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DAYBREAK IN THE COUNTRY.

Day breaks: a glow bursts through the cold, sad dawn—
A purple haze hangs over dale and hill,
The glad sun smiles, and wakes the gray,
old world,
That lies all silent still.

Day breaks: the misty shadows of the night
Flee from the songs from Nature's silvery throat—
The brook's soft laughter, and the whispering trees,
The lark's clear note.

Day breaks: I feel the throbbing pulse of life—
But night's dull, haunting questions do not cease.
When will you learn, O heart, to live, rejoice—
When be at peace?
—Malda Castelun, in Overland Monthly.

BEHIND THE BAT

By WILLIS BOYD ALLEN.

IT WAS a bright, cool afternoon in early September, when a dozen or more high school boys were gathered on Readville common, eagerly discussing a subject which was interesting enough to make their eyes sparkle and their voices all chime in together as they talked.

"Now, hold on, fellows," said one of the tallest, raising his hand for silence. "We may as well do this business up squarely on the spot. I'll read the challenge, if you'll all keep still."

The boys threw themselves on the ground, and in various attitudes prepared to listen.

Harry Hunter, the tall speaker, remained standing, and drawing a paper from his pocket, read as follows:

"Jamestown, Sept. 1, 1897.

"The Jamestown High School Nine hereby challenge the Readville High School Nine to a game of baseball, to be played on Readville Common, on the afternoon of September 4, at three o'clock.
League rules to be followed.

"HIRAM BLACK,

"Captain Jamestown B. B. Nine."

A chorus of cheers and cat calls broke out immediately on the conclusion of the challenge; but Harry raised his hand once more.

"The question is, Shall we accept? Those in favor say 'Aye!'"

A tremendous shout rent the air.

"Those opposed, 'No!'"

Dead silence.

"It is a vote. Now for positions and players."

It should be explained that Harry was the captain of the Readville club; so there was no dispute as to his authority thus far.

When they came to choice of positions, however, there was a little more feeling. As to first, second and third base, the matter was easy enough. There were two fellows who played short-stop well, but they were warm friends, and each was ready to yield to the other.

Dick Manning was acknowledged to be the best pitcher in town, having a "drop twist" which he had gained by days of practice, at odd moments, behind his father's barn, and upon which he greatly prided himself in a modest way.

Up to this point all went smoothly. "Now, as to catcher," said Harry. "I know it's a show place, and I don't want to put myself forward. But it's an important game, and I think I understand Dick's delivery better than the rest of you. Rod Farnum is a tip-top hand behind the bat, I know; but—"

Harry hesitated as he saw Rodney look down and dig his heel into the ground, half sullenly.

Rodney was a graceful player, a strong hitter and swift thrower. His chief trouble was uncertainty. You couldn't depend either on his temper or his nerve in a closely-contested game. Harry knew this, and now endeavored to smooth over matters by suggesting that Rod should play center field at first, and come in for change during the close of the game, if necessary.

Right and left fielders were easily appointed, and the boys seized their bats and balls for a couple of hours' practice.

Rod excused himself gruffly, and wandered down by the river alone. He wanted catcher's position for that game, and felt defrauded by his captain.

All the girls from the institute would be sure to come and cluster around the in-field, while the center fielder would be stationed away off by himself, with, perhaps, not a single chance to win applause.

Rod's father was one of the wealthiest men in town, and the boy was used to having his own way.

Only yesterday, a fine new catcher's mask had come up from the city. Of course, he had meant to lend it freely to the nine in all their games; but now he resolved he would say nothing about it. The old mask was nearly worn out, and, if struck at certain points, was sure to hurt the wearer.

If Harry Hunter was so particular about catching, he could wear the old thing, for all Rod cared.

Having gone so far as this, the unhappy boy suddenly hit upon another scheme to obtain his revenge. He stopped short and scowled darkly. "I'll do it," he said, to himself; then turned and walked homeward, meditating all the way on the surest means to accomplish his purpose.

It was no less than to bring about the defeat of his own companions. How he succeeded will be seen.

At two o'clock on Saturday afternoon, parties of young people, in twos and threes, began to stroll toward the common.

Already a number of players were on hand engaged in vigorous practice, their jaunty uniforms showing prettily against the green, closely-cropped ball-field.

The Jamestown nine wore blue stockings and gray suits; the "Readvilles," white, with red stockings.

The crowd increased. At about a quarter before three, two of the players, one from each nine, separated at a distance from the common, and came to it from different directions.

One of them was the captain of the "Jamestowns," a rough, black-eyed fellow, whom nobody liked, but who was a fine player. The other was Rodney Farnum.

