THE NEBRASKA ADVERTISER

W. W. SANDERS, Publisher.

NEMAHA. - - - - NEBRASKA.

MAIDEN FAIR.

Maiden fair, maiden fair, light of heart and free from care, With thy laugh of liquid music and thy

manner debonnair. Standing now at sweet fifteen on the great

divide between The maturer years of womanhood and girlhood that has been,

Thou art sweet and winsome quite, with thy soulful eyes alight, reflections of a glory that is hidden

yet from sight;

With thy tresses of spun gold, lissome form of perfect mold, And a thousand beauties ripening as thy

many charms unfold. as yet uncarved, unwrought, by the

graver, deeper thought, Every fancy like a love-bird yet untram-

meled and uncaught, With thy frank and open smile, free as yet

from craft or gulle, And the childish gift of innocence thy portion yet awhile.

the days are drawing nigh when deep love thy heart shall try,

And the arrow shall bring pain which from young Cupid's bow shall fly:

Yet this bitter-sweet alloy shall be nothing to the joy And the measure of the pleasure that shall

soul and spirit cloy. Then thy heart shall find its throne never

more to reign alone, to find unmeasured harvests in the

happiness well sown, Destined to a noble life, not made free from

toil and strife, But the maker of true manhood as a mother and a wife.

And all Heaven's ceaseless song, thy life anthem clear and strong, the music of the future in its perfect-

ness prolong; Blossom born from earth's dull sod, 'neath

the rain or 'neath the rod, Thou shalt bloom to deathless beauty in the garden of thy God.

I. EDGAR JONES.

BY A. W. WHITEFORD.

THE REAL PROPERTY AND THE PROPERTY AND T

XI ELL, Willie, there is a chance for you to take a ride this and your mother has nothing special for backed up and coupled on. you to do. The bridge inspectors' special is due at noon, and we are to take them as far as Greenfield and return. We will leave here at one o'clock, and get back in time for a late supper, so, if you want to go, you know what to

The speaker was George Turner, an Beardstown.

He was a general favorite with all, owing not only to his continual good nature, but he also commanded a certain amount of respect from the fact. admitted by all, that he was the "best posted" man on machinery in the long list of engineers.

Although not the oldest man on the list, his superior ability was always given the preference, and whenever a special was to be run over the division.

The Willie he addressed was his sona bright little fellow 14 years of age, whose greatest ambition was to become an engineer like his father, and whose sion to ring the bell or blow the whistle, as his father directed.

well versed in railroad terms and rules, work. She "steamed" as though it and could answer nearly every question in the long list of instructions with which every fireman must be perfectly also demonstrated her ability to run; familiar before he has any chance of advancement. He knew all the signals, where the last stop was to be made, could name all the registering points on the division, and could tell the difference between "straight" and "time" hollow, as many others do, took its orders, with the ease of an old and experienced engineer.

finished speaking, Willie's unfinished chores were all completed and his mother's consent obtained, and when, after dinner, his father picked up his lunch bucket and started for the roundhouse, ride." he was accompanied by the happiest boy in Beardstown.

On arriving at the roundhouse, Willie was as much interested as his father when the roundhouse foreman informed them that it would be impossible to take out his regular engine, owing to the fact that No. 48, the noon passenger, had come in with a "cripple,"

place, and he would have to take 372. The 372 was a new engine, but a short time out of the shop, and was not yet well broken in.

and his engine had been sent out in her

She was built on the modern mogul, then on the other. or Class H, style, with three drivers on each side, and was intended for heavy their speed can only be described as work. The difference between this style of an engine and the Class A and B, with his hand on the throttle, ready our common engines, is simply in their for any emergency; the fireman stood size and general dimensions-the cir- in the gangway, directly behind him, cumference of their boilers, the amount one arm resting on the rear end of the he had to lie down and hold on to the of heating surface and the number of pounds of steam they carry.

tracks having a standard width, the window.

through the cab, with the boiler head close up to the tender, and leaving only a small passageway on each side.

