

THE NEBRASKA ADVERTISER

W. W. SANDERS, Publisher.

NEMAHA, - - - - - NEBRASKA.

HOME WITH HER.

Home to her, when day is done,
Home to the wife you love;
Home from the wide, wide world,
Swift as the homing dove,
There was never a dream so sweet,
There was never a hope so bright,
As the dream and the hope to be
With her in the candlelight.

Home with her when toll is o'er,
Home from care and strife,
Home from the wide, wide world,
Home with your loving wife,
There was never a kingdom broad,
There was never an isle at sea,
One-half so happy, half so fair,
As my ingleside to me.

Home to her at set of sun,
Home to the eyes of her,
Home to her smile and her voice,
Far from the thorns that were,
There was never a crown of kings,
There was never a wreath of bays,
Like the touch of her hand, her lips,
The word of her honest praise.

Home to her, and home to her
Unto the end of life;
Home to her, and home to her,
Home to my loving wife.

Let Glory caper on his steed
And Fame her starry trumpet blow;
I shall not heed them as they pass;
Home with her in the candlelight.
—Chicago Record.

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 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. 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 is seriously wounded in fight with greasers.

Chapter XII.—Florence, in her deep disappointment, leaves her home in the night for her father's at the cantonment.

Chapter XIII.—Three personal telegraph messages come for Merriam from Parry. Latter is notified of Merriam's mishap miles from post. A dispatch from her lawyer on his way to the fort, together with account of serious injuries to Merriam, causes Mrs. McLane to faint.

CHAPTER XIV.—CONTINUED.

Col. Buxton and others—all the officers, almost—felt bound to come to the house between stables and retreat, just to see how Randy was getting on, but the answer was the same to one and all. No one was to be admitted, for the doctor was "trying to get him to sleep."

And surely enough, bathed, refreshed, his arm set and dressed, Randy soon found himself stowed away in a soft, white bed, but oh, so weak and drowsy after all the labor of the chase and the long, long day of racking pain. They were to bring Florence to him now, his wife, his darling, impatiently waiting for the summons, as he thought her, at Mrs. Hayne's, and he was stretching out his arms to her—his one available arm, rather, and fondly murmuring her name, when the weary eyelids closed and, numb and impotent, he drifted away into deep, deep slumber.

"There," said the doctor, at last, "he'll do now."

"Aye," murmured Grafton, "but what will the waking be if there's no Florence here to-morrow?"

That was an anxious night at Sedgwick. Merriam slept like the dead, and twice the young doctor feared it might be necessary to rouse him, thinking that perhaps he had sent that tiny shot of his hypodermic syringe with too heavy a charge. But so long as Randy was ignorant of his wife's mad escapade he would have slept through sheer exhaustion and weariness, and his physician need not have troubled himself.

Twice Grafton tiptoed in, and the hospital attendant arose at his coming and reported that the patient had not stirred.

Over at Grafton's quarters, however, they had to deal with a less tractable creature. Fanny McLane had roused from her swoon and was nervously, excitedly, irritably wide awake, demanding actually to be allowed to see Mr. Merriam. Even Annette was sent out of the room and Mrs. Grafton had her friend and guest to herself, and her tears and prayers, her reproaches and imprecations fell on hardened ears. Mrs. Grafton was adamant.

"It is mad folly to talk of such a thing, Fanny," she replied to every assault. "Mr. Merriam is far too seriously injured to see anybody, much less you, who would importune him for your own selfish purposes. Capt. Grafton says the doctor has forbidden him to everybody, and he knows. In the morning Capt. Grafton will see him for you, if the doctor will permit."

Whereat the widow only stormed the more and declared, with hysteric tears, that they were keeping her away from Randy Merriam out of spite and hatred just at the most critical time. "He'll die, he'll die," she cried, "and carry my one safeguard with him to the grave!"

Sorely puzzled, Mrs. Grafton had to leave her once in awhile for a few minutes at a time to consult her husband, who could frequently be heard moving about the parlor or going quickly in and out of the house. It was plain that Grafton was troubled about something besides Randy, and at 11 o'clock the explanation came.

Up to sundown Florence—Mrs. Merriam—had not been seen or heard of at Jose's ranch.

One of the trailers, Rafferty by name, declared that Mignon's tracks turned suddenly to the northward and led away from the ranch and into the maze of foothills to the right of the cantonment trail. At sundown they had reached Jose's, still hoping against hope that she would be there, but no sign of her had been seen, and, borrowing a fresh horse, Rafferty started back to Sedgwick at the gallop to carry the news. He met the doctor with Mrs. Hayne only a short distance from Jose's, and they went on to the ranch hoping for better tidings, but bade him ride for Sedgwick with all speed. Rafferty could ride week in and week out if the horse could stand it, and Jose's broncho was a used-up quadruped by the time they reached the Santa Clara. There he turned him into a ranchman's corral and borrowed another, never stopping to say "by your leave, sir." This was on the queen's service in Rafferty's mind, and no man's property was sacred when "Miss Florence's" life was involved. Buxton was up and about when the courier came, and in ten minutes had reached the office and sent for Grafton. What he wished to know was, had she any reason whatever for turning away from the beaten track and taking to the unknown regions of the road and far to the northwest of the settlements? Grafton knew of none. There was indeed grave reason why she should not.

