

THE NEBRASKA ADVERTISER

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NEMAHIA, - - - - - NEBRASKA.

TWO CITIES.

Two cities lying together—
One full of dust and strife,
And the weary, hopeless, battle
For gain and fame and life.

The other, crowded with people,
Yet oh! so calm and still,
With the green grass like a carpet,
Unsoiled on vale or hill.

There are feet within the city,
But they seem content to rest;
And hands that lie close folded
Over each tranquil breast.

And eyes that behold no beauty
In earth, or sea, or sky;
And hearts that have ceased their
throbbing.

Full satisfied, they lie,
In the flood of noontide glory,
In the moonlight's peaceful glow;
Peasant and lord together,
As the seasons come and go.

Two cities upon the borders
Of a river dark and wide—
One where the people tremble
To cross the swelling tide.

And enter the icy waters
With prayers and bated breath;
This is the land of the living—
The river, the men call Death.

One step and the other city,
With its shafts of marble white
Marking the narrow dwellings,
Looms up before our sight.

Some day we shall join the sleepers
Who rest beneath the sod,
And live in "God's silent acre,"
That never a foot bath trod.

—Lizzie DeArmond, in Ohio Farmer.

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 Sedgwick. Her sister tries to dissuade her, as Randolph Merriam (whom she had jilted 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 Tremaine's; 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 Sedgwick.

Chapter VII.—Mrs. McLane arrives at the fort. Merriam is startled at the news, and he and his wife absent themselves from the formal box 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. Shortly after Merriam is intercepted by Fannie McLane as he is passing through Grafton's yard. Florence witnesses the meeting, which she supposes has been prearranged, and swoons.

Chapter XI.—Mrs. McLane begs Merriam for papers given him by her stepson, but which he tells her were all forwarded to Parry. Merriam upon leaving her learns of a raid by greasers upon the stables who had killed one of the guards and wounded another.

CHAPTER XI.—CONTINUED.

There was no difficulty in learning at the wretched shack at the edge of the reservation which way they had gone. Nine at least were in the party, and the hoof tracks led away southwestward across the flat until they struck the line of the railway, two miles west of the Junction. Here there seemed to have been a brief halt, discussion, possibly a divide, and a split. Two horses had crossed the track and gone south; the others, veering westward, had "lit out" for the Santa Clara, and Randy Merriam, a trifle hungry now, was wishing with all his heart he had gone first to Florence, and left the inspection of the stables until afterwards. It was somewhere about two o'clock when they started. The men were booted and spurred, but Merriam was in ordinary trousers, and the troop horse he rode was quick to find the spur was gone and slow to mind the heel. The McClellan saddle, too, with its upright pommel and cantle, worried him after the ease of his own Whitman. When dawn came he was well-nigh ready to give up the chase after fording the Santa Clara and finding the trail had turned northwestward, when a sharp-eyed trooper swore he could see the quarry making for the foothills and not two miles ahead; so Merriam borrowed a single spur and pushed vehemently, vigorously on.

Then broad daylight came, and there could be no doubt they were gaining. The chase was hot. The pursued were

tossing off saddle bags, riatas, and other detachable horse furniture to lighten their weight, but they stuck to their guns and ammunition. Merriam's men were considerably strung out, not more than six being well up with supporting distance, when the fact that they were in range of the greasers was demonstrated by the zip and sing of a bullet close alongside.

"That's business," muttered the trooper who rode close on his left rear. "Shall I try a shot, sir?"

Merriam shook his head. The situation had few points in its favor. Obedient to his orders to pursue and capture the gang, Randy had ridden hard, yet over many a mile had he asked himself the question—Suppose they resist arrest, what's to be done? He had no warrant. He was not even a deputy sheriff, not even the humblest constituent of a posse comitatus. If he or his men returned their fire and shot some of these unnatural naturalized voters and citizens, like as not an indictment for murder would be hanging over his head, if not hanging him in the course of a fortnight. True, there was no sheriff within 70 miles, and long before the civil authorities could be brought into play the murderers of Brady would be scattered all over the face of the earth. All the same, under the strict interpretation of the civil law, Lieut. Merriam knew that he and his people had no more business trying to arrest these renegades than they had to vote at a territorial election. In point of fact, like many another officer and man, soldier of Uncle Sam on the broad frontier, he was aware of the fact that even a horse thief had more civil rights than the trooper. His expedition, therefore, in the eye of the law was nothing more nor less than a lawless dash, winding up in a possible free fight, and all against the peace and dignity of the people of New Mexico. Perhaps Buxton knew this, too, but the orders he gave were peremptory, and Merriam never stopped to reply, reason why, or expostulate. But now when the renegades began to shoot the reasoning why had to be done. His men were hot for battle—so was he—but the nation expects of its officers that, no matter what the temptation, provocation or exasperation, they keep cool heads and tempers, only shoot when the law permits, but then shoot to kill. No claim of self-defense could be allowed. They were the pursuing and therefore the attacking party, and though these Mexicans were followed red-handed, hot-footed, there could be no question what a civil jury would say if any of their dingy hides were punctured by the balls of a brutal soldiery.

