

# THE NEBRASKA ADVERTISER

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NEMAHA, - - - NEBRASKA.

## THE MAN WHO WORRIED.

"Oh, if I might put grief away  
And bid adieu to care,"  
The man who worried sighed, one day.  
"The world would be so fair!  
But peace avoids my yearning breast,  
And happiness goes by—  
Ah, shall I ever find the rest  
I long for ere I die?"

"Why grieve?" the sage who heard replied;  
"Has not your toil availed?  
The ones you love are by your side,  
Where have your efforts failed?  
I see around you luxuries  
That many a man would deem  
The rich and restful properties  
Of some enchanting dream."

"My efforts have been fairly paid,  
My woes are not alone  
From errors I myself have made,  
Of chances that are flown—  
But there's my neighbor! Day by day  
He mounts—his fortunes grow—  
How can I drive my gloom away  
While he outstrips me so?"  
—E. E. Kiser, in Chicago Times-Herald.



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## CHAPTER I.—CONTINUED.

Only one man of the party seemed to have no further interest in what was going on outside. With one hand still grasping the edge of the upright partition between two sections near the forward end, and the other just letting go, apparently, of the bell cord, the tall, slender, well-built young soldier, with dark-brown eyes and softly curling lashes, was lowering himself into the aisle. The brakeman proceeded to rebuke him on the spot.

"Look here, young feller. You'll have to keep your hands off that bell cord. Here I've been cussin' things for keeps, thinkin' it was knotted or caught. It was just you had hold of it. Don't you know better'n that? Ain't you ever traveled before?"

The man addressed was stowing something away inside the breast of his shirt. He did it with almost ostentatious deliberation, quietly eyeing the brakeman before replying. Then, slowly readjusting the knot of a fine black silk necktie, so that its broad, flapping ends spread over the coarser material of the garment, he slowly looked the justly exasperated brakeman over from head to foot and as slowly and placidly answered:

"Not more than about half around the world. As for your bell cord, it was knotted; it caught in that ring. I saw that some one was tugging and trying to get it loose, so I swung up there and straightened it. Just what you'd have done under the circumstances, I fancy."

The brakeman turned redder under the ruddy brown of his sun-tanned skin. This was no raw "rookie" after all. In his own vernacular, as afterwards expressed to the conductor, "I seen I was up ag'in the red 'ting dis time," but it was hard to admit it at the moment. Vexation had to have a vent. The bell cord no longer served. The supposed meddler had proved a help. Something or somebody had to be the victim of the honest brakeman's spleen, so, somewhat unluckily, as events determined, he took it out on the company and that decrepit car, now buzzing along with much complaint of axle and of bearing.

"Damn this old shake-down, anyhow!" said he. "The company ought to know 'nough not to have such things lyin' round loose. Some night it'll fall to pieces and kill folks." And with this implied apology for his aspersions of Recruit Foster, the brakeman hustled away.

But what he said was heard by more than one, and remembered when perhaps he would have wished it forgotten. The delay at Ogden was supplemented by a long halt before the setting of that blazing sun, necessitated by the firing of the waste in the boxes of those long-neglected trucks. Far back as the rearmost sleeper the sickening smell of burning, oil-steeped packing drove feminine occupants to their satchels in search of scent-bottles, and the men to such comfort as could be found in flasks of bulkier make.

In the heart of the desert, with dust and desolation spreading far on every hand, the long train had stopped to douse those foul-smelling fires, and, while train-hands pried off the red-hot caps and dumped buckets of water into the blazing cavities, changing malodorous smoke to dense clouds of equally unsavory steam, and the recruits in the afflicted car found consolation in "joshing" the hard-sweating, hard-sweating workers, the young officer who had boarded the second sleeper at Ogden, with half a dozen bipeds in dusts or frazzled shirt-sleeves, had become involved in a complication on the shadier side of the train.

Somewhere into the sage-brush a

jack-rabbit had darted and was now in hiding. With a dozen eager heads poked from the northward windows and stretching arms and index fingers guiding them in their inglorious hunt, the lieutenant and his few associates were stalking the first four-footed object sighted from the train since the crossing of the bald divide.

Within the heated cars, with flushed faces and plying palm-leaf fans, a few of the women passengers were languidly gazing from the windows. At the center window of the second sleeper, without a palm-leaf and looking serene and unperturbed, sat the young girl whose lovely face had so excited Mr. Stuyvesant's deep admiration. Thrice since leaving Ogden, on one pretext or other, had he passed her section and stolen such a look as could be given without obvious staring. Immediately in rear of the seat she occupied was an austere maiden of middle age, one of the passengers who had come on by the Union Pacific from Omaha. Directly opposite sat two men whom Stuyvesant had held in but scant esteem up to the time they left the valley of Salt Lake. Now, because their sections stood over against hers, his manner relaxed with his mood. Circumstances had brought the elderly maid and himself to the same table on two occasions in the dining-car, but he had hitherto felt no desire to press the acquaintance.

