

THE NEBRASKA ADVERTISER

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NEMAHA, NEBRASKA

NIGHT AND MORNING.

When the evening lamps are burning, and the clock-hand points at eight, and mother throws a glance at me that means: "It's growing late!" When I'm deep within a story of a chap chased by a leopard, or when the popcorn's popping out like sheep without a shepherd, or when I'm at a game with Ben, and know I'm sure to beat him, and have to stop it off at once before I can defeat him—Why, then it really seems to me as though it might be said: There's nothing I dislike so much as one little bed.

But when the night has passed away, and back the morning comes, and Mary, standing by my door, upon it loudly thrums: When I'm dreaming jolly dreams all of skating on the ocean, or of coasting down Vesuvius with swift and easy motion, or when the air is chill outside, and I am warm and cozy, and long to sleep a little more, because I am so cozy—Why, then it really seems to me as though it might be said: There's nothing I enjoy so much as one little bed.
—Martha Burr Banks, in Outlook.

THEIR PALESTINE RUG.

BY NELLIE NELSON AMSDEN.

WHEN Caroline Hunter married John Miggins he was poor, and they were glad to be able to cover the floors of their little six-room house with cheap matting and three-ply ingrain, and were thankful that they could pay the bill when it was presented the first of the following month. But all that is changed, for John Winn Miggins is now a rich man.

Caroline little knew how devotedly John Miggins could cling and hang and fasten himself to a fad, or I am sure that after their great inheritance came she would have hesitated a long time before letting that first simple little Persian rug come into the new house. The new house suited them to a T at first, but as John continued to gather prayer rugs and ancient tapestries he wished that there were more landings to the oaken staircase, and that all of the floors had been built of hard woods for the display of his expensive collection. So a new house was built.

The next year, during a trip abroad, he came upon a large and very expensive rug in Constantinople, worn and frayed and excessively odd in coloring. The seller brought out its mosaic effects and showed Mr. Miggins that it needed sunlight to bring out its wondrous coloring.

Then John turned to Caroline—Caroline, who was weary with three months' globe trotting after "old carpets," as she now began to designate them, in her mind, at least.

"Well, Cara, we have no sunny room large enough for this. What do you think we had better do about it?"

"Do?" was her reply. "Why, buy it, of course, and build on. Make a big outdoor parlor or dining-room, or something for this rag car—Turkish rug, I mean." She meant it as a bit of sarcasm, but her enthusiastic husband, intent on the wonders of the pattern spread before him, did not perceive this.

"Caroline," he made answer, "that's just what we'll do. I've always thought we needed more porch room, and an airy summer parlor would be just the thing for this pattern."

And so it went on till Caroline knew that the house was made for the rugs, not the rugs for the house. She felt herself quite a slave to these revered bits of carpet, so many of her unengaged hours at home had to be spent in seeing that the floors were perfectly polished and that the man shook and brushed the rugs carefully and that they were again laid in their proper places, for nothing exasperated John more than to bring in a friend, equally mad on the subject, and to find that a certain rug which he had expected to find in the southeast corner of the library had by mistake been placed before the threshold of the butler's pantry.

What baseball is to most men an auction sale of oriental rugs was to John. All their vacations, their many journeyings abroad, were mapped out in John's mind by the rarities in his collection; the winter in Cairo had given them the dingy prayer mat on the first landing; the fall after the baby died and Caroline needed change they had gone to Naples, and John had run over to Algiers and found that treasure in purple and green before Caroline's little desk; the couch covering in John's den was the product of that troublesome journey to Bagdad the year they lost all their baggage save the rugs; the sleazy old square in blues, burnt-brick reds and ecstasie purples, on which stood the Chinese god in the library, had been found the year they had the unpleasant encounter with the Huntington-Browns in Damascus.

It was Caroline who kept the accounts. One day, when she was a little overburdened with John's enthusiasm over a certain heavy ten-by-twelve,

which had cost a good many hundreds of dollars, she reckoned up the small fortune spent in buying and in duties, and reckoned that it might easily have founded an orphan asylum.