For 50 miles northward the Santa Clara twined and twisted through a fairly fertile valley, once the herding ground of the Navajos, now wild and almost unsettled. Americans and Mexicans both had tried it as a stock range, but American cattle and American horses demanded a better quality of grass and more of it than would serve the stomach of the Indian pony. Treaty obligations sent the Navajos farther into the mountains to the northwest—beyond the Mesalero—but there were restless roamers who were constantly off the reservation, sometimes on pass but oftener on mischief, and on the pretext of trading they came recklessly as far as the settlement, and then somebody's horses were sure to be missing, spirited away into the foothills, whither it was almost useless to follow. The Navajos said the Mexicans were the thieves, the Mexicans declared them to be the Navajos, and when both parties were caught and accused, with prompt unanimity both announced that Apaches must again be raiding, and the name of Apache covered a multitude of sins. Time was when Victorio and Nana led the cavalry some glorious chases into the Mesalero, but both those redoubtable had met their fate, and agency officials across the Arizona line were ready to swear that none of their once intractable followers ever thought of quitting corn or melon planting for the forbidden joys of the raid and the warpath. All the same the foothills and the valley far to the northwest of the settlements were full of mystery and danger—the roaming ground of the horse thief and the renegade, and Merriam's men, just in from their long chase, pointed out how the Mexican ruffians, though starting originally toward the southwest, had in long wide circuit gradually worked their way northward, as though making for this very region. The leader of the gang that shot Brady and Corcoran was a fellow by the name of Ramon Valdez, and there was no devilry too steep for him. The news, therefore, that Florence Merriam had not reached Jose's, but that her trail was lost somewhere among the buttes and bowlders four miles to the eastward of that frontier refuge, struck dismay to the hearts of her friends at Sedgwick. The tidings went from lip to lip, from house to house, like wildfire, and by midnight

an entire troop had ridden forth with their ever ready three days' rations, and with Capt. George Grafton in command, and their orders were not to return without Mrs. Merriam or definite news of her.

Mrs. Grafton let her husband go only with deep reluctance. It was very necessary to her now. She felt the need of his support in the management of her truculent patient. She had to leave the latter while assisting him in his busy preparations, and she was surprised and rejoiced to see that on her return to her Fanny had become far more calm and resigned. The ladies in many households were still up and sitting about the post, tearfully, forebodingly discussing the situation, and several of them had dropped in to speak a word with Mrs. Grafton—Whittaker and Minturn being ever on the alert to escort such parties—and so it was long after one—indeed, it was nearly two o'clock—when at last, after a final peep at her now placidly sleeping guest and leaving Annette curled up on the sofa by her mistress's bedside, Mrs. Grafton finally sought her own pillow and slept long into the sunshine of the following day.

Awakening with a start at the sound of stirring music on the parade, she found that it was after eight and guard mounting was in full blast. Summoning a servant, her first question was for news of Mrs. Merriam, for servants always know the garrison news before their masters. Not a word had been received. Presently she tiptoed to Fanny's room, softly turned the knob, and noiselessly entered. There lay her guest still plunged in deep slumber, but Annette had disappeared, gone, probably, to the kitchen for coffee. Far over at the east, where the railway crossed the barren mesa, a locomotive whistle broke the silence of the desert with long, exultant blast. The blockade then was broken. The first train was coming in from Cimarron. Dressing with greater haste than usual, she ordered breakfast served, and then went out on the piazza and looked up the row toward the Merriams'. The doctor was just coming out of the gate, and Whittaker, who had spent the night there on watch—all thought of rivalry forgotten—was standing on the top step, apparently detaining the physician with some question. Eager for news of Randy, Mrs. Grafton threw her husband's cavalry cape over her shoulders and tripped briskly up the gravel walk. "Still sleeping," said the doctor, "and how is your patient?"

"Also sleeping," said Mrs. Grafton. "I don't see how people can sleep so



soundly at such times," whereat the doctor looked conscious but said nothing.

