

THE NEBRASKA ADVERTISER

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NEMAHA, NEBRASKA.

COMING OF HIS SWEETHEART.

De Dalases spread a carpet fer de fallin' er her feet—
My honey, my honey, my sweet;
En de Red Rose know de way
Dat she walkin' ever' day,
My honey, my honey, my sweet!

De River stop en say:
"She's a-comin' dis a-way!"
En de Water-Lily dancin' lak' he had a holiday;
En de Winter say: "I reckon I mus' look out fer de May,
My honey, my honey, my sweet!"

De Sunflower tu'n ter meet her in de medder en de street—
My honey, my honey, my sweet;
En de Mockin' Bird he say:
"I mus' sling my bes' to-day
Fer my honey, my honey, my sweet!"

De Win's dey runs a race
Des a-rumpin' 'roun' de place,
En blow de lily stars out eaze dey peepin' in her face;
En de Honey-suckle tell her dat her lips is sweet ter taste—
My honey, my honey, my sweet!

I heah de bells a-ringin' cross de clover en de wheat—
My honey, my honey, my sweet;
En de Sun riz up en say
He a-lightin' her my way,
My honey, my honey, my sweet!

I heahs her footsteps plain
In de pathur er de rain—
In de drappin' er de blossoms in de medder en de lane,
En my heart is des a-gwine lak' a silver ban' a-playin'
Fer my honey, my honey, my sweet!
—Frank L. Stanton, in Saturday Evening Post.

CASHIERED.

By Andrew Balfour.

The lieutenant was but a boy, a product of the English public school and of Sandhurst, with an incipient mustache and a face which six months before had been fresh and ruddy as a fox hunter's at Christmas-tide. But the dreaded west coast had done its work, in part at least; and it was a laggard, weary, yellow visage which, with a pair of field glasses, swept the dull green fringe of the relentless bush, and then turned to the little garrison. The lieutenant gave an order, pointed with his finger, and from a loophole in the stockade came a flash, a sharp report. As if in answer to a summons, a black shape sprang up from the edge of the forest cover, screamed wildly, and with convulsive twitchings pitched out into the open, rolled over and over, and lay still.

"Ready, lads," sang out their officer; and the men of the frontier police prepared to do as they had done every day and many a night for the past six weeks.

They were a dusky lot, in ragged uniforms, with cheek bones which told a tale of want of food, parched lips which were evidence of the muddy, brackish water that could scarcely moisten them and yet was all their comfort, and fierce, wild eyes which spoke to wakeful nights and dread uncertainty. Day and night, night and day, had they watched and fought and suffered, and still the old flag drooped idly from its post in the shimmering heat, and still they waited for relief with a hope which waned within them.

The lieutenant looked to his revolver, and with fingers which trembled a little rolled a thin cigarette and tried hard to muster up a cheery smile. It was a sorry attempt, for his nerves were giving way, and there was that in his blood which saps all joviality and makes the liver in very truth a seat of melancholy. There had been little loss in men, for the stockade was strong and high, and lead-coated stones and pot-logs, though ugly missiles, are none too efficient as regards the searching of loopholes at 80 and 100 yards; but to the lieutenant the scorching sun's rays, the empty stomach, the dry and burning throat, the want of sleep, and the utter loneliness were as bad—nay, worse—than the loss of half a dozen black fellows, faithful to the death though these might be.

It was his first experience of war, and there was no glory in the business. If he failed, few would ever learn that Fort Muti had held out to the bitter end against terrible odds, and fewer still would care. Men's minds were busy elsewhere, for the west coast was not all Africa, and trouble was brewing with men of another color and another clime. For all that, the lieutenant had done his duty, and much more than he imagined, for many things unknown to him depended on the safety of his outpost.

"Here they come!" he cried suddenly, and from every quarter of the encircling forest darted white puffs of smoke, and noises innumerable filled the air—the sharp rine crack, the heavy boom of the elephant gun, the bang, bang, of flintlock muskets, and then the battle yell of a savage foe. There was no answer from Fort Muti. Its defenders could not afford to

waste powder on the scrub; but now came the rush. A horde of savages, their hair frizzed out into fantastic patterns, their bodies naked save for the loin cloth, bounded into the open and raced towards the palisades.

