

THE NEBRASKA ADVERTISER

W. W. SANDERS, Publisher.

NEMAHA, - - - - - NEBRASKA.

THE DAY OF LIFE.

DAWN.
Lad and lassie as brown as berries,
Romp'ing gayly amid the clover,
Lips as red as the juice of cherries
With childish laughter rippling over;
Bright eyes telling of guileless pleasure,
Feet as light as a wind-blown feather
Keeping time to a merry measure,
Sharing the dawn of life together.

NOON.
Man and maiden with ample graces,
Arm in arm through the garden strolling,
Love is tinting their blushing faces,
Wave of joy from each bosom rolling;
Hand seeks hand with a tender meaning,
Be it sunny or cloudy weather
These in the field of bliss are gleaming,
Sharing the noon of life together.

EVENING.
Aged ones in the shadows waiting,
Lovers still though the strife is over;
Never a joy of youth berating,
Sighing not for the birds and clover,
Looking now to the hand supernal,
Faith is theirs with no question whether
Death shall open the gates eternal,
Sharing the eve of life together.
—Ruth Raymond, in Good Housekeeping.

Mrs. Ryder's Ruse

"IT ISN'T as if she were not pretty," Mrs. Ryder protested, with a mournful shake of her curly red head. "She is pretty—distractingly so. And yet that foolish boy refuses to fall in with any of my plans concerning her."

Joe Ryder, striking a match on the post of the veranda, looked down on his wife with eyes full of quiet amusement.

"You forget Nigel has never seen Miss Leland, Winifred."

"What difference? I have told him Lyndith is pretty, and rich, and delightfully sweet-tempered, and—"

"Lyndith!" Joe Ryder paused with the lit match suspended an inch from his cigar. "I thought it was the other one—Marie—you had in your eye for that brother of yours."

Mrs. Ryder clasped her hands with a little gesture of exasperation.

"No! You stupid boy! Isn't Marie engaged to Tom Shuttler?"

"Is she? I didn't know."

He struck another match, lit his cigar and smoked on complacently.

"It's too bad," declared Mrs. Ryder, industriously stitching a ruffle in the neck of Dollie's school dress, "that Nigel won't listen to me. Here he is for rushing off to Colorado again, and the chances are he will go before the girls arrive to pay me that visit. Of all the contrary men that ever lived, Nigel is the worst! If it were not the most desirable thing in the world that he should cease his roving life, marry Lyndith and settle down near us he would do it in an instant."

"He must," laughed Ryder, "be a cousin to 'Miss Mary, who was quite contrary.'"

A queer flash came into Mrs. Ryder's expressive little face. She looked up. "Joe," she said, quickly, "I believe you've struck it! Nigel is, as you say, 'contrary,' and is generally prompt to do the exact reverse of that which one wishes. So I've thought—just this minute—of a plan—a splendid plan."

She quite forgot the ruffle. Her hands lay idle in her lap. He looked down on her, leniently.

"You have, dear? What is it?"

But she only responded oracularly: "Wait and see."

One week later her plan was plain to him.

At breakfast that morning Mrs. Ryder said to her brother, a stalwart, blond-haired young Apollo: "The Leland girls are to be here for their long-promised visit a fortnight from to-day."

Joe gasped, almost contradicted her, but at a glance subsided into attentive silence. He had read the letter from Marie Leland, in which she said they would arrive on Friday. And this was Thursday!

"Two weeks' reprieve," Nigel thought, but aloud he said: "Too bad; I'll be in Colorado then. I must leave Monday next at the latest."

Mrs. Ryder only smiled.

When her husband caught her alone he said to her: "Why did you tell the dear boy that yarn, Winifred?"

"Because I—in reprehensible parlance—mean to spring the girls on him. If I had said they were to arrive to-morrow he would have left for Colorado to-night."

"Is that the extent of your deceit?"

"By no means," she answered, laughing. "Listen!"

She lifted a mischievous face, and he stooped his head and listened to a long, quickly-spoken whisper.

"You disgraceful little schemer," he said.