All that morning people strained their eyes and rubbed their binoculars and searched the distant foothills to the northwest, hoping for the coming of couriers with news; but not until afternoon were they rewarded. Then, covered with sweat and dust, a corporal of Grafton's troop rode in. Dr. Gould and Mrs. Hayne were still at Jose's, though they feared they could be of no use there, for not a sign of Florence had been found. Grafton had sent couriers on to the Catamount with the tidings of her peril, and his men, in wide dispersed order, were scouring the foothills long days' marches away. Full half an hour the ladies grouped at Buxton's, listening to the soldiers' description of their search, and then were strolling homeward when, over toward the west end of the cavalry line, arose the sound of commotion and distress.

An instant later, as the doctor, glancing, turned to hasten thither, a woman dressed in deepest black came reeling forth from the Merriams' doorway and plunging wildly down the steps. Everyone knew her at a glance—it was Fanny McLane, who stood there now swaying at the gate as though gasping for breath, while calling inarticulately for aid. It was but a few seconds before the doctor reached her. They saw him accost her briefly, then go springing past her up the steps and into the house. A moment more and Mrs. Grafton, with other women, reached her.

"What is the matter? What has happened, Fanny? Why are you here?"

And covering, sobbing, shivering, she made answer:

"Oh, stop him! save him! He'll kill himself. I—told him his wife was gone."

"Too late. Out to the stable the doctor chased, for bed and room were deserted. There, wildly gesticulating and pointing to the open mesa, was Hop Ling. "He make my saddle—he make lide—he allee gone!" he wailed, pointing to where, far to the west, a puff of dust cloud was swiftly vanishing down into the valley of the Santa Clara.

CHAPTER XV.

Just about noon, when the hospital attendant was away at dinner, the doctor at Buxton's and Whittaker getting a nap after his night of vigil, only Hop Ling was on duty over Randy. "He'll probably sleep until late in the afternoon," the doctor said, when he looked in at 11, and so perhaps he might have done. Grafton, before starting, had taken the responsibility of removing Florence's ominous looking missive and placing it with other letters on the mantel in the little parlor. He could not feel justified in hiding it entirely.

He felt that when Merriam woke the truth would have to be told him, and perhaps Florence's own words might best explain her flight. At all events Dr. Leavitt had promised to be on hand to see that the news was not too abruptly broken, and Leavitt counted on a long sleep and upon subsequent drowsiness and languor as the result of his treatment. No one had dreamed of the possibility of such rude awakening as came. No woman in her right senses would have ventured on the mad-brained, desperate measure resorted to by Mrs. McLane. What she hoped to learn, what she expected to gain, what papers or information she still believed him to possess, who can say? The power of reasoning, driven from her by the stupefying drug that of late had overmastered its weak and willing victim, seemed to have utterly gone, leaving in its place only something of the craft and cunning that possess the insane. No sooner was Mrs. Grafton out of the way, than, rousing suddenly, Fanny had summoned Annette, had hastened through her toilet, and, barely sipping the coffee tendered her, had thrown a light wrap over her head and shoulders and flitted out of the house, out past the stable at the rear, and to the amaze of the sentry on No. 2, had scurried away along the fence, had easily located the Merriams' gate, the number on which corresponded with that of their quarters, and in another moment had led herself through the kitchen and dining-room and into the little parlor. There for a few moments she seemed to have paused and reconnoitered.

Of what followed only Randy and Hop Ling were witnesses. The latter was never able to explain it, if indeed he ever could understand the situation, and as for Randy, it was long before he could be induced to speak of it at all. The time came when he had to, however, and it can be told now.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Humility of Genius.

The eminent scholar and church historian, Dr. Philip Schaff, used to say of himself, "I have not genius. I am simply a hard worker, and what I am I owe to God and to constant application, keeping my wits about me." This notable humility recalls the remark of Sir Isaac Newton that the only genius he had was the ability to keep a problem before his mind until he saw through it. A Scotch clergyman said: "Sir Isaac Newton is as well acquainted with the stars as if he had been born and brought up among them." But the great philosopher was much more modest in his self-appraisal. "I seem," he wrote, "to have been only like a boy playing on the seashore, and diverting myself in now and then finding a smoother pebble or a prettier shell than ordinary, whilst the great ocean of truth lay all undiscovered before me." Our readers will not overlook the letus of that modest remark. Sir Isaac was always wandering on the seashore, and always intent on finding pebbles and shells. "He that seeketh findeth."—Youth's Companion.

Answered.

There is a little Piety Hill girl who is devout in her religious observances, and opens each day's campaign of her busy young life with the Lord's prayer. The other morning, after repeating "give us this day our daily bread," she hesitated for a moment, as if in doubt, and then departed from the text to say: "An' O Lord, it's jus' venient as not, we pray Thee to make it gingerbread," concluding in regular form.

That her faith might not be shaken, she had a good deal more gingerbread that day than was good for her, but she received a very imperative warning that the prayer must be repeated as it had been taught her, for the Lord did not think it right that little girls should have too much sweets. Since that she has been going into her closet to pray and the mother is haunted with a fear that her little one is growing skeptical.—Detroit Free Press.

