

THE NEBRASKA ADVERTISER

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NEMAHA, - - - - - NEBRASKA.

The Avenger of the Horse.

Mrs. Doble goes riding and has a new sensation.

"THE extinction of the horse is inevitable," said Mr. Doble. "It is sad to think of the noble beast so long known as man's best friend passing into the background."

"I notice they have to get them out every once in awhile when the cables and trolleys get out of order," said Mrs. Doble. "Then how can people talk of the extinction of the horse while driving remains so popular?"

"It cannot be compared to the keen exhilaration that one experiences in a horseless carriage," said Doble. "There is a sense of power, of complete control that one can never know with a horse in front of one."

"Has some one been trying to sell you one of those things?" said Mrs. Doble, suspiciously.

"Oh, no, my dear," answered her husband, with a guilty look. "Van Ripper is very much interested in them and took me out for a spin the other day. I tell you it was great!"

"I am sure I should always prefer the old-fashioned way of driving," said Mrs. Doble. "It's safer and pleasanter in every way than this speeding against time by machinery. Then they are so conspicuous."

"The carriage that I was looking at is safety itself," said Doble. "It has been tested up to two thousand to the square inch, and can stand even more. It is the Get There automobile that I have been practicing with."

"I should be dreadfully afraid to go out in one of them without a driver, or a steerer, or whatever you call them."

"It is an age of progress and we must keep up with the procession," said Doble. "We are living at high pressure, and the automobile is typical of the era."

"You have been reading a circular," said Mrs. Doble. "You can ride in one of those things, if you like, but I'll stick to a hansom."

"Mrs. Van Ripper is learning to operate one of those new runabouts," said Doble, carelessly.

"Mrs. Van Ripper is?"

"Yes; Van Ripper says his wife is a thoroughly up to date woman, and that if it became the fashion to ride camels she'd be the first to gallop through the park on one. He says she has some stunning gowns ordered specially for the 'mobe'."

"Mrs. Van is so faddy! She's always up to anything that is loud and fast."

"You must admit she gets ahead of everyone else and gets the credit of leading the fashion. Mark my words, Honora, in a month or two you'll be just as anxious to automobile as anyone else. Then you'll simply be following her lead; that's all!"

"Imitate her! Never! I'll take lessons first and learn to run one of the things before she does. Did you say you had one?"

"Er—not quite, my dear. I've partially arranged with Van Ripper's friend Knoekem, who is agent for the Get There, and he's given me the use of one while I'm learning."

"Don't they blow out sometimes?" asked Mrs. Doble.

"It's all the way in which they are handled," said Doble. "You must understand them first, of course. I've become quite attached to the machine I've been operating. It is much handsomer than Van Ripper's."

"Are you sure you can manage it, John?"

"I've been operating it alone for two weeks now," said Doble. "And I think I may say without boasting that I have mastered it. I passed Van Ripper on Riverside drive yesterday, and left him as he was standing still."

"Did you say Van Ripper was interested in selling the carriages?" asked Mrs. Doble.

"No. He's just a friend of Knoekem. He admits his 'mobe' isn't in it with mine. It's a daisy."

"Well, if you are quite sure you can manage it, and sure it won't run away or blow up or anything, bring it round this afternoon and take me out. I don't intend to have Mrs. Van Ripper get ahead of me."

That afternoon Doble came up to the door with a dash in his red-wheeled automobile, and after a convulsive start it settled at the curb. Mrs. Doble beckoned to her husband from the upper window.

"I can't leave the carriage," he said, calling up from the street.

"Can't you hitch it up?" she asked. "Won't it stand quiet?"

"My dear, this isn't a lady's horse," said Doble, nervously, looking at his watch. "It's only regulated to stand for 20 minutes. They've set it at the stable. So hurry down. It might start without us."

When Mrs. Doble came out there was

an admiring crowd around the machine and all the windows in the block had a group of eager faces.