Zip—bang!—a second shot. Bing-g-g-g wrrrrr—bang! another, and Corporal Butts ducked his head and squire and Trooper Mullen's charger squealed and lunged and kicked viciously with the seam of a bullet scathing his flank and plowing the haunch. They were closing on the ruffians fast, then, and the temptation was overpowering. "I can't ride my men in to be shot down like dogs," growled Randy. "In for a penny in for a pound. They started it, anyway," he said to himself, then turned in saddle and waved high his forage cap. "Close up! Close up, men!" he cried, meaning to draw rein, slacken speed a bit, and get all his party together before closing for action. The Mexicans were plainly winded. Their half-starved brutes had carried them under bloody spurring as far as they could and were now barely staggering along. What their riders dreaded was summary stringing up to the railway telegraph poles if captured. Better die fighting, said the leader, and fight it was.

They were close to the entrance of a little ravine that set in among the barren slopes from the open ground to the east. All the way from the Santa Clara the ascent had been gradual but distinctly marked, and just as the foremost rider spurred around the shoulder of the hillside his panting broncho stumbled, went down, rolled helplessly over and lay there dead to kicks, curses or blows. Three of the gang lashed onward, leaving their countryman to his fate, but two of them, better nerved, reined up, alighted, and, throwing themselves flat upon the ground, opened again a rapid and telling fire from their Winchester. "Mira! el Teniente," was the word, linked with a savage Spanish curse that hissed from the black lips of the nearest, and in an instant Merriam became the target for the sharp fire of three magazine rifles, famous for their accuracy at no greater distance than the 400 yards that now separated them. Almost before he could realize it Randy felt a sharp sting just at the outer edge of his bridle arm, and knew that the blood gushed from the wound. Then all of a sudden his poor troop horse plunged heavily forward, and, groaning and struggling, went down in a heap, hearing his rider helplessly with him.

Two minutes more, as some of the men dismounted and with rapid and effective fire scattered the Mexicans to shelter within the ravine. Corporal Butts and a trooper succeeded in pulling Merriam free from the madly lashing, struggling, stricken brute, and then it was found that their pallid, speechless leader had received some serious injury. All the breath was knocked out of his body and the bridle arm was broken midway between the wrist and elbow. That ended the chase. Four or five men, it is true, took advantage of the fact that the lieutenant was knocked out to dash ahead and have a personal affair with the greasers, and later in

the day, when, after a long, long ride, Trooper Mullen reached a friendly ranchman on the Santa Clara and had him send out his spring wagon for the wounded officer, these enthusiasts came drifting back, there was reason for belief that their ammunition had not been entirely spent in vain. But it was a worn-out, used-up detachment, escorting a two-wheeled, improvised ambulance, that recrossed the Santa Clara late that afternoon and was met there by the assistant surgeon.

"I hope you saw Mrs. Merriam before you started," was Randy's faint greeting. "She wasn't much worried, was she? I tried to scrawl a line or two, and we made the messenger swear I was only lamed by the fall of the horse. You saw her—didn't you?"

"No—o," hesitated the doctor. "I didn't, Merriam. You see there wasn't time. You know how it is with old Bux. Steady with that stretcher there, steward. Just let me slip this support under the lieutenant's shoulder. You know Bux insisted on my starting instantly."

"But who took my note to her then? Who went to her?" persisted Randy. "It—it would never do to have her frightened—now—doctor."

"Oh, that'll be all right, Randy. Don't worry about that. I'm sure what she has heard hasn't hurt her. Mrs.—oh yes, Mrs. Hayne was over at your house when I came away."

"Thank God for that!" murmured poor Randy, as he took the drink the doctor gave him. "Heaven bless that dear woman, anyhow. Now get me home as soon as you can, old fellow."

But the whispered caution to the driver, given as the doctor reappeared and, mounting, rode alongside, was: "Go slow—slow as you can." Then to the hospital attendant who had ridden out with him he muttered: "Now ride ahead, Parks, and see if there's any news."

CHAPTER XII.

When Florence regained strength enough to move she crept slowly back to her little parlor, where the beacon lights that were to summon her husband were still faithfully, fruitlessly burning. She looked in at the dining-room and its preparation for cheer and welcome, and turned away with a shiver of disgust, and then, with a moan of pathetic misery, threw herself into an armchair and tried to think. What should she do? What could she do? Her love for Randy was so fond, so glowing, that she had gifted him with the qualities of a god, leaning upon him in everything, trusting him in everything, relying upon his word as though it were a pledge on high; and yet within these few hours he had, all unasked, given her his promise not to see or speak with that—woman again except he came first to her—his wife—and told her the need; then had gone secretly, almost directly, to meet his old love in the shadows of the night long after the hour that usually saw the last light extinguished along officers' row.