She had a little mania, mild, of her own, a fad for collecting small toy dogs in china, ivory and metals. Good ones were rare and hard to find, but she searched for them in London, Paris, Nice, Naples, in little Swiss towns, in New York and Chicago, and once found one, a little pink-blanketed spaniel, in Brooklyn.

It was such a change from the rugs. They needed so little care, and they were clean. Mrs. Miggins had been born in New England, and consequently abhorred dirt; and those long journeys in the far east had led her to feel that rugs which had been associated with great deserts and camels and elephants, long, dusty pilgrimages, dirty Turks, Persians, Algerians, Egyptians and Arabs could never be wholly clean even after a long sojourn at the steam-renewing works. But with John a rug which bore evidences of age, whose colors were faded, which had little worn places on it where many prayers had been said, was as dear to his heart as it had been to his purse.

The world's fair at Chicago came to Mr. John Winn Miggins as a special dispensation in tapestries, rugs and antiques, while it enabled Caroline to add some beautiful little specimens of the toy dog to the already crowded collection on her drawing-room table.

Two weeks before the fair closed John was called home to attend to some important financial affairs, but Caroline, to please him, promised to stay and finish the negotiations concerning some rare tapestries and old prayer mats which her husband wished to purchase. She concluded the business and was sure that, unblinded by too great a desire, she had made much better bargaining than John Miggins would have driven.

On the way home to Buffalo she stopped over in Cleveland to visit her old friends, the Kennedys.

Sitting with Mrs. Kennedy in her cosy upstairs sitting-room one morning a few days before her intended departure, she was discussing with her friends the subject of a gift for John's coming birthday.

"I declare," said Caroline, "I've often wished that John had been born on the 29th day of February. It's an exasperating thing to buy a present for a man. Of course, I know a prayer mat or a moth-eaten tapestry would please him, but just now, after the fair, my pocket money is at too low an ebb for rug-buying such as would please John; and then I'm so tired of rugs that I'd be glad to live on bare floors or rose-strewn Brussels."

She looked out of the window. The old ashman was stopping at the opposite house. The day was unusually cold, and the brisk wind from old Lake Erie swept straight up the street and whisked the ashes about. Dangling from the bony mule was an old oriental rug, more worn, more frayed, more faded than any she had ever seen, yet withal an oriental rug, as she knew by its coloring, which neither dirt nor age could quite disguise.

Caroline ran out and waited, bare headed, till the driver came out from the back yard with his barrel of ashes, and then asked him if he would sell the old rug.

"Yes, mem," he replied, "if ye're willin' to give me me price, fifty cints, though mighty handy it is to throw over me mule, Shamrock, on a cold day, or to make me seat somewhat the softer." She was anxious to know where he got it and he frankly and confidentially told her all about it. And she gave him a dollar more than he had asked her.

The rug was sent to the cleaners; and when it came back Caroline darned and redarned and cross-stitched it with some old, faded yarns and threads. With the most affectionate of little notes it was rolled up and placed beside John's chair at breakfast the morning of his birthday.

"Where, Caroline, did you happen on this rare old treasure?" exclaimed John after he had unrolled it. "This is something truly antique."

While John was spreading it out old Buttons, their English mastiff, came into the room. Buttons growled and bristled and showed his teeth at the very first sniff of the new rug, and retreated, growling savagely, to the other side of the room, and never again could they get get him to approach it.

"Do you see, Caroline," said John, "the old fellow smells the camels and elephants—doesn't like them, evidently," while Caroline, smiling behind the coffee urn, was inwardly commenting that Buttons probably disliked mules. "I tell you, Caroline, you weren't fooled this time; this is old and genuine, sure enough. See this odd stitching where some of those old Turks have tried to repair the ravages of time. Or is it Turkish? Where did you find it? I had no idea you were such a fine judge. No cheating you, this time at least." For, sad to say, John had often been swindled on antiques and importations.

