

THE NEBRASKA ADVERTISER

W. W. SANDERS, Publisher.

NEMAHA, NEBRASKA.

MAN THAT MAKES US LAUGH.

The morbid man who wears a face
Long as a mule's—his beastly brother—
Who lets one chiding frown give place
But only to present another;
Who always is content to grope
Along the path of care and bother
And discontent, can never hope
To win the good will of the Father,
God has no use for solemn chaff,
But loves the man that makes us laugh.

The sunshine of a merry smile,
The music born of rippling laughter,
Are sent by heaven to beguile
The tedious march to the hereafter,
Their rays will pierce the darkest clouds
And light them with a silver lining,
Dispel the gloom that oft enshrouds
The dreary lives of the reprobate,
Fun's golden cup is sweet to quaff—
God loves the man that makes us laugh.

We were not placed upon the earth
To grovel in the dust of sorrow;
To-day should always ring with mirth
Without a thought of the to-morrow,
And heaven has sent us cheery men
To start and lead the merry chorus,
To pierce with voice and pointed pen
The earthly clouds that gather o'er us;
To stab the gloom with humor's gaff—
God loves the man that makes us laugh.

We stronger grow upon our feet
When foes of clinging care engage us
If in our daily walk we meet
A man with smile that is contagious,
His face lights up the darkened soul
As sun rays pierce the veil of sadness,
Adds sweetness to the bitter bowl
And makes the heartstrings thrill with gladness;
Shows us the grain hid in the chaff—
God loves the man that makes us laugh.
—Denver Evening Post.

The World Against Him

By WILL N. HARBEN.

Copyright, 1930, by
A. N. Kellogg Newspaper Company.

CHAPTER III.—CONTINUED.

He had put all the things back into the basket, when he noticed for the first time the awful white look on Ronald's face.

"Why, what's the matter?" he asked. "Did it hurt you?"

Ronald was slowly rubbing a bleeding bruise on the back of his hand, but he seemed not to be thinking of it.

"He drove against me on purpose," he said, the words seeming to come from far down in his throat—"deliberately on purpose, I tell you."

"Do you reckon so, Ron?"

"I know it!"

David gazed at him steadily for a moment, then he remarked:

"To tell you the truth, Ron, I thought so myself. You see, I was behind; he kept the horses squar in the road till he passed me, an' then I seed 'im pull like all possessed on the left rein. But why don't you come on? You know it's late an' the old man fusses when we are late."

Still our hero stood rubbing his hand and staring in front of him. When he finally spoke, his voice quivered and sounded unnatural.

"I shall never rest till I have resented it," he said, as if communing with himself. "I could not live and take that off any man alive."

"Oh, come off," said his companion, "you don't really mean you will take 'im to taw about it?"

"I certainly mean nothing else."

David laughed. "He'n you is different in sech things, Ron. Now ef a feller o' my own sort gets on the back o' my neck an' pulls hair to blow his nose on, I politely invite 'im down to see which has the most grit, me or him, an' ef a man who ain't my equal—a buck nigger for instance—dares to give me any o' his lip, I jest knock 'im down an' wash my han's, but law me! I hain't no han' to pick difficulties with the big rich. I never knowed nobody to do it that didn't come out at the little end o' the horn with their clothes drag off. A feller like that squint-eyed dude will jest set up in court an' look tired when he swears out a case agin you fur assault an' battery, an' all the good lawyers in town will huddle round him like a passle o' ants round a dead doodlebug. The court will have obliged to appoint some new beginner to defend you an' thar you are—the laughin' stock o' the whole layout. No, I'll take a lot off'n one o' thar sort 'fore I'll git up a scrap with 'm."

They were moving on now, and Ronald made no comment on what his brother was saying. The fire of his angry heart still burned in his eyes and his chin was quivering helplessly. That night he sat only for a moment at the supper table, and then, unnoticed by the others, he went up to his little room under the sloping roof and lighted his lamp. Four or five new magazines lay unopened on his table, but he did not look at them.

