THE NEBRASKA ADVERTISER

W. W. SANDERS, Publisher.

NEMAHA, - - - - - NEBRASKA.

THE EMPTY NEST.

The nest is empty on the bough,
  The mother bird is sad;
I hear her softly calling now
  The younglings that she had;
I see her sitting all alone
  Where once they gave her cheer;
Her precious little ones have flown
  And left her mourning here.

And you, my little one, some day
  Will cease to need my care,
And, with the birds that flew away,
  Find joy some otherwhere;
The halls through which your laughter rings
  Will all be still and She
Shall claim the precious love that brings
  My present joys to me.

But we shall have our vengeance, too—
  The mother bird and I—
When younglings that are dear to you
  Get old enough to fly!
Then you shall come to understand
  My love e'en as I know
What their love was who toiled and planned
  And lost me, long ago.

—S. E. Kiser, in Chicago Times-Herald.

The Value of a Tip

By Kenneth F. Harris.

THE editor of the "Weekly Monetary and Fiscal Gazette" certainly deserved success, for there was no question about his perseverance and industry. He was a young man, but young men have been known to get a pretty comprehensive grasp of finance, and this one was little short of omniscient, judging by his articles. He could and did tell his readers all about Mexican railroad shares and their prospects as dividend yielders. He was up in Brooklyn Rapid Transit, and was saturated with information concerning Continental Tobacco. He knew just what the Transvaal matter was going to do to the market, and anybody would have thought that he had the sugar trust where it couldn't do the first thing without consulting him and asking his permission. He spoke of the bourse as one who had played marbles in its shadow. He had Wall street at his finger ends and his familiarity with 'change and Mark Lane was calculated to impress the most careless peruser. But the Dearborn street printers of the Gazette began to be uneasy.

The young editor went out himself and rustled for advertisements under an assumed name, showing authorization to make contracts and rates given under his hand and seal as proprietor. He was his own reporter, cashier, stenographer, exchange editor and office boy, and he was busy all the time. Nevertheless he had to trim the frayed ends of his trousers with the office shears, and the paper alone was becoming a burden greater than he could bear.

It was only his eighth issue and he had already been compelled to tell the senior partner of the printing firm that he would have to ask him to wait on him a little while. The senior partner looked doubtful the first time, but the young man explained matters and he was glad to wait. He felt ashamed of himself for having doubted the success of the thing. When that wore off and he mentioned the bill again the young man showed him some advertising contracts that made him open his eyes, and when the copy for the advertisements came in the printer was again glad that he had waited. The third time the young man said that he would give the printer a tip that would make him wealthy. Strictly speaking, it was not the third time, but the young man knew by the way the printer cleared his throat that it was going to be and he made the proffer of wealth on the spur of the moment. "Buy Phantasmagorias," he advised, in a confidential undertone. He proceeded lucidly and at length to explain why Phantasmagorias were absolutely certain to soar.

"Why don't you buy them yourself?" asked the printer.

The editor felt that an avowal of the reason would destroy the printer's confidence, so he told him that he never speculated, "It would ruin me," he added. "I would instantly be suspected of influencing the market to advance my own interests. I might even be tempted to do so. I have a duty to the public to perform, and I intend to do it." The young man spoke with great firmness and seriousness. "I would like you to set that article on Caracas 4s in bourgeois instead of brevier, and let me have the proofs this afternoon. By the way, I may want to have you add a couple of pages, but I will talk with you about that to-morrow."

"See here," said the junior partner, as soon as the editor had gone, "isn't that fellow going to put up before the next issue? Because if he isn't you can just charge yourself up with the composition and ink and press work."

"I think he'll wriggle out all right," said the senior partner.

"Well, I ain't in favor of carrying him while he wriggles. Make him pay up something on account; make him pay for the issue, anyway."

