

# THE NEBRASKA ADVERTISER

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NEMAHA, - - - - - NEBRASKA.

## AN AUTUMNAL REVERIE.

Just an humble, plain-faced woman,  
Middle-aged and somewhat gray;  
True and wholesome-like and human—  
Kind o' grave and kind o' gray.  
Makes me think o' early autumn,  
Grapes a-purplin' on the vine,  
Where the first faint frost has caught 'em,  
Caught and kissed 'em into wine.

Deep-voiced boys now call her "mother"—  
Baby boys that's grown to be,  
By some magic trick or other,  
In a year as tall as she;  
Girls that yesterday was clingin'  
To her skirts, I've seen o' late  
With the neighbor boys a-swingin'  
At the rose-wreathed garden gate.

While across her brow Time's finger  
Writes the plainer tales o' truth,  
In her heart there still must linger  
All the flowery dreams o' youth.  
Fields are sweet with bloomy clover,  
Life is crowned with blissful joys;  
Love's pure gold she's coinin' over  
In her happy girls and boys.

Seems as though the cup Fate brings us  
Is a sort o' bitter-sweet,  
Kind o' soothes an' kind o' stings us—  
Mirth and melancholy meet.  
Grief comes huslin' all our laughter,  
Fairest skies are clouded 'er,  
But the sunshine follows after,  
Always brighter than before.

Spring may fade and summer vanish,  
Autumn yield to winter's sway,  
Yet the years can never banish  
Beauty Love has crowned with May.  
In the chimney-corner, cozy,  
Dreamin' in the firelight's glow,  
I shall see her cheeks bluish, rosy,  
As I saw them long ago.  
—Nixon Waterman, in Elliott's Magazine.

## Beyond the Green Baize Door.

THERE was mystery behind the green baize door; tangible or intangible, nobody knew, since no one but Mr. Blakely ever saw the inside of the door which shuts his private room at Messrs. Blakely & Stephen's bank from the narrow passage connecting it with the general offices.

Mr. Blakely was sole proprietor of the bank, which was the only one in the town, and showed every semblance of the soundest financial basis.

Mr. Blakely was a man strangely devoid of eccentricities. The chief faults the bank staff found with him were his indefatigability, and that whenever there was business to be done in London—selling or buying stock, buying cash, etc.—he invariably attended to it himself.

I was seated at the desk of the head cashier, who was away on a short holiday, one morning in September, when one of our clients entered the counting-house.

"Mr. Boyton, look here," he said, slipping a crown piece upon the counter. "Where did you get it?"

"What's wrong with it?" I inquired, examining it closely without noticing any defect. "Did I give it to you?"

"Yes. Look at the edge; it's quite smooth."

I passed him two half crowns, and as



"I AM MRS. BLAKELY," SHE SAID, HASTILY.

he went away I slipped the crown into my pocket, intending to keep it as a curiosity. But later in the day, when Mr. Blakely was in the office, I showed it to him.

"Curious!" he murmured. "One of an experimental mint, no doubt, for it's dated 1896. Do you think we've any others similar?"

"No; I have been through them."

"Strange! Well, I'll keep it. It's probably unique."

I was disappointed with his decision, as I wanted the coin myself. It was against my principles, however, to protest. I forgot it entirely until some weeks later, when Mrs. Blakely, to the utter astonishment of the bank's staff, turned up an hour or so before luncheon time.

Up to that time, although she had been married more than ten months, Mrs. Blakely had never been inside the bank. Now she drove up in her carriage, came in proudly and asked for Mr. Blakely.

I replied that if she would step into the waiting-room I would summon him in the usual way.

"No. Show me into his private room. I am Mrs. Blakely," she said, hastily.

"I recognize you, madam," I replied. "But the rule is that all visitors, whoever they may be, are to be shown into

the waiting-room, where Mr. Blakely will interview them."

"Nonsense!" she ejaculated. "Such rules do not refer to Mr. Blakely's wife. The room is at the end of the passage, is it not?"

"You are putting me in an awkward position," I replied. "I am not allowed to let visitors approach the green baize door."

