

# THE NEBRASKA ADVERTISER

W. W. SANDERS, Publisher.

NEMAHA, - - - - - NEBRASKA.

## PERSEVERE.

You are high and higher aiming  
(Earnest effort needs no shaming).  
With enthusiasm claiming  
A career:  
You would scale the heights of learning  
For deep erudition yearning—  
Slothful ease and byways spurning—  
Persevere.

Covet wealth? Then work and win it.  
And persist when you begin it.  
There is satisfaction in it.  
Never fear:  
Or you long for martial glory—  
Want your name in song and story.  
Never heed the gashes gory.  
Persevere.

Pleasure pleads, be wise, eschew it.  
If you waver you will rue it.  
Choose your path and then pursue it.  
Year by year:  
Flickle hearts are happy never,  
Nothing gained without endeavor.  
Loyal to your purpose ever,  
Persevere.

On the heights the crown is gleaming,  
Where success is softly beaming.  
Difficulties, mighty seeming,  
Disappear.  
If you face them firm and fearless,  
Though the path is cold and cheerless.  
Ah! the prize is precious, peerless.  
Persevere.

—Anne H. Woodruff, in Good Housekeeping.

## The World Against Him

By WILL N. HARBEN.

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### CHAPTER VI.—CONTINUED.

Capt. Winkle paled and interlaced his fingers tightly on the smooth top of the mahogany table. For one second he glared like a condemned man at the speaker and then the fierce stare of her eyes bore his own to the ground.

"Perhaps," spoke up Mr. Hardy, whose jests were rare and often too personal, and who did not admire the captain, "perhaps Capt. Winkle did not tell us all the story after all. I noticed that he was not wearing his togs today."

Capt. Winkle seemed to have lost his speech. And the colonel, fearing that his daughter had inadvertently made a disagreeable comparison, frowned up at her.

"What are you talking about, Evelyn?" he asked sharply.

"Oh, only a little story I have read," she said, coldly. "I shall try to look it up. It had a beautiful moral."

With that parting shot at the cowering victim of his own folly, she drew Mrs. Lancaster again out on the veranda.

"Why, dear, you have almost frightened me," said Mrs. Lancaster, under her breath. "What did you mean by what you said?"

"I meant to cut the very soul of that little coward, if he has one," the girl said, fiercely. "I almost feel as if I ought to have exposed him to the others before whom he was posing as a brave man when he is no more than—"

Evelyn had been speaking so rapidly that her words ran upon one another and became a jumbled, unintelligible mass.

Mrs. Lancaster turned Evelyn's white, impassioned face towards the light of the moon and grasped her rigid hands. "You almost frighten me, darling," she repeated; "what has wrought you up to such a pitch of excitement?"

"I think I ought to tell you all about it," answered Evelyn, after a moment's deliberation, "but it must be in confidence."

"You can trust me, dear," the sweet old lady assured her.

They sat down in a hammock and Evelyn kept it in motion with her slippered feet as they rested lightly on the floor.

"Do you remember the young man I showed you at church that day?"

"The one," questioned Mrs. Lancaster, "who you said had saved your life?"

"Yes; do you remember him?"

"Quite well; his face made a wonderful impression on me, and I have thought of him a hundred times after all you told me of his struggle to better his condition and educate himself. I don't think I ever saw a finer specimen of physical manhood; he had a superb face. Were you alluding to him?" Then in a low voice full of agitation Evelyn explained.

For several minutes after the girl had finished the old lady remained silent, then she asked gently, cautiously, as if she were treading on ground upon which she had not been invited:

"Do you realize what all this means, dear Evelyn?"

"I realize that Mr. Fanshaw is a friend of mine, and that Capt. Winkle has tried to humiliate him in public."

"I did not mean exactly that," the old woman corrected, quickly. "It is your own danger that I am thinking about."

"My danger?" Evelyn emphasized the first word.

"Yes, you see it is difficult for a young girl to be wholly in sympathy with such a noble, suffering character as this Mr. Fanshaw without running a risk

of becoming dangerously interested. Young girls are prone to care for what is withheld from them, and you may not be an exception to the rule. You ought to keep the fact always before you that nothing but disaster could come from an alliance with one so far beneath you, at least in point of birth; you see what I mean."