"Give it them, men!" yelled the lieutenant, and they got it. It was the old Martini which served the black police, and the Martini bullet has driving power. At such a range, in such a mass of humanity, each leaden messenger found a plethora of billets both temporary and permanent, and the assailants found things too hot for them. A few, fanatics all, escaped the deadly hail and sprang at the defenses, only to be dashed to earth with the butt or run through with the bayonet.

"The children of the white devil" had conquered once again. It could not last, however. The enemy had shown more boldness than hitherto, the cartridges were woefully less, and a fresh attack was clearly impending.

The lieutenant's heart sank within him, and yet he spoke a few words of praise and encouragement to his men. His speech was never ended. Distant but distinct there rang out a bugle-call, and then from the green depths around came the rattling crash of a fusillade and the constant pop, pop, pop of the ubiquitous Maxim.

Fort Muti was relieved. "Splendid, my dear boy!" said a major of the line 20 minutes later. "You have done capitally, and if I can manage it you'll have the D.S.O., for you deserve it if anyone does. Now take a pull at this."

Perhaps he guessed that the lieutenant was on the verge of disgracing his manhood.

Three weeks had come and gone, just half as long as the ordeal at Fort Muti had lasted, and the relieving column was cutting its arduous way through the dense bush to yet another isolated post whose fate hung in the balance.

The lieutenant had been offered his chance to return to the coast or to accompany the expedition, and, like a boy, he had chosen the latter alternative. His feeling of malaise—those shivers down his spine, that dragging pain, slight, but never absent from his left side—should have warned him. The surgeon did so; but the lieutenant merely laughed and lied to him, and threw dust in his eyes, for the surgeon was wounded and scarcely so keen at a diagnosis as was his wont. So the lieutenant journeyed with the rest, and was wild with delight at having four white men to talk to and something decent to eat, while the fizz of soda water was as the plashing of fountains in his ears. His spirits were high, and his head just a little swelled with success. He began to talk big, and was somewhat of a nuisance with his tales of how "I thought this" and how "I did that;" but his fellow-officers pardoned much and smiled grimly. It was one thing, they told him, to fight from cover, and quite another to face death in the open; and the lieutenant was offended and sulked, and wondered why his head swam, and why he started at every sudden noise from beyond the double wall of creeper-clad trees which hemmed in the long, snake-like, crawling column.

He grew snappish and irritable, and was no pleasant companion. The others, who did not know him well, put him down as a conceited young ass, for their test of illness was appetite, and the lieutenant ate like a horse. They did not know that after each meal he was sick as a dog. The malaria, a peculiar and insidious form, fastened upon him slowly; for his body had been healthy, and he was young and sober, but its grip was none the less sure. His poisoned blood reacted on his brain, and as he stumbled forward he would start at the sight of a snake, and peer fearfully into the green screen behind him, where, had he but known it, glided the naked foe. At last the column received a sudden check. Without warning, just as its head debouched from the long gloomy lane into an open space leading to a sluggish stream crossed by a narrow bridge, a heavy fire was opened upon it both in front and on the flanks. Men fell rapidly, but there was no grappling with the enemy in their beloved jungle. The bridge must be carried and the cluster of mud huts beyond it captured. The major glanced about him. His senior officer was down, shot in the leg, and the surgeon was already getting a tourniquet upon his femoral. The next in command was far in the rear; but the lieutenant was close at hand.

"Take a couple of dozen men and clear the bridge," shouted the major. The lieutenant looked at him and looked at the bridge, a flimsy thing of cane and creepers, swept by a hot fire from the low mud wall, above which cropped up the domed roofs of the native huts. The brown river drifted sullenly beneath it. The air was full of death; men were becoming confused; it was no time to linger. Mechanically the lieutenant saluted; but he made no move, he issued no order.

Instead he crouched a little, and his hands shook, while his yellow lips went white.

