

THE NEBRASKA ADVERTISER

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NEHAHA. NEBRASKA

ONE WAY TO BE LONESOME.

Mark Twain's Recipe for Persons Who Desire That Condition.

As Mark Twain has aptly remarked: "Be good and you will be lonesome." This epigram exactly fits the case of a certain well-known clubman, who lives in the extreme west end of Washington. Mr. Blank loves the good things of life and incidentally the pleasure and ease of his club. Now, it is not necessary to say that Mr. Blank's wife approves of her husband's love for the good, but she does not enthrone over his pronounced partiality for club life.

One night Mr. Blank chanced to witness a small game in which one of his personal friends was a participant. Toward the close of the evening the play became fast and furious, and the limit was lost sight of altogether. Now, it so happened that the friend of Mr. Blank had, from frequent draughts of brandy and soda, become somewhat oblivious to the exact state of his pile, which had dwindled until only a few chips remained to him. The last pot assumed, as all the last pots will, a rather magnified and abnormal size, and the friend of Mr. Blank found himself considerably shy. The game being strictly a cash one, he borrowed his shortage from Mr. Blank and gave his "I. O. U.," which Mr. Blank pocketed without reading.

Owing to the lateness of the hour at which Mr. Blank retired he did not arise at his accustomed hour. His wife was up before he opened his eyes, and, as wives will sometimes do, she had relieved Mr. Blank of his small change, and incidentally the "I. O. U." The latter was the cause of the trouble which awaited Mr. Blank upon his awakening.

"My dear," said Mrs. Blank, "were you playing poker at the club last night?"

"No, certainly not," replied her sleepy consort.

"Well, then, what does this mean?" and Mrs. Blank handed her husband the piece of paper.

"Confound it," remarked Mr. Blank, as he explained the affair to some friends the other day, "do you know that idiot had made the 'I. O. U.' out in his own name and signed mine at the bottom, and I never noticed it. That is what comes of a man doing a friend a good turn. He never gets his reward, and now my wife believes that I am a confirmed poker player and that I have been giving her a jolly all the time. But that is not the worst of it—I have had to remain at home of evenings ever since, besides buying her an extra winter hat."—Albany Argus.

A DIFFERENCE IN PRICE.

The Member of the Legislature Rises to Express His Surprise.

Four or five Washington correspondents were telling stories of their experiences with statesmen, local and national, when one of them from a state in the southwest swung into line with something a little out of the ordinary.

"I was doing the legislature," he began, "for a syndicate of newspapers, with some free lance work on the side, and was making a potful of money out of it. During the course of my ministrations I discovered a case of vote selling by a rural representative that was astonishing for its smallness. I couldn't find out what the member got, but it couldn't have been much, for the whole matter at issue wasn't worth more than \$4.50 or thereabouts. After exhausting all my sources of information I thought I would try the member himself, and see how guileless he was on a little thing like that. I didn't dare ask him his price, but I did dare to talk about it, and I went at him directly.

"Say, young fellow," he said after I had talked awhile, "how much do you get for a news item like that?"

"It's a pretty big thing for me," I replied persuasively, "and I'll get \$25 for the story if I can get it complete."

"How much?" he asked with an eager air.

"Twenty-five dollars," I repeated.

"Gee whizz, I'd like to have your job."

"Why? It isn't an easy one. Not so easy as yours, anyway."

"P'raps it ain't," he said slowly, "but it pays better."

"How do you mean?"

"Why, you get \$25 for just telling about what I done for five dollars."

"The syntax mightn't have been perfect, perhaps," concluded the speaker, "but the fact was, and that was what I wanted."—Washington Star.

Ice Plows for the Neva.

Admiral Makarof, of the Russian navy, has invented a species of ice plow capable of breaking through ice from 12 to even 20 inches thick. The experiments have proved so satisfactory that the government has given order for the immediate construction of two vessels of 10,000 horse power each, armed with these plows, by means of which it is expected to keep not only the River Neva, but also the various Muscovite ports open to navigation throughout the winter. The majority of Russia's ports and naval arsenals are ice bound during more than four months of the year.—Chicago Chronicle.

THE OMAHA EXPOSITION.

It Promises to Be an Artistic and Financial Success.

In the Grouping and Designs of the Main Buildings It Will Differ from All Former Achievements.

[Special Omaha (Neb.) Letter.]

