

THE NEBRASKA ADVERTISER

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NEMAHA, - - - - - NEBRASKA.

LOVE AND PET ME NOW.

Take my withered hands in yours,
Children of my soul,
Mother's heart is craving love,
Mother's growing old,
See the snows of many years
Crown my furrowed brow,
As I've loved and petted you,
Love and pet me now.

Lay your hands upon my head,
Smooth my whitened hair,
I've been growing old the while
You've been growing fair,
I have toiled and prayed for you—
Ask not why or how—
As I've loved and petted you,
Love and pet me now.

Take my withered hands in yours,
Children of my heart,
Mother's growing old, your love
Makes of life sweet part,
Touch with love my faded cheek,
Kiss my anxious brow,
As I've loved and petted you,
Love and pet me now.

Take my withered hands in yours,
Hold them close and strong,
Cheer me with a fond caress,
'Twill not be for long,
Youth immortal soon will crown
With its wreath my brow,
As I've loved and petted you,
Love and pet me now.

Take my withered hands in yours,
This your heart will prove;
If you owe me anything,
Pay the debt in love,
Press me in your strong, young arms,
Breathe a loving vow,
That as I loved and petted you,
You'll love and pet me now.

—Mrs. R. A. Winder, in Chicago Standard.

An Army Wife.

BY CAPTAIN CHARLES KING.

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SYNOPSIS.

Chapter I.—Fannie McLane, a young widow, is invited to visit the Graftons at Fort Sedgewick. Her sister tries to dissuade her, as Randolph Merriam (whom she had fitted for old McLane) and his bride are stationed there.

Chapter II.—Fannie McLane's wedding causes family feeling. A few months later she, while traveling with her husband, meets Merriam on his wedding trip.

Chapter III.—Some time previous to this Merriam had gone on a government survey, fallen ill, and had been nursed by Mrs. Tremaine and daughter Florence. A hasty note from Mrs. McLane's stepson takes him to the plains.

Chapter IV.—Young McLane dictates to Merriam a dying message, which is sent to Parry (a young Chicago lawyer and brother-in-law of Mrs. McLane). Reply causes Merriam to swoon. He is taken to the Tremaines'; calls for Florence.

Chapter V.—Engagement of Florence Tremaine to Merriam is announced; wedding shortly follows.

Chapter VI.—Mr. McLane is mysteriously shot in San Francisco. Merriam is greatly excited when he reads account in papers. While still in mourning Mrs. McLane prepares to visit Fort Sedgewick.

Chapter VII.—Mrs. McLane arrives at the fort. Merriam is startled at the news, and he and his wife absent themselves from the formal hop that evening.

Chapter VIII.—Mr. and Mrs. Merriam pay their respects to the widow on an evening when she would be sure to have many other callers. When the call is returned Merriam is away, and his wife pleads illness as excuse for not seeing her. Mrs. McLane receives telegram: "Arrested, Chicago. Your uncle stricken—paralysis. You will be summoned. Secure papers, otherwise lose everything. C. M." She faints and is revived with difficulty.

Chapter IX.—Mrs. McLane desires to see Merriam. Grafton persuades him to go, but the widow postpones the meeting till next noon.

Chapter X.—Florence learns Merriam has been to see Mrs. McLane, and in a storm of passion will not allow him to explain. Then comes a brief summons to him to relieve the guard.

CHAPTER X.—CONTINUED.

One o'clock came, and the call had gone from sentry to sentry, thanks to the breathless stillness of the air, and the moon was climbing high, and Bux was still up and swearing. A "wire" came out from the Junction that the "special" would not be there for two hours, so the Riflers had stacked arms, unslung packs, and were snoozing or skylarking as suited their humor. The colonel had given permission for a dance at Miguel's. The band was playing, and there was jollity in the wind. Bux said he wouldn't have the cavalry mixed up in any such tomfoolery, however, and the patrol was saddled and ready to start. Grafton, coming back from his stable, where he had gone to personally see to the selection of the mounts required, stopped and drew Merriam to one side.

"I'm sorry for the needless trouble you took this evening, Merriam. I had hoped that Mrs. McLane would see you and have done with it. Another dispatch came for her three hours ago, and it seems to have roused her to action. She was up and dressed in time to see the regiment off, and now, I presume, she's flirting with Whittaker. There are lights in the parlor. At all events the orderly hasn't found him, and Bux may send you after the stragglers in town."

