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NEMAH, - - - - NEBRASKA.

JIM THE GOOD-FOR-NOTHING.

Used to call Jim good for nothin'! Wa'n't much like his brother John!
 Bummed around and never seemed to mind how things was goin' on;
 Give his folks a lot of worry with his spree- in' here and there—
 Broke his mother's heart, I reckon, but he never seemed to care;
 Used to call him good for nothin'—I'm refer- rin' now to Jim—
 Wa'n't a blessed thing in common 'twixt his brother John and him.
 Well, the call fer troops was sounded! Men must shoulder arms and go
 Far away, to suffer hardships and to fight their country's foe!
 Used to call him good for nothin', 'cause he always liked to rest;
 'Cause he had a taste fer liquor and was ruther shabby dressed!
 But when fearless men were needed Jim put on a suit of blue,
 Swung his cap and cheered and started—John enlisted, too.
 After while there come dispatches telling of "an awful fray,"
 Where "the kindness and the courage of one man had saved the day!"
 Tellin' how he seen the weakness of the enemy and then,
 Grabbin' up the standard, started leadin' on his cheerin' men!
 How he stopped a frightful slaughter—made the enemy retreat—
 Won a victory where others would have give up in defeat!
 Ah, who was the fearless leader that won lastin' glory there?
 Who "ignored the deadly bullets" that were whizzin' through the air?
 Used to call him good for nothin'—I'm refer- rin' now to Jim—
 Wa'n't a blessed thing that people ever found to praise in him!
 S'pose you've guessed he was the hero bore the noble standard on—
 Well, the fact is that he wasn't, 'cause it happened to be John.
 —S. E. Kiser, in Chicago Times-Herald.

Saved by the Sexton

By A. A. Smith.

—Written for this paper.

Author's Note: "Saved by the Sexton" is a story based upon facts, which were widely exploited by the newspapers at the time. For obvious reasons fictitious names of the parties to the grewsome adventure are used, and the name of the city near which it occurred is purposely omitted. Newspaper readers with retentive memories, however, will be able to recall both the parties to what may aptly be termed a providential crime, and the locality in which it occurred. The lady who owed so much to the desecration of her grave lived for eight years afterward and became the mother of two healthy children, but the guilty sexton did not long survive the shock resulting from his ghoulish night's work.

IT WAS by no means a tenement house picture upon which the sexton gazed as he stepped across his own threshold. The room was small and poorly furnished, but it did not present the gaunt aspect of poverty in the lowest degree. There were four rooms in the little house and they contained all the essentials for comfortable living, even though the carpets were made of rags and the scant furniture was worn and faded. The most dismal feature of the place was the discontented face of the woman who was facing him in the low rocker.

"What makes you so late, Thomas?" she asked, fretfully.

"I had to finish digging the Whitnell grave," the man replied. "The funeral's to-morrow, and there's a lot to do. Three dollars is not such a bad day's work for us, is it, Mary?"

"Bad," she repeated, turning wearily away. "It's all been bad ever since I could remember. What an aspiring man you are, Thomas, to talk about a beggarly day's work as if you had found a fortune."

Sexton Williams only sighed as he went in to his supper. Long experience had taught him the futility of trying to dispel the fretful melancholy of his wife.

"The same old bill of fare again," sighed the querulous woman opposite him. "Who wouldn't get tired of the same old things over and over again? I do wish we could live like somebody for awhile, just for the novelty of it."

"Why don't you talk?" she demanded, as Thomas ate his supper in silent constraint. "One would think it was gloomy enough without bringing your graveyard manners into the house. I suppose the Whitnells will make a swell affair of their funeral to-morrow."

"Indeed they will," responded her husband, brightening with the thought of having something of interest to impart to his wife. "She is to be buried in her wedding clothes. There's an elegant necklace and some pearls, and—diamonds."

"Diamonds!" exclaimed the wife. "The idea of putting them into the ground. It's a shame."