The evening after the Misses Leland arrived. They were orphans, both wealthy and cultured. One was of medium height, with a pliant, beautiful form, a mass of ripply, reddish-gold hair, the delicate complexion that accompanies such hair, and a pair of velvety violet eyes, under the darkest of lashes and brows. The other

er was small, brown-skinned and brown-haired, with a kind, plain, serious little face. Mrs. Ryder welcomed her guests warmly and hurried them off to their room to change their traveling attire. And there the three ladies had quite a confidential talk.

When they came down to dinner Ryder and his brother-in-law were on the veranda. As they rose Nigel knew that he had fallen into a trap set for him by his determined little sister.

"Joe needs no introduction, girls," averred Mrs. Ryder, airily. "But let me make known my brother, Nigel Field. Miss Marie Leland," indicating the taller of the two, and then, turning to the other: "Miss Lyndith Leland."

If Marie was the more beautiful, Lyndith was more fascinating. If Marie was a vision of loveliness in her sea-green silk and emeralds, the small creature in dusky lace and yellow roses possessed a peculiar personal charm. Nigel looked from one to the other often during the evening and congratulated himself that he had not taken the train west, as he assuredly would have done, had he known of their intended early arrival.

"Well," questioned his sister, quizzically, when she met him in the hall next morning, "which does your royal highness most profoundly approve?"

"The little one," he answered, positively. "Yes, I've been thinking them over. They are both delightful girls—far too lovely to look leniently on your devoted brother. But the little one has a certain distinction—attractiveness—"

Mrs. Ryder beamed exaggerated approval upon him.

"I'm so glad you think that way, dear! For Marie—the taller, you know—is engaged to Tom Shuttler."

Young Field bit his fair mustache savagely.

"Is she? Confound Shuttler!" Mrs. Ryder suppressed a smile with difficulty.

"Oh, you need not care, as it is Lyndith you admire. So fortunate! Come to breakfast."

But it was not Lyndith his eager glance sought most admiringly during the weeks that followed.

"Hang that presumptuous Shuttler!" he said to himself daily. "Why couldn't he have proposed to the other one?"

He came to have quite an enmity for Shuttler. He had never seen him, but the more he thought of him in connection with Marie Leland the less he liked him. He imagined him a sul-



"HALLO!" HE GASPED, AND STOOD STILL.

len, hangdog fellow, of arrogant manners and inferior mentality. And he—Field—to the satisfaction of Mrs. Ryder, said nothing at all about going to Colorado. To both girls he was a gallant cavalier, but it was plain to the most unobservant that it was the violet-eyed beauty on whom his heart was set. And he dared not speak—that was the worst of it. He became downright despondent as the day set for the departure of the girls approached. And his irritation was increased one day on the arrival of the mail. Lyndith, who had just opened a letter, glanced archly towards her elder sister.

"This is from Ada Shuttler, Marie. She says Tom is to pass through Athlone to-morrow, and will stop off for a few hours, so we may expect a call."

Marie, coloring bewitchingly, murmured a few low words of surprise and pleasure. Nigel, controlling as best he could the jealous wrath that consumed him, stood up, muttered an apology for leaving so abruptly, assuring them that the fishing trip on which he was going could not well be postponed, and formally bade the ladies adieu.

And when the door had closed behind the square shoulders and high bald head of Mrs. Ryder's brother, those same demure ladies exchanged comical glances and broke into soft laughter.

Bright and early the next morning Nigel started off on the mythical fishing trip. His companion found him singularly morose. Field was telling himself he had been a fool to run off at mention of the lover of his adored. He would go straight back. And that erratic young man immediately did, to the blank disgust of David Letner.

It was four o'clock when he plunged into the woods leading to the beautiful summer home of his sister.

"Hallo!" he gasped suddenly, and stood still.

For directly ahead of him, walking slowly, his arm around her waist and her head on his shoulder, were Lyndith Leland and a stranger. They were speaking in low tones. Marveling at a good deal what Marie would think if aware of the evident affection between the two, he hastened his steps and joined them. Lyndith, looking decidedly guilty, introduced Mr. Tom Shuttler, a handsome, well bred, well groomed man, as Nigel was forced in his heart to acknowledge. The three went on to the house together. Mrs. Ryder and Miss Leland came down the path to meet them. The latter gave Mr. Shuttler her hand with a smile of calm friendliness.