In one of these-the right one-seat-'cooped up," the engineer must ride and handle the engine; and though the seldom has an opportunity to use it, for these engines, pulling heavy trains, use so much coal and water that he is working the injector, or doing some one | iron. of the countless things always necessary to "make her steam well."

Thus, you see, it is almost impossible for the engineer and fireman to see one another, let alone talk to one another, for the engineer would be compelled to allowed it to swing up against the footturn around to do so, and thus take his eye off the track before him.

But "fast time" is the only watchword known to railroad companies, especially in their passenger service, and everything else must be sacrificed to tween the side of the cab and the boiler. make it, and no engineer enjoys anything so much as a new engine to run and a chance to break some other man's record. So the delight was not all Willie's, as he and his father, after signing the register in the office, climbed up into the cab of 372, to make the necessary preparations for the run.

They found Sam Ruskin, the fireman, there before them, and in another moment the "hostler" appeared, and they were soon out upon the side track, waiting for the special to arrive.

Turner smiled complacently to himself as he watched Willie moving around with an air of settled proprietorship.

He examined the valve gear, filled the small oiler, placed the tallow pot where it would keep warm, tried the air whistle on top of the cab, and, when he begged to be allowed to "oil round," his father gave his consent, admonishing him to be careful and not miss any holes, remarking to himself, as Willie picked up the long oiler:

"That boy'll make a good engineer

some day." He kept his eye on him, however, to be sure that everything was all right, for, though he was very proud of his boy, he did not forget that he was responsible for the engine and would have to answer for any neglect of duty.

He had scarcely pronounced everything O. K., as Willie finished oiling, when the sound of a whistle in the distance announced the coming of the special; and in what seemed a very short time the special was in, the engine cut afternoon, if your chores are all done off and in on the side track, and 372

After trying the air brakes, reading over the orders and comparing watches with the conductor, and receiving a "high ball," Turner gave the bellrope a jerk, threw forward the lever, pulled open the throttle, gave the sand lever a shake or two and they were off.

Nothing unusual occurred for the engineer on the St. Louis division of first few hours. Turner sat or half re-"the Burlington," with headquarters at clined leaning from the window; the fireman stood in the gangway or exchanged an occasional word with Willie between fires, as he sat on the seat opposite from his father, his eyes first resting on the rapidly moving scenery, then in and around the engine, as if to make sure that everything was as it should be.

When a bridge was reached a stop was made. The inspectors alighted with their instruments, and, after the necessary amount of tapping, measurhe was always reserved for it if possible. ing, recording and the like had been gone through with, they boarded the train, and away they went till the next bridge was reached.

It was just four o'clock when they greatest happiness was to be allowed to left Whitehall, with but one more stop ride upon the seat box, with permis- to make before they reached the turning point.

Everything was in good running or-Although still but a schoolboy, he was | der. The 372 was more than doing her were a delight to her; she "picked up" her train right at the start, and she had so, as they neared Apple Creek Hollow, Turner decided to "let her out" a little, just to see how she could run. This name from the creek that ran through the bottom, and it was six miles over It is therefore almost unnecessary to all; that is, it was a three-mile drop to state that very soon after his father the lowest point, then a three-mile raise back to the level, and as there were several sharp curves before the bottom was reached, it was possible to get what railroad men generally call, "a wicked

As they were to stop at the bottom, he fireman put in a light fire and turned on the injector. Willie leaned from the by some means or other sound the window in joyous expectancy, for the spot was familiar to him and he knew what was coming, while his father stood up, pulled his cap down a little | the strip with one hand, and then, bractighter, took a firmer grip on the throt-

tle and "let her go." Faster and faster they went. The fences appeared to be one continuous line of rails; the telegraph poles fairly flashed by, and the engine rocked until t seemed to be riding first on one side,

