

# THE NEBRASKA ADVERTISER

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NEMAHA, - - - - - NEBRASKA.

## GIVE.

The little brown seed in the damp earth reposing.  
All blind to the light and the beauty above.  
Is able to just feel its way through the darkness.  
Nor stir the lone silence with one thrill of love.  
But when it looks out on a world full of sunshine  
It breathes life inspiring for leaf, bud and flower.  
Transfigured it lifts up a song and a blessing.  
Its fragrant lips utter a message of power.  
See where from its glittering throne in the heavens  
Burns clear and unfading the light of the stars.  
Unconscious of all the bright beams it dispenses.  
It sees but the other worlds shining afar.  
It lives by imparting its warmth and its luster.  
By doing the thing it was given to do;  
And the song of the spheres, that has puzzled the ages,  
Is only their beautiful watchword: "Be true."  
The drops that sink down out of sight in the fissure  
Some day in the future may shatter the rock.  
And send to the hamlet that dreams in the valley.  
Disaster and woe with their pitiless shock;  
But the pure, living fountain that bursts from the hillside,  
Like the laugh of a child or a bird's rippling song,  
Refreshes, preserves and grows broader and deeper  
As onward forever it hurries along.  
To give and to bless is the law of creation.  
The one buried talent alone is despised;  
The riches invested are those that are valued.  
The light that is hidden can never be prized.  
Then help the poor world with its work and its worry.  
And hold up the hands that are ready to fall.  
For though He possesses the treasures of Heaven,  
Our Master has need of the talents of all.  
—Julia R. Thayer, in Chicago Advance.

## Logic of John Mills, Miner

By Henry J. Ames.

AS THIS is simply a plain story of John Mills, miner, no introduction, beyond a statement of the identity of the man, is necessary. Mills lived near Rocky Canon, and had often aroused the people thereabout (or within a radius of 25 miles) to a state of interrogative curiosity which had never been fully satisfied. He dwelt alone, in a cabin not worth describing, because just such cabins have often been described before. When he first appeared he had said nothing as to his origin. A tall, silent man of 40 years, he went at once into his chosen field, prospecting, asking advice, and giving none. Mills had a good eye for "leads," and had been moderately successful, for several times he had developed claims until they had begun to assume the dignity of mines, had sold them and moved on. In 1891 he located a claim that seemed promising, and for weeks toiled at it single-handed. He was strong and skillful, and his progress remarkably rapid, but occasionally he felt a pang of solitude, and thought he ought to secure help, not only for the forwarding of the work, but for the sake of companionship. One summer day as this mood was upon him, he heard a voice at the mouth of the slope marking the spot where he had started into the side of the mountain.  
"Hello there!" said the voice, "may I come down?"  
Mills dropped the sledge just then poised for a blow, and turned toward the patch of light. "No," he answered; "I'll come up."  
As he walked, curving his back, he saw outlined against a bit of sky a sturdy figure and a head surmounted by a felt hat, the flapping rim of which had been secured in front, and from beneath which there escaped a wavy mass of hair tossed on the breeze. The miner wondered vaguely why a boy should be so handsome. Emerging from the slope he straightened himself, taking a full breath of the sweet mountain air. Then he drew from his pocket pipe and tobacco, filled, lighted, absorbed a few satisfactory whiffs, and said, slowly: "Well?"  
"I'm Rube Jackson," said the boy, in return; "an' I'm here for work."  
John puffed on. "Better come to the cabin while I yank a little grub together. I take it," he added, starting down the patch, "that ye're prospectin' without no stake?"  
The boy did not understand this, but he gave an assent, and started with Mills, who noticed that the sole of the visitor's shoe flapped at right angles with every step. "I'll cobble it after supper," was his comment.  
"But about the job, you know," the boy put in, timidly, stepping high on account of the loose sole.  
"Oh, that's all right," answered Mills; "ye're hired. Didn't I tell ye?" And they walked on.  
In the evening they gñew, in a measure, confidential, although Rube did most of the talking, as Mills cobbled the defective shoe into a state of useful-