"Ah!" Her proud eyes flashed. "So there is a green baize door which no one approaches?"

When Mr. Blakely came, he did so in his habitual leisurely manner; and he walked into the waiting-room, leaving the door ajar.

"Mr. Blakely," she said, haughtily, "I have been insulted by one of your clerks. Since when has your wife been denied the right to enter your private room?"

"Ever since she wrongly assumed that she had such a right, Mary. My clerks have their orders; they obey them. You cannot blame them for upholding rules I myself have framed. What do you want? I am busy this morning. The market is unsteady just now."

"Tell me, Richard; had you known I was coming would you have allowed your clerk to deny me access to your private room?" Mrs. Blakely inquired.

"The rule is of many years' standing, Mary," he said, deliberately. "If it were set aside for you it would be the thin end of the wedge; my room would no longer be private."

"You inordinate your clerk's insult?"

"I uphold my clerk who upholds the bank's rules."

I felt her brush past me as she came out of the room and saw her walk round the desks, her lips tightly compressed and her head high.

The following morning when I turned up at the bank the porter met me with the inquiry had I seen anything of Mr. Blakely? No one had seen him since the bank closed the night before. He was not in the bank—had not been home—indeed, it was Mrs. Blakely who had driven down the first thing to inquire about him; and no one had seen him.

"Mr. Boyton," she asked, "have you seen my husband? You were the last to leave, I believe?"

"Yes, madam, but I have not seen Mr. Blakely since he put you into your carriage yesterday."

"That decides it," she muttered. "Something has happened to him in his room. The door must be forced. Porter, go for a carpenter!"

"You take the whole responsibility of forcing the green baize door?" I suggested.

"The whole responsibility," she replied, and turned away impatiently.

When the carpenter arrived Mrs. Blakely led him to the door and ordered him to force it. He smiled grimly as he looked the door up and down. He sounded it with a mallet and his jaw fell.

"Iron!" he said, laconically. "'Tisn't my job; you want a blacksmith."

The porter was sent off in the carriage to fetch a smith. When the man arrived he eyed the door critically and looked dubious.

For five minutes he dealt a rapid fire of blows, and then the door began to tremble, then to shake. Finally, after ten or twelve minutes, it gave a shudder and came forward, swinging on its hinges.

Mrs. Blakely darted forward and stopped. Six feet farther down the narrow passage another door obstructed the way. She signed impetuously to the smith, who stepped forward and shivered the lock of the second door, which was only light wood. All was darkness beyond the door.

I turned to Mrs. Blakely, who stood gazing in wonderment into chaos.

"Porter," she said, in a hushed voice, "get me a lantern. Then you can both leave us. Mr. Boyton's will be all the help I shall need."

We passed through the doorway and into a small, dark room, poorly furnished with a little office furniture and littered with papers. There was no sign of Mr. Blakely.

"Look!" cried Mrs. Blakely. "Look! A trapdoor!"

I saw a square had been cut out of the carpet, in the center of which was a ring by which I raised the trap.

Looking through, we saw a ladder leading down to darkness.

Going carefully down four rungs of the ladder, I held the lantern out at arm's length and surveyed the scene.

A stone-walled chamber stretched before me like a large vault. In one wall was a low, barred door; in a corner was a small furnace. A peculiar-looking machine stood in the middle of the vault, and upon a ledge of its frame rested a row of silver coins.

I went down, and, stepping, as I thought, to the ground, my foot encountered something soft. I sprang aside, avoiding it, and saw the body of Mr. Blakely huddled up in a broken bundle.

"Ah, me! Ah, me!" she moaned, propping the head upon her knee with frenzied tenderness. "Richard, husband! You did not merely dream—you lived your crimes that night—and now! This is his secret! Last night—the night before, he was restless in his sleep; he talked of coining, years of coining—coining silver coins and reaping profit—profit. 'The mint makes profit on its silver coins, and why not I?' He said that, and as I lay awake I hoped he merely dreamed. Dead, dead! Yes, yes, and if you had lived these hands would kill you for the ignominy

and shame! Richard! Oh, Richard! Richard!"

