the list been submitted to them.

"Mrs. Benson means well," remarked Widow Simpkins, "but she judges more by a pretty face and a lively tongue than by 'family.' "

"I should be very grateful," said Young Mrs. Benson to Lucinda, "if you would help me with the ice cream and cake at the party next week."

Wherever Lucinda went, it was expected that she should look after the comestibles which Vafley City called "refreshments." She dispensed the "layer" cake at the strawberry and ice cream sociable; she filled the candy bags at Christmas time; and attended to the commissary arrangements at the annual Sunday school picnics. Indeed, Lucinda Bowers had been a burden bearer from her childhood. She paid the rent and clothed her brothers and sisters from the wages which she earned as a school teacher. She led the Christian Endeavor meetings when nobody else would do so. She fanned the faint spark which still remained in the Women's Missionary society, and kept the sewing circle from disintegration.

It seemed as though Lucinda Bowers had always been old. As a matter of fact, she was hardly 25. She might have been pretty if she had given more time to sleep and less to care and worry.

While the whole town was busy discussing the addition to Lucinda's wardrobe, the young woman was busy at work upon her first new dress in two years. The organdie was slipped over an old skirt of blue silk which had belonged to her grandmother. A few bits of lace, a few lines of tucks, a girdle of blue silk ribbon, and the dress was

"I suppose," remarked Lucinda on the evening of the party, as she looked at herself critically in the cracked mirror of the old walnut bureau, "that it's wicked for me to spend this money on dress when Johnny may need a new pair of shoes before long. I wish I wasn't so rebellious, but I can't help

The Benson lawn party is still famous in the social history of Valley City. The ambitious young matron who gave the entertainment was not content with the grass plot which surrounded her own pink cottage. She took the lawn belonging to her neighbor as well. Showers of wild flowers hung from the old cherry tree in the center of the lawn, Chinese lanterns shone from the fir tree, and a genuine "Rebecca's Well" gave forth the most wonderful lemonade-lemonade fortified with the flavor of pineapples and oranges.

"Yes," said Mrs. Benson in reply to the gentle inquiry of Widow Simpkins, "I got the receipt at my home in the east. It is very popular there."

She did not think it necessary to say that this marvelous sherbet was compounded by Lucinda Bowers. Neither did she consider it of any use to tell her guests that the arrangement of tables under the old cherry tree was suggested by the young woman in the blue organdie.

The fame of those "refreshments," which were served on the night on which Mrs. James Jerome Benson sprang into social prominence, still lives The "angel food," a species of sponge cake, was really the best which had ever been served in Valley City. Even to the present day the matrons of that town are wont to say: "I'd like to entertain, too, if I could make such 'angel food' as Mrs. Benson had at her lawn party." Mrs. Benson has never explained that Lucinda made the amprosial confection which was served at her tables or that memorable night.

of the chaos of ice cream freezers and cake stands, was arrayed in blue organdle. Lucinda Bowers, principally it was then that I acquired my taste because she was not aware of the fact, for archaeology." was positively pretty that night. Her cheeks were flushed, her eye sparkling. found a sheep's skull and a mussel shell. that, when mortar dries quickly, it be- suckles. Freight boats and small pleas-She directed the band of white clad I am sure that you owe your career to comes crumbly and possesses little ure steamers, in sparse numbers, ply young girls who carried about the ice me."

cream laden saucers and handed the tiny coffee cups to the guests.

The attention of those who were there on that evening was divided between the "angel food" and a literary lion from New York. He had not been much of a lion when he went away from Valley City many years before. Widow Simpkins remembered him as a red-headed, bare-footed boy, who trudged over the hills with his bucket of blackberries to sell. Since those days, however, William Dorrance had traded bags of wool and sides of bacon for a college education. Subsequently he had wandered to strange lands, and in one of his pilgrimages had unearthed a long buried city.