This afternoon he minded him of a new book he had in his bag, for literature, he judged, might be her hobby, and had engaged her in conversation, of which his share was meant to impress the tiny, translucent car that nestled in the dark-brown coils and waves of the pretty head in front of him.

When, however, it became patent that his companion desired to form her own impressions of the pages influenced by his well-delivered comments, Mr. Stuyvesant had bethought him of the semisomnolent occupants of the opposite section, and some cabalistic signs he ventured with a little silver cup summoned them in pleased surprise to the water-cooler at the rear end, where he regaled them with a good story and the best of V. O. P. Scotch, and accepted their lavish bid to sit with them awhile.

From this coign of vantage he had studied her sweet, serious, oval face as she sat placidly reading a little volume in her lap, only once in awhile raising a pair of very dark, very beautiful, very heavily browsed and lashed brown eyes for brief survey of the forbidding landscape; then, with never an instant's peep at him, dropping their gaze again upon the book.

Not once in the long, hot afternoon had she vouchsafed him the minimum of a show of interest, curiosity, or even consciousness of his presence. Then the train made its second stop on account of the fires, and Bre'r Rabbit his luckless break into the long monotony of the declining day.

Tentative spikes, clouds and empty flasks having failed to find him, the beaters had essayed a skirmish line, and with instant result. Like a meteoric puff of gray and white, to a chorus of yells and the accompaniment of a volley of missiles, Jack shot into space from behind his shelter and darted zigzagging through the brush. A whizzing spike, a chance shot that nearly grazed his nose, so dazzled his brain-let that the terrified creature doubled on his trail and came bounding back towards the train.

Close to the track-side ran a narrow ditch. In this ditch at the instant crouched the tall lieutenant. Into this ditch leaped Bunny, and the next second had whizzed past the stooping form and bored straight into a little wooden drain. There some unseen, unlooked-for object blocked him.

Desperately the hind-legs kicked and tore in the effort to force the passage, and with a shout of triumph the tall soldier swooped upon the prize, seized the struggling legs, swung the wretched creature aloft, and for the first time in six mortal hours met full in his own gaze of the deep, beautiful brown eyes he had so striven to attract, and they were half pleading, half commanding for Bunny. The next instant, uninjured, but leaping madly for life, Bre'r Rabbit was streaking eastward out of harm's way, a liberated victim whose first huge leap owed much of its length to the impetus of Stuyvesant's long, lean, sinewy arm.

This time when he looked up and raised his cap, and stood there with his blonde hair blowing down over the broad white forehead, although the soft curves of the ripe red lips at the window above him changed not, there was something in the dark-brown eyes that seemed to say: "Thank you!"

Yet when he would have met those eyes again that evening, when "Last call for dinner in the dining-car" was sounding through the train, he could not. Neither were they among those that peered from between parted curtains in the dim light of the sleeper, many in fright, all in anxiety, when somewhere in the dead of the summer night long after all occupants of the rearmost cars were

wrapped in slumber, the long train bumped to a sudden jarring standstill, and up ahead there arose sound of rush, of excitement and alarm.

## CHAPTER II.

It was just after sunset, when, for the second time, the hot boxes of the recruit car had been treated to liberal libations from the water-tank, and the belated train again moved on.

Dinner had been ready in the dining-car a full hour, but so long as the sickening smell of burning waste arose from the trucks immediately in front very few of the passengers seemed capable of eating. The car, as a consequence, was crowded towards eight o'clock, and the steward and waiters were busy men.

The evening air, drifting in through open windows, was cooler than it had been during the day, but still held enough of the noontide caloric to make fans a comfort, and Mr. Stuyvesant, dining at a "four-in-hand" table well to the front, and attempting to hold his own in a somewhat desultory talk with his fellow-men, found himself paying far more attention to the lovely face of the girl across the aisle than to the viands set before him.

She was seated facing the front, and opposite the austere maiden previously mentioned. Conversation had already begun, and now Stuyvesant was able to see that, beautiful in feature as was her face in repose, its beauty was far enhanced when animated and smiling.

When to well-nigh perfect external features there is added the charm of faultlessly even and snowy teeth and a smile that illumines the entire face, shining in the eyes as it plays about the pretty, sensitive mouth, a young woman is fully equipped for conquest.

Stuyvesant gazed in fascination uncontrollable. He envied the prim, precise creature who sat unbending, severe, and, even while keeping up a semblance of interest in the conversation, seemed to feel it a duty to display disapprobation of such youthful charms.