Beyond the police, only Mrs. Blakely and myself know the true secret that hid beyond the green baize door.—London Tit-Bits.

## AFRAID TO BE AFRAID.

A Situation in Which It Was Dangerous to Show the Slightest Fear.

There are situations in which a timid man cannot, out of consideration for his own safety, show the slightest fear. A writer describes such a situation on board a ship which was transporting a great number of coolies across the ocean, many of them desperate and brutal men.

One day at luncheon in the saloon the passenger heard horrible yells and shouts of "Ta! ta!" (A fight! a fight!) "Hullo!" the captain said. "Another jolly row below! Better stay where you are. You'll find a loaded revolver in my room if anyone attempts to molest you."

Lighting his pipe and calling his dog, a fierce-looking English bull, the captain went on deck to see what was the matter. The coolies were fighting savagely; broken bowls and pieces of firewood were flying about, and several of the men had ugly-looking knives drawn. Into the midst of them walked the captain, knocking first one and then another aside.

One fearful-looking coolie aimed a blow at him with a broken basin, but before the blow could descend the dog brought the man down on his back and held him there. The two principal offenders were caught, their heads banged together until the fight was out of them and an explanation asked. Everybody wanted to talk at once, but the captain held up his hand till there was silence, and then called one man after another and heard each through an interpreter.

The row turned out to have been caused by a man trying to light his pipe at an opium smoker's lamp. The most trivial thing often caused the worst fight. After all was over the passenger said to the captain: "Are you not afraid of these people?"

"Yes," said the captain, "to tell the truth, I am. But to show the least fear among such a crowd as that, or to lose my temper, might lead to my death on the spot. I cannot afford to show that I am afraid. But I am getting used to it."—Chambers' Journal.

## PLAIN SPEAKING.

Examples of the Gruffness of English Notables—The Truth in Disagreeable Form.

To an American who avoids rudeness as vulgar and unbecoming in social intercourse the not infrequent gruffness of his English cousin and his habit of forcing the naked truth upon friend or foe, in season or out of season, is often quite incomprehensible.

Mrs. Oliphant, in her autobiography, gives an example of this gruffness in her account of a visit paid by her to the Tennysons. The poet apparently had not the least interest in her and did not hesitate to show it. When she was taking leave his wife regretted that her visit had been so short, and Mrs. Oliphant declared that it had given her a great pleasure. The poet, who stood glowering down on them both, suddenly exclaimed:

"Lord! what liars you women are!"

Archbishop Temple, clerical head of the Church of England, is noted for his brusque sincerity. A lady told him a remarkable ghost story, for which her aunt was authority.

"Is not that a proof of the existence of ghosts, your grace?" she asked.

"I really can't say. I don't know your aunt," was the reply.

A clergyman who wished for a bishopric was consulting the primate, and said, with an evident desire to show that he did not overestimate his qualifications for the place: "I know that I am no preacher."

"No, you are not," was the prompt and startling reply. "I have heard you."

Another clergyman who had boasted of his parish reforms and talked incessantly of himself said, at last: "What do you think of my work, my lord?"

"Oh," said Dr. Temple, "it's much the same as other men's; only they don't talk about it, and you do."

It is a duty to speak the truth, but it is not the duty of any man to tell, when it is unnecessary, all the truths that he knows.—Black and White.

**Her Self-Esteem.**  
"I love you," he passionately said "with all my heart, with all my soul, and with the whole strength of my being!"

"I don't see how you can help it!" replied the maiden, who was fully aware of her own worth.—Puck.

**Eat Potato Bread.**  
In Germany potato bread is used by the natives of Thuringia to feed their horses, especially when they are worked hard in cold weather. The animals thrive on it, and their health and strength are excellent.

**Chautauqua's Growth.**  
Not less than 1,000,000 persons attend the 73 branch Chautauqua assemblies every summer.

## AN ELEPHANT IN BATTLE.

The Faithful Animal Stood Stanchly Beside His Dead Master for Three Days.