"Do you hear me, lieutenant?" roared his commanding officer. "Take that bridge, and at once, sir!"

Still the ping ping went on, mingled now and then with dull, sickening thuds and the cry of men in pain, or the horrid gurgle which blood makes in the throats of those who die.

The lieutenant looked behind him. There was no way of escape.

"Lieutenant —, for the last time I order you to take the bridge." The major's voice was harsh yet tremulous with passion. His sword pointed the way.

"Men of the police, I myself will lead you! Follow me!" he cried, and with a wild cheer the men of the leading company dashed at the hidden enemy, swarmed across the bridge and took the village without the loss of a single file; and all the time the lieutenant lay and groveled on the ground.

There was no D.S.O. for him; the service knew him no more. Men said he was a coward, and spoke low, for it was not a pleasant subject. They whispered that he was all right when behind a stockade, but no earthly use in a good-going tussle.

The parasite of malaria, the stealthy plasmodium, knew better. It alone could tell what become of the boy. No coward chooses to die as the lieutenant chose within a year of the relieving of Fort Muti.

III.

Since early morn the thundering roar of cannon had echoed from kopje to kopje, mingling with the shriek of flying shells and the heavy rumble of field artillery and ammunition wagons. The naval brigade had shelled the Boer position and been shelled in its turn. The deep Tugela, where of yore the river-horse had gambled in ungainly play, on whose banks vast herds of antelope had roamed, in whose rapid waters the lion had oftentimes quenched his thirst, now swept as a dividing-line between the invader and the advancing force.

The low hills were full of armed Boers, the intersecting valleys patrolled by their horse, every point of vantage crowned by their heavy Krupps and far-reaching Creusots. Thousands of Mauser rifles lay bidding their time—rude, rough dwellers on the veldt, but stubborn foes and deadly marksmen. With keen eyes they watched the preparations for the British infantry attack, and marveled at the courageous folly of the hated "rooineks."

To the south of the river the brown battalions were mustering, every man keen to get to close quarters with an enemy which loved cover as the prowling beast of prey loves the shade of rock and bush and scrub. Bugles and cavalry trumpets sounded loud and mellow, company after company stood to arms, troop after troop clattered joyfully to their appointed posts; while the eager artillerymen, brave to rashness, whirled, bounding and bumping, to the front, their teams straining at the harness, the white dust whirling from beneath the wheels of the gun-carriages.

A mounted officer spurred quickly to where the imperial scouts were drawn up in a long double line, two lines of steel and khaki upon two other lines of restless horses which smelt the battle from afar. He was met by their commander; a few brief words passed between them, and the cavalry were at once put in motion and trotted towards the river's brink.

Halting where they escaped the fire, they learned that a chance had been vouchsafed to them. The ford had to be tested, for the gallant Irish brigade had been ordered to cross the Tugela and storm the kopjes. There was a call for volunteers; but every man was willing. A half-dozen, envied by their comrades, received the order, and amongst them was a young trooper who had found it hard to pass the doctors, and yet had managed to enlist, for men were wanted who could ride well and shoot straight, and he had given ample evidence that he possessed both accomplishments. His sallow face was lined and weary; trouble was marked upon his brow; he was old for his years; but in his eyes was a fiery glitter and his teeth were set. This time he would not fall his country.

"You are to search the ford, cross if possible, and return and report," was the command, with an additional: "Good luck to you, my lads."

It had to be a dash, and a dash it was. Into the level raced the troop, and a hail of bullets came swishing past their ears, furrowed the earth about them, scattering the dust which rose like water-jets on a pond when a thundershower pits its surface.

Thud! crash! One was down; but on they galloped. It was a marvel they were not swept away by such a storm of lead. Another horse plunged and shrieked in agony; another man pitched backwards and trailed one foot in stirrup upon the ground.

It could not be done; every man of them was wounded, and every horse but one. Its rider, a mere boy,

shot in the shoulder, with a useless left arm, careered forward alone. He reached the water; with reddened spurs he forced his maddened steed into the stream. On and on they pressed; the river swirled about them. It was the ford, but now could scarce be so called, for the wily foe had dammed back the waters, which rose to the horse's withers and threatened to sweep the hoofs from under him. The drift deepened—there was a desperate struggle; then it shoaled.