The senior partner accordingly made the editor pay for the issue, and the editor wriggled harder than ever. He stopped buying cigars and bought a pipe. He cooked his breakfast by stealth over an oil stove in his bedroom and lunched in casual saloons at midday. This was a good deal of a lottery, for some saloons spread a very satisfactory sort of table in spite of an unpromising interior, while others that promise well set out nothing but cubes of bright yellow cheese and pretzels that were a mere aggravation. Others, again, had bartenders who seemed indelicately watchful, and all the young editor's association with vested interests had not utterly destroyed a certain native sensitiveness in his character. Altogether the young editor acted as though he was buying furniture with a view to an early marriage on a limited income.

At last the prospect seemed to grow brighter. His prediction on the futures of too-much-talked-of securities was justified by their eventual collapse. And it happened that some of the men of stocks and bonds on LaSalle street had noticed and remembered the position he had taken. The circulation of the Gazette took a boom—not a large boom, but enough to allow the young financier to buy a pair of trousers and to insure the payment of the printing and paper bills for the next issue. Two or three little advertising contracts were negotiated with commission firms and an advertising agency deigned to ask for rates. The editor began to feel the glow of prosperity, but he sternly repressed a mad temptation to throw away his oil stove and two-thirds of a tin of cocoa that he had concealed in his trunk. On the afternoon of the glow he took a frugal lunch of liverwurst, baked beans and rye bread punctuated with caraway seeds, at his latest discovery, and then walked over to Dearborn street with his chin in the air, to pay the printers for the current number and give them the last batch of copy. It occurred to him to ask the senior partner if he had bought any Phantasmagorias.

"No, I didn't," said the senior partner, hesitatingly. "It seems to me a form of gambling. I notice they're going up, though."

"They're going to keep going up," said the editor, wisely. He never balked at a decided opinion, arguing that he was as likely to be right as wrong.

"How high do you reckon they'll go?"

"If I had any I would hang on to them until they touched the 93 mark.

COOKED ON AN OIL STOVE.

Do you notice the way the ads are coming in?"

"They've got to take a jump to get that high."

"What are you talking about?"

"Phantasmagorias."

"Oh! yes, but they'll get there. Well, I've got to go over to the board."

"Don't you think," said the senior partner, persuasively, "that you could clear up a little of that back account?"

"I'm sorry," said the editor, "but you'll have to let that stand over a little longer. I've been disappointed in some remittances."

The junior partner was still dissatisfied. "You're too blamed easy on him," he remonstrated. "If I hadn't got you to lean down on him before you wouldn't have got what you have. I wish you'd let me tackle him. I'd bring him to time."

"I think he means to do what's right."

"He may, but his intentions ain't going to pay the help. Let me make a bluff at him."

So it happened that when the editor called the next week he found he had to do business with the junior partner. He disliked the junior partner and he had been working hard. The pretzels were beginnig to enter into his soul, moreover.

"Here's the rest of the copy," he said, briskly. "You got what I sent you yesterday, didn't you?"

"Yes, I got it," said the junior partner, taking the proffered copy and rolling it into a tight, hard roll. "It's all in now, is it?"

"That's the last of it," said the editor.

The junior partner opened the safe, thrust the manuscript into one of the compartments and closed it with a snap. "Now, see here," he said, with unpleasant emphasis, "I've got to have our account straightened out before I set a line of your paper. You've got to pay part of it, anyway, besides the money for Thursday's number. I mean that. Understand?"

"Are you good at whistling?" asked the editor, with apparent irrelevance.

The junior partner grew red in the face. "What do you mean?" he asked.

"You can whistle for that back account, that's all," said the editor, calmly. "The paper's suspended."

"When did that happen?" asked the junior partner.

"About five seconds ago."

There was a sequel to the story.

About ten days after the ex-editor had duly assigned his office chair and desk and the table whereon he had wrapped the papers for mailing he bought another desk and chair as a nucleus for a new business venture. He was considering what this venture should be when the door opened and the senior partner in the printing firm walked in and after a few general remarks counted out ten $10 bills, one $5, a $2 and a $1 on the new desk.