"I suppose Marie is enchanted at the prospect of a three-hours' visit," she said.

"So she is good enough to let me hope," he replied, modestly.

Field stared stupidly from one to the other. Marie! She had called the little brown one Marie! Mrs. Ryder burst into a hearty peal of laughter.

"O, you poor, duped boy!" she cried. "You have known Marie as Lyndith and Lyndith as Marie. We plotted it the day the girls came."

"But," began the real Lyndith, growing rose pink under Nigel's earnest gaze, "you would not tell us the reason, Winnie, that—"

"O, I'll tell you sometime," laughed the arch conspirator merrily. "Now go and walk in the roseray till you hear the dinner bell—all of you!" And feeling herself an unwelcome fifth, she vanished.

"Well," ventured Joe late that night, "your ruse seems to have been successful, little woman."

"Successful!" ecstatically. "I should say so! And all because of your remark as to Nigel's contrariety. He began by wanting Lyndith because he thought she was engaged to Shuttler. He has ended by wanting her for herself. He put his head into the noose most beautifully. They are to buy the old Strathney manor, a mile from here, and—O, I'm so happy, Joe!"

"Well, if they are satisfied, and you are satisfied," declared Joe, serenely, "I am."—Chicago Tribune.

ORIGIN OF THE TERM "MOB."

This Word Is Said to Have Been Used as Far Back as Chaucer's Time.

As indicating the populace, proverbially fickle and easy to be moved (mobile, from Latin mobilis), the expression "the mobil people" is as old as the time of Chaucer; but, in its later sense, that of a disorderly crowd, and in its contracted form, "mob," it is not older than the post-Restoration period. In Roger North's Examen, 1740, valuable for the many original anecdotes of English history that it contains, reference is made (page 574) to a certain club (the Green Ribbon club), 1680-1682, and the writer adds:

"I may note that the rabble first changed their title and were called the mob, in the assemblies of this club—first mobile vulgus, then contracted in one syllable." It was used hesitatingly at first by Dryden (Don Sebastian, 1690), Duffry (Commonwealth of Women, 1688) and Shadwell (squire of Alsatia, 1688), and Richardson points out that Dryden uses both "mobile" and "mob" in the same sense of rabble; the former in the stage directions as the common word, the latter as if it had not long been introduced. In 1711 the Spectator instances "mob" as an example of the popular tendency to curtail many of our words in familiar writings and conversation. The verb "to mob," derived, of course, as above, does not occur until the period of Horace Walpole, many years later, and Shakespeare's expression, "the mobbed queen" ("Hamlet"), refers not to the "mob" (mobile), but to the headress in disorder.—Cincinnati Post.

HONOR MISS LONGFELLOW.

Daughter of the Poet Adopted into the Tribe by the Ojibway Indians.

Miss Longfellow, of Cambridge, Mass., daughter of the poet, has been adopted into the Ojibway tribe of Indians. The ceremony was performed on Longfellow's island, and was done by the Indians as an honor to the descendants of Longfellow. The poet's daughter was accompanied to Desbarata, Ont., by Mr. and Mrs. J. G. Thorpe and two sons of Richard H. Dana. Upon the arrival of the party a select corps of chiefs, braves, squaws and papposes of the tribe who had perfected themselves in a dramatization of the famous poem, "Hiawatha," gave a special performance beneath the primeval trees of the island. The performance was only given by the music of the wind in the treetops for accompaniment. The actors were garbed in buckskin and a picturesque head dress of feathers. Miss Longfellow and her friends were greatly impressed.

Anticipated Pasteur.

There was unveiled at La Teste de Buch, France, the other day, a statue of Dr. Jean Hameau, the obscure medical practitioner, who, in 1836 published a study on viruses, in which he partly anticipated the discoveries of Pasteur.

A DISASTROUS STORM.

Cotton and Railroad Interests in Northern and Northwestern Texas Badly Damaged—Trinity River Overflows.