About ten o'clock, when the house was still, Dave crept up the rickety stairs softly, so as not to disturb his father, who was a light sleeper, and was about to turn into his own room when he bethought himself of Ronald, whose door was slightly ajar.

"Well, I'll be danged," he cried, look-

ing into the lighted room, and finding his brother up, "shorely, you hain't still frettin' over thar business. I wouldn't let a little thing like that bother me a minute."

"I was just going to bed," said Ronald, looking up. "I am going now. Don't worry about me."

Dave laughed significantly, and pointed to a revolver which, like a paper-weight, rested on a pile of loose papers.

"I'll bet thar pup has got its stomach full for the first time sence you bought it five year ago. Whew!" The speaker whistled in low surprise as he noticed another revolver protruding from a newspaper on the table. "Ain't thar my thirty-eight caliber?"

Ronald avoided his glance.

"I got it in your room just now."

Dave stood perfectly still for a moment, a great look of wonder on his face, and then he sat down on the side of his brother's bed. He had washed his feet at the tub in the yard and they were wet, still only half cleaned and red-looking.

"So you are really goin' to call 'im out?" he said, under his breath.

Ronald looked him directly in the eyes.

"God knows there is nothing else for me to do, Dave. I have tried to see some other way, but I can't."

"Well, you'll need somebody with you, an' I'm yore man."

"I'd rather not have anyone, thank you, Dave. He and I can fight just as well alone. I'd rather die than take advantage of him. I only want to satisfy myself—to get rid of the memory that he has—"

"I know how you feel, an' I don't blame you. When will you see 'im?"

"In the morning."

"Well, go to bed an' get some sleep; you may need a steady aim; he may be a good shot; them army chaps generally is."

CHAPTER IV.

The next morning the two brothers met as they were leaving their rooms. David caught Ronald by the arm and turned his face towards the little glassless window at the head of the stairs.

"Own up," he said, with a smile, "you didn't git a wink o' sleep last night."

"I confess it," was the answer. "I didn't know what was the matter with me."

"But I do," David touched his brow significantly; "it was hot blood in the brain. I know how you felt. You jest rolled an' tumbled, I heerd you git up an' look out o' the window to see ef it was gittin' daylight five times ef you did once. My Lord, I couldn't rest for two nights 'fore I wibbed Budd Meyer fur reportin' me fur sellin' thar quart to the Calhoun boys, but you bet after I made his face look like a huckle-berry custard I slept the sleep of the righteous. Two o' my friends had to perjure the'r s'ves to keep me out o' the chain-gang, an' I was tryin' to wash out the'r sin with his blood; ef the'r conscience ain't clear it ain't because thar wasn't enough o' the fluid fur laundry purposes, fer he bled like a stuck pig. I reckon," Dave broke off suddenly as they began to descend the stairs, "thar breakfast is about ready. I heerd the old man cussin' about thar bein' too much ham fried."

After breakfast our hero left the house and took the road leading towards Carnleigh. He wore his best suit of clothes, which fitted him perfectly. In each of the pockets of his dark sack coat there was a revolver; he had shaved himself by the first rays of the sun and wore a becoming necktie; his boots shone with fresh blacking, and he had on a stylish straw hat.

As he left the house Mary Lou and Ann Josephine, having shirked the dishwashing, stood arm in arm on the porch. Their shoes were unlaced, their dresses soiled and torn, their hair disheveled.

"He walks mighty biggity," observed Mary Lou; "I reckon he is makin' tracks fur town to see about bein' examined fur the law. Who do you reckon would hire 'im to speak fur 'em?"

"Thar's no tellin' the luck of a lousy calf," opined Ann Josephine. "Ron ain't nobody's fool; a body couldn't read as many papers an' magazines an' study law as hard as he does without 'arnin' something."