ness. Before bed time Rube had told of Sissie Campbell. She was back in Missouri; where he himself had been "born and raised."  
"I didn't have much money after father and mother died," he went on, simply, "and Sue—her father has a pile, I'll bet old man Campbell has \$2,000 out on mortgage right now." He paused to note the effect; Mills drove another peg, while Rube laughed nervously. "I fell in love with Sue," he continued, "but she wouldn't have it; that is," he corrected, recognizing the awkwardness of the expression, "she didn't seem to be in earnest about it. Not like me, anyhow, but finally she laughed, and said that if I'd get a fortune she'd marry me. So I struck out west."  
"Must be a fine gal," said Mills. "Hope it ain't serious. Has she got any holt on yeh?"  
Rube laughed again. "I wish she had," was his rejoinder; "but since I came away she hasn't written. Sue's just tryin' me, that's what she's doin'. It's a way women have. When I go back with a pocketful of money she'll be ready. Oh, I know what women are."  
John took a last stitch in silence, and held up the reconstructed shoe. Thus began, between John Mills, miner, and Rube Jackson, boyish, hopeful tramp, one of the serene friendships which last until death. Let the limit not be placed upon there; perhaps, strengthened and renewed, they last forever.  
During the days the pair worked, speaking little. In the evenings they read and talked, or Mills brought out an ancient fiddle, whereon he discoursed melody most fearsome, but duly applauded. The usual theme of conversation was Sue. Gradually the two built up an ideal woman, and a home that she was to adorn after the Millennium—for such they had named the mine—had begun to produce. Rube would not listen to any plan that did not involve the membership of Mills in the family.  
"I'raps an' old feller like me 'ud be in the way," Mills would say, and regularly, Rube would rebuke this view.  
Yet Sue never wrote. "Mighty long trial an' slow verdict," Mills opined once. Rube convinced him that this bordered on treason.  
Weeks went by, and the crucial test of the Millennium was at hand. The hole for the "shot" which was to determine the character of the vein toward which they had been laboring had been drilled, the powder tamped about the fuse. It was then, stopping to wipe his forehead, leaving it grimed and streaked, that Mills delivered a speech which, so far as recorded, was the longest he ever made.  
"Rube, boy," he said, "we're pardners. Understand? Pardners. This shot tells whether we find somethin' lousy with gold or goes broke ag'in barren rock. In any case, thar's wages one you, an' a-comin'. It wouldn't be no squar' deal fur me to git rich and you only to draw pay fer days' work; so, thar'fore, I, John Mills, miner, as heretofore and generally known, do hereby make over to you, Rube Jackson, a full half-interest in the Millennium, to have an' to hold, an' yer heirs an' assigns forever, amen. That's a kerret forever, I guess, and no lawyers needed nor papers neither."  
Rube grasped the hand of Mills. "Your word's enough for any man, and I thank you. You've been a good friend to me—me and Sue, I—"  
"There, there," interrupted Mills, "it's nothin', it's all right." He seemed happy, and a trifle embarrassed, concealing the emotions by a sudden display of energy.  
Not another word was spoken. Soon all was ready, an open lamp applied to the waiting fuse, and the men retreated to the open.  
"In five minutes, pardner," Mills said, as they went along, "we'll be a couple of them capitalist chaps."  
"And Sue, too," amended Rube.  
"Yes, Sue, too," assented the senior member of the firm. "You see, she's natchelly one of them 'heirs an' assigns forever,' which the document would mention, so be we had one."  
He started for the cabin, but Rube lingered. "Better come to grub," counseled Mills. "The old hole won't be fit to live in fur an hour."  
Rube seemed to assent, but he did not follow. As Mills reached the cabin there was a muffled sound, a tremor of rock as the granite mountain quivered, and out from the slope rolled a cloud of smoke. Mills was soon in the cabin getting supper.  
In 20 minutes the coffee had been made, the bacon fried, and biscuits were crisping in the oven. Still Rube did not come. "I wonder where he is," said Mills. "Boys is so reckless," and with an untidy feeling he started back up the trail.  
"Rube, come to supper!" he called.  
His voice bounced from side to side of the canyon, but there was no response. The heart of Mills sank with the thought of impending evil. Calling again and again, he went to the mouth of the slope, out of which an aerid vapor floated, hovering in the air. "I'm 'fraid Rube went in," conjectured Mills, and hastily removing his coat he dropped it in a powder-keg of water; swathed it about his face, and started blithely down the slope.  
At the foot of it, held down by a cruel block, he found Rube, inert, apparently lifeless. With a giant effort he almost hurled the block aside, and taking Rube in his arms, staggered, stumbled, crept to the outer air. Oh! the