Evelyn drew herself up stiffly. "You need have no fears in that direction," she averred. "We have neither of us thought of that."

"But," gently persisted the old lady, "you may not even now know your own heart. I am afraid you could not have been so fierce just now had the captain been talking about any other man."

"I don't like to think for a moment, Mrs. Lancaster, that Mr. Fanshaw is beneath us in any respect."

"Ah," interrupted the older woman, "that is still another proof of your peril; you even want to feel that he is your equal, when, my poor child, all that you may know him to be mentally, morally or otherwise cannot make him so. Remember your father's pride—the high standing of your family. It would break his heart, Evelyn."

"What would break his heart?" burst petulantly from the girl's lips.

"It would break his heart to refuse you anything, and yet he could not consent to your marrying into such a family as Mr. Fanshaw's."

Evelyn's face was very white, and in the moonlight it looked ghastly.

"I have never dreamt of such a thing," she said, quite truthfully. "I have thought only of his happiness—I have only prayed that he might triumph over all the obstacles in his way to success and happiness."

The negro quarter, consisting of a village of about thirty log cabins, lay on the left of the mansion, and from its intricate, laneklike streets came three mulatto musicians, carrying a guitar, a mandolin and a mouth organ. They paused at the steps and began playing. This caused the card players, who were evidently tired of their game, to rise and come out on the veranda, the colonel last of all, clapping his fat hands in unison with the music.

Mrs. Lancaster spoke quickly, as if she feared the others might come down to where she and Evelyn sat.

"I fondly hope Mr. Fanshaw will succeed. He may become a great man in time, but he ought not to be hampered by anything, and I know of no greater hindrance to a young man than for him to love some one above his station. Therefore, dear, you must be very careful; you must not allow him to fall in love with you."

"In love with me?" the words were spoken scarcely louder than a whisper, and then Mrs. Lancaster felt a shudder pass through the figure in her arms. Evelyn was thinking of a look she had seen in Ronald Fanshaw's eyes as they sat alone that morning.

At this juncture the couple saw Capt. Winkle sauntering down the veranda towards them.

"He is looking for you," said the widow; "shall I leave you alone with him?"

Evelyn's voice sounded harsh when she replied:

"I presume you might as well; it is plain that he wants to have it out with me. I think I can manage him."

Mrs. Lancaster rose as the officer drew near.

"I think I shall ask the musicians to play my favorite," she said, speaking at Winkle, to whom she had nodded.

As she moved away the captain started to sit in the hammock beside its occupant, but Evelyn promptly stood up and leaned against the balustrade. Her action was greeted with a grunt of disapproval on the part of the young man.

"It is just a little cool at this end," she said, half apologetically.

"You make me feel that it is decidedly so," he retorted. "But I hope you will bear the temperature a moment longer."

"You wish to speak to me, sir?"

He was evidently under great agitation and he seemed to reduce his voice to calmness only by extra effort.

"I have for some time suspected that you were allowing yourself to become interested in that country bumpkin," he said, almost brutally; "but I did not dream till to-night that you were in correspondence with him."

"Most of your dreams occur at night, do they not, captain?" Evelyn had lifted her eyebrows and was smiling coldly, defiantly.

"I guess there is no dream about your corresponding with him—at least that he has written you to-day," returned Winkle, in a white heat. "You have been in the house all the afternoon, and besides no one but him could have—"

Winkle found himself sliding into a pitfall of his own making, and the startled vacuity of his small face caused Evelyn to laugh out immoderately.

"Oh!" she exclaimed, "you think he wrote me about the shearing process."

For a moment the captain could only stare stupidly, then a lame defense came to his lips.

"I could not think of anyone else who could report such a lie to you," he said.

"I can't believe that Mr. Fanshaw would write me a deliberate falsehood," she returned, still smiling tantalizingly. "He is quite truthful and honorable."

Winkle's lip curled and quivered impotently.

"Do you consider it an honorable thing to write a lie about a man—a rival? I presume I may call him that, since you have encouraged him to that extent."

"He has never thought of you as a rival," mocked Evelyn, with a pronounced sneer. She moved towards the others, but he grasped her arm and detained her. His fury was now unbridled.