No woman is so assured that beauty is only skin deep as she who has none of it. Her manner, therefore, had been decidedly stiff, and from that had imperceptibly advanced to condescension, but when the steward presently appeared with a siphon of iced seltzer, and, bowing deferentially, said he hoped everything was to Miss Ray's liking, and added that it seemed a long time since they had seen the captain and supposed he must be a colonel now, the thin eyebrows of the tall maiden were uplifted into little arches that paralleled the furrows of her brow as she inquired:

"Miss Ray?—from Fort Leavenworth?"

The answer was a smiling nod of assent as the younger lady buried her lovely, dark face in the flowers set before her by assiduous waiter.



STUYVESANT QUICKLY AROSE AND STEPPED UP THE AISLE.

and Stuyvesant felt sure she was trying to control an inclination to laugh.

"Well, you must excuse me if I have been a little—slow," said the elder in evident perturbation. "You see—we meet such queer people traveling—sometimes. Don't you find it so?"

The dark face was dimpling now with suppressed merriment.

"Yes—occasionally," was the smiling answer.

"But then, being the daughter of an army officer," pursued the other, hurriedly, "you have to travel a great deal. I suppose you really—have no home?" she essayed in the half-hopeful tone to be expected of one who considered that a being so endowed by nature must suffer some compensatory discomforts.

"Yes and—no," answered Miss Ray, urbanely. "In one sense we army girls have no home. In another, we have homes everywhere."

It is a reproach in the eyes of certain severe moralists that a fellow-being should be so obviously content with his or her lot. The elder woman seemed to feel it a duty to acquaint this beaming creature with the manifest deficiency in her moral make-up.

"Yes, but I should think most any-

one would rather have a real home, a place where they weren't bounden to anybody, no matter if it was humbly." (She called it "humbly," and associated it in mind with the words of Payne's immortal song.) "Now, when I went to see Col. Ray about our society, he told me he had to break up everything, going to Cuba, but he didn't mention about your going west."

"Father was a little low in his mind that day," said Miss Ray, a shade of sadness passing over her face. "Both my brothers are in the service, and one is barely 17."

"Out at service!" interrupted the other. "You don't mean—"

"No," was the laughing answer, and in Miss Ray's enjoyment of the situation her eyes came perilously near seeking those of Mr. Stuyvesant, which she well knew were fixed upon her. "I mean that both are in the army."

"Well—I thought not—still—I didn't know. It's all rather new to me, this dealin' with soldiers, but I suppose I'll get to know all about it after a spell. Our society's getting much encouraged."

"Red Cross?" queried Miss Ray, with uplifted brows and evident interest, yet a suspicion of incredulity.

"Well, same thing, only we don't propose to levy contributions right and left like they do. I am vice president of the Society of Patriotic Daughters of America, you know. I thought perhaps your father might have told you. And our association is self-sustaining, at least it will be as soon as we are formally recognized by the government. You know the Red Cross hasn't any real standing, whereas our folks expect the president to issue the order right away, making us part of the regular hospital brigade. Now, your father was very encouraging, though some officers we talked to were too stuck up to be decent. When I called on Gen. Drayton he just as much as up and told me we'd only be in the way."

Just here, it must be owned, Miss Ray found it necessary to dive under the table for a handkerchief which she had not dropped.

Mr. Stuyvesant, ignoring the teachings of his childhood and gazing over the rim of his coffee cup, observed that she was with difficulty concealing her merriment. Then, all of a sudden, her face, that had been so full of radiance, became suddenly clouded by concern and distress. The door at the head of the car had swung open and remained so, despite the roar and racket of the wheels and the sweep of dust and cinders down the aisle. The steward glanced up from his cupboard opposite the kitchen window at the rear, and quickly motioned to some one to shut that door. A waiter sprang forward, and then came the steward himself. The look in the girl's face was enough for Stuyvesant. He whirled about to see what had caused it, and became instantly aware of a stout-built soldier swaying uneasily at the entrance and in thick tones arguing with the waiter. He saw at a glance the man had been drinking, and divined he was there to get more liquor. He was on the point of warning the steward to sell him none, but was saved the trouble. The steward bent down and whispered:

"This makes the second time he's come in since six o'clock. I refused to let him have a drop. Can't something be done to keep him out? We can't lock the door, you know, sir."

Stuyvesant quickly arose and stepped up the aisle. By this time everybody was gazing towards the front entrance in concern and curiosity. The colored waiter was still confronting the soldier as though to prevent his coming farther into the car. The soldier, with flushed and sodden face and angry eyes, had placed a hand on the broad shoulders of the servant and was clumsily striving to put him aside.

[To Be Continued.]

## Prune Your Possibilities.

As a rule, after a man has reached his meridian, he will go on doing as he has done before; he has become practically a slave to his environment and habits of life. Prune your sapling, before time has made its rings and hardened the fibers of the tree. The most beautiful flowers and the finest fruit are the results of judicious pruning in the springtime of the life of the plant or tree. The finest manhood and womanhood can be developed by a wise use of the pruning knife in youth, and the benefits will be found in old age.—Success.