When the half-way point was reached, something terrific. Turner still stood cab and holding on to the handle of the edge to keep from slipping off. tank valve with the other, while Willie

difference is made in the length of the | Just as they were rounding the last | catching it as he rolled.

boiler, it extending back entirely curve, before entering on the straight stretch that led to the bottom, there stay where he was meant death, anywas a sudden jar; the engine appeared for an instant to be lifted in the air, there was a grinding roar, another let go his hold, and threw himself fored on a very small swing seat, literally lurch, as though the engine were top- ward with all the power at his compling over, then a mighty crash, as something broke into the cab from the left one is intended for the fireman, he bottom, on the right side, a succession of blows, as from an immense sledge, seemed to be pounding the cab to pieces, and it finally settled down on the right kept busy breaking and shoveling coal, side, a shapeless mass of wood and

Willie had turned at the first lurch, and realized in a moment what had occurred. The rear end of the right side rod had broken loose from the crankpin, and every revolution of the wheels had board on which the cab rested, until it had broken it to pieces, and allowed the cab to fall on one side, burying his father and the fireman beneath it, and was now holding him a prisoner be-

As the pounding had now ceased, he rightly judged that the rod had torn loose on the other end, and the momentum had thrown it free of the en-

Turning as best he could in his else which gave his heart a sudden leap, for he realized that, dangerous as was his position before, it was now doubly so, for what he saw was a man coming

toward him, waving a red flag. Some freight train had broken in two, or was in trouble of some sort, just ahead of them, and unless they were stopped, they would run into them, and the result would be a terrible collision, and perhaps death to everyone on board.

What could he do? For something must be done, and done quickly, for all this had taken place in far less time than it takes to tell it.

There he was, held in a little two-foot space, between the side of the cab and



WILLIE DREW HIMSELF UP TO THE ROOF.

the boiler, not knowing but what his father and the fireman were already crushed to death beside.

No way of stopping, no way of warning the people on the train behind him, and running down a red flag at the rate of a mile a minute!

If he could reach the throttle, he could shut off the steam; or if he could get his hand on the valve, it would be but an instant's work to turn on the air brake. But not only was he unable to reach them from where he was, but had he been free, he would have been powerless, because they were so covered by the broken timbers that it would have been impossible to move The Professional "Toucher" Gets either one of them.

Even the whistle lever was broken and the rocking of the engine was such that the entire cab seemed liable to topple off at any instant and carry him with it.

Suddenly an idea came to him, suggested by the broken whistle lever as it swung to and fro with every rock of whistle, he would be able to warn the people on the train, and they would be able to "set the automatic," which is done by pulling the extra bell cord that runs along the side of every passenger coach, and thus bring the train to a standstill.

He knew that a small strip of wood was nailed along the roof of the cab. a few inches from the edge, to keep the rain from dripping in the side windows, and if he could grasp it, he might be able to pull himself up on top, and whistle for brakes.

After making two or three determined efforts, he succeeded in grasping ing himself as well as he could with his feet, for the cab was swaying at a frightful rate, he quickly reached out and up with the other hand, took a firm grasp on the strip, pulled himself up till he was sitting in the window, then succeeded in getting his feet upon the sill, and, with one last mighty effort, drew himself upon the roof of the shaking and trembling cab.

But now he must reach the whistle, which was the hardest part of his task, for not only was the cab rocking, but the roof was standing at such an angle

After trying in vain to think of some Owing to the fact that they cannot be still sat on his seat, holding firmly to safe means to reach the whistle dome, made much wider, on account of all the side of the cab as he leaned from the he decided that the only way was to let go his hold, and take his chances of

To miss meant instant death, but to way; so with a long breath and an inward prayer for help, he turned over, mand.

There was an instant of terrible anxiety, a slip, a rock or two, and then a jar as he found himself lying against

the whistle dome.