"I shall report this to your father," he threatened.

"You intend to tell my father that I correspond with Mr. Fanshaw?" she asked, sternly, coldly.

"I shall feel it my duty as his friend, knowing that he would disapprove of it, and that you are doing a most foolish thing."

"Then you will tell him a falsehood," she said, with a white smile, and eyes which flashed like diamonds in the moonlight.

"You do not correspond with him? He has not written to you to-day?"

"He has never written me a line in his life. I happened to be a listener to his challenge and a witness to your cowardice. As for his unique humiliation of you, I actually quivered with delight when he cut off your brazen badges of bravery. He repented of having done it—like a brave man would—when he saw that I had seen it all, and he gave me the things to sew back on your coat, but you are fighting with a woman now, and I shall retain them. I may need them in the future."

He shrank from her as if she had struck him in the face. And with a little taunting laugh, Evelyn left him. She was so agitated that she avoided the others who were listening to the negroes as they sang a spirited ballad.

If Ronald Fanshaw could have witnessed what passed at Carlisle that evening, it might have softened his sharp self-censure for what he had done in the heat of passion. He had always looked upon duelling as radically wrong, and he now told himself he had gone too far in further humiliating a man after he had tacitly thrown himself on his mercy. Before he had quitted the colonel's wood that morning he was brought face to face with a product of his example that added a fresh sting to his general discontent.

He had almost reached the boundary fence when he came upon his shaggy-

haired, barefooted brother, standing up to his ankles in the wet loam of a swampy spot. Dave was leaning on a rifle as tall and sturdy-looking as himself, an old-fashioned treasure which he brought out only on special occasions, such as prize shooting matches—at which he was a champion shot—and when there was a threatened "black uprising."

"Why, Dave, what are you doing here?" Ronald asked, in astonishment.

"Huh! I ain't a-doin' nothin', but what I would a-done, ef I'd a-been needed, would a-been a plenty."

His brother stared at him.

"You mean you thought of taking a hand, Dave?"

"I was a-goin' to give you yore chance first," said the fellow; "but, you bet, I was a-goin' to see which one was able to keep on his feet after the scrap, an' ef it had a-been him, he'd a-been my meat. I blowed this tube out with a prayer" (Dave patted his gun caressingly and smiled). "I kissed my patchin', blessed my powder, an' rammed my lead home with the arm of justice to all men."

"Dave, that would have been murder."

"Murder a dog's hind foot! Ef that little cymlin-headed puppy had killed you, Icm, I'd a settled his hash ef I'd a-had to do it with my bare fists." Dave broke into an impulsive laugh.

"By hunkey, Ron, you give me the shivers awhile ago. I wasn't nigh enough to hear what was passin' twixt you an' him, but when I seed you draw yore knife an' ketch 'im by the collar, I thought you was goin' to dig out his heart, an' that he was a-goin' to stand still while you was at it. What in the name o' common sense was you doin'?"

Ronald gave him the benefit of an explanation, and Dave laughed incredulously.

"An' you didn't even slap his jaws?"

"No, I was satisfied."

"Well," was the philosophical remark, as the speaker drew one of his feet out of the mire and prepared to walk on, "ef satisfaction was good 't eat, an' grewed on vines, I wouldn't

send you out to pick none fur my partner."

### CHAPTER VI.

One morning in the month of July, when Ronald returned from his tobacco field, he found a score or more mountaineers in the front yard. They were discussing an awful crime that had been committed about dawn that day. Mrs. Telplay, a widow who lived alone in a cottage at the foot of the mountain, was found brutally murdered. It had been generally known that she kept quite a sum of money in an old hair trunk under her bed, having always refused to take the advice of her friends to put her savings in a more secure place. The trunk was found to have been split open by the bloody ax which had killed the owner, and the money was gone.

Sydney Hart, a tall, raw-boned young man, with sharp black eyes and a big mustache dyed to match, sat astride his fine horse and told what he knew of the affair. As he talked he fanned his aquiline face with his sombrero.

"As soon as Jeff, that's her nigger house boy, came in to make the fires," he was saying as Ronald approached, "he seed what had happened, an' run out to give the alarm."