But Caroline would not tell a bit of the history of her purchase. She said the rug itself ought to tell the story.

John had sent to New York for his friend, Jack Watts, the artist, to come on and examine the new acquisition to his collection. They sat in John's den looking it over. Both men were a bit

puzzled by the pattern, the cross-stitching and darning.

"Find out what she paid for it," said Jack Watts; "that may give a clue as to its origin."

"She refuses to tell. I suppose she paid a whopping price for it, not being used to dealing with these Turks and Jews who sell rugs, though she did mightily well at the fair. I suppose she bought this there."

Then Caroline came in and asked their guest what he thought of her judgment.

"I tell you, Mrs. Miggins, this is a wonderful art treasure. When a woman buys she lets fancy and money go to the winds. Even the darns, doubtless, are hundreds of years old. I have made a study for years of this weaving and cross-stitching. Tell us where it came from, and I'll give you the New York address of a little second-hand shop where I saw some fine little bisque dogs for sale."

And Caroline, woman-like yielded sufficiently to say:

"I'll tell you this much—the rug came from Palestine."

"Just as I told you," remarked Jack Watts, "it has been carried on many a pilgrimage."

The year after the fair there were many loan and art exhibitions, and John loaned the old rug a number of times, sending it away from home boldly labeled as a bit of antiquity from the Holy Land. Caroline began to wish it would get lost on some of its journeys for the sake of art, when sure enough a calamity befell it.

One day when John came home to dinner Caroline heard him looking about in the library and hall. Then he called up to her:

"Cara, where is our Palestine rug? I want to send it to Mrs. McWatters; she's to have an exhibit in her studio."

"Why, in the library, of course," replied Caroline, coming downstairs.

"No, it's not there." The maid was called. Yes, her mistress had told her to dust the rooms, and she had taken that old rug before the inlaid cabinet out on the veranda to shake and dust it. Oh, yes, the cook had called her before she was through, and she had left it on the veranda railing.

Then she discovered that the servant had broken one of her choicest dogs, a life-like china spitz from Vienna. And Mrs. Miggins sat down and cried.

"Why, Caroline, nothing but a china dog, and that rug missing! I declare, you make regular idols of those toy dogs!" said her husband.

"Idols!" and Caroline stood up and said some very sharp things about rugs



THE SELLER BROUGHT OUT ITS MOSAIC EFFECT.

and fads and collectors in general, and the consequence was that she and John said very little to each other for some hours.

But the Palestine rug was really gone, stolen was the general decree.

One day when John was sorry for calling her dogs "idols," he brought her home another little dog for her table, and said as he gave it to her:

"Cara, dear, I was savage that day, but that rug was a great loss to me. I liked it more than all the others because it was the only one you ever gave me."

Caroline hesitated. Should she tell him its history? No, she would wait for an occasion, some one of her delightful little dinners when she wanted a good story to tell with some surprising little points in it for John Winn Miggins.

But John, likewise, did not tell her that he had a detective employed in hunting up the old Palestine treasure.

One day, some months later, Mr. Miggins came home in radiant spirits.

"Caroline," he called up the stairs, "she was in her room dressing for dinner, 'it is found!'"

"Found?" questioned she, emerging.

"What's found?"

"Why the rug, the Palestine rug, of course," he replied.

"That old thing!" laughed back his wife. "Who found it?"

"My detective found it in one of those places where the rag men take their wools to be ground up for making those cheap frieze coats. An old rag peddler had taken it off the veranda railing. The detective unearthed him, but I shall not prosecute him," explained Mr. Miggins.

"I should say not," responded his wife, and she sat down on the top stair and laughed till the tears came. John thought it was pure joyousness over the recovery of his antique.

The rug from Palestine was given a place on the landing of the staircase where John might enjoy it as he passed up and down. It had been there but a few weeks when Caroline, coming down to meet her husband, caught her heel in its curious cross-stitching and was thrown violently headlong.