"Worse than the barbarians," replied the sexton, "but she requested it, and the mourners seem more anxious than anything that the corpse shall present a striking appearance. The undertaker said it would be done, and I saw her laid out in them myself."

"Oh, dear!" fairly groaned the woman. "And all that shameful waste while I can't have as much as a pair of new curtains to replace these wretched rags. If I were a man I'd—rob that

grave before those jewels should be put to such a shameful use."

II.

It was a night well suited to the work of ghouls. The wind came in great waves, shrieking at the height of its fury like a soul in torment, then dying away in a sighing breeze. Great billowy clouds were swept across the sky, while a driving mist would break at intervals into a sudden dash of rain as a great storm cloud was swept along. In the grewsome churchyard, where marble shafts gleamed weirdly through the rain and darkness, the light of a lantern played fantastically about a new-made grave. Bending over the soggy clay was the figure of a man. With desperate energy he pried the spade, and as he threw aside the little heaps of rain-soaked earth his eyes shot fearful glances into the weird and ominous night. To his guilty senses the howling of the wind seemed like the voices of offended spirits of the dead, and from out the rain and darkness he could see in fancy the accusing menace of ghostly hands. Great drops of perspiration fell from his face and mingled with the rain trickling in rivulets down his rubber coat.

"Curse the rain," he muttered, straightening up and resting for a moment. "But it's a lucky touch. No danger of interference on such a night as this. Mary'll get her curtains all right enough."

For an hour he tossed aside the sticky clay, and then his task grew easier. The grave sheltered him somewhat from the wind, and the earth became less rain-soaked and heavy. Another hour and his spade scraped upon the cover of the box inclosing the casket. He carefully scraped away the remaining clods and threw them out, and then as he prepared to remove the cover the unspeakable terrors of his task swept over him again. With choking breath he stood up and peered over the edge of the grave he had desecrated, his tortured fancy halting between the terrors of the churchyard and the awful proximity of the thing beneath his feet.

"The first time; the first time," he muttered, striving to regain his composure. "And I wouldn't do it now, only it kinder seems as if I owed it to Mary. And she"—he glanced shudderingly down at the box beneath his feet. "She doesn't need them any more, and it was wicked to bury them with her."

Controlling himself with a great effort, he completed his grewsome work.



BEFORE HIM LAY THE UNCOVERED FACE.

Standing close against one side of the grave, he lifted the cover of the box from beneath his feet and threw it out upon the pile of earth. Then, kneeling upon the lower part of the casket, he quickly removed the screws from the upper lid and threw it, too, outside of the grave. The sexton had reached the climax of his task. Before him in the dim light of his lantern lay the uncovered face of the dead woman, white and cold in the repose of death. In the moment of the greatest tension the sexton grew a little calmer. He lifted the dainty hand and sought to pull the precious jewel from the finger. It would not yield to his effort, and he lifted the woman's head and removed a costly locket and a string of pearls. Then he returned to the sparkling ring upon her finger.

It would not yield. He tried again and again, and as he worked all the wild fancies of the night rushed over him again until he was on the point of fleeing from the grave without the jewel. Then with sudden resolution he took a knife from his pocket, intending to amputate the finger. He pressed the keen blade upon her finger, and then—

Throughout the city of the dead there echoed one awful, frenzied scream, then another and another. From the desecrated grave out leaped the sexton, like a fiend escaped from torment, and, dashing down his lantern, he rushed away from that fearful place as though all the wild fancies of his guilty brain had taken form and were rushing in pursuit.

III.

Twelve o'clock found Mr. Whitnell pacing restlessly up and down the parlor of his lonely mansion. He could not sleep, and his own room contained so many reminders of his departed wife that he could better endure the parlor,

where he had last seen her radiant with health and happiness.

The stroke of one echoed drearily through the house, and still the grief-stricken man paced up and down. For another hour he wrestled with the memories of his wedded life, and then exhausted nature warned him that he must seek repose. He turned sorrowfully to leave the room, when, quick, clear and distinct, above the roaring of the storm, he heard the summons of the doorbell.

