

# THE NEBRASKA ADVERTISER

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## REMEMBERING THE DEAD.

On the other side of the stream  
That steals by this earthly shore,  
I know that our loved ones love us still,  
Just as they loved of yore.

They carry us in their thoughts,  
They speak of us when they meet,  
And ever and ever the truth of old  
Hides with them warm and sweet.

O patient and constant dead,  
Whom so easily we put by,  
Who fade away from our inmost thoughts  
As the stars fade out of the sky!

We put them so far away,  
We hide them so deep with God;  
We think of them snatched to the far-  
thest star  
As soon as they're under the sod.

Ah me! it is pitiful so,  
Dear lovers, so lead and near,  
Aye, pressing your faces against the gates  
Of our hearts and we will not hear!

O, friends, when our sainted dead  
Pass over that unseen line,  
They fly not far, to a foreign land,  
They dwell in your land and mine.

A land that no fire can burn,  
No element sweep away,  
The dear long home of immortal love,  
God's country and ours for aye!

So draw them closer there,  
As of old time, hand in hand,  
God meant we should walk through life  
and death,  
In Love's immortal land.  
—James Buckham, in Congregationalist.

## Friends Ever.

BY H. S. KELLER.

THEY had been friends from boyhood, and possessed the same tastes and inclinations concerning both play and study. When the college days dawned upon the horizon the same old spirit of friendliness manifested itself; they chose the same profession, medicine, and were greater friends than ever in the close rivalry of ambition.

In college they were known as "The Twins," though they were wholly dissimilar as to appearance, stature or complexion. Henry Morse was short, stoutly built, with blue eyes, crisply curling, light hair, and a mouth as sweet and tender as a woman's. John Findlay was tall and slender, with dark hair and eyes—the latter deep set and searching—and a mouth about whose corners the lines of a fixedness of purpose even thus early were drawn.

The college days are over, and we find them both attached to St. Mark's hospital, working side by side; ready for the ambulance call, to rattle away over the pavements of the city to administer aid to the unfortunate bruised and broken; or we find them together by the side of the dying, quick to smooth the pillow or receive the fluttering pressure of the enfeebled fingers of the "passer on."

"This fair Canadian nurse who recently came to St. Mark's seems a self-possessed sort of a person," said Henry Morse, locking arms with his friend as the pair passed down the gravel walk leading to the hospital steps. But John Findlay was not in a communicative mood, and he did not immediately respond. He had a habit of pushing one end of his thin, inky mustache into the corner of his mouth with his finger. He is doing it now; and it always gave the other a chill to see him do it, for Henry disliked habits of the sort.

All hospital grounds, flowers, walks and embellishments in the way of landscape gardening look stiff. They mean to be alleviating to the ill ones, charming to the eye; but they never are, for they bear too closely the marks of precision, soldierly care; and instead of appearing natural, they seem surrounded with too much red tape. Every flower, tree or shrub growing upon hospital grounds has the sign of the red tape drawn about them. Even the fountain that tinkles in the mellow, hushed air of the place plays the rhythm of rotation upon the eardrums of the afflicted behind those stone walls. I have been told by many who have been so placed that the sound of thunder, the rumbling of a train of cars or the roar of cannons was more soothing than the tinkling of the placidly plashing fountain.

After the pair reached the thoroughfare leading to their quarters, situated but a short distance away, Findlay finally found his tongue, and asked:

"Whose name did you mention?"

"Well, you must be pretty deeply in it, old man. I did not mention anyone's name," said Morse, withdrawing his arm.

"But you were speaking of some one as we passed through the grounds."

"Then it has just struck you? I was simply saying that the fair Canadian nurse seemed to be a self-possessed sort of person. That's all."

"By the way, she is not fair; and

how is she different from the rest, Henry?"

"I mean by fair she is—oh, well, charming, pleasing and pretty. She seems to know how to do things without asking. She is ready without urging. She has good nerve, too. Why, she did up the smashed leg of that poor fellow who was brought in day before yesterday, before I came, in a manner to equal anything of the sort I ever saw."

"Humph! that's what she is at St. Mark's for—to learn how to do things. As for beauty and all that sort of thing, I—"

"Well, what, John?" asked the other, as the tall, slender fellow lifted his hand to apply the latch key. The other hand was busy with the mustache, pushing one end of it out of sight. Henry Morse gave a little shiver of dislike, and Findlay said, as he pushed open the door:

"She may not be charming at all without her hospital garb. Come, let us go in; drop nurses and such trash." He led the way up the wide stairs, and the two were soon settled for the night in their suite of rooms.