An old elephant taken into battle on the plains of India was a standard-bearer and carried on his huge back the royal ensign, the rallying point of the Poona host. At the beginning of the fight he lost his master. The "mahoot," or driver, had just given the word to halt, when he received a fatal wound and fell to the ground, where he lay under a heap of slain. The obedient elephant stood still while the battle closed around him, and the standard he carried. He never stirred a foot, re-

## THE FOREIGNER IN JAPAN.

Change of Status in Official Circles Within the Last Few Years.

One of the most interesting questions in consideration of present Japan is the changed status of the foreigner. To be a European or an American in Japan twenty, ten, or even five, years ago was to be a man of power and influence. When foreigners were first admitted to the empire the Japanese, one of the shrewdest, most far-sighted peoples of the world, adopted their methods and their religion, hired them as teachers, engineers and officers. Now, according to "Japan in Transition," the

## COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF ALBERT D. SHAW.



The new head of the Grand Army of the Republic, Col. Albert D. Shaw, of Watertown, N. Y., is a New Yorker by birth and 58 years of age. He was 20 years old when he enlisted in the Thirty-fifth New York volunteers. He fought at Rappahannock, the second Bull Run, Chantilly, South Mountain, Antietam and in many lesser engagements. After the war he served as consul at Toronto, Canada, and later at Manchester, England. He is the author of a text book used in many public schools, called "The Teaching of Patriotism and Civics." In 1897 he was elected department commander of the New York G. A. R.

fusing to advance or retire, as the conflict became hotter and fiercer, until the Maharrats, seeing the standard still flying steadily in its place, refused to believe that they were being beaten and rallied again and again around the colors. And all this while, amid the din of battle, the patient animal stood straining its ears to catch the sound of that voice it would never hear again.

At length the tide of conquest left the field deserted. The Maharrats swept on in pursuit of the flying foe, but the elephant, like a rock, stood there, with the dead and dying around, and the ensign waving in its place. For three days and nights it remained where its master had given the command to halt. No bribe or threat could move it. They

first important book dealing entirely with the new Japan, since they have learned all the foreigners can teach them in science, literature, art, war, commerce, manufacturing, in short, in all enterprises, they are relegating their instructors to the background with the cry "Japan for the Japanese." It was thought at one time that Japan would in time become a Christian nation. The author of Japan in Transition shows that almost all who accepted Christianity did so for the sake of the instruction which the missionaries alone could give. In the army and navy the same state of affairs exists. English and German officers who fought for Japan throughout the China war were discharged for the reason that the mili-

## A FARMER OF THE PHILIPPINES.



The methods of agriculture in vogue throughout the Philippine Islands, says the National Stockman and Farmer, are the most primitive. There is not a plow or other modern farm implement on any of the islands. The ancient crooked stick is the plow in use, and the fertility of the soil is such that it is possible to raise good crops without any extensive cultivation. The whole of the group, with perhaps the exception of some wild interior portions, is one great garden land, suited to the cultivation of everything known to the tropics and quite a number of the products of the temperate zone.

then sent to a village 100 miles away and brought the mahoot's little son. The noble hero seemed then to remember how the driver had sometimes given his authority to the little child, and immediately, with all the shattered trappings clinging as he went, paced quietly and slowly away.

**Matches.**  
It is estimated that we use annually in the United States over 90,000,000,000 matches. These indispensable little articles were first used in this country less than 70 years ago, and at that time a box containing 25 was sold for 25 cents. Imagine, if you please, matches at one cent apiece! To-day, we buy 1,000 for five cents.

tary schools which were founded through their efforts have developed first-class officers. Everywhere the policy of discharging the foreigner as soon as possible has been adopted, and in a few years a foreigner in any kind of an official capacity will be the exception. At present the ambassadors of the powers are practically the only foreigners who command and real respect.

**Gentle Are First-Born.**  
An Italian professor has promulgated a new theory concerning genius. He says that the majority of persons of distinction are the first-born of the family, while a large proportion of the minority are the youngest of large families.