Your correspondent visited Omaha for the second time to-day. His first visit was in 1867, when the western terminus of the Rock Island road landed passengers a little west of Des Moines, Ia., and the old Concord stage was the only means of passage on to Omaha. To be sure, the old Hannibal & St. Joe road, in connection with the river boats between St. Joseph and Omaha, afforded an easier means of reaching the Nebraska metropolis. There was then no railroad bridge at Omaha, and the incoming passengers had to be ferried across the river. The great transcontinental line, the Union Pacific, was then under construction. Its material and rolling stock had to be transported on barges up the river.

When President Lincoln designated Omaha as the eastern terminus of the Union Pacific line, he fixed the destiny of this city. And I remember that the people here were exultant and confident that this act of Old Abe, consummated after a personal inspection of the topography of competing sites along the river, would put Omaha on the high road to fortune and make it ultimately the largest city between Chicago and San Francisco. This prediction has been realized. Three bridges now span the river at this point and 14 railways enter the gates of Omaha. When I first saw Omaha the population was estimated at 15,000. To-day ten times that number is claimed, while the population of Nebraska has grown to a million and a quarter.

At that time Omaha was an outpost of the frontier. To-day there are 15,000,000 people west of the river. Nebraska had been admitted to statehood a few months prior to my visit and, with the exception of Kansas, Texas, California and Oregon, all the territory west of Omaha was unorganized

terminal station and the Transportation building, the vast array of farm implements, the irrigation and sugar beet farms, the horticultural section and the up-to-date farm, together with athletic fields, a racing course, fine stock stables, etc. There are 200 acres under fence.

At this time, however, the most interesting point on the exposition grounds is the main tract upon which the great buildings are under construction. One point to be noticed is the success of the designers in keeping free from the influence of other expositions. The plan of grounds, the grouping and design of buildings, and the scheme of color, I am told, are all wholly different from any former achievement. The buildings are to be given the tint of old ivory, the staff work being colored to produce that effect. Imposing columns of long colonnades, beautiful porticoes facing the main court, bas-relief sculpture adorning the pediments of great buildings, all wrought in staff, will contribute to the splendor of the completed architecture. Visitors going by boat the length of the basin, from the United States Government building on the west to Sherman avenue on the east, will pass all the main buildings, to-wit: On the south line, the Fine Arts, Liberal Arts, Arch of States, Manufactures and Auditorium buildings, and on the north side the Agriculture, Administration building, Mines and Mining building, and the Machinery and Electricity building. The canal is to be spanned by four graceful bridges, one of which is to remain after the exposition closes.

As I stood on the great viaduct connecting the two main tracts of the exposition, this query naturally forced itself upon my mind: What will this vast display of architecture cost, and how is it possible that funds sufficient to complete the work laid out can be raised in a section of country which but two years ago, I was told down east, had suffered immeasurably from drought and business depression no less disastrous to the west than to the east? I was not prepared to believe that an exposition planned on a scale so gigantic could be pushed to a successful issue under conditions which to my mind were far from favorable. Seeking information on this point, I was told by one of the chief officials that the total cost of construction may not reach a sum exceeding a million and a



UNITED STATES GOVERNMENT BUILDING.

as regards statehood, while to-day every division is represented in congress save the territories of New Mexico and Arizona, and so rapid has been the development of the west that the term "frontier" has become a misnomer and the arts and industries of civilization have pushed out to the Rockies and beyond.

There has been no fit illustration of the marvelous progress made by the states west of the Mississippi river during the past 25 years. True the Columbian fair gave evidence in slight measure of western development, but many of the states and territories were represented there only by buildings for the entertainment of visitors from the several states, and an inadequate representation of the wealth, products, resources and civilization of the vast region west of the Mississippi has yet to be made.

I had been told that the Trans-Mississippi International exposition, which is billed to open its gates at Omaha next June promises to be second only to the World's fair, but I must confess I was somewhat skeptical on this point. I took a trolley car to the grounds, which are about 1 1/2 miles north of the center of the city, but within the corporate limits. I found some of the large buildings nearing completion. They are ranged east and west along either side of a basin nearly half a mile long and about 150 feet wide. At the west end this basin spreads out into a three-lobed lake, facing which is the United States government building, which the contractor is rearing with all possible dispatch, the winter weather being favorable. This building, by the way, is to be 500 feet long and the height to pinnacle will be 178 feet. Its cost is estimated at \$50,000. At the east end of the basin there is an immense hemicycle stairway leading to a viaduct across Sherman avenue, which divides the main tract of the exposition from a beautiful plat of about 60 acres, wherein are being erected the various state buildings, the horticulture, aviary and other buildings of lesser degree.