When they appeared at the hospital the next morning they were asked to step into the office where "Old Ice," the pet name bestowed by the young fellows upon Roger Thorn, M. D., the best surgeon in the city, was awaiting them. Ah, many a poor fellow's death warrant had been drawn up in that square, compact little niche of St. Mark's! And many a bold and intricate case had also been solved therein by the thick-limbed and sandy-headed man who is sitting in the big, leather-cushioned chair drumming upon the window sill with those long, blunted fingers. "Old Ice" is cool at all times—or at least his fingers are—and those same fingers have guided the keen knife within a tissue's breadth of many a jugular vein, or have searched for many a hidden ill among bone and muscle.

"Good morning, gentlemen; sit down; I want to tell you something," uttered the celebrated surgeon, in his peculiar, jerky words. After the two were seated, he turned around squarely and asked:

"Either of you want to die? Ha, ha! Good joke, that—stop! Don't say a word until I get through. I'm not much of a talker; I like to finish what I've got to say before the other chap begins, though. Some men are born soldiers, and do not know what fear means. Others acquire bravery after much practice. Was a timid young thing myself once. Got all over that—with a few exceptions here and there. The case I'll mention is one of the exceptions. Candidly, I am timid about it. Wish people would have some other sort of ill if they must be sick. This case I do not like. It makes me timid, as I said. I'm as cowardly as a child before a bulldog now."

If "Old Ice" felt as he said he did, he failed to show any signs of it in the slightest. He looked as ready to perform a great piece of work as he ever did. John Findlay, who could contain himself no longer, ventured to say:

"Will you please enlighten us concerning the case, doctor?"

"In a moment. First, you are both sure you do not want to die?"

"You are joking, my dear sir," said Henry Morse.

"I joking? You must be mad, sir! I never joke. I may play jokes with nerves, bones, muscles and such; but what is commonly called joking—I never indulge in the foolish practice. To come right down to the facts of the case, I will simply say that I am about to take a great, a very great risk. I am obliged to call upon my young men to take the same risk—"

"Doctor, we are at your service," broke in Findlay. And Morse nodded approvingly.

"Ah! that's the sort of spirit I like to see in my young men," said "Old Ice," good naturedly. Then fixing his deep, hazel eyes upon the face of John Findlay, raised his hand and punctuated the air with his long forefinger as he spoke: "It is an easy matter, young men, to remove a limb or sew and plaster a wound; nothing easier—in our line—in the world. But when a surgeon takes his life in his own hands and attempts to heal a poor mortal of a fatal affliction, and is liable, ten chances against the rest, to incur himself a fatal affliction, how about it, eh?" The sandy fringe of hair seemed to be bristling about that grand old head that had bent low over many a serious case in its time. Henry Morse began to feel as though he was wholly ignored, for the surgeon kept his clear eyes fixed upon Findlay's face. And then Henry grew nervous as his friend began to push that inky slip of mustache out of sight with his fingers.

"Well, doctor, what is the case?" asked Findlay, without glancing at his bosom friend, who was bending eagerly forward, with a rosy flush spread over his fair face.

"Putrescent abscess of the liver."

John Findlay quit gnawing his mustache; he straightened up in his chair and looked for a brief instance into those clear, hazel eyes fixed upon him. Then he rose and said, hesitatingly:

"Dr. Thorn, I am very sorry to say

that we do not care to assist you in the case—"

"You mean yourself—not I," broke in a sweet toned voice.

"Eh? You—why bless my stars!" broke from the surgeon, as he gazed at the fair speaker.

"My friend is only joking! Come, Henry, let us go." Findlay went to the door and laid his hand upon the brass knob. He opened the door and stood for a brief instant upon the threshold, as though waiting for his friend to depart with him. He only sat there, smiling back at the hazel eyes of the sandy-headed man who was looking at him in astonishment. The door opened and closed, and the surgeon of St. Mark's and the student were alone.

"I thought he had the most nerve," said the surgeon.

"So did I."

"I had picked him out from among the entire lot of young fellows to help me in this affair. Well, I was mistaken."

"So was I."

"And you will join me in this case, young man?"

"With the greatest pleasure in all the world, doctor." A pair of hands clasped there in the little square room where many a life or death verdict had been pronounced. The young man received his instructions as to the hour of operation and then he left the room, went out where the flowers nodded, and where a pretty girl dressed in the uniform of the St. Mark's nurses stood by the side of the tinkling fountain under the elms.

What passed between the pretty Canadian nurse and the young medical student is of small import to us; but a look of surprise, followed by one of anxiety, came upon her face when Henry Morse responded to the question she asked. She turned her face away from him, and looked down at the gold-fish darting hither and thither in the shaded pool at her feet. He asked her a question, but she did not answer; she continued to look down, drew in slightly her under lip, and gave a dainty shrug of her shoulders. When she lifted her face again, he was at the gate. Then she murmured:

"He is grand, but I thought the other was the strong, brave one of the pair."