"I am dreadfully nervous," said Mrs. Doble, backing off from the machine, which had begun to vibrate and sputter. "That's what I wanted to tell—"

"Get in quickly or the blanked thing'll start," said Doble, hustling his wife in and falling in after her just as the carriage roared and started forward with a snort.

"Oh!" cried Mrs. Doble, seizing her husband's arm, "let me get out; it will tip, sure. Don't go so fast!"

"Sit perfectly still, Mrs. Doble, and let go my arm. I want a free hand for this operating brake. But don't overbalance this side in that way. You have to be careful with these things as with a rowboat. One move too much one way—"

Just then the machine lurched up toward a lamp post and then seemed to change its mind and rush in a zigzag fashion down the street.

"It seems to be waltzing," said Mrs. Doble. "Look out for this funeral coming up. It's unlucky to meet a funeral. I know we'll be killed."

"Nonsense, Mrs. Doble," said Doble, tugging violently at the brake. "I understand this thing, remember. I am not going to do any stunts to show off. I like a nice, steady gait—"

"Then, for gracious sake, why don't you get into it?" said Mrs. Doble, catching her breath as the vehicle just escaped one of the funeral coaches.

"I will slow up presently," said Doble, who was out of breath himself. "Don't make me nervous while I have this brake in my hand. It always acts this way when it meets anything on the road. Gets kind of balky."

"I should say it does," said Mrs. Doble, holding on with both hands. "I'm scared to death. Now it's wabbling like a rocking horse. Oh—h—h!"

The automobile, after a few internal convulsions, suddenly reared and snuffed, then plunged around a corner, upsetting an Italian fruit stand and nearly killing a street sweeper, who shouted unpleasant things after the speeding wagon.

"You'll run into something, sure," said Mrs. Doble. "Why did you turn into this street, anyhow? It's so crowded that it's dangerous!"

"It seemed to turn itself then," said Doble, wiping off his brow with his gloved hand. "Wait till we get out in the open country. Then you'll see how delight—"

Suddenly the automobile swerved into the gutter and stopped before a saloon.

"What on earth are you stopping here for, John Doble? I never heard of such a thing!"

"It's acting a little queer to-day; it's never stopped here before, I assure you!"

"Well, start it quick and get away. There is a crowd gathering."

"It's got to stop 20 minutes," said Doble, looking at his watch. "You see, I had it set that way to avoid trouble. It's easier to man—"

The automobile rumbled and then jerked itself forward for a block without leaving the gutter. A crowd of small boys followed it, jeering at Mr. Doble. He grew red in the face and tugged at the handle bar. Two policemen came over and pushed the carriage until it was headed for the middle of the street. It began to move easier.

"Suppose you turn up the next corner and get into the drive," said Mrs. Doble; "then we'll have more room."

"All right," said Doble, hoarsely, grabbing at his hat, which fell over the side of the carriage. "Just you sit still and enjoy yourself."

"If I ever get home alive I'll not come out in this thing again," said Mrs. Doble, almost sobbing, as the carriage knocked down an old gentleman and sent him spinning like a top against a soda water sign. "It's dreadful! Why don't you stop and help that poor old gentleman?"

"I—really—haven't—time," said Doble, in a jerky way, as the automobile began to prance and curvet in front of a brewery wagon which accommodately got out of the way, the driver laughing rudely at Doble.

At the corner the carriage gave two desperate lurches as though it contemplated turning and then changed its mind. It continued on up the avenue.

"I thought you were going to turn down the drive," said Mrs. Doble. "You said you would."

"I know it! I know it! Can't a man change his mind once in awhile? It's going to—going to—"

"I don't think you know what it's going to do," said Mrs. Doble. "It's going to run away just now. Oh! Oh!"

The carriage started forward at a desperate rate of speed. Every vehicle on the avenue began to pull up and get out of the way, as if the automobile was an engine going to a fire.