"What's this?" asked the ex-editor.

"That's your commission on what I cleared on 1,200 Phantasmagorias," said the printer. "I took your tip all right and let go when you said. You must have been on the inside of that. They went tumbling down to eight cents the next day and the bottom went out of the whole thing a day after. Ten per cent. Put it in your pocket. You were square with me and I want to be square with you."

The young man looked at the greenbacks thoughtfully for a moment. Then he shook his shoulders and straightened in his chair.

"I'll keep on being square with you," he said. "I hadn't the faintest idea on earth that the stock would lift a fraction of a cent. Didn't know a thing about it but the name. If I'd supposed you'd have been fool enough to buy, I'd never have opened my head about it. It was just fool's luck. You take your ill-gotten gains and go back to your business and stay there. That's the best tip I can give you and it's worth ten of the other."

"I believe I'll take your advice," said the printer, "but I want you to take the money."

"I won't do it," said the ex-editor.

"Did you have the money to pay for the paper when Ben made his bluff at you?"

"I did. Don't you worry about me."

"I won't," said the printer. "I don't think I need to."—Chicago Daily Record.

FACT AND FICTION.

Pennsylvania Groundwork for Novels by Sir Walter Scott and Charles Reade.

In the southern end of Columbia, near the river, is a rolling mill office, which to those who know it recalls a romantic story closely identified with the writings of several English novelists. That office was once the home of Robert Barber, high sheriff of Lancaster county, about 1740, and in a log jail which Robert built near his house was confined for a time James Annesley, subsequently a prominent character in England as claimant of the earldom of Angiesey.

The story of James Annesley's adventures and persecutions forms the groundwork of Charles Reade's well-known novel, "The Wandering Heir," and is also incorporated into portions of Scott's "Guy Mannering," Smollett's "Peregrine Pickle" and a once popular novel, "Florence McCarthy."

Annesley was a son of Lord Altham, a grandson of the first earl of Anglesey. After his father's death in 1727 his father's brother kidnaped the nephew and had him sold as an indentured servant in Philadelphia, through which action the uncle was afterward enabled to become the earl of Anglesey. The lad's service was bought by a Lancaster county farmer, whose daughter fell in love with the servant, as did also a young Indian girl. These embarrassments caused Annesley to run away, but he was caught and kept in jail at Columbia until returned to his master.

He was recognized as the heir to the Anglesey title by two Irishmen who happened to visit his master's farm, and they became so much interested in his story that they offered to go back with him to help prove his rightful inheritance. There was a big sensation in London on his return. His uncle contested the charges against him by assertions that Annesley was not really the son of his brother, but Annesley's cause was justified by the courts, though he never had money enough to prosecute it to the end and gain the title and estates. His uncle remained in possession, and there were several bloody quarrels between them and their followers.—Baltimore Sun.

Royal Game of Chess.

In 1396 Mohammed Balba usurped the crown of Granada in spite of the superior claims of his elder brother Jussef. He was very unsuccessful in his conduct of the war against the Christians and was at length assassinated by poison absorbed through his skin from a shirt. He entertained a desperate dislike to the brother whom he had injured, and when he knew that his own fate was sealed he sent an order to the governor of the prison in which Jussef was confined that he should be executed immediately. When the order arrived Jussef was playing chess with the chaplain of the prison. With great difficulty Jussef obtained a respite from the governor permitting him to finish the game. Before it was ended, however, news came that the usurper had died of the poison. This canceled the order of execution and Jussef, instead of going to the scaffold, mounted the throne.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

TENOR MADE A BIG HIT.

He Couldn't Understand Why an Audience Laughed at His Love Song.

The tenor of a local concert company made the hit of his life recently. It was at an entertainment in a town within 100 miles of Chicago, and it is safe to say that the tenor's voice will never be heard in that place again, says the Inter Ocean.