bleased halm of that air as it touched his face. He took one breath, laid his burden down, and fell beside it, prone, motionless. The sun was giving the loftiest peak its farewell caress. Below a bird was singing a good-night song. The rosy glow passed; the bird was still; the shadows crept higher. But there lay the dead and the stricken.  
The inquest was short, resulting in the finding that Reuben Jackson had come to his death by a dispensation of Providence, "aided and abetted by his own carelessness, for the which, he being a boy, we do not blame him."  
There was a funeral, too, picturesque and pathetic, where the music was the harping of the wind in the pine-tops, and the finest tribute the tears of John Mills. Then the grave was rounded over, the participants—all but one—withdraw, and that night the moon shone down on a solitary figure, sitting by a mound, his head bowed in his hands. "Too late, too late," the figure murmured. "We're rich, my pardner and me, and it won't do him no good." Nor was Mills speaking idly, for, clutched in the rigid fingers of Rube, John had discovered a fragment of quartz threaded and bound by wires of virgin gold.  
The next day Mills was in Denver. His first visit was to a mining expert somewhat familiar with the district. "The Millennium"—said John, pointing over his shoulder in the general direction of Rocky canyon—"she's fur sale. The price is two hundred thousand. Take her or leave her."  
Next he took his way to a lawyer. "Draw me up one of them papers," he said, "makin' over to Susan Campbell, of Missouri, a half interest in the Millennium."  
"What consideration?" asked the man of business.  
"Consideration? Why, for my pardner, of course."  
Necessary explanations followed, and the consideration was placed at ten dollars, which Mills conscientiously took out of one pocket and put into another. "It's best to have everything on the squar'," he thought.  
"What this recorded?" continued the lawyer, when the dips, spurs and angles had been described with technical nicety.  
"Not fur a spell," replied Mills. "Jest give it to me. An hour later he was on an east-bound train.  
He reached a little town in Missouri. As he walked the streets, he thought, with a strange thrill of affection, that he was where Rube had been "born and raised." Every villager knew the residence of Henry Campbell, and soon Mills was ringing the bell. The door was opened by a young woman—Sue! But surely not the Sue of Rube's dreams and his own imaginings. She was pretty, in a careless way, but her wrapper was begrimed, her slippers, one of which protruded, displayed a hole, and her hair was in papers. Mills was shocked and puzzled. The girl said "Good morning," and awaited developments.  
"I'm from out west," said the visitor—"Colorado." Then, after a pause, conscious of an important omission, he added: "My name's John Mills."  
"Colorado," rejoined the young woman; "I knew a fellow that went out there—Rube Jackson. Come in, I suppose you want to see paw. Ever meet Rube?" She almost laughed. "Rube used to think I'd marry him; but, gracious, I never thought of it. Come in. Did you say you'd met Rube?"  
"Him and me's pardners," answered Mills, quietly.  
"Do tell! And how's Rube getting along?"  
"Rube? Oh, he's all right. He's had a streak of luck lately. Thought likely you'd want to hear about it. Well, I must be goin'. Good-by."  
Once in the street, he took a paper from his breast—a document of legal aspect—tore it into minute pieces and scattered them in the mud of the thoroughfare. "God knows," he muttered, "that I tried to be squar' with my pardner, but it appears Rube didn't leave no 'heirs an' assigns forever."  
"Paw," remarked Susan, that evening, "there was an awfully funny man called here to-day. Said he knew Rube Jackson out west."  
"Didn't know no good of him," returned the father. "That Jackson place'll never bring the amount of the mortgage."  
A few days later Mills was in the office of the mining expert. "The Millennium," he began, "take her or leave her?"  
"Take her," exclaimed the expert, trying to conceal his jubilation. "Here's the papers and your check, all ready to sign. Where in thunder'd you go to?"  
"Jest took a little business trip fur my pardner," answered John. — San Francisco Argonaut.