Three o'clock arrived, and in presence of the umpire the two captains tossed up a cent. The "Readvilles" won the toss, and sent their opponents to the bat.

As the red stockings walked past them into the field, the Jamestown captain winked at Rod, who nodded slightly in return, blushing at the same time and glancing over his shoulder to see if he was observed.

"Play!" called the umpire.

Dick Manning drew himself up, looked carelessly about the field; then suddenly, with a swift movement, sent the white ball whizzing directly over the plate, about two feet from the ground. "One strike!" shouted the umpire.

The Jamestown owner looked surprised, and before he had gathered himself for the next ball it was past him again and in the hands of Harry, who waited till the umpire called "Strike two!" and then ran up behind the bat, adjusting the old mask over his face.

The next two balls delivered were wide. The third was just right, and the Jamestown hit with all his force.



RODNEY RAN AND STRETCHED OUT HIS HANDS.

It soared far up in the air, toward the center field.

"Rod! Rod Farnum!" cried Harry, as two or three of the fielders started for the ball.

Rodney ran, and stretched out his hands—a little awkwardly, his friends thought. The next moment, the ball struck the ground six feet away, and the striker was safe on second base.

A prolonged "Oh-h-h!" came involuntarily from the crowd, and Rod returned with a sullen air to his station, after fielding the ball.

The game proceeded, and was contested hotly at every point. The visitors seemed possessed with but one ambition, and that was to knock the ball down to center. Time and again it started in that direction, but dropped short, or into the hands of one of the other fielders.

At last the ninth inning was reached. The score was a tie—eight to eight. "Jamestown" came to the bat, and two men went out in quick succession, one on a foul fly, the other at first base. The third striker got the ball just where he wanted it, and sent it high up in Rod's direction.

Now, Rodney had already begun to repent of the treacherous part he was playing. Here was a chance to redeem himself. He made a desperate run backward for the ball, but tripped and fell just as it was coming to his hands. Again he heard that long note of dismay from his friends. The sound nerved him. Leaping to his feet he darted after the ball like a deer, and picking it up lightly, as it rolled, faced about. The runner was making the round of the bases, amid the shouts and jeers of the Jamestown people who had come over to see the game.

Rodney gathered himself for a mighty effort, and drawing back his arm, threw the ball with all his strength. Harry was waiting for it eagerly, with his foot on the homeplate. It seemed impossible that the ball could get there in time, and the Jamestown cheerers more lustily than ever, as the blue stockings went flying along the base line toward home; but still more swiftly came the

ball, sent with unerring aim from Rod's far-away arm.

Just a wee fraction of a second before the runner touched the plate the ball settled into Harry's hands, which swung round like lightning, and Jamestown was out—score, eight to eight.

On coming in with his side for their last turn at the bat, Rod found himself all at once a hero.

"Never was such a throw seen on the grounds!" they said; and poor Rod hung his head, and answered not a word.

Harry made a good hit that carried him to second, where he seemed likely to be left, as the next two at the bat struck easy flies, and went out. It was Rod's turn. Heretofore he had purposely struck out every time he came to the bat. Now his hands clenched the stick firmly, and he braced his feet as if he meant business. The crowd saw the slight movement, and cheered to encourage him.

"Strike one!" called the umpire, as the ball flew over the plate a little higher than Rod wanted it. "Strike two!"

Still not just right, Rod waited calmly. The crowd were silent, and looked downcast. Suddenly they gave a wild cheer. Hats were flung into the air, and handkerchiefs waved. Rodney had made a terrific hit, sending the ball far beyond the right fielder. In another moment Harry had reached home, and scored the winning run—score, Readvilles, nine; Jamestowns, eight.

That night Rodney drew Harry to one side, and had a long talk with him. Whatever its nature was, it is certain that the boys wrung each other's hands at parting, and have been like brothers ever since. As for Rodney, he will not soon forget the match, and the two parts he took in it, and a manlier, humbler, nobler fellow doesn't live to-day in Readville.—Golden Days.

The Parliament Shoemaker.

A plain wreath of oak leaves was sent to London from a Berlin shoemaker, in the hope that it might find a place on Gladstone's coffin. The sender was a man who came to London 20 years ago and opened a small shop, but in spite of industry and frugality he continued so poor that he had not even enough money to buy leather for work which had been ordered. One day he was in the whispering gallery in St. Paul's cathedral with his betrothed, to whom he confided his sad condition. She gave him all her small savings, with which he went next day to purchase the required leather. To his surprise the leather merchant told him that he could open a small account. In this way fortune began to smile upon him, and soon, to his great astonishment, he received orders from society men, and his business soon became well established. He was known for years as the "Parliament Shoemaker," and not until, to please his German wife, he left London for Berlin, did the leather merchant tell him that he owed his start to Gladstone. The cabinet minister had been in the whispering gallery when the poor shoemaker told his betrothed of his poverty, and owing to the peculiar acoustics of the gallery had heard every word. He sent a gentleman to investigate, and requested the leather merchant to give the shoemaker credit.—Golden Days.