"He'll take keer o' number one anyways," commented Mary Lou. "I heerd pa say 'other day thar Ron refused to market his cotton when everybody in the county was turnin' loose o' theirs last fall an' thar he held onto it till it riz an' he put a cool two hundred dollars profit in the bank; an' another thing, he never goes in debt over head an' yeers like pa an' Dave does; he's the only farmer round heer thar pays cash fur labor an' thar's one reason he gits se much out o' his hands. Niggers don't want to work fur orders on the store at two prices when the cash planked down will git so much better bargains."

Meanwhile the subject of these remarks was walking swiftly down towards Carnleigh. The great house was now in full view, and that part of the grounds through which a flower-bordered walk led in sinuous curves from the veranda down the grassy slope where there were a spring, a summer-house and rustic seats. The spot was only a few hundred yards from the main road, where, in a corner of the colonel's zigzag rail fence, Ronald paused and waited, hoping that by

some chance Capt. Winkle would stroll in that direction as Ronald in passing had once or twice seen him do.

He had not long to wait. He saw Winkle in fatigue uniform come out on the veranda and receive a cigar from a man-servant. A few minutes afterwards, under a banner of blue smoke, the young officer took one or two turns on the lawn among the flower beds, and then, as if obeying Ronald's fierce desire, conveyed to him telepathically, he turned into the walk leading down to the spring. He moved easily, with a lazy, swinging stride, ruthlessly cutting at the nearest flowers with a cane which he poised on his shoulder like a sword or swung in front of him as if fencing.

No sooner had Ronald seen the direction he was taking than he vaulted over the fence and made his way through the dewy grass and weeds into the wood which intervened between him and the spring.

He came upon Winkle as that worthy stood on the flat stones round the spring. The officer wore his eyeglasses, and had his cigar between his lips. The grass muffled Ronald's steps, and as Winkle was looking towards the house as if expecting some one, he did not notice our hero's presence till he stood beside him.

"Ah!" ejaculated Winkle, as he turned, and then through his glasses he eyed Ronald coldly from head to foot.

"Ah!" he repeated, and then he took a puff at his cigar and blew the smoke towards the house as he looked again up the walk. One familiar with the tricks of Winkle's sallow face might have found a hint of uneasiness there as Ronald caught his eye and held it steadily for a second.

"There is a matter that you and I must settle, sir," said our hero, calmly.

For a moment Winkle gazed almost defiantly at the speaker, then his glance wavered just a little.

"A matter that you and I must settle?" he echoed, with a faint sneer, "and what is that, my good fellow?"

"You deliberately drove your horses against me last night in the road and I have come to demand satisfaction."

The officer sent another glance up the walk towards the house; it was as if he were hoping some one would arrive to prevent what seemed inevitable. He did not like the expression of the face before him; he dreaded the awful threatening tranquillity of it.

He removed his cigar from his lips and held it in his fingers, that quivered nervously.

"I don't want to have trouble with you," he said.

"Then you should not have driven over me," answered Ronald, "for noth-



"THERE IS A MATTER THAT YOU AND I MUST SETTLE, SIR."

ing under high heaven can avert the consequences of that cowardly act."

"I—I am not a good driver, Mr. Fenshaw—I believe that is your name, sir. Just as I passed your brother my hand slipped, and—"

"You are a deliberate liar!" Ronald interrupted him.

Winkle started, paled a little and made a half threatening gesture with his right hand, but as he gazed into our hero's eyes his arm sank slowly down to his side and he made a lame pretense of trying to restrain his anger.

"You must not use insulting words to me," he said.

Ronald smiled. "You would not be so inartistic as to deny that you lied, Winkle, but the fact that you tacitly admit you are a liar does not satisfy me. I tell you we have got to settle this matter right here and now."

"I don't know what you mean," Winkle found himself saying. "I do not want any trouble with you. I've said that—the thing was an accident, and—"

"And I have said that it was not an accident, and that I will fight you or have the satisfaction of knowing you are a coward. If you are a coward I would not soil my hands with you."

Winkle was very white now; his cigar fell from his lips and he caught it against his breast. "I am unarmed, and" (he looked Ronald over again) "you are physically stronger than I am."