Those who watched shouted aloud in admiration. Although they knew he could not hear, they now cried upon the venturesome trooper to return. He had crossed—the first man to cross—and the brigade was to follow him, to the death if need be; but it were a pity if he should now fall.

"Heavens; he must be mad!" exclaimed a staff-officer, as through his binoculars he saw the horseman force his jaded beast to take the slope—saw him, alone and unprotected, face the impregnable position. "Come back, you fool!" he cried; and suddenly the horse came, and its rider with it.

Struck on the neck, the dripping charger wheeled in fright and dashed back upon its trail. Struck in a dozen places, the trooper reeled, clutched at its mane, and then, as they floundered from ford to pool and from pool to deep and rushing current, he lost his hold and was swept away.

Swinging upon the bosom of the Tugela, sweeping to join the buffalo and the sea, wild-eyed and blood-stained, drifted the shot-riddled corpse of Trooper —, whom none knew to be an ex-lieutenant.—Chambers' Journal.

NEVER SAW AN UMBRELLA.

How the Irish Peasant Proposed to Get the Strange Thing Out of His Hut.

Old Mike and his wife lived in a little cabin on the mountain, one of a type which is happily every day becoming more and more rare. The walls were of mud and the floor of the same useful material, with a gutter running down the middle to divide the family apartments from that of the domestic animals. To this mansion came his reverence one cold, snowy morning in March to hold a station. His umbrella was wet and dripping, so, being a careful man, he placed it, open, in the space vacated by the animals, who were grazing outside. After the usual devotions, when the congregation had dispersed, he went for a stroll, while Moira prepared breakfast, for to entertain his reverence afterward is the crowning honor of a station. He had not gone far when a heavy shower obliged him to take shelter under a tree and send a little gossoon running back for his umbrella, says a London paper.

"His reverence is ather sending me to bring his ombrell," said the boy, bursting into the cabin.

"The saints preserve us!" said Mike. "Maybe it's the thing he left beyant in the corner," and seizing the umbrella he tried to pass through the door, but the entrance was low and narrow and the umbrella large and wide. Without a moment's hesitation he caught up a spade and began shoveling down the wall at either side of the door.

"Man alive," said the priest, appearing on the scene, "what are ye at?" "Shure, it's makin' way I am for yer reverence's ombrell," said old Mike; "divil a bit of it'll go through at all, at all." "Ah, nonsense, man," said his reverence, laughing, and stepping inside he took the umbrella out of Moira's hand and closed it before them.

Old Mike stared at it aghast. Then he turned to his wife. "Glory be to God, Moira," he said, "is there anything beyant the power of the priest?"

WAS A LAZY BEGGAR.

The Singular Opinion Rendered by a Manx Farmer as to a Popular Author.

"Your remarks on Hall Caine's recent issue," writes a bank manager in the Isle of Man to a London periodical, "recall a conversation I once had with two old friends of mine, a farmer and his buxom wife, who live within a few yards of Greeba castle, our great Manx author's residence. Hall Caine had just taken up his abode in his new house, and I started the conversation by saying to the worthy farmer and wife:

"So you have the great Hall Caine near you now?"

Farmer and Wife—Aye, man.

Farmer's Wife—And what tremenjous style they are keeping. It's amazing.

Farmer—And what's he doing for a livin', Mr. —?

Bank Manager (greatly astonished)—What! don't you know he is a popular author?

Farmer—And what's that?

Bank Manager—Why, he writes successful books.

Farmer (with a fine show of contempt)—The lazy beggar!

"I need hardly say," concludes my correspondent, "that I collapsed."

Love and Business.

No man ever loved a woman while he was busy.

PRINCE TAUN DEGRADED.

Report Says Dowager Empress Issued Edict Depriving Him of His Salary and Ordered Him to Be Tried.