Three times in the next two weeks she was carried to the gates of death and then led back again to life.

The first day that she was well enough to come downstairs she walked about, leaning on John's arm, looking at all the old familiar things. And when John had settled her in an easy chair by the window she looked up at him and said:

"Why, John, where's your Palestine rug? I do not see it."

"No. That's the one you tripped on, so I threw it into the hall closet, but I'll have it out if you miss it, after it is repaired."

"Never mind. I don't care for rugs which cost but a dollar and a half. I must tell you all about it now."

"A dollar and a half!" And John pushed back his chair and whistled so loud that Caroline cried out:

"Hush! Sh! John, you'll wake the baby. Isn't he sweet?" smiling down at the warm, flannelly bundle beside her.

"But, Cara, you said it came from Palestine?"

"Yes, John, it did—East Palestine, O., the ashman's old home."—N. Y. Ledger.

THE QUICK HORSE.

An Outgrowth of Improved American Methods of Fire-Fighting.

It is only within recent years that quick horses have been developed and appreciated and admired, and the poet has not yet attempted to sing the praises of this more prosaic but noble animal. Yet, after all, to one who carefully examines the matter, the quick horse appears to have quite as good, if not a better claim upon our admiration and sympathy and encouragement. The swift horse wins the race; and in these days he may cause considerable money to change hands, in which there is certainly nothing that is commendable. But the quick horse I write about saves life, saves property, and under modern conditions of life is essential to our safety and general well-being. He is the result indirectly of poor building—an outgrowth of our skillful American fire departments, which could not now exist without him.

Not so very many years ago, when a fire broke out, everybody far and near began to run and, especially, began to yell and the volunteer firemen of that time, being in the service for the excitement of it, joined in the yell and started out the old hand engine from its solemn repose, while the foreman, running ahead shouted innumerable orders hoarsely through his trumpet, to the great delight of hundreds of small boys panting to keep up in the glorious race.

The fire—that was altogether a secondary matter and when they finally got there, they went to work with more or less efficiency. There was a great deal of fun in the business, but fires were not extinguished. Our cities in the early days were not built to prevent fires, but seemed, if anything, rather built to encourage them.

In France we may well be amused as we watch the pompier corps trundle its bath tub on wheels to the scene of the conflagration, and deliberately fill its apartments with water dipped up from the gutter, whence it is thrown by a little pump upon the flames, because we know much of the architecture there is solid, and if a fire is not extinguished it will soon burn itself out. But in our country a mere spark may in a few seconds become a devouring furnace, and destroy house after house and block after block. Many buildings are tinder-boxes, and our dry climate adds to their inflammability, while the ever-present careless or lazy workman by improper construction gives the fire its first opportunity.—F. S. Delienbaugh, in St. Nicholas.

Moliere and the Ass.

But, while so many "dumb things" have been excellent actors, one of their number at least has been immortalized through failure. Moliere himself was the actor who brought about the unrehearsed scene between himself and his ass. The play was "Don Quixote," and Moliere played Sancho. Some minutes before he had to appear on the stage he was waiting in the wings, mounted on his ass. But the latter suddenly forgot his part, and insisted upon appearing on the scene without delay. Nor was it of any avail that half a dozen assistants hung around his head and clung desperately to his tail. The ass, with Moliere on his back, dashed wildly among the actors on the scene, and the fiasco would have been complete had not Moliere saved the situation by shouting to the audience, while jogging along: "Pardon, gentlemen! Pardon, ladies! but this confounded beast has come on against my wishes!" The public responded at once with roars of laughter and applause, but Moliere never again mounted an ass.—Westminster Gazette.

No Facilities.

Sallie De Witte—Do you play whist, Mr. Lange?

Willis Lange—Me play whist? Well, I don't think!

Sallie De Witte—Ah, true! I had forgotten that.—Brooklyn Life.

MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS.

—It has been discovered that the stumps of pine trees make very durable shingles.

—In Wetzel county, W. Va., there is a gas well from which the roar of escaping gas can be heard at a distance of six miles.