Mr. Whitnell was not a man to be oppressed by superstitious fears. He despised such weakness in others, yet now a nameless dread swept over him. He went to the window and peered into the night. Despite his self-command, he almost cried out aloud, for in the fantastic glare of the electric light he beheld a ghostly, white-robed figure standing at his door. For a moment the firmly-grounded beliefs of a lifetime were swept away, and Mr. Whitnell was thrilled with the superstitious fancies he despised. Then a shriek echoing through the house recalled him to his senses. A servant had opened the door and seen the ghostlike figure and then fled, crying that the spirit of his mistress was standing at the door. Mr. Whitnell's quick brain grasping at a suggestion of the truth, he ran down and caught in his arms the cold, wet, trembling, yet living, form of his resurrected wife.

IV.

In the evening papers of that day the marvelous story was told, needing no coloring of imagination to make it more sensational. They told how Mrs. Whitnell had been awakened from a cataleptic trance by the pressure of a knife upon her finger; how she had sat up with every sense awakened to feel the cold, damp walls of the grave about her; how, with those awful screams ringing in her ears, she awoke to a realization of the truth, filling her with a terror scarcely less great than the sexton's; and how, with returning reason, she had climbed out of her grave and made her way through the storm to her own home. Graphically they described the appearance of the grave, which hundreds visited—the heap of earth, with the spade and lantern lying upon it, and the casket lid and cover of the box. They pictured the joy of the reunited family, but in it all there was no definite mention of the shattered, half-crazed sexton, whose mind would never recover from the terrors of that night's work. Powerful influences from a grateful, reunited family had been at work, and the papers contained only the statement that, while the would-be grave robber was known, the happy ending of his ghoulish attempt had not only saved him from prosecution, but had brought him substantial reward.

A FRIENDLY SERGEANT.

He Saved His Captain's Reputation for Marksmanship by Clever Signals.

"They tell a funny story in the army about Capt. Patillo, the crack shot," said one of a party of late diners. "According to the yarn, Gen. Miles and a high Washington official once visited a western post where the captain was stationed, and sent word that they would like to see a little exhibition of his skill. Patillo happened to be quite sick at the time, but he couldn't very well refuse, and presently appeared on the long distance range. He blazed away, and an Irish sergeant, who had been sent out to act as marker, waved a small signal flag. 'What does that mean?' asked the distinguished visitor. 'It means I missed the whole target,' replied Patillo, gloomily. He tried again with the same result. 'I don't know what's the matter with me!' he exclaimed in deep mortification; 'I never did such work in my life!'

"At the third shot the distant figure varied the wig-wagging and the assembled officers applauded. The signal meant a bull's-eye. Thereupon he fired 20 consecutive rounds, and each time the flag waved back the news that he had pierced the inner circle. It was a marvelous record, an unparalleled score; the distinguished visitor was very gracious in his congratulations. Later on Patillo, still beaming, met the marker crossing the parade grounds. 'Hello, sergeant,' he said, 'I wonder what the deuce made me miss the target those first two shots?' 'Whist! captain! 'tis divil the toime ye hit it at all, at all!' 'Didn't hit it at all!' cried Patillo in amazement, 'then why did you signal all those bull's-eyes?' 'Faith, sor,' said the sergeant, reproachfully, 'I knew yer ripyttation was at stake.'"—N. O. Times-Democrat.

Reflections of a Bachelor.

Every woman has an idea that she "holds her age well."

Life's thorns were created to keep people from acting hoggish with the roses.

Love is a dream. Whether it is a nightmare or not depends a lot on what you had for dinner.

There was never but one really brave man. He told a woman he didn't think her baby was unusually bright for its age.