"Didn't nobody suspicion Jeff?" queried old Fanshaw, who sat on the steps in his stockings.

"Don't be so blamed fast," snarled the narrator, with a frown. He could not abide interruption. He was a sort of leader of moonshiners, though it had never been proven against him, and he was accustomed to more respect than he deserved.

"Well, go on," grunted Fanshaw, "you are about as good at tellin' a thing as a one-legged man is at a kickin' bee. You no sooner make a start than you kick the end o' yore spine up in the ground an' thar you are."

The crowd laughed impulsively, but the fierce glare of Syd Hart's eyes soon put an end to the merriment.

"You must a-had razor soup fur breakfast," he grunted, letting his eyes rest on Fanshaw, and then he began to smile. "Thar wasn't no use a suspicionin' Jeff," he proceeded; "fur as soon as the news got out Thad Williams straddled his mare an' notified the sheriff. Rateliff is quick on trigger, an' he tuck Thad's mare an' made fur the spot armed to the teeth."

"Well, did he ketch the one that did it?" broke in Dave Fanshaw, impatiently, and anyone could have seen from his face that he was not one of Hart's followers.

Syd bent his eyes on Dave's face and sneered. "You are like yore daddy," he observed, "you want yore hog 'fore it's barbecued. Yes, you bet he ketcht 'im; that's what he was out after. About half a mile from the widow's house he run across a young stranger a-hidin' in a barn nigh the tale mines. He was too good a thing to be missed, so Rateliff arrested 'im then an' thar an' made 'im turn 'is pockets wrong side out. He had fifty dollars in hard cash, an', moreover, his hands was red in streaks, an' he had blood on his handkerchief an' shirt-sleeves. He was a young fellow, an' cried like a baby; he said he hadn't killed nobody, nor stole nobody's money, but Rateliff tuck 'im in tow. He was sech a little fellow that Rateliff 'lowed folks ud get the laugh on 'im if he roped or handcuffed 'im, so he started on with 'im jest so. They made it all right till they got back heer a piece to the beginnin' o' Col. Hasbrooke's swamp. Thar, at Swift's cabin, Rateliff stopped to git a light fur his cigar. Nobody ever heard tell o' him takin' a prisoner to jail without he had a cigar stuck in his jaw. He don't spend a dollar a year fur cigars, but he has to smoke one when he jugs a man. It makes him look important. He had jest called fur a chunk o' fire, an' Miz Swift was fetchin' it out to 'im, when lo an' behold, the little stranger showed he was up to snuff. He dodged off behind a hay-stack before Rateliff could draw his gun an' was off into the swamp like a skeered rabbit. A hoss ain't with a tinker's dam in swampy land an' cane brakes, an' Rateliff ain't as limber as he wuz twenty year back. And," the speaker broke off with a laugh, "the little skunk's in the swamp yet. Me an' these fellows is to watch this road, an' Rateliff's gone round 'other side to stir up the people. They'll drive 'im this way before long, an' then the fun will begin."

"What do you mean by the fun?" broke in Ronald sharply.

The gaunt giant on the horse shrugged his shoulders and bent a critical, half-aggressive glance on the questioner.

"Oh, I reckon the boys won't want to wait fur them blamed thievish lawyers in town to get a whack at 'im an' finally git 'im turned loose. We hain't got much book larnin', but we know when a man's guilty, an' we know what lawyers is."

[To Be Continued.]

An Unfettered Likeness.

Critic—I must congratulate you on the villain of your play. He leaves the impression of having been drawn from the life.

Author—He was. I may say to you that he is an exact portrait of myself as my wife depicts me in our hours of ease.—Brooklyn Life.

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One day, while Millais was painting his famous picture, "Chill October," among the reeds and rushes on the banks of the Tay, a man came up behind him and stood looking at the picture, then at the surrounding landscape. Finally he asked in a broad Scotch dialect: "Man, did ye never try photography?" "No, never," replied Millais, painting slowly. A pause. "It's a hantle (great deal) quicker," said the man. "Yes, I suppose so." Another pause; then the Scotchman added, thoughtfully: "An' it's mair like the place!"—San Francisco Argonaut.

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