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THE LITTLE FARMHOUSE.

Back in the little farmhouse, on the quiet countryside!
And I think of a bygone summer, when I was a happy bride.
I worked in the little kitchen; you tilled the fertile land!
For the rainy days a-coming, we toiled and saved and planned.
Back in the little farmhouse! And memory brings to view
A cozy room, scant furnished, and a table spread for two.
Back in the little farmhouse, haunted with memories sweet,
I see familiar faces, and list for the tread of feet.
Back in the little farmhouse, dingy, and old, and brown,
(Not like the newer dwelling, up in the nearest town).
Ten years have gone, my dearest, and we come again to-day,
To tread familiar footpaths, in the morning cool and gray.
Back at the little farmhouse, we seem to have younger grown;
The yards are the same, my dearest, and the grass is newly mown;
The stock in the river pasture at the same fence corner stop,
And the corn is a-waving calmly, but oh, 'tis another crop!
Back from the little farmhouse we turn with a weary sigh,
And we brush away the tears, dear, but we do not mention why.
Back in the little farmhouse, time sped on so fleet,
Our love grows firmer, dearest, that we keep this memory sweet.
—Flora Hazelton Bailey, in Minneapolis Housekeeper.

A CLEVER TRAP

By Claude Oliver

BATH is a beautiful little place on that famous river made dear to the hearts of all the world, because on its banks Shakespeare was born. It is in a fertile valley, surrounded by towering hills whose verdant sides make a restful picture for wearied eyes.

"Sixty or 70 years ago it was a favorite resort for health and pleasure-seekers, who found there something that they were not seeking. It was the scene of a series of the most mysterious robberies that baffled the keenest sleuth-hounds of the detective forces."

Just as I entered the parlor I heard my English friend relating the above to his little companion, who was listening to his words just as I have often pictured Desdemona listening to the recitals of the love-mad Moor.

I knew that the big, fine-looking Englishman was deeply in love with that little brown American wren, and that he could have wished me in Halifax rather than have a company of three.

"That sounds like a possible romance," I said to myself as I pricked up my ears like a war horse at the first sound of the bugle's call; and I sat demurely down and took out pencil and paper.

The little brown wren was sitting with her hands clasped around her knees, and her pretty, dark head poised to one side. She turned her sweet head slightly toward me and smiled a cordial welcome.

Not so her handsome Englishman! He frowned at me until his scowl was like a thundercloud.

"Oh, you needn't look at me like that, Dr. Gilbert," I said saucily, making a little moue at him, and thrusting my chin defiantly outward. "I am here to stay until I hear the end of that fish story."

"Go away," he said with mock anger. "If you say that to me again," I cried threateningly, "I'll sit right down at the piano and play 'There'll Be a Hot Time in the Old Town To-Night.'"

I knew how the doctor hated that song, and by this means I always used to cow him into submission. We were stopping at a boarding house in the mountains of Tennessee, and we had all become like one large family and said what we liked to each other in our playful way.

As I uttered my fearful threat the doctor dropped his hands helplessly at his sides, drew down the corners of his mouth and made himself look the very picture of fear and submission.

"I've never turned my back to the enemy's guns," he said in a serio-comic tone, "but I always quail before the fire of a woman's eyes."

"Well, if you will proceed with the romance I will turn the fire of my eyes on Wrennie," I said playfully, "while I take it down, skeleton-like. Then I will weave it into a story."

"And now 'proceed with the preface,'" I added dictatorially.

But he didn't proceed. He only sat and looked at Wrennie as if he would like to "drink her into the waste places of his soul."

"Wrennie, will you kindly command that slave of yours to finish his recital for my benefit? Here am I at the very verge of despair for material to make the pot boil, and this wretched old brain of mine won't budge an inch. It's like Jamie's old donkey; when it

gets tired it won't 'go' for love or money."

"Resume your story, doctor," she said, sweetly. And the big man immediately obeyed. Love is a wonderful mystery.

"Well—but where was I at?" the doctor laughingly questioned, while he looked askance at Wrennie to see how she would take his slang.

"Oh, yes! Now I remember. I was saying that 60 or 70 years ago Bath was the scene of a series of mysterious robberies."

"Every day some man or woman would find himself or herself relieved of a valuable watch, or brooch, or bracelet, or money, and not the slightest clue could be found to the robbery. The most noted detectives were continually baffled, and the mystery grew deeper and darker."