—Elephants are transported on the railroads of India at the rate of six cents a mile. Each elephant is allowed to carry one trunk.

—Compressed flour, in the form of bricks, is used by the British army and navy. In this form space is economized, and 300 pounds of packed flour may be stored in the space which 100 pounds would occupy in a loose condition.

—A noted physician asserts that high living checks the growth of the hair. He declares that it is easy in society to pick out the girls whose parents have arisen from the ranks of poverty, by the superior quality and abundance of their hair.

—The Alaskan trap bears by tying a piece of whalebone, in the shape of an N, in a piece of meat. The bear gulps down the meat whole, the gastric juice dissolves the meat and decays the string, the whalebone springs straight, and the bear dies.

—The electric light is still a puzzle to some folks. A lady occupying a room in the Windsor hotel, Milford, Del., having failed to turn off the electric light, tied a skirt around it. The skirt dropped off. Then she tried to fan it out, and broke the globe.

—On their wedding day the bride and bridegroom of Thuringia, Germany, partake of soup from the same plate. They watch each other closely during this performance, as there is a belief that the one who takes the last spoonful will be the first to die.

—The last wish of a Tipperary ex-sergeant in the army, who died recently in Whittington, England, was that a bottle of Irish whisky should be placed in his coffin. As the sexton objected, a comrade of the dead soldier reverently sprinkled the coffin with the whisky.

A PAIR OF INNOCENTS.

Two Dodgers of the Customs Officials Compare Notes.

It was during the brief time that the customs officers were on the alert to capture all kinds of sealskin wearing apparel, that she was coming across the river. Though fine-looking, she had a provincial air and a pair of eyes as innocent as a baby's.

After the officer had passed two-thirds the length of the car she looked up to see him standing beside her seat.

"What is it, sir?" she asked, in a solicitous way. "Have you lost something?" and she began gathering her skirts about her feet that he might have a clearer view of the floor.

"I'm a customs officer, madam," he said, very impressively, for a man in his position feels humiliated at having to identify himself. "Have you anything on you on which duty should be paid?"

"Why, my dear sir, I wouldn't smuggle. If I did it would be when I could get the best of the states, for I'm from the dominion, don't you know?" just as if it were not as plain as though the union jack had been tattooed on her forehead. "I thought you had lost something." The eyes were more convincing even than her artless talk, and when the official made a perfunctory examination of her valise just to hold his job, she indulged in a contagious laugh, telling how very odd it all seemed.

Three blocks from the depot she was met by a man in a silk hat, box overcoat, flash suit and puffing at a big black cigar.

"What luck, Kit?" "Forty-seven diamonds, two pounds of opium and a sealskin jacket under this cloak. I'm melted."—Detroit Free Press.

Ascot Ties Still in Vogue.

The Ascot tie is as much in vogue as it was last fall. And no wonder, for it is very becoming to any woman on whom the shirt waist and high linen collar look well. The latest design is made of accordion-plaited satin, and is as dainty and graceful as a tie can be. It comes in all colors, bright and delicate, and is running a close race for popularity with the Roman neck scarfs. These are made of heavy Ottoman ribbons, in gay stripes and plaids, and are finished at the ends with knotted fringe, the longer the better. They are wound around the neck, crossed in the back, and tied in front, four-in-hand style or in a loose sailor knot. Artists delight in them as much as they hate stiff collars and mannish ties for women.—Chicago Tribune.

Bens Ailment.

"Yes, John was quite sick for several days," explained the little girl. "He's the boy that lives in the next house, you know. He had the jondice, I think they called it. And he got well, and then his brother Ben got sick."

"Did Ben have the jondice, too?" asked the caller.

"No," said the little girl. "I think Ben had the Bendice."—Chicago Tribune.

Explained.

Knox—I wonder why it is that we hear of so many men breaking down in the prime of life nowadays?

Fox—It is due, no doubt, to there being so many more self-made men than formerly.—Boston Courier.