It was not the city which was of so much importance, but a pavement, in wonderful state of preservation, which showed that civilization was at least 2,000 years older than any previous history revealed. So William Dorrance, returning from the dusty plains of the remote east, had written a book which caused all previous chronologists to hang their heads. Valley City cared little for antiquity, but here was a man who had not only written a book, but was talked about in the daily papers as a great assyriologist and explorer.

William Dorrance seemed to have no very definite idea why he had come back to the little village. He had made himself believe that he wished to photograph some of the old places which he had known in his boyhood. He had gone with his camera to the old mill, to the little house where he was born, and to the cabin on the outskirts of the village which marks the spot where the first white man made his home in Bottle county. Yet William Dorrance was not satisfied. It seemed to him that he had missed something which he had unconsciously come to seek.

"Mrs. Benson," he asked, "who is that young woman over there, in the blue gown?"

"You seem to have been exploring among the 'layer' cakes," replied Mrs. Benson. "That is Miss Bowers, a young lady who has kindly consented to assist me this evening. By the way, professor, have you met the Misses Fletcher? They're charming girls."

"And the girls in blue?" persisted the explorer.

Nobody knew exactly what happened, but a few minutes later another young woman was dispensing "angel food" and others directed the ice cream lingade.

"Well, I never!" ejaculated Widow Simpkins.

"How little taste," remarked Mar-

"I have often thought so," said the

Valley City was busy talking the next day. Then the young women began to Interesting Little City Made Faact. They liked each other none too well, but all combined against a common foe. Here was one, not even recognized in the social register of the little town, who had presumed to attract the attention of a distinguished ex-

This coalition of social powers at once began an active campaign. There were drives to the Rock house, and Lucinda was carefully excluded from the list of guests. Prof. Dorrance, as the drives were arranged especially for his benefit, could not very well refuse the invitations. There was a dance at Dr. Hyde's, and the name of Lucinda Bowers appeared on no dancing card. The prowas a remote relative of his by mar- humor seizes you. I distinctly rememriage, insisted that he must attend.

"I rather think," said Margaret Elton to her mother one morning, "that the professor has forgotten all about our young friend of her grandmother's

skirt. But the young women of Valley City who composed what was known as the 'set" received invitations that afternoon which caused them to open their eyes in astonishment. Miss Lucinda Bowers was to give an afternoon tea. If the brass ball had suddenly fallen from the cupola of the courthouse, Valley City would not have been more astonished.

"I didn't suppose," said Widow Simpkins' daughter, "that the girl had three silver teaspoons in the house." The young women of the "set" took

counsel together over the matter, and decided to go to the tea. Of course none of them had ever invited Lucinda to a tea; but feminine curiosity is mighty, even in Valley City.

That Friday afternoon found 15 modishly dressed young women in the little house in which dwelt Mrs. Bowers and her five children. There was no silver teapot, and the silver spoons were worn yellow in places; but the napkin on the little tea table was of snowy whiteness, the tea gave forth a grateful fragrance, and the "angel food" was of marvellous flakiness.

"I'm so glad," said Lucinda, as she toyed nervously with the edge of hemstitched napkin, "that you have all come to-day. I have known you girls since we were children. I have something to tell which I want you to know first of all. I am to be married next month to Prof. Dorrance."

The young women crowded about her



"AND THE GIRL IN BLUE?" ASKED THE EXPLORER.

garet Elton, "these men of science and congratulated her, loudness of tone have. Still, that blue organdie isn't so making up for lack of sincerity. bad considering the fact that it's year one."

rance. For the first time in her busy, can't help it." work-a-day life, she had what the villake young people called a "beau." The woman and the man who walked along the low hedge before the Mrs. Bowers' yard did not talk of "angel food," nor yet of buried cities. They spoke of a place way over beyond Kinney's hill, where the blackberries grew and the papaws flourished. They talked, too, of the days when the hand of the frost king was laid upon the persimmon, and a crystal sheen glistened upon corn and pumpkin-of the days when they trudged over the field with sacks of unhulled walnuts, speculating, as they walked, upon the length of time which would be required to rid their small

fingers of the unsightly stains. "Do you remember," asked the girl, 'how you used to hunt arrow heads along the creek?"