**A Remedy for Bad Language.**  
An ocean-going captain was so much given to using bad language that his first mate made a bet with him that he could not do without swearing for a week. It went on all right for the first two or three days, until a bit of a squall came on, and the sailors were up aloft doing their different duties. But their captain was displeased with their work. He stood it as long as he could, and then he threw his cap on the deck in a towering rage, jumped on it, and shaking his fist up at the men with an angry scowl, he hissed: "Bless you, my dears—you know what I mean!"—Tit-Bits.

## AN ECCENTRIC INVENTOR.

Worked in Secret for Thirty-Five Years on Perpetual Motion Machine.

The sale of the effects of the late Jesse Horn, an eccentric farmer living in the Flatwoods district, will doubtless attract a very large crowd of the curious, says a Rome (Ga.) correspondent of the St. Louis Republic. Among the things listed for the sale is one perpetual motion machine. For 35 years Horn worked every spare moment on his machine, often working feverishly far into the night. He guarded his secret and his machine zealously, keeping it in a stout outhouse, the key to which

## BIRD SISTER OF CHARITY.

Affection Manifested by a Java Sparrow When Its Companion Was Mortally Wounded.

Milne-Edwards, director of the Jardin des Plantes in Paris, relates the following story of two Java sparrows: "They were both hens and in the same aviary with a parrot, which took a dislike to one of them. One day the parrot picked a quarrel with one of the sparrows, tore out its feathers and finally broke its leg with a blow of its beak. The poor little thing could no longer stay on a perch. It lay shivering on the ground, to the evident grief of the companion bird. She went about the aviary