Dumas Goaded to Work by Pain.

When Alexander Dumas, the younger, was just out of college his father took him on a hunting trip. They put up at a farmhouse and occupied two little bedrooms which opened into each other. In the middle of the night the son was awakened and saw his father walking back and forth.

"What are you doing?" asked the boy.

"You see I am walking."

"You are sick?"

"Yes; I am in great pain, but I am used to it. I have it every night."

"Is there nothing to cure it?"

"It is incurable."

"But can't it be relieved?"

"No; when it takes me I get up and walk. If it is very bad I go to reading."

"And when it is insupportable?"

"I go to work."

It was true, and in later years his son often saw him sitting at his desk writing. "How can you work always?" some one asked him upon an occasion.

"I have nothing else to do," he answered.—San Francisco Argonaut.

South American Pickpockets.

The Gauchos, or dwellers on the extensive plains of Buenos Ayres, are marvelously dexterous with both hands and feet. Many of them have acquired, through long practice, such skill in using their toes instead of fingers that they can fling the lasso and even pick pockets with them.

Some time ago a Frenchman, who was fishing in one of the rivers of Buenos Ayres, was warned to be on his guard against the light-fingered natives. He forthwith kept a vigilant watch upon his companions, but, nevertheless, one day when his attention was closely riveted on his float, a wily Gaucho drew near, and delicately inserting his foot, extracted the Frenchman's hooks and other valuables from his pocket.—Boston Transcript.

A Queen's Patriotism.

Queen Christina of Spain has given up her country house for the accommodation of Spanish sick soldiers returning from Cuba.—Philadelphia Press.

INVENTED BY TESLA.

A Device That May Render Fleets and Guns Useless.

It Is Alleged to Be a Powerful Destroyer, and Distance Is Said to Have No Effect on Its Magic Results.

[Special New York Letter.]

Nicola Tesla, greatest of living electricians, is still a young man. He was born in the ancient kingdom of Servia, 35 years ago, and combines with the enthusiasm of the Slav the dogged persistence of the same race. Reared amidst congenial surroundings, and under the direct supervision of his mother, whose fame as an inventor of looms and other household devices is more than local; and assisted in his studies by his father, an eminent preacher of the Greek church, his natural love for mathematics and mechanics was given full play. While at school he mastered half a dozen languages, besides being recognized as the leader in technical studies; and consequently had no difficulty in securing a position in the Hungarian government telegraph engineering department at Budapest. The bureaucratic methods prevailing in the office where he was employed did not please him, however, and he drifted to Paris, and then to the United States, where he found employment in Edison's famous laboratory.

It is said—whether truthfully or not, I cannot tell, that the wizard soon grew jealous of the young man's genius and suggested that his room would be more agreeable than his company. Tesla took the hint, and established a laboratory of his own at New York, where he has conducted a number of experiments which will forever give him a high place in the history of electrical



NICOLA TESLA.
(New York's Wonderful Electrical Engineer and Magician.)

science. "A few years ago his workshop was destroyed by fire, and with it the results of years of research. This calamity, which would have discouraged most men, only served to fire the young inventor's ambition. In patience he labored and toiled on lesser devices, which brought him the means of carrying on his greater operations. And now he has broken his silence by announcing to the world the perfection of an engine which, if it does but half he claims for it, will revolutionize modern warfare and completely change the position of nations. In fact, the disarmament of the powers would be a necessity, and war would be so terrible that no country could sustain it even for a few weeks.

Mr. Tesla's invention, to describe it in a few words, consists in an application of electricity whereby, without interposition of any artificial medium of communication, one man can control and direct with absolute exactness the movements of any type of vessel, balloon or land vehicle at any distance that may be desired. From a station on shore or from the deck of a moving vessel a torpedo boat equipped with this device may be propelled either on or below the surface, maneuver at will in any direction and finally brought into contact and exploded at the side of a hostile ship at any point within the range of the operator. More marvelous yet, assuming that it were possible to locate the position of the warship to be destroyed, the torpedo boat could be directed to it, even if the vessel lay in a European harbor and the operator were stationed at Sandy Hook or Fort Monroe.