He is tall and angular, built rather on the fence-rail plan of architecture, and is, withal, rather excessively dignified. On this occasion he had been intrusted with the duty of "opening the ball" with a comic solo. Although comedy is not exactly the tenor's strongest hold, he found this time before he had fairly commenced that he had the large audience with him, and he sailed in and did his best.

From start to finish he was greeted with applause—and at the end of the verse there was such a storm of laughter, hand-clapping and even cheers that the singer felt obliged to respond to the encore.

As soon as he could make himself heard he essayed a love song, but before he had sung ten words the laughter broke out afresh. In vain he threw his soul into the tender words. It was no go, and the hilarity of the audience increased until at the close of the first verse he rushed bewildered and furious from the stage, amid an uproar greater than before.

Behind the scenes he found the other members of the company speechless with laughter, and it was several minutes before they were able to elucidate the cause. The tenor, before leaving his hotel, had pinned up the tails of his dress coat to keep them from showing below the bottom of his short summer overcoat, and upon arriving at the hall he had forgotten to unpin them. The spectacle of the coattails pointing skyward was too much for the risibilities of the audience, and the tenor could not be induced to sing again that night.

Modulated Tones.

"A woman, I notice, always lowers her voice to ask a favor."

"Yes, and raises her voice if she doesn't get it."—Chicago Daily Record.

AUSTRALIAN CATTLE-RUSH.

When a Stampede Occurs the Very Best of Horsemanship Is Called For.

When a cattle-rush comes in the blackest of the night, among thick-standing, low-limbed trees, with the nature and levels of the country unknown and invisible, to stem it calls for the finest and fiercest quality of the horseman, says a writer in Harper's Magazine. As he dodges, swerves, and clings in the saddle to avoid mutilation from the rushing trees, he must see to it also that the horse shall win to the lead of that thundering multitude beside him, if hands and spur may compass it. And when he does, the maddest of the danger is still to come. The rider's hands must do double duty now as he lets loose the whip and guides the horse as well. The rout must be turned and directed against itself. The horse is dragged inward, the whip hisses and falls; the man, silent until now, opens throat and lungs in the stockman's battle-cry. If the leading cattle swerve and swing away, carrying confusion among the rest, and breaking the directness of the rush, it is the finest moment of the drover's life. As the beasts that come thundering blindly on feel the scorching of the thong on head and flank, and hear the note of man's supremacy that they have feared since branding-time, the eddy spreads.

The blind rush becomes a maelström, the maelstrom spreads into eddies of confusion—the clash of horns and huge muttering sounds. Then the herd settles down and spreads out. When the sound arises of big muzzles blowing and nibbling at the grass, the horseman knows that his danger is past. Low down in an embrasure of the woods a white planet burns; it is the herald of the dawn.

Growth of Vesuvius.

The habit of smoking does not seem to affect Vesuvius as it does the small boy, by stunting his growth, for the old veteran has added 150 feet to his stature within the past year.

Stone Lifeboats.

A lifeboat made of pumice stone has been tested. It continued to float with a load even when full of water.

GRAND DUKE ADOLPH OF LUXEMBURG.

It is generally believed that the king of Denmark or Queen Victoria of Great Britain is the oldest sovereign in Europe, but this distinction belongs to the reigning grand duke of Luxemburg, who recently celebrated his eighty-second birthday. The king of Denmark is one year younger and the queen two years. Grand Duke Adolph ascended the throne of Nassau as long ago as 1839, but was driven therefrom by the Prussians in 1866. Up to 1890 Luxemburg owed allegiance to Holland, but as the Salic law governs the little country Queen Wilhelmina could not exercise sovereign functions, and the crown reverted to the nearest male relation, the present grand duke.

QUEEN VICTORIA AND THE THREE HEIRS TO THE THRONE.