Rising slowly, and bracing himself as well as he could, he straightened himself up, caught hold of the little strip of iron that works the whistle valve, and sent out a short, sharp and decisive call for brakes.

Waiting a moment, he gave another jerk and then another, and the sound of the grinding and crunching as the brakes gripped the wheels told him that his signal was heard.

Their speed slackened, became slower, then much slower, and finally they stopped altogether but a few fect from the rear section of the freight train that had broken in two, with the wrecked cab still holding in place, and with Willie hanging on to the top of the whistle dome.

Bridge inspecting was for the moment forgotten, and everybody turned cramped position, Willie saw something in to rescue the two imprisoned men as Willie climbed down from his perilous position and hurriedly explained the state of affairs.

The two men were found still unconscious, but not seriously hurt; and after they had been brought to and made comfortable back in the coaches, attention was directed to Willie's part in the affair, and he was praised and complimented till he refused even to talk about the occurrence, but sat close to his father, as if he were in need of protection, and looking very unlike a boy who had just exhibited the judgment and displayed the nerve that is not found once in a hundred.

But even this had to be passed over for the time, for "a clear track" is the motto when out on the road, and the business of the trip was now considered.

As they were stopped close to the bridge, at the bottom, the inspectors proceeded to make their final test, while the freight engine pulled up the second section of the freight train, and then returned and pulled up the special, crippled engine and all.

An examination disclosed the fact that Turner had "shut off," while his arm was yet free, and this accounted for the suddenness with which they were brought to a standstill after the air was applied.

After a considerable amount of telegraphing back and forth, the freight train and crippled engine were "set out;" the freight engine was turned and coupled on to the special, the section men were given orders to pick up the broken side rod, and the train was brought into headquarters by the freight crew, with Turner, his fireman and Willie in the coaches.

By the time they reached Beardstown the two injured men were able to walk without assistance, and on the second day following were able to take out their regular run, and though Willie's action called forth personal letters from the superintendent and master mechanic, and made such a hero out of him that the story had to be told and retold for weeks to all who saw either him or his father, he never seemed to think he had done anything but what he should have done, while his father still smiles complacently and says:

"Yes; that boy will make a good engineer some day."-Golden Days.

SAMPLE ANSWERS.

from People on the Streets.

An inquisitive man was walking down Fifth avenue the other day when he was accosted by one of those forlorn-looking and seedy specimens of humanity known to the police as "professional touchers."

"My friend, could you help me to get a bite to eat? I'm a stranger in the city the engine. If he could only reach the and can't get any work and haven't had a thing to eat all day."

The inquisitive man had heard this many times before and was about to pass on when his curiosity got the better of him and he stopped and said to the beggar:

"I suppose that in the course of your profession you have occasion to make that plaint of yours several hundred times a day and you must get a variegated lot of answers. Now I'm willing to squander a quarter on you if you will give me a few assorted replies you hear."

The beggar eyed the quarter, concluded it worth while, and spent ten minutes of his valuable time in earning it. Here are the quarter's worth:

"No!" "Naw!"

man."

"Sure. I'll drop you a check in the morning. "Haven't any change to-day, my

"You're a cheerful liar." "Get over on your own side.

working this side of the street." "Dimes."

"Nickels." "Pennies."

"Slope! There comes a cop."

"Just gave my last cent to your friend round the corner."

"Not to-day." "Rats!"

"Gesticulations in imitation of the deaf and dumb alphabet." "Can't touch me, partner. I've got

my fingers crossed." "Ring off!"-Chicago News.

MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS.

-A French agriculturist has grafted tomatoes upon potatoes, with the result that his plant produces potatoes underground and tomatoes above.