"I tell you this is sport!" jerked Doble, while his hat flew off in the rear. "It's like—living—this is—"

"Wait and get your hat," said Mrs. Doble. "There is a boy running after us with it."

"Oh, never mind," said Doble. "It's the thing—nowadays—to—drive—without a hat."

The machine hitched violently backward; then rose on its front wheels and hissed.

"It's bucking like a broncho to-day," said Doble, whose hair looked like an

Indian's. "Would you mind staying in and holding this bar while I get out and turn the thing around so we can get off the avenue into a side street?"

"I'll jump out if you move," said Mrs. Doble. "Why, there, it's turning beautifully."

"Yes, this is a pleasant street," said Doble in a relieved way, as the automobile turned like a lamb and proceeded decorously along the asphalt. "I thought you'd like it better. Just give me time and I'll show you how to run this machine."

"This is the first easy breath I've drawn since we left the house," said Mrs. Doble, fixing her hat on straight. "I wish you had your hat. You look awfully queer."

"Now watch me turn according to directions," said Doble, as they reached the drive. "Reverse the brake and reduce the rate of speed slightly. The carriage will answer immediately—"

"Oh!" screamed Mrs. Doble, as the automobile suddenly began to swing round in a circle.

"It doesn't do to scream out like that, Honora," said Doble, tugging at the handle-bar. "These things are sensitive—"

Suddenly the carriage settled itself, and after backing and shying a few times dashed ahead like a bullet. The Dobiles held on for life. Doble's face was set and his hair waved in the breeze. A mounted policeman galloped after them shouting. Mrs. Doble was sobbing. Once more carriages, horses and pedestrians drew out of the way of the Doble equipage. A dog started to chase after it, barking loudly. The policeman shouted, but all in vain.

"It's—running away!" screamed Mrs. Doble. "Help! Help!"

"It's got to stop some time!" said Doble, between his teeth. "So long as folks get out of the way it doesn't matter. It's exhilarating and healthy to feel the cool air in one's face. The view is superb from this summit. Really, Mrs. Doble, I cannot understand what is the matter—"

Just then the automobile saw a massive gateway opening into a private park. A sign read: "No Admittance, Private Grounds," but the automobile didn't mind that. It turned daintily in and rushed across the lawn and over a flower bed.

"Did you see that sign?" said Mrs. Doble, clutching her husband's arm. "Are you mad?"

"Don't believe in signs," said Doble. "Besides, I'm not running this now. It's the machine that's going. Great Scott!"

The machine backed itself over the lawn and flower bed, and then down the carriage way and into the road.

"Are we going home backward?" asked Mrs. Doble. "Oh! if it would only stop long enough for me to get out before we are arrested!"

But the machine jumped in the air twice when it reached the gate, and then continued on its way. It began to throw itself rakishly from side to side, something like the way in which a trotting horse throws out its legs.

"Where are we going now?" asked Mrs. Doble.

"Blessed if I know!" said Doble; "but you can trust this mobe all right, Honora. It's a little restive to-day and doesn't respond to regulations, but it's all right when you give it its head."

"Suppose it doesn't stop, but just goes on and on," said Mrs. Doble. "What on earth will we do? If you could only turn it toward home!"

"It will turn when it is good and ready," said Doble. "It goes better when you humor it. Listen; it's actually chuckling and sputtering as though it liked it. There's the High Tone hotel up there on the hill, Honora, and, by Jove, there are the Van Rippers up on the piazza."

"Well, look the other way. I don't want them to see us in this state. My hair is coming down and I'm all spattered with mud, and as for you, you are a sight!"

"All right, Honora; just look out over the river as though you were enjoying the scenery and we'll spurt past. Do you hear them laughing up there? Van Ripper is about the worst kind of a fool I know."

"I know they are laughing at us, John Doble, and I don't wonder! My gracious! where are you going? Oh, my!"