The day passed, and the subject of the operation to be performed upon the following morning was never mentioned between the two friends. Once, only once, Morse turned his eyes toward the dark face bending over a book. The black eyes were fixed upon the page, and the fingers of one hand were crowding the inky mustache out of sight. And when they parted to retire, Henry Morse held out his hand before going to his chamber, saying:

"Shake, old boy. Recollect, we are friends, ever."

"Friends, ever," echoed Findlay, as he took the warm palm between his chill fingers.

"Good-night, John, my friend."

"Good-night."

The door between the long, wide, waiting-room and the operating room opened, and "Old Ice," leaning heavily upon the arm of the fair-faced young student, emerged from it. The hazel eyes were not as bright as usual, and the generally ruddy face of the great surgeon was ashen. He was helped into his office, where he took a glass of wine, after which he seemed to recover some of his old-time spirits. He left the hospital afterwards—and inside of ten days was a dead man. The cause of the old surgeon's death was pronounced to be blood-poisoning.

Upon the evening of the day of the surgeon's funeral, Henry Morse was taken to St. Mark's ill, weak, nerveless.

"There seems to be something wrong with the boy," said Findlay, after his friend had been placed upon one of the snowy cots, in a cool, quiet room.

A white hand was laid upon the sick man's brow. Findlay turned to meet the calm gaze of the Canadian nurse.

"Yes—it is now a struggle between life and death. I pray God I will win," she said, softly.

"You?"

"Yes, I shall be his nurse."

"There are others who can nurse him."

"There is no one but myself who can do so much for him," said the sweet, low voice of the fair girl.

"Why you, more than any other nurse?"

"That, no one but he has a right to ask," replied she, as she pointed toward the face upon the pillow.

And then commenced the great battle for the mastery. Medical science said the brave young fellow should die. Close, careful and skilled nursing, backed up by youth and manhood that had never known any ill, said he should not die. Every change, no matter how slight, was watched by his friend, John Findlay, who seemed to be always by the sick man's bedside.

The fair nurse never left the bedside until Findlay went out for his meals or to snatch a few moments of sleep.

It is midnight, and the crisis is in hand. The face upon the pillow is livid. The blue lips are drawn back, and the white teeth gleam in the shaded light. By the side of the bed sits the young student, Findlay, holding the feverish hand of his friend. The tinkling of the fountain falls upon his ears. The rattling of wheels over the pavement comes from the distance. The sleeve of the sick man's robe is pushed back, and the arm with the turgid veins is disclosed. The small figure in hospital garb stands with back turned to Findlay. A long, lean finger produces from the vest pocket something that glitters in the light. A careful hand guides the object to the thick part of the forearm, and then—like a phantom, as quick and as noiseless—a small figure leans over the bed and pushes one slender white hand between the instrument's keen point and the bared arm. A pair of black eyes are raised to the now livid face of Findlay, and a pair of tightly-drawn lips huskily whisper:

"Do it, coward! You dare not!"

The instrument is withdrawn, and John Findlay leans back and begins to push his inky mustache out of sight. Again, the figure of the nurse stands upright, and with arms folded across the breast, and a pair of searching eyes penetrate to the innermost heart of the false friend.

The sick man stirs uneasily, the lips part, and upon the quiet air of the room there falls softly, slowly:

"Friends—e-er."

The nurse laid her cool hand upon the forehead, and gave a sigh as of satisfaction. The brow was no longer hot and feverish. It was cool to the touch.

"Go, please; I can attend to him now without your help," she said.

Findlay rose, gave one glance at the sick man's face, and then left the room, fusing with his mustache in the old, tiresome manner.

Up in the Canadian woods, where Henry Morse went with the fair girl he married, he found health rapidly. Once—only once—he asked her why his friend Findlay had left him so suddenly. His wife shrugged her shoulders, and said nothing.

"I had an idea, dear, that he fancied you."

"I did not fancy him."

"John is queer—but he and I are to be friends ever."

But the two were destined never to meet again upon this world.—Good Literature.

## CAPTURED BY AN OSTRICH.

The Feathered Biped Taught a Lesson to the Conceited Guardsman.

A guardsman in the reserve of officers, who is better known for his swagger than for his brains, had an unfortunate experience in South Africa, says the London Express.

He was stationed about 100 miles from Cape Town at a remount depot. One morning a farmer stopped him as he was taking a constitutional and warned him against crossing an inclosure containing a cock ostrich, which had become bad-tempered. The guardsman said that no ostrich ever hatched would turn him out of his way and went on unmoved.

As he had not returned home four hours afterward his brother officers were alarmed and sent out search parties. What was their surprise to discover him lying on his back unhurt, with a cock ostrich sitting on his chest.

The bird had knocked him down each time he had tried to rise, but could not hurt him while he lay on his back. Yet leave his enemy he declined to do and therefore sat quietly upon him until driven off by the rescue party.

## Where He Was Weak.

Mr. Jowders looked gloomily at the letter to which he had just painfully affixed his signature, and then cast a dubious glance at his wife.