"Then I reckon I'll start and make the rounds and get out of the way," said Randy. "By the way, captain, I hope your private stable is well secured. We have only one sentry on that whole front now, and that matched team of yours is a powerful temptation to Bravo horse fanciers. I mean to make two or three trips around the row to-night."

"Well, then I can save you several hundred yards, Merriam," said Graf-

ton, fumbling in his pocket. "Take the short cut through my yard. There are no private horses between me and the east end of the line, you know. Here's the key to the rear gate."

Merriam took it and thanked him heartily.

"I'll go to the corral first," said he, "and then come over your way. Good night."

The lights were still burning dimly in the parlor as Grafton reached his quarters, but the slender form of a woman stood between him and the door. It was Mrs. McLane, and she began at once.

"I have been waiting anxiously for you, captain. Dear Harriet has gone to her room tired out, and I thought Mr. Whittaker would never go—I fairly had to send him. Mr. Merriam is officer of the guard. Could I see him—could you take me to him for just a minute? If I can talk with him three minutes it will be ample, and I cannot rest now until I do."

Grafton was on the point of bidding her remember that she had refused a chance of talking with him earlier that night, but refrained. He looked back across the shallow, moonlit surface of the parade to where the oil lamps were burning brightly in the guardroom. "He is not there," said he. "He has gone down to the corral. But"—a happy thought striking him—"in less than ten minutes he will be coming through here on his rounds. I gave him the key of our rear gate. It's warm and pleasant out here. You might hail and halt him as he enters."

Meantime there had been a sore, sore-hearted young wife farther up the row. As wrath and passion sobbed themselves away and the devil of jealousy wore itself out, and the thought of Randy's patience and gentleness and of all that Mrs. Hayne had said of his unflagging tenderness and love, poor Florence began to wonder if she had not angered him beyond repair. His last act had been one of fond, thoughtful care. He had spread the shawl over her and lingered over it as though he loved to touch her, mad, miserable, ugly, hateful as she had been, and she had spitefully thrown it off. She picked it up now and strove to arrange it as he had done, but could not. She arose and bathed her face and eyes, and gazed out over the now deserted parade. She had not even stirred when the Riflers marched away. She paced the floor again and felt that she was weak, and became conscious that she was most unromantically hungry, and then—Oh, heavens! how could she!—how could she have forgotten? Here was Randy on guard, up all night, and never before since they came back from their wedding tour had she failed when he was officer of the guard to have a delightful little chafing dish supper all ready for him at 12 o'clock, and he used to come over from his duties for half an hour and eat with such an appetite and praise her Welsh rarebit, or her oysters, and then take her in his arms with such love and delight in his fond eyes, and here—ah! here it was one o'clock and she'd utterly forgotten it. Oh, poor Randy! Must be starving!

In ten minutes Mrs. Merriam had bundled up her disheveled hair, donned some more becoming gown than the tumbled wrapper, and had hustled downstairs and lighted the parlor lamp to signal Randy to come home and be fed and forgiven, and then she ransacked the cupboard and started her fire, and then peeped over toward the distant guardroom and saw no sign of his coming. She trotted through the kitchen and banged lustily at Hop Ling's door and bade him rise and go summon his master, but the menial answered not. He, too, had slipped away to the Junction—not so much to see the Riflers off as to have a shy at fan-tan, and Florence was alone. Never mind. She had been born and reared in garrison. No one could teach her the ins and outs of post life. Why shouldn't she run across the wide, dimly-lighted flat and surprise her darling at his desk, and bid him come home with her and let her twine herself about him, and have a happier cry as she told him how weak and wicked and cruel and hateful she had been, and beg to be taken back into his love and trust. Yes, yes, well she knew that he was too noble, too grand to treat her sternly, coldly, because of her tempestuous outbreak. It was all because she loved him so—loved him so that it was torture to think any other woman could claim or hold or even attract him. With brightening eyes, with bounding heart, she threw over her head and shoulders a light wrap and stepped out on the piazza. Somebody was coming across the parade—from the guardhouse—even now. He was still too far away to be recognized, but as he halted one minute and turned as though to listen to the sentries just beginning to call half-past one, the moonlight glistened on the steel scabbard, and she knew it must be Randy. Then he was coming to her after all, and she need not have to seek him and be the first to "make up," as she used to say in girlish days. The call went round with echoing ring, and then on came her loving husband again. How she loved that martial stride of his! How erect and strong and soldierly he seemed! How—why—why—wasn't coming—straight to her. He had reached the flagstaff. There lay the beaten pathway right before his eyes and hers. He must see the bright lights of his home bidding him come and find love and welcome. But he had turned away—was walking, not toward the

west end, but straight for the middle of the row, straight to where the Graftons lived—where—that woman lived.