If her old friend from baby days, the colonel, had come to her and said that



Carrying her rider helplessly with her.

Randy was false; if her idol, her beloved father, had added his confirmation of the colonel's views, she would have laughed them down so long as Randy—her hero Randy—swore that he was true. Many a woman will stand by her lover against a world in evidence, yet turn to stone against him when she sees one apparent sign of interest in another. Poor girl! He was her first, her only love. He was hers and only hers, and should be only hers, for when that other—creature had scorned and denied him, had he not been brought sore stricken to her doors? Had she not won him back to life through the wealth and glory of her own unsuspected love? From the day of their wedding until this woman came never had she known a wish that was not his. Day and night she dreamed, planned, and thought for him, sought only to make herself worthier his love, dearer to his eyes—sweeter to his caress. Who was there to compare with him in manliness, in courtesy, in knightly bearing? What officer was the peer of Randy—what officer ever in the dear old Riflers with whom had been her home from baby days? They chided her, some of the girls, in what they called her defection. "You used to say there could be no regiment like the Riflers. Floy. You used to vow you'd never marry out of the old regiment." "Aye, but that was before Randy came," was her simple answer, and then they told her Randy was her world, and proudly she answered: "I believe he is." They warned her—some of the older and wiser matrons—and God knows they had had much on which to base their views

—it was never safe to love any man too much, even Randy; to which she answered with sunshine in her eyes: "How could one love Randy too much?" Mind you, she never volunteered these overflowings of her heart, but these women had been her friends from her earliest days. She was still shy, even with him, but such well-meant warnings always seemed to put her on the defensive, as it were, and, poor child, she believed it her duty to her husband that she should never allow him to go undefended, even though the attack were intangible as a woman's sneer. And they looked so well together, and he was so proud of her, so devoted to her, "so conscious of her," as some one said. Nowhere in that garrison was there man or woman who was able to say that Randy had not borne himself as an almost ideal lover and husband ever since that sun-kissed wedding day. Many could even feel a sense of what is called "agreeable disappointment," which always strikes me as a phraseological parallel for that other remarkable euphemism of so many of our countrywomen—"she's enjoying poor health." Yet without Florence had the sympathy, the genuine affection of all Fort Sedgwick, even in—or rather notwithstanding—her enthusiastic estimate of Randy's qualities as husband and as man, and her own extreme beatitude as wife. Then Mrs. Buxton ventured to fire a shot, as she stood watching them strolling homeward after parade one evening, absorbed in one another, and to observe to her own supremely indifferent lord: "There now, Bux, there's another girl making a fool of herself over a man, only she's the sweetest fool I ever knew in my born days."

Bux himself roared it out for Floy's benefit not long after, and did it so that half Fort Sedgwick heard it, for the one valuable quality Bux possessed as a cavalry officer was his voice. The volume of sound he could produce when bellowing instructions to a regimental skirmish line was something prodigious, but of so rasping and exasperating a timbre that his old-time derider, Blake, likened it in force to a fog horn and in staying power to boiled cabbage—not a neat comparison but one expressly fitting.

And now, strangely enough, this maddest of nights poor Florence could not get those words and that tone out of her head. She had flushed and turned speechless away at the time, hurt to her soul and indignant, too, but the training of her youth was strong. These were people her father and mother had taught her to respect, and though angry, indignant remonstrance was in her heart, she stifled the words that strove to spring to her lips.

"I expect I've put my foot in it again to-day," reported Bux to his better half, when he got home.

"Well, I'm sure I'm never surprised," was the lady's prompt reply.

"I fear I've been rude to Col. Buxton, Randy," faltered Floy, when that gentleman came in from troop drill an hour later.

"You couldn't be rude even to Bux, my darling," was his answer, as he folded her in his arms.

And these are not types of the "first year wedded" and the "quarter century mated" love as seen in the army. I have known many and many a couple who have risen together through every grade in the line, loved, loving and lovers to the end.

At one o'clock Florence had set her lights in the parlor window. At two, with that booming, gong-like sound reverberating in her ears, that incessant repetition of Buxton's coarse words, she had sprung from the chair in which she had been brooding, writhing, shuddering for half an hour, and then, tearing down the shade, close looping the curtains, she hurried to the hall and locked and bolted the door. "Another girl making a fool of herself for a man—another girl!" God! how the words buzzed—and whirred through her brain, buzzed and whirred like angry wasps in her ears, hissed and rattled, aye, stung like the venomous reptiles she had learned to shun from early childhood. "Making a fool of herself for a man who would leave her—so soon—for that painted—yes—that padded thing!" They'd soon learn that an army-bred girl loved, indeed, with all her heart and soul, but could hate, hate, hate as well!