"Yes," he replied, "and I remember The divinity who brought order out that it was at your suggestion that I started to explore an Indian mound. I was just ten years old. I believe that

"I think," replied the girl, "that we

"I suppose," said Lucinda to her slipped over a blue skirt of about the mother, after the guests had departed, "that it wasn't Christian for me to ex-Lucinda Bowers went home that ult over them that way; but somehow night escorted by Prof. William Dor- when things go so far I rebel, and I

Already Rewarded.

The last joke at the expense of the French Society for the Protection of Animals is to the following effect:

A countryman armed with an immense club, presented himself to the president of the society and claimed the first prize. He was asked to describe the act of humanity on which he founded his claim.

"I have saved the life of a wolf," replied the countryman. "I might easily have killed him with this bludgeon," and he swung his weapon in the air, to the intense discomfort of the president. "But where was the wolf?" inquired

the latter. "What had he done to you?" "He had just devoured my wife," was

the reply. The president reflected an instant and then said:

"My friend, I am of the opinion that you have been sufficiently rewarded." -Pittsburgh Dispatch.

Effect of Rain on Buildings. Builders say that the walls built durbinding power.

mous by a Legend.

Once It Was a Great Place, But Its Present Importance Rests on the Doings of Its Pied Piper.

[Special Berlin (Germany) Letter.] One of the chief charms of traveling in Germany, I take it, is this coming unawares across all sorts of out-of-theway, quaint little towns and beautiful landscapes; places where one may make discoveries and see hidden sights hardly anybody seems to have had an idea of. Provided, always, you do not tie yourself to a cast-iron route, but fessor was there, for Mrs. Benson, who | meander out of the way whenever the



RAT CATCHER'S HOUSE AT HAME-

ber with what horror a veteran traveler, a man who knew the length and breadth of Teutonland as he did the Inside of his pocket, regarded me on a small Moselle steamer, as in rummaging my knapsack I inadvertently let drop one of those red-backed "guides." He stared at me for a moment with an odd mixture of disdain and apprehension, and then he said: "Surely, I hope you do not travel by one of those books -Baedeker or Murray-do you? For they're an invention of the devil, gotten up to destroy what little pleasure and benefit is left to-day in traveling. hastened to assure him that I did not "travel by" my book; had it only with me as an aid to menfory, in fact. He gave a sigh of relief, but I noticed afterwards that he no longer implicitly trusted me as an intelligent traveling companion-he half looked upon me as a victim to the scarlet-backed vade mecum. Alas, the man is right. These traveling guides, even the best of them. have knocked the poetry and romance of traveling-about 50 per cent, of which is uncertainty-into a cocked

Well, it was by dint of one of those fits of sudden resolve that I got out of a fast train which was speeding between Hildesheim and Paderborn on its way to Cologne, and made a trip to Hameln. Who knows it not by repute, that legend-saturated, quaint old town by the Weser! Every schoolboy in an American school, forsooth, knows it by rote, that queerly-savored poem of Browning's,"The Pied Piper of Hamelin Town," with its rodent rhythm and sibilant rhymes. But how many have ever seen the Hameln (for that is the way the name of the town is spelled today) of 1897? For it lies off from the tourist's broad highway, and nothing almost but old associations may bring the wayfarer to its gates now. It is



PILLAR HOUSE AT HAMELN.

one of the many towns in northwestern Germany which have sunk from their once high estate, from their wealth and civic independence, and deteriorated into places of third-rate importance. Yet to the lover of the quaint and romantic and ancient there clings an indescribable charm to this old town even to-day, and from the mere point of sight-seeing there is much there to interest.