"Do you want to just run this over before I send it to son James?" he inquired; and when Mrs. Jowders shook her head, he hastily folded the sheet, which bore the marks of hours of toil, and thrust it into an envelope, which he sealed with trembling expedition, and then leaned back in his chair with an air of relief.

"I was afraid you'd want to read it, and then most likely 'twould be all to do over again, mother, like the last one," he said. "But I'm glad James wrote he didn't mind a word misspelled here an' there. There's some things I can do, but I never could seem to get a good purchase on the system of spelling, someway."

"As I view it," continued Mr. Jowders, "there's some words you can spell by the looks, and some you can spell by the sound; them I can most gen'ly manage. But when you come to spelling by judgment and main strength, my chances are about as slim as they make 'em."—Youth's Companion.

## One-Sided.

She—So this is the end of our engagement?

He—It may be for you, but it will take me a year yet to pay the bills.—Brooklyn Life.

## TREATING SANDY SOIL.

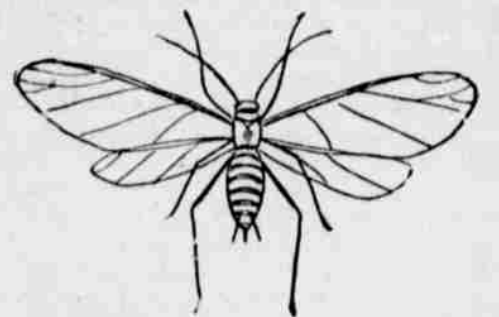
How to Make It Available for Gardening Purposes at a Comparatively Small Expense.

Soil of a somewhat sandy character, although excellent for garden purposes on account of warmth, ease of manipulation and quickness of responding to fertilizer applications, has the one great fault of allowing moisture, and plant foods with it, to escape to the lower strata by leaching much faster than is often desirable. This fault is most apparent when the soil does not contain much decaying vegetable matter (carbon), and hence may be remedied by abundant applications of barnyard manure. This course is naturally an expensive one, and a good dressing of clay can often be made more effective in correcting the deficiencies of sandy soils and at the same time to add the element of potash, which is often deficient in such soils. The clay can be put on the land during the fall and winter, at any time when most convenient, and the frost will act on and pulverize it. A market gardener stated that he is able to tell to a yard, by the looks of his crops, where the clay was put, and the ground that has had several dressings always grows better strawberries and vegetables than that which has had no clay applied. Land thus treated holds moisture better, the clay taking it from the dew and rain, and retaining it much better, thus absorbing more juices of the manure used than the undressed land. For mixing with light loams clay is usually of great value, and so it is used in the same way with manure or leaf mold for growing melons, etc., which like stiff soils, but in either case it should be such as has become ameliorated by exposure to the weather. Some gardeners have too stiff and unworkable kind of clay, and need the lighter material, but the remedy, in their case lies the other way. Road scrapings, leaf rakings and rubbish heap ingredients properly and continuously employed will soon effect an improvement.—Agricultural Epitomist.

## THE NEW PEA PEST.

Destructive Insect Which Has Already Inflicted Big Losses on Vegetable Growers.

The new pest, the destructive pea aphid, has in the last two years inflicted enormous losses in various regions where peas are grown for canneries, as Maryland, Delaware, New Jersey, New York and Connecticut. Michigan and Wisconsin also have suffered from it. Some of the scientists claim that it is naturally more an enemy of clover than of



THE DESTRUCTIVE PEA LOUSE.

peas. An encouraging feature noted in Canada is that wherever the aphid occurred it was attacked by parasitic enemies, the most vigorous of these being the small orange larvae of a species of diplosis—minute maggots—which suck the juice out of the body of the aphid.

The "brush and cultivator" method of fighting the pea louse is accepted as the most generally effective. For this it is necessary that the peas be planted in rows, and when the insects are noticed the vines are brushed backward and forward with a good pine switch in front of a cultivator drawn by a single horse. In this manner the plant lice are covered up as soon as they fall to the ground, and a large proportion of them are destroyed.

Peas sown late or on poor ground sustain most damage. The pea aphid is sketched many times enlarged.

## ORCHARD AND GARDEN.

It is not a bad plan to plant a tree in every neglected corner about the farm.

The objection to the plan of mulching continually, year after year, is that it tends to bring the roots too near the surface.

In all transplanting care must be taken to see that the roots come in close contact with the soil. A failure to do this causes loss.

In transplanting plants of every kind, whether large or small, care must be taken to keep the roots moist or the plants will be injured.

If any of the trees in the orchard have grown forked it will be a good plan to tie the forks together in such a way as to afford mutual support.

In order to get the full benefit of heeling in trees in the fall advantage must be taken of the first favorable opportunity to set them out in the spring.—Farmers' Voice.