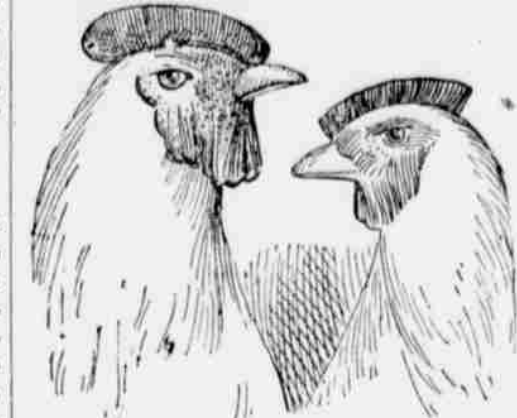
Religion may say what it will; but there comes a time to every human soul when it knows that there can be no Heaven for it where some one other human soul is not.—N. Y. Press.



TRIMMING THE COMBS.

It Is Not a Painful Operation for the Birds, Considering the Comfort It Assures.

The drawbacks of large combs and wattles are freezing in our northern states and the discomforts and strain resulting from carrying so much weight on the head. It appears as though the circulation of blood in the head is somewhat affected by these excessive appendages, for it has been observed that a Leghorn having frequent spells of giddiness and staggering can sometimes be quickly and permanently cured by trimming the comb, and we would always recommend the trimming of both comb and wattles for both sexes when two-thirds grown,



LEGHORNS WITH COMBS CUT.

especially in view of freezing when zero weather occurs. Use shears or scissors instead of a knife so as to pinch the blood vessels and mitigate the flow of blood.

The operation is not so painful as might appear, we will state for the benefit of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. Nature evidently provided that the comb and wattles should be comparatively destitute of feeling. As during the thousands and thousands of years the males fought for the possession of the females and the combs and wattles were the parts seized upon in the struggle a lack of sensitiveness in these appendages would be perpetuated and augmented on the principal of natural selection.

So indifferent is a fowl that after being dubbed it will unconcernedly fall to eating its own comb and wattles if allowed the privilege. This dullness or feebleness of feeling in the comb, when understood, may alleviate the pangs felt by many persons at the mention of what has been wrongly called a cruel practice. It is easier for a fowl to stand dubbing than to endure a frozen comb.—H. H. Stoddard, in Farm and Home.

PRESERVING EGGS.

Directions for the Use of Water Glass Furnished by Prof. Ladd, of North Dakota College.

Prof. Ladd, of North Dakota College of Agriculture, in bulletin No. 35, gives the following directions for the use of water glass in keeping eggs. Water glass is silicate of soda or silicate of potash, the former being cheaper. It is not expensive.

If wooden kegs or barrels are to be used in which to pack the eggs, they should first be thoroughly scalded with boiling water to sweeten and purify them.

To each ten quarts of water, which should first be boiled and then cooled, add one quart of water glass. Pack the eggs in the vessel and pour solution over them, covering well.

Keep the eggs in a cool, dark place. A dry, cool cellar is a good place.

If the eggs are kept in too warm a place the silicate is deposited and the eggs are not properly protected. Do not wash the eggs before packing, for by so doing you injure their keeping quality.

For packing use only perfectly fresh eggs, for stale eggs will not be saved and may prove harmful to others.

All packed eggs contain a little gas, and in boiling such eggs they will crack. This may be prevented by making a pin hole in the blunt end of the egg. To do this hold the egg in the hand, place the point of a pin against the shell of the egg at the blunt end, and give the pin a quick, sharp blow, just enough to drive the pin through the shell without further injury to the egg.

New Oats Not Good Feed.

There is great temptation on farms where old oats are scarce to give new oats in their stead, some farmers cutting the green oats in the field and chopping off the heads in lieu of threshing out the grain. But such feed is sure to give a working horse the scours, unless dry feed is given with it. A small amount of dry wheat flour dusted over the oats will partially offset their laxative effect. But whatever precautions are taken it is better to feed old oats until the new crop has dried out than to attempt to feed oats of the present year's growth. If the oat heads are chopped off and placed in an evaporator they will be dry enough in three days to feed safely.—American Cultivator.

RAPE AS GREEN FOOD.

Every Farmer Who Raises Chickens Should Try a Small Patch Without Delay.