This tract overlooks the river and, being high and slightly, affords a magnificent view of the river and the Iowa bluffs beyond. At the northern extremity begins the section devoted to amusements of concessionaires and over to the west, being north of the rectangle where stand the large buildings, is the main section devoted to concessionaires. Beyond this will be the railroad

ritory within a radius of 300 to 500 miles, and that the census population of Nebraska and states touching its borders is something like 9,000,000. From the railroad people I learn that all signs point to an enormous attendance. Agents of the exposition in every part of the country send reports of this nature. The people out here think that if business conditions continue to improve the question of a large attendance throughout the five months of the exposition will never vex the management.

J. B. H.

A Russian Translation of Dickens.

The quizzically expanded metaphors and idiomatic, slangy expressions in the sprightly comical parts of the book ("Dombey and Son") have sometimes, naturally, proved too hard nuts for the honest foreigner to crack. A ludicrous instance of such a fiasco occurs in chapter 2, where Mr. Chick's matrimonial bickerings with his better half form the theme of our inimitable humorist's sportive and allegorical muse. "Often, when Mr. Chick seemed beaten, he would suddenly make a start, turn the tables, clatter them about the ears of Mrs. Chick, and carry all before him." The Russian rendering of this sentence, which I translated verbatim, runs: "Often, when Mr. Chick seemed beaten, he would start up from his seat, catch hold of the chair, make a clatter close to the ears of his astonished spouse, and fling about everything that came ready to hand." Well, indeed, might the elegant and ladylike Louisa show astonishment at such emphatic contributions to the debate.—Notes and Queries.

Got Rid of the Loners.

"There's nothing so good as congenial company, and few things worse than uncongenial associates," remarked Capt. R. J. Smith to a Sun reporter. "I remember once when I was young a lot of fellows used to hang around my place that were not the most desirable companions imaginable. One day a friend said: 'Do you want to get rid of those fellows?' I said that I did, if I could do it without offending them. He suggested a plan, and the result was I provided myself with an English history, a Bible and several other books I don't guess those fellows ever heard of before. The next time they came in I began reading aloud to them from the books. It wasn't long before they began to look at one another, and finally one said, as they all got up: 'Well, Jim, we'll drop in again after awhile.' Whenever they dropped in I always pulled my books, and soon they were afraid to come at all."—Paducah (Ky.) Sun.

The Defendant's Pleading.

In a rural district in the west of England there lived an eccentric old farmer, who was continually appearing before the magistrates for allowing his cattle to stray on the highway. During the hearing of his case for a similar offense upon the last occasion he elicited much laughter from the presiding "gentlemen on the bench" and others. The chairman, addressing the defendant, asked: "Do you plead guilty or not guilty?" "Well, yer 'onor, I expects as I be guilty, but don't be too hard on a reg'lar customer."—Spare Moments.

Texas News.

Texas Man (on a visit east)—Hullo, Jake! Glad to see ye. When d'ye leave Texas?

Jake—Las' week.

Texas Man—When I left there was two claimants for the office of mayor in our town. Is th' question settled yet?

Jake—Yep.

Texas Man—Which one is dead?—N. Y. Weekly.

One on Birdie.

Little Fannie McGinnis was in the parlor while her sister Birdie was entertaining Mr. Masher, so the latter patted Fannie on the head and said:

"Come, little pet, its time your eyes were closed in sleep."

"Guess not," replied Fannie, "mamma told me to keep my eyes wide open when you and Mr. Masher were together."—Tammany Times.

A Home Thrust.

"No," said the rich old bachelor, "I never could find time to marry."

"Well," replied the young woman with the sharp tongue, "I am not surprised to hear you say so. It certainly would have taken a good while to persuade any girl to have you."—Chicago Daily News.

Mitigating Woe.

He—Can't I do something to dry up those tears?

She—You might dry them with a piece of silk.

"Piece of silk?"

"Yes, piece of silk, 22 yards, double breadth, with all the trimmings."—Tammany Times.

Sate.

"I've been thinking seriously of getting married."

"Oh, well, you are safe, then."

"What do you mean?"

"Why, if a sensible fellow like you thinks really seriously about it he'll decide not to."—N. Y. World.

Gloomy Anticipations.

She—I have been elected treasurer of the club.

He—Goodness! I suppose I'll be continually drawing checks to balance the cash.—Town Topics.

NAMING A TOWN.

It Was Not Such a Difficult Thing to Do, After All.