"Finally a young man presented himself to the head of the detective forces and offered his services to ferret out the seemingly fathomless mystery. The young man was tall and angular, and awkward. But he had a head like Napoleon Bonaparte's, and the head of the detective force, in sheer desperation over all the other failures, told the young man he might try his hand. At that time the best English farmers dressed like the caricatures of John Bull; and Fielding, the new detective, conceived the idea of acting the role of a well-to-do farmer, with pockets full of money and anxious to 'paint the town red.' There was one drawback to his clever scheme; for Fielding was tall and thin, while the typical John Bull was just the opposite. However, with the aid of a pillow or two and various other paraphernalia he soon had himself rigged 'to the queen's taste'—big stomach, loose pockets with flap unbuttoned and hanging open; rattling his money with his left hand while he walked along gaping up at the houses, and whistling a tune that savored strongly of rusticity.

"Strolling leisurely along, and pretending to be very 'green' and to have eyes for nothing but the houses and signs, he was on the qui vive for suspicious looking characters."

"Suddenly he felt a slight tremor near his right-hand pocket, which was flaring temptingly open."

"The tremor was so very slight that only the most sensitive nerves could have detected it. He pretended not to notice anything and continued to lounge along unceremoniously and indifferently, never quivering even the muscle of an eyelid, until he knew the hand was well in—then he clapped his own over it, whipped out a revolver, shoved it into the face of his captive, and said sternly: 'Surrender, my man; I've got you now.'"

"But his 'man' had no notion of yielding so readily. He gave one



FELT A TREMOR NEAR HIS POCKET.

quick, sudden jerk in the desperate hope of freeing his imprisoned hand. But the jerk was instantly followed by a sharp scream of pain, as he felt what seemed to him like barbed arrows piercing the tender flesh of his white hand that was soft and dainty as a woman's."

"The ingenious detective had sewed a number of fish hooks in his pocket with the points arranged in such a way that the hand would be firmly hooked in attempting to withdraw it."

"Oh—I said it was a fish story," I cried, jeeringly.

"A fish hook story, my dear madam," he replied, with assumed dignity. "But if you interrupt me again I shall not finish the story and then you can't write it, and then you'll have no pot boiler."

"I'll send it unfinished and call it 'The Second Mystery of Edwin Drood,' or 'The Mystery of the Second Edwin Drood.'"

"Well, it is of no use to threaten a woman—at least a woman like you—so I'll finish the story just to spite you."

"The robber proved to be a descendant of one of Europe's titled families. He was one of those men whom the talented English poet painted in his lines:

"With smooth dissimulation skilled to grace
A devil's purpose with an angel's face."

"He had been mingling with the best element at Bath."

"All the women, with their usual enthusiasm and lack of prudence—where a handsome, dashing, fascinating man is concerned—had received him into their most exclusive circles with smiles of welcome."

"And he had been robbing them even

while whispering pretty nothings into their listening ears."

"He was tried, proven to be one of the world's most notorious robbers, convicted and sentenced. The capture created a sensation, the like of which Bath has never since known."

"Fielding's name blazed into sudden fame and he was ever afterward employed on all the most difficult cases—one of which was the capture of a notorious female forger, who had set all Bath wild with her beauty and her voice."—N. O. Times-Democrat.

STRAIGHT HAIR IN VOGUE.

Curly Locks No Longer in Fashionable Demand with the Ladies.

The straight-haired woman is at last the height of what is proper. The reaction has come, and straight-haired women, who never submitted to the process of having their hair undulated to increase their charms, will find themselves once more in the fashion. The rebellion against the crimping which has been popular for several years will probably be enduring. The news from London is that wigs have suddenly grown fashionable as the result of the excessive use of the crimping iron on women's heads in recent years. The fashion of having the hair crimped from the roots right down to the ends made its appearance first about ten years ago, and immediately became popular. It was becoming to most women, and for once women who possessed beautifully waving and curly hair were equaled by artificial devices. Once a woman had submitted herself to the process, and then looked into the glass, she was the victim of the habit. The introduction of the pompadour style had much to do with the disappearance of the undulation, as it was first called in Paris, although to this day there are women in Paris who cling to this fashion of improving their looks. The fashion was taken up in London, where the English hairdressers imitated it crudely. In New York it was almost as well done as in Paris, only the man there who is famous for his skill could excel the best New York friseurs. This Frenchman had a place in the Rue de l'Echelle in Paris and was known all over Europe. Women came from London to be treated by him; and went back across the channel with their heads wrapped in cloths to keep the curl in and the damp air out. The great merit of this man was that he could produce the most natural effects, and so graduate the crimps in the hair from the first to the last one that they seemed to grow slowly in size, and came nearer to nature than any of the other crimps could. A change in the fashion is no longer important to him. He made a fortune long ago. His charge was only ten francs, but he would sell the next turn to the woman that bid the highest price. There were frequently women among his patrons who thought more of their time than their money, and would rather pay than wait. As there were sometimes several of these in his shop at once, and as the woman who paid the most got the preference, the price went up to 100 francs at times. Now the false hair which has become the fashion is said to be the result of the undulation. Hot irons have burned off the hair in places on the heads of some women and dried it up in other places until it has dropped out. So the wigs must be worn either until the hair comes in again or some style of wearing short hair comes into fashion. The only doubt as to the authenticity of the new fashion lies in the fact that it comes from London. English women are notoriously fond of piling on false hair until they astonish French and American women. Possibly the burned hair is only a pretext to pile on more that is false and to complete their satisfaction by wearing a whole wig.—Chicago Chronicle.