Rape is an excellent green food for chickens and fills a long felt want of poultrymen. It can be sown in early spring or any time later up to the middle of August, and furnish an abundance of food, writes C. R. Roberts in the American Poultry Journal. Last year I sowed a small patch just to see what kind of a plant it was. It grows from 18 to 20 inches in height. The leaves in color and shape resemble the cabbage leaf very much. It can be sown broadcast, or in drills 30 inches apart, and be cultivated. The ground should be prepared the same as for turnips, and the seed covered about the same as turnip seed. It grows very fast, and can be cut and fed to chickens or let them go to it at will and help themselves. When they are to eat in this way I should prefer to have it sown in drills, as they can walk between the rows, and are not so apt to trample and break it down as is the case when sown broadcast; but when it is to be cut and fed it is just as good to sow it broadcast as any. Last year my young chickens commenced to eat my cabbages, but when the rape was up four or five inches high they left the cabbage and commenced on the rape, and any one knows that when chickens leave a cabbage patch to eat something else it must be something they like better than cabbages. I had never had chickens do better and grow faster than they did while they were helping themselves to rape. I think that every one who raises chickens should try a small patch. It will cost but a few cents to give this plant a trial, as five pounds is enough to sow an acre broadcast, and one to two pounds if sown in drills. I have no rape seed to sell.

GREEN CUT BONE.

An Economical and Excellent Food for Laying Hens, Both Winter and Summer.

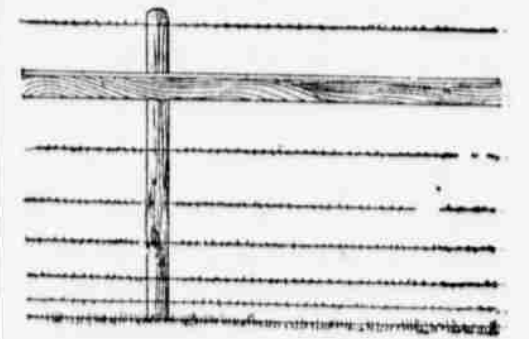
Green bone is rich in phosphate of lime, and this fact alone should prove its value as food for laying hens, both winter and summer. Fowls understand its value to themselves, as is shown by the manner in which they will leave any food to get the green bone, says the American Farmer. Further, it is one of the cheapest foods, for usually the bones of various sizes and shapes, with more or less meat attached to them, can be bought for a few cents, and the modern bone-cutter crushes and cuts them fine in a few moments. Frequently there is sufficient meat on these bones to furnish all that is needed in that line, and thus another saving is effected, for the meat bought alone would cost much more than the meaty bones. Still again, green bone, especially when meat is attached thereto, fed within reason, reduces the need of feeding the usual quantity of grain, thus saving more money.

The main thing to avoid in feeding cut bone is to see that the bones are green—that is, fresh and free from taint. In some localities where butchers have considerable demand for fresh bones, they make two grades of them, one from meat freshly cut up and the other from older meat, and frequently tainted with the entrails of fowls and other refuse thrown into the box. Don't buy this stuff at any price, nor take it as a gift. Feed only fresh bone, and it will pay every time.

A DOG-PROOF FENCE.

It Has to Be Compactly Built If Really Satisfactory Results Are to Be Obtained.

The owner of two large sheep farms in New England has recently described the miles of dog-proof, barbed-wire sheep fences that inclose his farms. As dogs are the bane of sheep keeping in all parts of the country, a diagram of his fence, given herewith, will be of wide interest. Cedar posts about four inches in diameter are driven into the



DOG-PROOF FENCE.

ground eight feet apart and seven strands of barbed wire are stretched and stapled to them, as shown in the cut. The lowest wire is close to the ground. The second wire is four inches above the lowest. The third is five inches farther up the post, the next six inches higher, while the fifth goes up another six inches. The sixth strand is located eight inches above the fifth, while eight inches farther up is a rail to steady the fence. Eight inches above the rail is the seventh wire, which effectively prevents dogs from leaping over the rail.—Orange Judd Farmer.

Chickens once stunted seldom regain their vigor even with the most careful breeding.