The broad Weser river rolls its swift, greenish waters along. Steep, verdure-clad hills rise along its shores, and the darkling mountain into whose clefts the vengeful "rat-catcher" is said to have taken the little ones by the sound of his ravishing pipe, is still there unchanged. A fine suspension bridge spans the river, and on the other side burghers have built their pretty coting a rainy season are the strongest and tages, all nestling in roses and honeythe waters, and a few sputtering chim- over 3,000 years old.

IN OLD HAMELIN TOWN, news show the sites of as many fac-

The town, then, is not dead. By no means. There is electric light by night in the streets and in the windows, and its single hotel even boasts an electric plant of its own. But you go into the center of Hameln and you find yourself suddenly in the days of medievalism. What's more, the inhabitants here still swear by the old "rat-catcher" legend. The lads and lasses hear of it in school and they, too, firmly believe it. The narrow, dark streets of tall, crooked houses are redolent with it.

And here, right in the middle of it all, a stone's throw from the ancient market square, with its rough cobble stones and its dingy, recking alleys of approach, is the "Rat-Catcher's House" -the Rattenfaengerhaus-or, as its proper title is to-day, the "Hochzeitshaus," or Wedding house, the old city hal, of Hameln, where, many centuries ago, the Pied Piper is said to have struck a bargain with the grave and reverend seigniors who then represented the city's government, by which they bound themselves to pay a goodly price in exchange for his clearing the streets and houses of that nibbling pest, the rats, and which bargain they subsequently repudiated-so much the worse for them. This edifice of historic, or legendary, interest is, besides, one of the choicest and most perfect specimens of German renaissance. The building material is a soft sandstone, and it lent itself admirably to those pretty sculptured effects the Germans of the middle ages were so fond of reproducing on the fronts of their buildings. The outlines are a little worn now and become indistinct in spots, but that rather heightens than detracts from the total effect. A big wine dealer occupies the lower part of this house now, and upstairs, in the large wide hall all the weddings and merrymakings of the town are celebrated to

Even while I gazed there was the sound of revelry by night-not a spook, mind you, though the silver light of the moon lent it all a fairy, airy air, but real flutes and fiddles, played by fleshand-blood musicians-and the sound of dancing and of clapping of hands stole through the open windows. So, you



HAMELN CATHEDRAL.

see, Hameln folks are happy once more, and lively, and they have minded the concluding lines of Browning's poem: "So, Willy, let you and me be wipers Of scores out with all men-especially

whether they pipe us free, from rats or from mice, we've promised them aught, let us keep our promise."

But beside this famous old house there are a score or two of other very beautiful old houses and palaces in the town, fronts still thick with carved escutcheons of noble and mighty families; extinct, lo! these 200 or 300 years; mottoes in stone tracing and heavily gilt over running the length of a whole floor; curious figures and faces in dingy wrought iron, and coats-of-arms blazon forth on worm-eaten oaken panelings. There's a wealth of motif and designs for the painter and the sculptor and the artisan to be had here, and the spirit of long ago still stalks about unmolested. One of the most original and interesting of these old houses is the Pillar house, so called because of its stone pillars, the first ones used for the support of the upper structure of any house in this part of Germany, and I daresay the wonder of many days in Hameln town 500 years igo.

Another very fine old structure is the Dom, or cathedral, one of the oldest, if not the oldest there, for it is purely Romanesque in style and at least 750 years old. Jews, too, there are many in this ancient place, their names purely old testamentary as are their shrewd features, some of whom are said to be the offspring of men who were here before the crusades. And one of them, a rich banker, lives and does business in a large palace which looks as old as the flood.

It impressed me strangely to see, in the midst of all those evidences of a moldy past the signs of the most modern of modern civilization-incandescent and are lights, and Prussian infantry with the gun of newest type stalking the streets. And when my hotel bill was presented to me next morning at breakfast, the last remaining doubts as to the chances of Hameln Town to adapt itself to our times vanishedthat bill was thoroughly modern.

-Glass was early known. Glass beads were found on the bodies of mummies

WOLF VON SCHIERBRAND