As I debouched from the mountain pass the town was right there—a collection of about 60 tents and shanties, and a population of 250 miners, prospectors and teamsters. I had no sooner appeared than I was surrounded by a hundred excited men, and it was several minutes before I could understand the situation.

"Stranger, it be just this way," finally explained one of the crowd. "This town hain't had no name thus far, and we can't agree on one. When we seen you comin' down the pass we sorter agreed as how we'd leave it to you to give it a name."

"What's the general situation?" I asked, as I noticed that every man was armed.

"The general situashun," replied a second man who had a dangerous look in his eyes, "is that the galoot who tries to name this town and don't hit sunthin' to please us will be planted in our new graveyard!"

"Yes, that's about the situashun," added the man who had first spoken. "We've had seven men killed and four or five wounded while tryin' to git a name, and we've got sorter mad and discouraged."

"It isn't giving me a fair show!" I protested. "How can you expect me to suggest a name to please everybody?"

"Dunno, stranger, but you'd better try it on, fur this thing has to be settled before we can git a post office, and everybody seems anxious to shoot!"

"What names have been talked over?"

"Wall, the string is too long to remember, but the seven who were killed stuck out for 'Whoop-er-up,' I believe. I kinder favored it myself, but the crowd seemed to think it lacked poetry. What we 'pear to want is sunthin' soft and tender and poetic—sunthin' we kin sorter hug up to and brag about."

"How will 'Rosalind' do?" I asked.

"Sounds purty nice, but not quite the ticket, 'cordin' to my way o' thinkin'."

"Well, there's 'Mountainville,' 'Silver City,' 'Daisyville,' 'Rest Haven' and 'Goldenrod.'"

"Kinder soft and tender, them be, but not soft and tender 'nuff to hit us plumb-center. Give us a few more."

I was racking my brain for another list when two men who had been wrangling for the last five minutes suddenly proceeded to business, and the crowd at once rushed to surround them. This left the way open, and I turned my mule and dug in the spurs and was out of sight before they missed me. A week later, over at White Dog City, I met the man who had done most of the talking for the crowd that day. As soon as he recognized me he held out his hand and said:

"Stranger, I'm awful glad to see you, and I want to thank ye on behalf of the boys!"

"Thank me for what?"

"Fur givin' our town a name. If you hadn't cum along that day we might a had 20 men killed afore we got a name to suit us."

"But I didn't name the town! When the row broke out I got away."

"But you named it, all the same," he persisted. "When the row was over and we found you missin' we put it to vote whether we should call the town 'Crawfish' or 'Skeedaddle.' 'Thar' was more Skeedaddles than Crawfishers, and so we agreed on 'Skeedaddle,' and Skeedaddle she will be from now on forevermore. Stranger, if you ar' sorter susceptible to the great honor conferred upon ye, and if thar's a—"

"But I fail to see the honor!"

"If ye ar' sorter susceptible to the great honor conferred upon ye, and thar's a place around yere whar' we kin licker at your expense, why, I wouldn't mind washin' some of the quartz-dust outa my throat!"

There was a place, and after the dust had been duly washed down he shook hands again and said:

"I don't mind sayin' that I stuck out fur 'Crawfish' as again 'Skeedaddle,' as I thought it softer and tenderer and more techin', but arter the choice was made I didn't do no kickin'. Skeedaddle is uphonyous and poetical 'nuff fur common folks, but if you happen up that way drop in and let the boys do ye honor!"—Detroit Free Press.

Pork Croquettes.

Chop cold roasted or fried fresh pork very fine. For 12 croquettes take one tablespoonful butter and one medium-sized, fine-chopped onion. Place the butter and onion in a small saucepan over the fire and cook five minutes without browning; then add one heaping tablespoonful flour, stir and cook two minutes and add half pint white broth or boiling water with a little beef extract. Then add one even teaspoonful salt, half even teaspoonful white pepper, half teaspoonful dry English mustard and one pint of chopped meat. Stir and cook ten minutes. Then add the yolks of three eggs and one tablespoonful fine chopped parsley. Turn the contents of saucepan on a flat dish or pan, set in a cool place. When cold form the mixture into 12 cork-shaped croquettes, dip in beaten egg, roll in fresh grated bread crumbs and fry in hot fat to a delicate brown. Serve with tomato sauce.—Boston Globe.

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—A physician, who has given much thought to the subject, says that so long as the cyclist can breathe with the mouth shut he is reasonably safe from heart strain.