The result of this invention? Let Mr. Tesla speak for himself:

"War will cease to be possible when all the world knows that the most feeble of nations can supply itself with a weapon which renders its coast secure and its ports impregnable to the assaults of even the united armadas of the world. Battleships will cease to be built and the mightiest ironclads and the most tremendous artillery afloat will be of no more use than so much scrap iron. And this irresistible power can be exerted at any distance by an agency of so delicate, so impalpable a quality that I am justified in predicting the time will come, incredible as it may seem, when it can be called into action by the mere exercise of the human will."

How does the new device work? Hitherto the only means of controlling the movement of a vessel from a

distance has been supplied through the medium of a flexible conductor, such as an electric cable, but this system, according to Tesla, is subject to many limitations, such as are imposed by the length, weight and strength of the conductor, by the difficulty of maintaining with safety the high speed of a vessel or changing the direction of its movements with rapidity, by the necessity of effecting the control from a point which is practically fixed, and from many other drawbacks which are inseparably connected with such a system.

Tesla's plan seems to involve none of these objections. He is enabled by the use of his invention to employ any means of propulsion, to impart to the moving body or vessel the highest possible speed, to control the operation of its machinery, and to direct its movements from either a fixed point or from a body moving and changing its direction, however rapidly, and to maintain this control over great distances without artificial connections between the vessel and the apparatus governing its movement and without such restrictions as these must necessarily impose. He requires no intermediate wires, cables or other form of mechanical or electrical connection with the object save the natural media in space. He accomplishes similar results, however, by producing waves, impulses or radiations which are received through the earth, water or atmosphere by suitable apparatus on the moving body and causes the desired actions so long as the body remains within the effective range of such currents, waves, impulses and radiations.

Having made these experiments, Tesla proceeded to demonstrate his theories by means of a model which he exhibited to a representative of the New York Herald.

Elevated on stools in the center of the inventor's laboratory was a model of a screw-propelled craft about four feet long, no attempt having been made to follow the usual sharp lines of a torpedo boat. The deck was slightly arched and surmounted by three slender standards, the center one being considerably higher than the other two, which carried small incandescent bulbs, a third bulb being fixed at the bow. The keel consisted of a massive copper plate, the propeller and rudder being in the usual positions. The boat contained the propelling machinery, consisting of an electric motor actuated by a storage battery in the hold, another motor to actuate the rudder and the delicate machinery which performs the functions of receiving through the central standard the electric impulses sent through the atmosphere from the distant operating station, which set in motion the propelling and steering motors, and through them light or extinguish the electric lamps and fire the exploding charge in a chamber in the bow in response to signals sent by the operator.

"Now watch," said the inventor, and, going to a table on the other side of the room, on which lay a little switch box, he gave the lever a sharp turn. Instantly the little propeller began to revolve. "Now I will send the boat to starboard," he added, and another movement of the lever sent the helm sharp over, and another motion turned it back again. "During the day," explained Tesla, "we should steer our course by keeping the two standards in line, but at night we should depend on electric lights," and at a signal both the tiny bulbs were illuminated.

"Now we will assume," continued the inventor, "that the boat has arrived within striking distance of the vessel to be destroyed, and the bulb in the bow will serve to show that the explosion has taken place." As he spoke he touched the lever again and the light flashed and was extinguished. "Imagine, if you can," concluded Tesla, "what an irresistible instrument of destruction we have in a torpedo boat thus controlled, which we can operate day and night, on the surface or below it, and from any distance that may be desired. A ship thus assailed would have no possibility of escape."

Mr. Tesla further claims that it is not even necessary to make a close approach to the vessel to be destroyed. At a distance of 100 feet the explosion of 200 pounds of dynamite will exert a chattering effect on a battleship, and 200 or 300 tons of the explosive, when exploded even a mile away, would raise a wave that would overwhelm the largest and strongest ship ever built.

Mr. Tesla contemplates giving a public demonstration of his invention at the Paris exposition, where he intends to exhibit a model of a torpedo boat whose movements are to be directed from his office at New York.

Good Men Not Needed.

Stranger—I should think such an enterprising, public-spirited citizen as Mr. Goodman would be nominated for some important office in this community.

Politician—He'd run well, but we don't need him.

"Don't need him?"

"No. We're always sure of a big majority, anyhow."—N. Y. Weekly.

A. D. 1925.

"The Todhams, I understand, are very distinguished people."

"Distinguished?"

"Well, perhaps that isn't the proper word, exactly. Extraordinary would probably be better. They haven't had a divorce on either side of the family for two generations back."—Chicago Daily News.