Washington, Oct. 1.—The department of state is informed by Consul-General Goodnow at Shanghai, that Sheng, Chinese director of railways and telegraphs, has handed him a decree of the emperor and empress, dated at Tainan, September 25, blaming their ministers for encouraging the boxers. The edict orders the degradation of four princes and deprives Prince Tuan of his salary and official servants. He is to be brought to trial before the imperial clan court.

Americans Preparing to Withdraw.

Tien Tsin, Sept. 28, via Shanghai, Oct. 1.—Orders from Washington directing the withdrawal of the bulk of the American troops were received this afternoon and preparations to comply were begun immediately. Gen. Chaffee is here directing the movement, which will commence at the earliest possible moment. It is understood that the plan contemplates leaving a regiment of infantry, a squadron of cavalry and a battery of artillery in Peking to protect American interests, and that the remainder of the troops will proceed to Manila.

Russians Withdraw from Peking.

Peking, Sept. 25, via Taku, Sept. 28, via Shanghai, Oct. 1.—At the conference of generals to-day the Russian commander, Gen. Linovitch, announced the immediate withdrawal from Peking of the bulk of the Russian troops and the legation. He will leave on Thursday, September 27, and the legation will follow on Saturday. There will remain a mixed force of about 2,000 to represent Russia.

JOKE CAUSES TWO DEATHS.

Pearl Boyd, a Pretty Girl at Nome, Is a Raving Maniac and Her Lover Fills a Suicide's Grave.

Seattle, Wash., Sept. 30.—As the result of a practical joke Pearl Boyd, a pretty girl of Nome, is now a raving maniac and her lover, Paul Laird, lies buried in a suicide's grave. Pearl was noted for her intrepidity and declared that nothing could frighten her. Laird determined to scare her and, it is said, cut the hand from the body of a dead Esquimo, which he found lying on the Tunda. He took the hand and placed it in the girl's bed. When the young lady discovered it late at night her reason fled. With loud shrieks she sprang upon the bed and tore the hand to pieces with her teeth. Laird, who watched the scene from outside the window, fainted, and when he recovered put a bullet through his brain.

Bryan's North Dakota Tour.

Crookston, Minn., Oct. 1.—Mr. Bryan explored the valley of the Red River of the North, traversing this rich agricultural section from Wapeton to Grafton, and turning back from Grafton to Grand Forks, then started eastward and reached this place at 7:15 o'clock Saturday night. He made nine speeches again Saturday, and several of them were again more than an hour in length.

Howard Sentenced to Death.

Frankfort, Ky., Oct. 1.—James B. Howard was sentenced to be hanged December 7. The sentence was pronounced to him Saturday afternoon at 3:30 o'clock by Judge Cantrill. It was the end of the case of the commonwealth vs. James B. Howard, accused of killing, or conspiring to kill, William Goebel. Judge Cantrill overruled the motion for a new trial, but granted 60 days for an appeal.

Piece of Silver Advanced.

Washington, Oct. 1.—Owing to the advance in the price of silver Director of the Mint Roberts Saturday increased the price to be paid by the government for silver purchased from 55 to 57 cents a standard ounce. The government at present purchases only such silver as is contained in gold deposits from the Klondike and other gold producing sections.

Bourke Cockran's Voice Impaired.

Chicago, Oct. 1.—Bourke Cockran's voice has failed him as the result of the great strain of speaking in the great auditorium of the Coliseum Saturday night to an audience of 15,000 persons. In consequence it was announced last night that his engagement for Monday night at Jacksonville, Ill., had been cancelled.

Consul Stowe Coming Home.

London, Oct. 1.—A special dispatch from Cape Town says that United States Consul General Stowe, who goes to the United States shortly on leave of absence, has expressed the opinion that peace will be proclaimed on October 11, the anniversary of the commencement of hostilities in South Africa.

Porto Ricans Want Free Education.

Chicago, Sept. 30.—President Harper, of the University of Chicago, has received a letter from M. G. Bumbaugh, commissioner of education in Porto Rico, asking him if it would be possible for a number of poor young men and women to attend the university without expense.