For the automobile evidently recognized its friends on the porch of the High Tone hotel, and with a magnificent sweep and an extra dash of speed sprinted gracefully along the roadway and stopped with a flourish at the main door of the hotel, where the Dobiles were greeted with shouts of joyous laughter and some applause. They went home in a hansom.—N. Y. Sun.

Composition on Breathing.

A boy, 14 years old, who was told to write all he could about breathing in a composition, handed in the following:

"Breath is made of air. We breathe with our lungs, our lights, our liver and kidneys. If it wasn't for our breath we would die when we sleep. Our breath keeps the life going through the nose when we are asleep. Boy, that stay in a room all day should not breathe. They should wait until they get outdoors. Girls kill the breath with corsets that squeeze the diaphragm. Girls can't holler or run like boys because their diaphragm is squeezed too much. If I was a girl I had rather be a boy so I can run and holler and have a great big diaphragm."

Cincinnati Enquirer.

FOOLING THE SHARKS.

Feeding the Wolves of the Ocean Dimplings That Made Them Throw Fits.

This being the season of fish yarns John Ritchie, who, says the Chicago Times-Herald, has for years conducted most of the shorthand work at national conventions, sprung this story at the Press club. It took the biscuit, so to speak:

"About the funniest thing I saw," he said, "was while on a vessel down off Hatteras inlet or some point near there. One day we ran into about forty thousand million sharks. There was a lot of them, and I wondered if they were all there for me. I do think sharks give

THE BOERS AS FIGHTERS.

They Learn to Handle a Gun When Mere Infants and Are Strangers to Fear.

The Boer has shown himself to be a first-class fighting man. In fact, the Boer victories over the British soldiers are largely accountable for the English feeling against them, and in the bitter warfare against the nation the success of the Boers has been extraordinary.

Fewer than 450 Boers resisted 12,000 of the fiercest Zulu warriors on December 16, 1838, and 3,000 natives were left dead on the field, and this with old flintlocks.

President Kruger, as a boy, helped the

GEN. THEODORE SCHWAN, U. S. A.



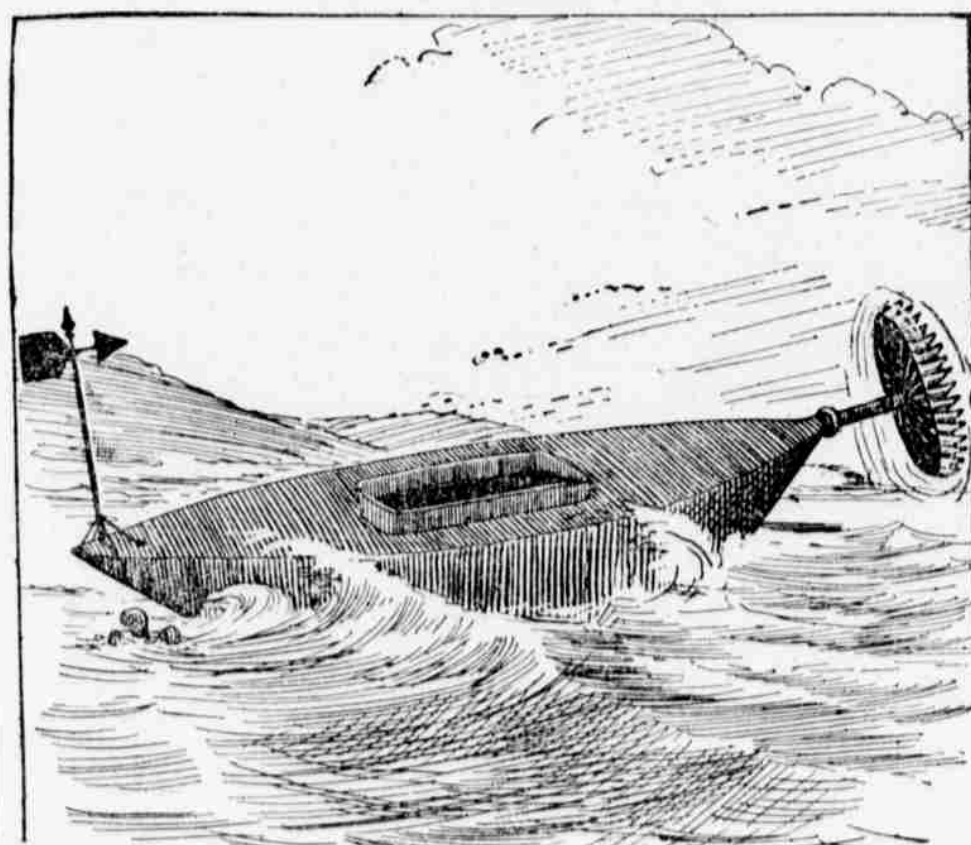
Gen. Schwan is the commander of the American forces that have just captured the Filipino towns of Cavite Viejo, Noveleta and Rosario. He is an officer of the regular army, and one of the large number of German gentlemen who cast their fortunes with the arms of the union during the civil war. During that war Gen. Schwan served the union cause with distinguished gallantry and was rapidly promoted. After the war he was assigned to various commands, served as recruiting officer and did duty on the frontier. He is a fearless soldier and able commander.