## An Appreciated Dedication.

Pietro Mascagni, whose fame came with the production of "Cavalleria Rusticana," has grown weary of his critics, and as a response to them has dedicated his new opera: "The Masks," to himself. This is the dedication:

"To myself. With distinguished esteem and unalterable satisfaction."—London News.

## What Tommie Said.

Admiring Mother—Now, Tommie, what do you say to Mr. Bildad for giving you that penny?

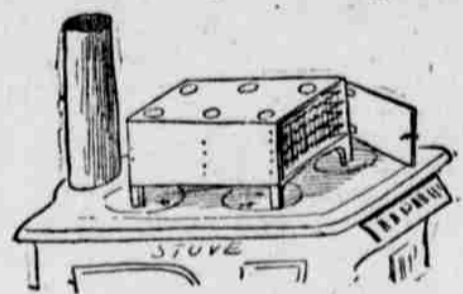
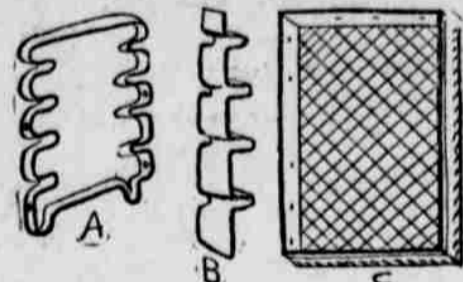
Tommie—Please, Mister Bildad, I wisht it wuz a nickel.—Ohio State Journal.

# AGRICULTURAL HINTS

## SMALL APPLE DRIER.

For Cleanliness and Facility of Operation This Homemade Device Has No Superior.

The illustration shows an apple drier adapted to use on the ordinary stove or range, and which for cleanliness and facility is superior to any other method of fruit drying on a small scale. Any good tinner will be able to make the main parts, and the cost should not be much. Have made a tin box about 1½ to 2 feet deep. The other dimensions may be made to suit the available heating surface of stove, say 20 inches square. The box is left open at the bottom, has several holes made in top, and is fitted with a hinged door at one side. Put four sieves, four inches apart, inside box, support-



IMPROVISED APPLE DRIER.

ing them on three arrangements like A, made of heavy pieces of tin about two inches broad, bent in the form illustrated, and riveted in box inside, one at each end and one in middle. The end supporters of sieves are bent as in the cut, to extend down and serve as feet for the drier. The middle supporter need not reach below box.

If desired, the supporting devices may be made like B, using three on each side. The sieves (C), are easily made by tacking wire netting, of not too close mesh, on a tin frame, or lapping it over a frame of heavy wire. They slide in and out on the supports just described, and may change places as the drying progresses. When drier is made in the way described, without bottom, the sieves receive the direct heat which rises from the stove. If thought best, the drier may have a bottom, and the drying be carried on by means of the hot air inside of box. It will be best to have a removable tin bottom, which slides in on the holders the same as the sieves, and fits closely to sides of box. Then the drier may be used with or without bottom, as seems best to suit the particular purpose.—J. G. Allhouse, in Farm and Home.

## UNIQUE FRENCH IDEA.

How a European Florist Uses Egg Shells to Excellent Advantage in Horticulture.

A French florist, who is also an extensive breeder of poultry for eggs, says that he uses the shells to good advantage in horticulture. He punches at the bottom of each half shell with a sharp penknife a little hole 1-16 inch for drainage, fills the shell with good rich earth, suitable to the vegetation it is intended to contain, puts in one or two seeds, stands the shells up in a flat box of earth, keeps them warm and moist, and then when he thinks he can trust the weather outdoors and the seeds have sprouted sufficiently, he breaks the shell and puts the little ball of earth into its proper place.

He says, as not a root has been disturbed, it is far preferable to the insignificant "tom" pots he formerly used, and with a favorable time for transplanting there are no wilted leaves to retard the growing of the plants. He is a great grower of muskmelons, and his success, he says, is great.

He applies the shells to the use of delicate seeds, to cuttings of temperate plants, such as verbena, fuchsias, geraniums and pelargoniums, and even to pick out small seedlings originally sowed in pans or such like, as they retain that way, when needed to be potted, a solid mass, well constructed, and the roots are not in the least disturbed.—American Gardening.

## Soil Needs Regular Feeding.

In his efforts to grow crops the intelligent farmer must ever try to con-serve and add to the stock of available plant food in the soil. The fertility of a soil is measured by its power to produce crops. A soil may have many hundreds of pounds of plant food per acre, and still be unfertile, while another may contain little plant food, but may have that little in an available form and thus be productive, i. e., fertile.