But that meant nothing. Oh, no! Florence well knew that meant nothing. Had he not said only a little while before that never would he see or speak with her without coming first to his wife, his Florence, and letting her know? Yet, why should he go thither, at this hour of the night? That was not the way to the sentry posts. Unconsciously she approached the edge of the piazza—she saw him reach the roadway—saw him cross it—saw him—merciful God! could she believe her eyes?—saw him enter what must be the Graftons' gate and then become lost in the shadows of the row. Hardly knowing what she did, Florence sped madly down the steps, out through the gate and, almost running, down eastward along the walk. Nearing the Graftons', she pressed her hand to her heart to still its mad pounding, and as she came opposite the parlor window she noted that the lamps were burning dimly, late as it was. Could he have entered? Breathless, dazed, she clung to the picket fence for support, not knowing what to do next, and then the blood seemed to turn to ice in her veins, for somewhere, close at hand, just beyond those sheltering vines she heard voices, his voice and hers, low-toned, earnest, ah! passionate—for she heard her murmur: "Oh, Randy, Randy!" and, stepping quickly forward, saw her just around the corner of the trellis, apparently clinging to his arm, the two dim figures seemingly linked together, blending in one vague, indistinguishable, yet damning shape, and then all grew dark to her, as though a pall had been dropped from the starry heavens, hiding from sight the sin and woe of a reeling world.

CHAPTER XI.

"Mrs. McLane," Merriam was saying at the moment, interrupting the pleading, weeping woman who was clinging to his arm, "it is useless to talk of it. Had you let me know why you wished to see me, all the pain of this meeting could have been avoided. Every paper I had was given to Mr. Parry, your lawyer, months ago. I know less about the matter, probably, than you do; and now, forgive me, but I must go at once."

Almost forcibly he drew her clasping hands from his arm, and turning sharply and without another word to the cowering woman, hastened on through the narrow pathway that led between



She heard her murmur: "Oh, Randy, Randy."

Grafton's cottage and that to the eastward, and presently emerged again into the moonlight at the back of the house, going straight to the captain's stable. For a moment his late companion stood there at the trellis, staring after him in mingled misery and incredulity. She had planned it well. She had marked his coming just as Grafton had said, had hurried down to the shady aisle between the quarters and halted him there—astonished at her daring. He would have walked a dozen miles that night rather than see her at all, but to meet her this way, to feel that he was trapped, made Merriam's blood boil with wrath. His voice, though, was stern and cold as he bade her say why she wished to see him. But her aim was to detain, to soften, to charm and then to plead, and she had a dreadful, dreadful story to tell and none to tell it to but him. Even then she was balked, for Merriam bluntly bade her omit the story, as he knew all he needed to know, and come to the point at once. What could she want of him? Advice—sympathy, she cried; and for advice he referred her to her lawyer—for sympathy she must not come to him. She must have some purpose in calling on him—what was it? And then it proved to be the packet with certain papers, given him by the young miner in the Mesquero. "It was turned over to your lawyer long ago," said Randy; and then she burst into tears and said she was undone, and wailed: "Oh, Randy, Randy! what can I—what am I to do?" And he suggested gravely, courteously, but positively, that she should at once go indoors, while he went on his way.

His heart was bitter against her as he strode out beyond the fence line, and, after carefully inspecting the doors of Grafton's stable, he closed and locked the gate. He wished now more than ever to hurry on westward and enter his own little home and surprise Florence. With grateful eyes he had noted the parlor lights and interpreted them as indicating that she must be well over the unerring stage of this her first, and, he prayed God, her last, jealous trouble. He turned toward his own gate, intending only to glance at the

other stables on the way and give the sentry additional orders; but when he got so far toward the western end of the row as to enable him to distinguish any object as big as a man he found to his vexation that there was no sentry there at all, and that he must retrace his steps and look for him toward the other end. It was a backward tramp of over 300 yards, and he was irritated enough to feel like scoring the sentry when finally he came upon him.