everybody a sort of creepy feeling. We had some fun with them. There was a passenger on board who had had some experience with the beasts before. He went to the cook and got him to make a lot of dumplings. He came on deck with three or four dozen of them and began tossing them to the sharks. They snapped them down eagerly. Now you must bear in mind that these dough balls in coming from the cook had time to cool on the outside, so that as they slipped down the shark's throat he did not notice anything out of the way. But the inside of the ball was like a fiery furnace, and in a minute after it had been swallowed the heat began to act. I don't believe there is anything hotter than hot dough, and if not exposed to

40 Dutchmen hold off 2,000 of the men of Moselkase, then the most renowned native captain in South Africa. The bravery of the men is shown by the attack that 135 of them made on 10,000 Zulus on the Marico river, driving them out of the Transvaal.

These are simply better known instances of the fighting abilities of the Boers. Every man has handled a gun from infancy. In the old days, when a Boer was not fighting the fierce natives he was defending himself from savage beasts. Every Boer has been trained in warfare. They discovered the method of lancing their weapons, placing them in a hollow square, which the British generals have adopted as the most successful way of fighting the

BOAT RUN BY A WINDMILL.



A Newark yachtman has invented a boat run by a windmill. It will make progress right in the face of the wind, and the harder the gale blows the faster the craft will go. Directly under the bow of the strange craft is a deep keel. From the stern rises a long vane, like those seen on country barns to show the direction of the wind. Right above the bow there is a shaft with a windmill ten inches in diameter on the end. The shaft inclines aft, and runs through what would be the sternpost until it strikes below water line. A five-inch propeller is attached to the end of it. The little model was tried with great success.

the air it keeps hot. Well, you should have seen those sharks jump and plunge and throw themselves. I never saw anything like it in my life, and, while I am always opposed to cruelty, it doesn't seem as if there was any harm in doing anything to a shark."

A Yankee in Siam.

A Connecticut man has received permission from the king of Siam to erect a \$200,000 hotel, that will be 1,000 feet long and four stories high.

Rocky.

The Prince—This is an age of science. The Pauper—Yes, even the "milk of human kindness" is sterilized.—N. Y. Journal.

The "Dewey Bible."

The Boston Pilot tells of an exhorter who was holding forth on the common and solemnly presented to his hearers the alternative of "salvation or damnation—the King James Bible or the Dewey Bible." Among the audience was a citizen who had been imbibing somewhat freely. This gentleman apparently misunderstood the preacher, for he yelled: "Hooray for the Dewey Bible!" The crowd took up the cry and the exhorter was compelled to suspend further effort.