A Funeral Feast.

The funeral feast of the mother of Baboo Shyama Charn Ballar, of Dankuria, a small rising village in the Basirhat subdivision, was celebrated at his native place with great eclat. Hundreds of distinguished guests and visitors attended. Among the sacrificial offerings were a country boat, a horse and a palanquin, and even Manchester-made napkins studded with pearls. Some 10,000 people were sumptuously feasted, and no fewer than 25,000 beggars were each given a Bombay-made sheet, a four-anna piece and a handful of sweetmeats, each beggar receiving in all nearly a rupee and a half.—Advocate of India.

The One Thing Lacking.

The pensioned-off "faithful nurse" in an aristocratic family took a mournful pleasure in keeping "in memoriam" cards which were occasionally sent her. On one occasion "the daughter of the house," visiting the old lady's cottage, noticed the collection so ostentatiously displayed. "Ah, yes, miss, I keeps them all," said the aged nurse. "I've got your pore par's, and your brother William's, and your sister Carrie's, and if I only had yours I think I could die 'appy!"—London Chronicle.

Odd Exception by Spanish Strikers.

In the last week of January, Barcelona had a strike of cabmen. They refused to take anyone but priests on their way to dying persons; these they took free of charge.

OUR SHIPS AND CHILIANS.

The Conduct of South American Visitors to Our Battle Monitors.

In Brazil the reception of our ships was more than cordial, and our diplomatic and consular representatives won the hearts and admiration of all by their effectual manner of showing their full appreciation of the work of the navy. At Montevideo it was unfortunately necessary to anchor the ships so far out—seven miles—so that for several days only the hardiest and most determined of sightseers braved wind and sea to visit them. Then, when they did come, many had a peculiarly furtive bearing as if they half expected at any moment to be held to account for their lately expressed and unfriendly remarks. This feeling, however, quickly passed, the visitors, day after day, steadily increasing in numbers in spite of bad weather, and the more interested began to take notes. Apparently they did not believe everything they saw, even expecting to be fooled by wooden imitation or hollow armor. Where they had obtained this idea of Yankee guile no one could tell, but metal-headed canes passed from hand to hand and were in great request for sounding everything that looked like armor. Others slyly attempted to pierce the 13-inch barbettes (each plate of which weighs 34 tons) with their pocketknives, looked wise, and passed on. One gentleman waved his cane airily at the heavy turret:

"They're hollow and only for show," said he in Spanish. Later some enthusiastic friend must have convinced him of his error, for he was seen excitedly measuring the thickness of the turret walls through a gun-port—armor, backing, framework and all—and so impressed was he with the result that he cut a notch in his handsome walking-stick to show the doubting Thomases at home the thickness of the American's armor.

In Chili it was somewhat different. This ship had many friends at Sandy Point, where she had coaled last April on her famous race to Santiago, and all who had seen her then now claimed interest and even shared in her history. They hurried preparations for a church festival and ball in honor of the visiting ships, and in every way showed hospitality and good feeling. At Valparaiso, too, where there had been many believers in the superiority of the O'Higgins to either or both of our battleships, there was a revulsion of feeling and great friendliness. It is not generally known outside of the navy that prior to the Baltimore affair there was hardly a foreign port in the world where American naval officers had more and closer friends among the best people than in Valparaiso and Santiago, Chili.

Many of the Chilians were unable to rid themselves of their surprise at the sight of the battleships. Their own ships were moored in two lines, and when the Oregon anchored at the head of one and the Iowa at the head of another, it seemed as if they alone, in their unornamented, massive simplicity, were built for hard and enduring work. They looked, in fact, like ugly mastiffs leading lines of handsome spaniels, for the Chilean ships are handsome and kept in beautiful condition. They are perfectly clean, their crews well trained, and officers who had the opportunity of critically inspecting their engine-rooms declare that they also are in splendid condition. As they lay great stress on target practice and have batteries of the latest type, it may be asserted positively that the Chilean navy is one of the most efficient in the world, as it is also the largest, for the population of its country.

In Peru, while there are many friends of Spain, the predominant feeling has always been most friendly toward the United States, and it was there that the squadron met the first exhibition of Cuban appreciation of its services in liberating their island. For, in December (the 28th), a delegation of Cuban residents of Lima and Callao presented both the Oregon and the Iowa with gold memorial tablets. These tablets were about five inches by two and one-half in size and were enclosed in handsome cases. On the faces were engraved: "Presented to the officers and crew of the United States battleship Oregon (or Iowa), in commemoration of the battle of Santiago de Cuba on July 3, 1898, by the Cuban residents of Lima and Callao, Peru." On the backs were engraved the names of the subscribers.—Lieut. A. A. Ackerman, of the Oregon, in Collier's Weekly.