Dallas, Tex., Sept. 22.—The storm of Thursday night over northern and northwestern Texas was one of the most disastrous rain and electrical storms experienced in years. The damage is heavy, but is confined largely to cotton and railroad interests. Farmers declare that the injury to the cotton crop will reach ten per cent. Trains on nearly every road in northern Texas are far behind schedule time and southbound trains on the Missouri, Kansas & Texas and the Houston Central roads were tied up for the night at Dallas.

Hundreds of Families Driven Out.

Fort Worth, Tex., Sept. 22.—Trinity river at this point has risen 20 feet since Thursday night on account of a 12-hours' rain, inundating the river bottom in a portion of the city. Hundreds of families have been driven out. Three persons are reported drowned. The water is spreading over half a mile of country. A relief corps is at work in the bottoms, carrying the people to places of safety.

ROOSEVELT IN UTAH.

A Gallop Taken with the Rough Riders—An Organ Recital in the Mormon Tabernacle.

Salt Lake City, Sept. 22.—From a standpoint of human interest, Gov. Roosevelt's visit to Salt Lake City yesterday was the most interesting, both from a political and social point of view, of any that he has yet made on his long tour. On his return from a gallop with the rough riders he visited the famous Mormon tabernacle to listen to an organ recital by Prof. Daynes. During the morning Gov. Roosevelt sent the first long distance telephone message over the line constructed between Salt Lake and Cheyenne, a distance of 550 miles. At the Salt air pavilion in the afternoon he made a speech.

The meeting at the Salt Lake theater at night which Gov. Roosevelt spoke was one of large proportions. The largest assembly room that could be obtained was selected, but it was not large enough to contain those who sought admission.

TWELVE THOUSAND DEAD.

Gov. Sayers Says the Texas Flood Victims Will Reach That Number—Property Loss Is \$20,000,000.

Austin, Tex., Sept. 22.—Gov. Sayers has issued the following statement: The loss of life occasioned by the storm in Galveston and elsewhere on the southern coast cannot be less than 12,000 lives, while the loss of property will aggregate \$20,000,000. Notwithstanding this severe affliction I have every confidence that the stricken districts will rapidly revive, and that Galveston will, from her present desolation and sorrow, arise with renewed strength and vigor. To the people of the United States whose munificent generosity has, without solicitation from me, contributed so much to the relief of the storm sufferers, I, as governor, beg to tender my most profound and most grateful acknowledgments, assuring them that their generous benefactions will be held in lasting remembrance by the people of Texas.

HANNA TO COME WEST.

He Will Reply to Speeches Made by Mr. Bryan and Senator Pettigrew in Nebraska and South Dakota.

Chicago Sept. 22.—United States Senator Hanna, chairman of the executive committee of the republican national committee, announced that possibly he will make an extensive tour of the west, particularly in Nebraska and South Dakota. The senator is anxious to follow Senator Pettigrew in the making of speeches and also desires to reply to Mr. Bryan in the latter's state.

I. O. F. Amendments Rejected.

Richmond, Va., Sept. 22.—The sovereign grand lodge, I. O. F. O., rejected all the proposed amendments to the constitution. One of the most important of them was a proposition to admit into membership of the order Indians with one-eighth white blood in their veins and also to reduce the age limit from 21 to 18 years.

Charged with a Big Swindle.

Kansas City, Mo., Sept. 22.—Joseph Arnheim, residing at 1422 Central street, prominently known in Kansas City and throughout this section as a heavy dealer in horses and mules, was arrested at Random Lake, Wis., upon the charge of having secured from Kansas City and Iowa horse commission firms about \$25,000.

Fired Upon Stealing Miners.

Shenandoah, Pa., Sept. 22.—A sheriff's posse fired on a crowd of riotous men here yesterday afternoon, killing two persons and wounding seven others. Sheriff Toole and Deputies O'Donnell and Brenneman were called to Shenandoah yesterday to suppress the mobs that threatened mine workers and colliery property.

Sure of His Job. Magistrate—What is your business? Witness—Matrimonial agent for my eight grown-up daughters!—Flegende Blaetter.

"When he discovered he was in love with her he ran away." "Sensible man." "Not very. He took her with him."—Town Topics.



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