-A jealous husband in Bellefonte, Pa., thought his wife had too many admirers, and to make her beauty less at-

tractive, he shot off the tip of her nose. -After sharpening an indelible lead pencil, John Renshaw, of Yonkers, N. Y., used the same knife to cut his corn. Blood poison resulted, and the man

-Stale sermons are not admired by the archbishop of Canterbury. He advises his clergy to burn their sermons after they have been preaded three -Taxes are remitted on Paris houses

which are unoccupied. If any part of the house is untenanted, a corresponding reduction is made in the amount of the tax. -A small inheritance came to a London pauper at the age of 70. He in-

vited his friends to a champagne supper, and he drank so freely that within three days he died. -An undertaker at Leavenworth,

Kan., during the recent reunion of soldiers in that city, displayed in the window of his coffin shop a banner with these words, "Welcome, Comrades!"

-The dairyman of Syria marches his goats to the houses of his patrons, and milks them on the street in sight of his customers. Should they express a wish for the milk of any particular goat, the wish is gratified.

-If one dollar were loaned for 100 years, at six per cent., with the interest annually collected and added to the principal, the investment would amount to \$340. At eight per cent, it would amount to \$2,203; at ten per cent., \$13,-

-There are five centenarians in the little village of Friendsville, Pa. They are Mrs. Mary Callen, aged 104; John Gibson, 102; William Seeley, 102; Mrs. Philaney Golden, 100, and Mrs. Helen Garcey, 100.

-A gentleman who needed wifely attentions was recently married at Van Buren, Ark. He interrupted the ceremony long enough to adjust one of his suspenders, both of which were held in place at the back by the restraining influence of one button.

-A cord of wood, weighing 4,000 pounds, will yield nine gallons of alcohol, 200 pounds of acetate of lime, 25 gallons of tar, and 85 bushels of charcoal. Wood alcohol is almost a perfect substitute for grain alcohol for mechanical and manufacturing purposes.

EXPLAINED HIS OWN JOKE. A Tale of One of England's Best Story Tellers.

"Sir Francis Lockwood, of England, whose death was announced lately from London, was one of the best story-tellers I ever heard," said Attorney Henry Wollman. He was at Saratoga in 1896 with Baron Russell, lord chief justice of England, and won great prominence and popularity during his stay there. He could tell a story better than Chauncey Depew, and that is saying a great deal.

"He was a victim of one of his own jokes during that meeting of the Bar association, however, that furnished some of us much amusement. At a dinner party one evening he was relating anecdotes of some of his early experiences, and told of once defending a man for murder. One of the strong points he made was an alibi, which he thought was a very good one. After the case went to the jury, in a conversation withthe judge, he asked him what he thought of the alibi. The judge said he thought it dou atful if the jury accepted it, and then Si Francis replied:

"'That's too bad, for I had half a dozen other alibis just as good I could have used.'

Everyone laughed at the remark, and it found its wa into the newspapers the following m rning. Baron Russell intimated to Si Francis that he had made an error, a d if the printed story got back to En land it might cause harsh comment, as the British idea of jesting might no eatch the point. At the dinner party the following evening Sir Francis arose and explained to the guests that what he had said was a jest. He made the exple nation so that no one might draw a wrong inference of the conduct of the English courts. The fact that he felt compelled to explain his own joke furnished much amusement in itself."-Kansas City Journal.

Delicious Walnut Sandwiches. Shell half a pound of English walnuts.

Put the kernels into a pint of boiling water; boil for a minute. Drain and cover with stock; at'd a bay leaf, a few celery tops and a slice of onion; cook gently for 20 minutes; drain and skim; chop fine; add half a teaspoonful of salt and a dash of cayenne. Spread between thin slices of buttered bread and cut in any shape preferred. Serve these with terrapin, lobster a la Newberg, duck salad or mock terrapin, which, by the way, makes a very satisfactory and inexpensive hot dish for an evening party supper.-Mrs. S. T. Rorer, in Ladies' Home Journal.

Explainedi. Magistrate-Prisoner are you mar-

"No, yer worship; these scratches on my face came from stimbling over a barbed wire fence in the dark."-Pearson's Weekly.