Thereupon Ronald drew the two revolvers from his pockets and held them out. "I thought that pistols would be fair," he said. "You may take your choice; they are practically the same. This is a quiet place; we can have it over in a few minutes. I have thought out a plan that will be perfectly fair to both of us. The plantation bell will

ring in a few moments; we can get ready and at its first stroke we may turn and fire till the revolvers are empty or one of us is down."

Winkle stared fixedly.

"Why, that would be deliberate murder," he gasped, shrinking back a step or two from the extended revolvers.

"It would not be any more murder than death in any duel would be, Capt. Winkle. If you do not fight I shall know that you are a coward, sir."

Then an idea was born in the officer's almost benumbed brain.

"I cannot fight—a man in your position—in life," he said. "Surely you know what is considered proper."

Ronald's face grew purple with suppressed rage.

"Do you mean to tell me that you may drive a carriage over a man in a public road and then resort to such a petty subterfuge to get around the consequences? Capt. Winkle, I would strike you in the face if I could keep from feeling that I was striking a baby."

Winkle gave a furtive glance towards the house. He looked slightly relieved as if he thought by the tacit confession of cowardice he was going to escape a duel, which he feared quite as much as death itself.

"You may think what you please of me," he said, "but I am not willing to fight a duel with you—of course, considering all the circumstances."

"I see your plan, Winkle," said Ronald. "You have insulted me in the presence of others, and if you avert trouble with me, you leave the witnesses under the impression that I yielded to the indignity without a murmur. That, I see, I must bear; but I assure you, in your refusal to fight me, you have relieved my mind, for no coward can insult me."

Winkle began to breathe more freely; he even allowed a defiant smile to play about his lips as he took a match from his pocket and relighted his cigar. "As you please," he said, with a slight suggestion of a sneer. "I cannot fight you."

"But I am not through with you," Ronald burst out, flaming up again. "You are an officer in the pay of my country." He had taken a penknife from his pocket when he restored the revolvers to their places, and he now deliberately grasped Winkle's coat and cut off the top button.

"What are you doing?" gasped the officer, pulling back.

Taking a firmer grasp on the lapel, Ronald jerked the captain back to where he had stood. "Stand still!" he thundered. "You are unfit to wear the uniform of any country. You'd make a gallant soldier in time of need, wouldn't you?"

Without another word Winkle stood still and allowed Ronald to sever from his coat his buttons and shoulder straps.

"Now good morning, captain," was the parting injunction, "if you ever dare to drive over me again, I shall simply strangle you."

As if afraid another word might further enrage his antagonist, Winkle retreated towards the house, taking long, swift strides.

Ronald stood for a moment watching the walk towards the house, then still holding the buttons and shoulder straps in his hands, he sank on a rustic seat near the spring. His passion had already spent itself, and a strange revulsion of feeling came over him.

He had drawn back his hand to throw the buttons and shoulder straps into the high grass, when he heard a clear, ringing voice behind him.

"Don't throw them away," and Evelyn Hasbrooke, her big white apron filled with maiden-hair ferns and wild flowers, emerged from behind a thick hedge.

[To Be Continued.]

Making a Billiard Ball.

It requires skilled labor to turn out a billiard ball. One-half of it is first turned, an instrument of the finest steel being used for the work. Then the half-turned ball is hung up in a net and is allowed to remain there for nearly a year to dry. Next the second half is turned, and then comes the polishing. Whiting and water and a good deal of rubbing are requisite for this. It is necessary in the end that the ball shall, to the veriest fraction of a grain, be of a certain weight.—Chicago Times-Herald.

She Knew.

Bishop Whipple, of Minnesota, says that when he was abroad he did a great deal of parish work in Rome.

After holding a service in the English church outside the walls, he overheard one Englishwoman say to another:

"Who was the bishop who preached to-day?"

"The bishop of Mimosa," she replied. "He comes from South Africa, you know."—Youth's Companion.

The Wit Mr. Beecher Kept In.