Looking Cityward.

Western Magistrate—You are charged, sir, with killing six of our oldest and most respected citizens. What have you to say?

Prisoner—They were all of 'em rich old pennygrabbers wot was leavin' the best buildin' sites in town lie idle, waitin' fer a higher price.

"Well?"

"Well, yer honor, I belong to the Village Improvement society."—N. Y. Weekly.

Columbia River's Great Wealth.

The Columbia river has yielded more wealth than any river in the world. Its vast schools of salmon have enriched thousands of men and given employment to innumerable people.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

CLOSE QUARTERS.

An American Mining Engineer in the Rockies Meets with a Grizzly Bear.

A thrilling question: What to do on unexpectedly meeting a grizzly bear, is very happily answered in the following extract from "Four-Footed Americans and Their Kin":

An American mining engineer was taking a little exercise one morning in the Rockies, and as he paused a moment to look about a few bones caught his eye. The meat was picked from them, but the gristle was quite fresh. "Aha!" he thought, "a bear must have been enjoying spring lamb!"

He thought bear, and instantly he saw bear! Lurching down the steep, and stopping directly in his path, was a full-sized grizzly, which was evidently as much surprised as the man, but not so frightened. The bear rose on its hind legs, waving its paws, and looked at the man slantwise.

The engineer returned the stare, glance for glance, not knowing what else to do, half-expecting the bear to run, as most four-footed will, and feeling backward at the same time for a footing that would give him range enough to use his rifle.

As he took a step backward the bear stepped forward, growling. Oh, for a tree! If there had been one in sight he would have risked running for it, as grizzlies are not good climbers, like the black bears; but there he was—he could neither run nor shoot. His enemy gave a grin and a growl, and took another step forward, clawing at him.

The engineer dared not lift his rifle to his shoulder lest the bear should grab the muzzle, but he managed to grasp the barrel and swinging it round, brought the butt down on the grizzly's nose with a heavy blow. The bear was only enraged, not stunned, and gave a growl, gnashing its teeth with a terrible noise. For a moment the man expected no other fate than to become the supper for the little bears!

Something cold slipped along his shoulder and touched his cheek. Fortunately he had sufficient nerve not to turn. There was a sharp report close to his head that made him deaf, and kept his ears ringing for months afterward; but the bear pitched forward, just clearing him, and rolled down the rocks to a ledge below, shot through its wicked eye.—Youth's Companion.

MOSQUITOES AND MALARIA.

Certain Species of the Insects Are Active Disseminators of the Poison.

Hunting expeditions after big game are common occurrences, but it has remained for Mr. Claude Beddington, F. R. G. S., to set forth avowedly in pursuit of the mighty little microbe that is supposed to make malarial fever. He has just started with an expedition for the hinterland of the gold coast and Ashantee, where malarial fever works its will in such deadly fashion, and the investigators intend to collect specimens of blood from fever patients and also mosquitoes, as these little pests are now regarded as mainly responsible for the propagation of the disease. Mr. Beddington's medico-scientific expedition will be away about eight months; for the quest of game and microbes may lead the adventurers as far as the Congo.

Relating to the connection that is considered to exist between malaria and mosquitoes, Prof. B. Grassi, a German, has been making a study of the matter. From careful deductions Dr. Grassi has been led to the conclusion that certain species of the mosquito are innocuous, while others, again, are active disseminators of the malarial poison. In effect, the balance of cause and effect between the mosquitoes and the malaria is so finely hung that it is difficult to tell which lowers the scales.

Marshy and malarial districts undoubtedly breed mosquitoes in abundance and the mosquitoes of such neighborhoods have the faculty of inoculating those whom they puncture with the malarial germ. Should the fact that certain classes of these insects are disseminators of the disease be finally established, medical men are hopeful that much may be done to mitigate the spread of malaria by the destruction of the mosquito larvae in districts where the dangerous species abound.—Chicago Evening News.

The Monitor as a Fighter.

Monitors, in a large degree, are vessels in which engineers may take special interest, and I am a great believer in their efficacy when properly used. In the Spanish-American war, their record is considered to have been a poor one, but this, in my judgment, was because they were diverted to uses for which they were never intended. They are purposely designed for operating near the coast, and have neither the speed nor the coal supply to enable them to make long cruises. A gallant captain of the United States navy stated that, if given the command of the Monterey, he would be ready to fight any battleship afloat. I certainly do not advocate the building of monitors for the high seas, but as coast-defenders I believe they have no superiors.—Engineer in Chief G. W. Melville, in Engineering Magazine.