Difficult of Access.

"She is very frigid in her manner," remarked Willie Washington.

"Perhaps," was the reply; "but she has a heart of gold."

"So I have been informed. But I am tired of trying to cross a conversational Chilkat pass in order to reach it."—Washington Star.

Cabbage de Havana.

Howso—I'm suffering from cabbage heart.

Cumso—What caused it?

Howso—Just finished smoking the box of cigars my wife gave me Christmas.—Brooklyn Life.

Making a Name.

Potts—I notice Brush is making quite a name for himself.

Dobbs—Is that so?

Potts—Yes; he's going to put it over his paint shop when he gets it finished.—N. Y. World.

THINNER MATERIALS.

Light Stuffs for Gowns Will Be Much Worn in a Short Time.

Buff and drab are rather old-fashioned shades which are liked this spring. There is no possible light shade of tan or gray that is not fashionable for cashmeres, cloths and silks, and all the pale colors are grayed delicately and used in cashmere with charming results. Even the light blues and pinks and greens seem hardly strange, built into cloth visiting gowns with the delicate fade tone the dyers have cast over them.

Nun's veilings and bareges are to be worn largely, these sometimes striped or figured with silk threads, and they will have bows and belts of tucked taffeta. Taffeta dress skirts are covered with apparently hand-embroidered silk polka-dots, and trimmed with rows of baby velvet ribbon. The silk is as soft as a fowlard and is sometimes built in three tier effect very prettily, the sections shaped en fourure, as the French say, so that they fit closely and scantily, the lower one trailing like an up-turned vase.

Many women in midsummer will be smartly toggled in black cotton stuffs, in black ducks, black piques, black linen and the like. The black is of perfect tone, and is trimmed with white English embroideries or with plain white linen tucked in a lattice and applied with black lace motifs. Black muslins will be trimmed with garlands or bow-knots of white Chantilly lace, and a layer of thin white gauze will be hung between the top and its thin black silk foundation—a charmingly delicate gray effect being the result. Mixed black and white lace gowns are also smart for summer wear.

The fashion of using several layers of muslins or tulle is to be carried out to a great extent this summer, in many cases giving a mother of pearl effect where pale rose, pale blue and ivory are hung over each other, delicate lace and knots of black velvet ribbon trimming them.

Silk muslin frocks will be pretty thickly shirred, perhaps down the center of the apron front, so that the folds encircle the figure, and are gathered up under choux on each side of the ruffled back breadth, the ruffles covering the petticoat below the overskirt effect. This is delicious when thin black muslin is used over a rose muslin foundation. Equally effective is a layer of thin black between a pink muslin and its pink satin foundation, and black Chantilly lace serves for trimming.—Boston Herald.

"MADAM" RUSH'S FETES.

At Which Peacocks Were Roasted in Their Plumage Served on Solid Gold Plates.

What the Vanderbilt and the Bradley-Martin balls have been in recent times to the whole country as crowning events of social splendor, so were the Rush balls in the early fifties. In the dining-room of her Philadelphia mansion 250 guests would sit down at a time on cushioned seats of blue damask, the tables shining with rare china and solid gold plate, while rows of servants, wearing blue ribbons, kept guard at the doors. The skill of the cleverest caterers in the country was taxed to provide novelties for the table. Nothing pleased the hostess on one of these occasions more than the surprise of her guests at beholding peacocks that had been carefully roasted with all their magnificent plumage. The colored lamps in the garden and the gentle glow of 6,000 wax candles in the ballroom shed light upon the scene. But 50 young men with the qualifications of good beaux, and dancing well; 50 pretty girls without money, but respectable, well dressed, lively and charming—these, according to the hostess, "were always indispensable," and next to them the best music that could be had, and the finest supper in the world.—William Perrine, in Ladies' Home Journal.

True Thrift.

Hicks appreciated the shrewd as well as the humorous sayings of the Cornish countryfolk. There dwelt not far from his abode a dairymaid and her husband who had begun life in a very small way with one cow, and who, by industry and thrift, had acquired quite a number. "How is it," said Hicks to her one day, "that you have got on so well, Mrs. P—?" "Well, you see, Mr. Hicks," she replied, "most people be allus thinking of what they do want; but I and my old man, we be allus thinking of what we can do without."—Cornhill Magazine.

The American in Cuba.

Having eaten a breakfast the visitor goes about the affairs of the day. He generally starts in with a good American rush, sweats for two hours, gets exhausted and irritated, and lands in a hammock or at the American club before one o'clock. And if there is anyone to listen to him he gives it as his best judgment that anyone who would live in Cuba or even allow himself to be here is a blamed fool, and that the island isn't fit for a snake pasture.—N. Y. Times.

Blood flows through bones of very young children almost as freely as through the veins.