In the early days of Mr. Beecher's career, when wit was unknown in the pulpit, some of the deacons of his church asked him if he didn't think such frequent outbursts of humor were calculated to diminish his usefulness. He listened patiently, and when they finished he said: "Brethren, if you only knew how many funny things I keep in, you wouldn't complain about the few I let out."—Ladies' Home Journal.

BRYAN MAKES A STATEMENT.

The Defeated Candidate for the Presidency Says the Magnitude of the Republican Victory Was a Surprise.

Lincoln, Neb., Nov. 9.—W. J. Bryan last night gave out a statement concerning the election. He says: "The result was a surprise to me and the magnitude of the republican victory was a surprise to our opponents as well as to those who voted our ticket. It is impossible to analyze the returns until they are more complete, but speaking generally, we seem to have gained in the large cities and to have lost in the smaller cities and in the country."

Continuing, he says: "The prosperity argument was probably the most potent one used by the republicans. They compared present conditions with the panic times of '93 to '96 and this argument had weight with those who did not stop to consider the reasons for the change. The appeal 'stand by the president while the war is on' had a great deal of influence among those who did not realize that a war against a doctrine of self-government in the Philippines must react upon us in this country. We made an honest fight upon an honest platform and, having done our duty as we saw it, we have nothing to regret."

Mr. Bryan said he has no other plans at present than to remain at home until he had recovered from the fatigue of campaigning. He denied the report that he would remove from Nebraska and make Texas his home.

CONGRATULATE MCKINLEY.

Friendly Cablegrams from President Loubet, of France, and from the Philippine Commission at Manila.

Washington, Nov. 9.—Among the congratulatory telegrams received by the president are the following:

Paris, Nov. 7.—I beg you to accept my most sincere congratulations on your election to the supreme office that you have filled with such lustre and during which the bonds of friendship between our two countries, have, to my great delight, been drawn still closer.—Emile Loubet.

Manila, Nov. 8.—Sincere congratulations. The most important step in bringing peace and prosperity to these islands has been taken.—Commission.

Bryan Congratulates President McKinley.

Lincoln, Neb., Nov. 9.—William J. Bryan sent the following telegram to President McKinley at noon Thursday: "Hon. William McKinley, president of the United States: At the close of another presidential campaign, it is my lot to congratulate you upon a second victory."

DEWEY COLLECTION REMOVED

Hall of American History in the National Museum at Washington Loses the Admiral's Attractive Gifts.

Washington, Nov. 9.—Admiral Dewey has removed his collection of gifts which has occupied the most prominent place in the Hall of American History in the national museum, to his home in Rhode Island avenue. The collection has assumed very large proportions, representing thousands of dollars in money value, and is almost daily added to by some admirer of the great sailor. It was placed in the museum for the double purpose of sharing its beauty with the public and as a compliment to the donors, many of whom were children, or represented the hospitality of our great cities, as well as from the admiral's private friends.

ALLEGED MAIL ABUSES.

Postmaster General Smith Will Urge Congress to Abolish Certain Privileges—Accorded Second-Class Mail.

Washington, Nov. 9.—Postmaster General Charles Emory Smith, in his forthcoming annual report, will again call the attention of congress to the abuses of the second-class mail matter privileges and will renew in vigorous language his former recommendation looking to the abolition of these abuses. Another feature of the report will be the review of the growth of the rural free delivery system in all parts of the United States and the postmaster general will take strong grounds in favor of its general extension.

Steyn Urges Burgers to Continue War.

Pretoria, Nov. 9.—Surrendered burghers assert that Mr. Steyn, after a council of war with Gen. Botha and Gen. Delarey, addressed the burghers with great passion, urging them to continue the war. He told them that he was going south and hoped to return with 5,000 men, assuring them that he knew that Germany had delivered an ultimatum to Great Britain demanding the retrocession of the republic.

To Suppress Filipino Junta.

Washington, Nov. 9.—Great Britain will be requested by the government to suppress the Filipino junta at Hong Kong. The administration has had this in contemplation for some time, and now that no political obstacle presents itself, the action is to be taken without delay. The Hong Kong junta has furnished the Filipinos with arms and ammunition for weeks.