"You shouldn't be here, sir," he began, after the customary challenge and reply. "Where you are most needed is along toward the other end, where there are private horses in flimsy stables."

"I know, sir," said the soldier, promptly, "but there's something amiss out there on the road toward town. I heard a scuffle and cries for help, and then a running down into the creek bottom. The corporal's gone out to see. I'm afraid there's been blood spilt, sir."

And even as they stood and listened, the still night air was split by the loud report of a carbine, echoed back from the opposite wall of the shallow, narrow canyon. It was followed almost instantly by a cry for aid.

"Come right along," shouted Merriam to the sentry, and he sprang away in the direction of the alarm. "Never mind your post!"

A run of nearly 400 yards, crossing diagonally the Junction road as they ran, brought the lieutenant to the edge of the chasm, at a point where one could see some distance down the stream, the sentry panting several rods behind. The moonlight was faint, but still sufficient to enable him to make out the form of a man apparently crawling on hands and knees up the bank, while another lay motionless close to the water's edge. Over this latter Corporal Mahoney was bending, imploring in grief-stricken tones. Randy went bounding down the abrupt slope, sure-footed as a goat.

"What's the matter, corporal? What is it?"

"Brady, sir—stabbed to death, I'm afraid. There was three of 'em on him, and more at poor Corcoran yonder—Mexicans all of 'em, and they lit out straight for that monte shack across the mesa. Their horses are there, I reckon. Look up, Brady, man, for God's sake! Here's the lieutenant come to help."

Merriam knelt, threw open the blue blouse and placed his hand over the heart, waited a moment and shook his head. His hand was dripping with blood as he drew it out. "All over with poor Brady, I fear," said he. "Run quick. No. 2 followed me out. Tell him to hurry for the surgeon and send the litter from the hospital. Who fired?"

"I did, sir. I hoped to bring down one of the gang, but they were too far off," answered the corporal, as he was pulling himself up the bank.

Turning away from the stricken soldier and dabbling for a moment his hand in the stream, Randy called to Corcoran, the other victim, who was groaning and cursing alternately, and who presently burst into maudlin tears, demanding to be given a chance to stand up against the d-d greasers again, that he might annihilate the entire party. It was evident that a subtler enemy had downed him even before the Mexican took hold. He was only slightly injured physically, but his money was gone. All Randy could extract from him was that there had been a game and he wouldn't pay up because the greasers were cheating, and they chased him and Brady, and overtook them and used their knives.

Buxton was still up and full of his project of sending the patrol of absentees and the band just as soon as the Riflers' train should have started. He heard the call for the surgeon, and promptly turned out in person. The sleepy horses of the patrol were standing meekly and wonderingly at the guardhouse when the distant shot was fired, and, borrowing one, the sergeant galloped out. When Bux appeared he borrowed another, and one for the surgeon. Then, after hearing Merriam's brief recital, he ordered him to mount forthwith, take the entire patrol and gallop in chase of the greasers.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Only One Thing Lacking.

A number of traveling men were talking about the singular experiences they have at various small hotels throughout the northwest. Somebody referred to Dennis Foley, whose hotel at Meano, in Hutchinson county, S. D., is very popular with the boys because of its genial landlord. One of the tourists remarked:

"You would know, of course, that Dennis is a thorough Irishman, although he hasn't a very broad brogue. Hutchinson county is settled almost exclusively by Russians, and the town of Meano is named after the great religious reformer who founded the Menonite church to which so many of the Russians belong. One day I was talking to Dennis about his experiences in the town and county, and I said to him: 'Why is it, Dennis, that you haven't tried for some office here where you have lived so many years, and where you have such influence?'"

"I did try for an office once," he replied. "I ran for sheriff and lucked only one thing of winning."

"What was that?" I asked.

"All that I lacked of being sheriff was the Russian vote."—Sioux City Journal.

MISSING VACANCIES.

There Was a Box of Them and They Were Held by the Agent for Charges.

A short time since quite a discussion arose among the officials of one of our prominent southern railroads as to the reason of the many vexatious delays and troubles in the transmission of local freight. It was claimed by some of the parties interested that it was caused almost entirely by the stupidity or inefficiency of the local agents, and as there was some difference of opinion on this point, it was decided that the matter should be tested.