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

The Long Journey.

In a certain township not many miles from Cleveland the good man of a local household was laid away in the little churchyard on the hill. After the funeral the relatives, both near and distant, returned to the family home and the officiating pastor came with them. There they enjoyed a good dinner and afterward gathered in the best room for social converse. Naturally their talk turned upon the serious event of the day, and presently the good pastor, drawing a deep sigh, solemnly remarked: "Well, our departed brother has gone a long journey."

There was a brief silence, and then the cousin of the deceased, a fussy little woman with an intense desire to bear a share in the conversation, and denly remarked, in a tone of profound wisdom: "Well, you know, brother that they all say that travel is such an educator!"—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

A Solution.

"But your mother has no objection to my becoming one of the family."

"Then perhaps she means to marry you herself!"—Ally Sloper.

Kipling's Good Luck.

The first story that Kipling writes after his illness will bring a fabulous price. It will be sought as eagerly by progressive publishers as Hostetter's Stomach Bitters is by all who suffer from stomach ills of any nature. No matter whether it be indigestion, constipation, biliousness, nervousness, stubborn liver or overworked kidneys, Hostetter's Stomach Bitters will cure it. It is an unequalled spring medicine, curing and preventing malaria, fever and ague, and all ills resulting from a run-down system.

An Exception.

"Labor-saving machinery has been the great boon of mankind," said the political orator.

"Well, it never saved you anything," remarked an old constituent on the fringe of the crowd.—Philadelphia North American.

How's This?

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

F. J. Cheney & Co., Props., Toledo, O.

We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligations made by their firm.

West & Truax, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.

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Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Price 75c. per bottle. Sold by all Druggists. Testimonials free.

Hall's Family Pills are the best.

Music Hall Horror.

P. Arno—That baritone sings as if his windpipe needed a job of plumbing. Is it bronchitis?

Fye Forgan—I think he's using his medicine-chest tones.—Chicago Tribune.

You Can Get Allen's Foot-Ease FREE.

Write today to Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y., for a FREE sample of Allen's Foot-Ease, a powder to shake into your shoes. It cures chills, blisters, sweating, damp, swollen, aching feet. It makes tight shoes easy. Cures Corns, Bunions and Ingrowing Nails. All druggists and shoestores sell it. 5 cents.

A Good Sign.

When the queen regent completed the ratification of the treaty it was a good sign for Spain.—Cleveland Leader.

Salzer's Seed Corn!

Does your seed corn test, Bro. Farmer? Salzer's does—it's northern grown, early and good for 80 to 150 bu. per acre! Send this notice and 10c for 8 corn samples and low prices to Salzer Seed Co., La Crosse Wis. [k]

A book is never quite satisfactory to a woman unless its conclusion leaves the heroine in the hero's arms.—Acheson Globe.

To Cure a Cold in One Day

Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund money if it fails to cure. 25c.

The merchant, who sent up toy balloons with his "ad." painted on them, knew how to get his name up.—L. A. W. Bulletin.

Piso's Cure is the medicine to break up children's Coughs and Colds.—Mrs. M. G. Blunt, Sprague, Wash., March 8, '94.

It seems queer that an intelligence office should supply stupid servants.—Chicago Daily News.

Fortify Feeble Lungs Against Winter with Hale's Honey of Horehound and Tar. Pike's Toothache Drops Cure in one minute.

Many a girl's heart has been melted by ice-cream.—L. A. W. Bulletin.

Told you so. In one night cured. St. Jacobs Oil masters Lumbago.

The only thing some people do is to grow older.—Acheson Globe.

See there. A bad sprain cured; and St. Jacobs Oil cured it.

If a man is as timid as a hare, he ought to die game.—Chicago Daily News.

Lawsakes. It cured my aches. St. Jacobs Oil makes no mistakes.

A GRAND LADY OF ILLINOIS.

Mrs. Lucinda B. Chandler, of Chicago, is the Honorable President of the Illinois Woman's Press Association; Honorable President of the Society for the

Lucinda B. Chandler, of Chicago, Ill. Promotion of Health; founder of the Margareth Fuller Society for the study of Economics and Governments, and also President of the Chicago Moral Educational Society. Mrs. Chandler is an ardent friend of Pe-ru-na, and in writing to Dr. Hartman on the subject she stated as follows:

Chicago, Jan. 6, 1899.

Dear Doctor—I suppose everyone that is confined to their desk and not getting the required amount of exercise, will, sooner or later, suffer with catarrh of the stomach and indigestion. I know by experience that Pe-ru-na is a most excellent remedy for these complaints. It has relieved me, and several of my friends have used it with the same satisfactory results. Yours very respectfully,

Lucinda B. Chandler.