## ROBERT TREAT PAINE, JR.

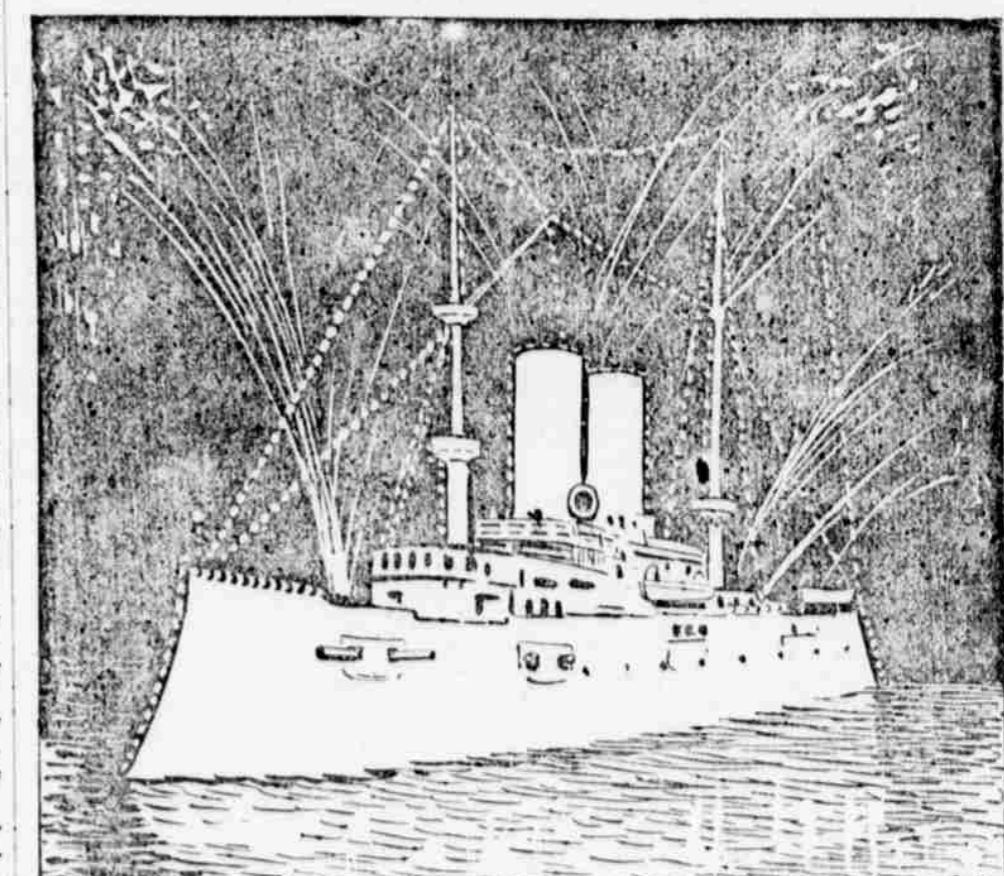


Mr. Paine, nominee for governor of Massachusetts, although but 33 years of age, stands high in the estimation of the democracy of his state. He was born in Waltham, educated at Harvard, and is a lawyer. He belongs to one of the oldest families in Boston, his father being of national prominence. In 1886 he was one of Mr. Bryan's strongest supporters in the east. At the opening of the Spanish war he raised a volunteer company, but as it was unattached it was not sent to the front. He then joined battery A, First Massachusetts volunteer artillery, and served as a private until mustered out.

was never out of his sight for an instant. Not even a member of the family was ever permitted to gaze on the precious work of his brain, and he died with the secret locked in his heart. But the machine is advertised to sell at public outcry, and a large number will be attracted to the sale.  
Floyd has another eccentric old fellow, who was for years imbued with the idea that he could invent a flying machine. His name is Poole, and his mental equipage is not of the best. One day Poole got the machine fixed to his liking, and, after bidding his wife and children a solemn farewell, crawled out on the roof of his cabin from the summit of which he announced that he was going to fly to Heaven. He launched

picking up straws, feathers and leaves to make a bed for the invalid. She accomplished wonders of dexterous management in lifting up the featherless sufferer and placing it on the couch. But the weather was cold at night. The charitable bird placed itself beside the one with the broken leg, and extended a wing over it to keep it warm. The position must have been uncomfortable, not to say painful, but M. Milne-Edwards never came at night to see how "this feathered sister of charity" was behaving without finding it with its wing lovingly extended. The invalid died. The other bird began to moan, lost appetite, withdrew into a corner, drooped and died also. Was it instinct that prompted it to make a bed and

## DEWEY'S FLAGSHIP PICTURED IN FIRE.



One of the most striking spectacles of the pyrotechnic display at New York in Admiral Dewey's honor was a set piece in imitation of the flagship Olympia. The Admiral Dewey's honor was a set piece in imitation of the flagship Olympia. The signal burst into flame and sparks, showing the outline of the vessel in colored lights. From the deck issued streams of brilliant bonfire and "flower pots." Very different indeed was this blazing counter-imitation in appearance from the real Olympia. It resembled rather some of the Spanish ships which were burned by the admiral's fire.

himself outward, but, instead of sailing off like a bird, Poole and his machine came to terra firma like a lump of lead. As a consequence of his foolishness, Poole was laid up for three months with a broken leg and other damages. It is only necessary to mention "flying machine" in Poole's presence now to send him into a towering rage.  
**Out of the Broken Track.**  
First Critic—Here's one trace of originality—if it isn't a typographical error.  
Second Critic—What is that?  
First Critic—He says "wide and far" instead of "far and wide."—Brooklyn Life.

keep the other bird warm? No, it was sentiment, and charitable sentiment, guided by reason. That bird was not only charitable, but virtuous, and really deserved the Montyon prize.  
**Tuberculosis in the German Army.**  
In an article in the Militar Wochen-Wochenblatt it is stated that the number of cases of tuberculosis in the German army has fallen, from 2.9 per thousand in 1890-'91 to 1.8 per thousand in 1898-'99. This decrease is attributed largely to Koch's discovery of the bacillus of tuberculosis, owing to which the diagnosis of the disease is easier, and recruits suffering from it are rejected who would otherwise have passed the medical examination.