To this end a tracer was prepared in due and formal shape, calling for the whereabouts of "One Box of Post-holes," which it alleged was missing from a prior shipment. This was sent out in the regular order of business, with nothing except its "internal nothingness" to draw attention to its unusual character, and passed agent after agent without eliciting comment or information save the stereotyped indorsement: "Not here."

Some 15 or 18 local agents were actually passed in this way, until the tracer fell into the hands of a bright young fellow who was accustomed to looking into the business passing through his hands, and who speedily came to the conclusion that the tracer had gone far enough. At any rate the document went speedily back to the general office with the following indorsement: "Box of Post-holes, as per enclosed, held at this station for local charges to amount of \$2.50. Will be forwarded on receipt of same." Under this indorsement was written: "N. B.—The price of beer at this station is \$2.50 per keg." It is said that the charges went forward.—Harper's Magazine.

CHEAP LEGAL ADVICE.

A Man Who Believed in Paying a Lawyer for His Opinion.

The other day an old fellow slouched into Attorney Oscar Kahn's office, on Legal row, and introduced himself as Mr. Smith, Jones, Brown, or something, of a neighboring county. He said he wanted to consult a lawyer, and was accorded a seat and one of the attorney's sweetest smiles.

He then explained that while he was away from home the sheriff or some deputy had attached his wife's sewing machine and bureau for taxes. He didn't propose to tolerate such imposition, he declared, and came to Paducah to consult a lawyer about it.

"What is the amount of taxes?" inquired the lawyer.

"Lemme see—a dollar and 28 cents," was the reply.

The lawyer could not conceal a smile, but hastened to say: "Well, Mr. Smith, if you want my advice, it is to go back and settle that small amount. It looks like the easiest and best way out of it."

The old fellow thought a moment, and replied that he believed he would. Answering he asked: "How much do I owe you?"

"Oh, nothing, sir," was the reply. "I won't charge you anything for a little advice like that."

"But I allus pays fer whut I git, and want ter pay yer jes' the same."

"Oh, that's all right; come in again sometime when you need advice on something more important, and we'll square it then."

"Now, but I want ter pay it now. Jes' squeal out. Ef it's 25 cents, I'll pay it. Ef ye want 50, there it is!" And he threw down a half-dollar and left.—Paducah (Ky.) Sun.

Hard Man to Get At.

The manager is a hard man to see. Shut in his private office and with a well-trained boy in the ante-room, he is inaccessible to anyone whom that boy does not know. You cannot even get your card sent to him; the boy always says he is not in. You will get the same answer at the box office. I remember hearing an old manager once say to his office boy: "My son, if you don't learn to speak other people's lines you will not succeed in this business. I have written a part for you. Whenever anyone you don't know says: 'Is Mr. Brown in?' that's your cue to answer: 'No, sir. I wish you to be dead letter-perfect in that line from this time on.'"—Scribner's.

Phenomenally Common.

Visitor—So this is some of that weather that you brag so much about? It seems to me to be about like the average for this time of the year over the country generally.

Oldest Inhabitant—About like the average? Young feller, I've lived in this same place for nigh onto 72 years, and this here weather is more like the average than any we've had in all that time.—Judge.

There is only one thing more important than to learn patience, and that is to learn when not to use it.—Town Topics.

"Peace Hath Her Victories

No less renowned than war," said Milton, and now, in the Spring, is the time to get a peaceful victory over the impurities which have been accumulating in the blood during Winter's hearty eating. The banner of peace is borne aloft by Hood's Sarsaparilla.

It brings rest and comfort to the weary body racked by pains of all sorts and kinds. Its beneficial effects prove to be the great specific to be relied upon for victory. Hood's never disappoints.

Salt Rheum—"My mother was seriously afflicted with salt rheum and painful running sores. No medicine helped her until Hood's Sarsaparilla was used, which made her entirely well." ESSE E. MAPLESTONE, 358 Dearborn Street, Chicago, Ill.

Tired Feeling—"I had that tired, dull feeling, dyspepsia, headaches and sinking spells, but Hood's Sarsaparilla made me a new man. I never was better than now." JOHN MACE, Oskaloosa, Iowa.

Hood's Sarsaparilla
NEVER DISAPPOINTS

Hood's Pills cure liver and bile, constipation and only cathartics to take with Hood's Sarsaparilla.