

# THE NEBRASKA ADVERTISER

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NEMAHA, - - - - - NEBRASKA.

## FIRESIDE SONG.

Come share with me the ingle-nook,  
While wintry winds are high;  
A couch, a screen, a pleasant book,  
A glimpse of wood and sky;  
And let the world go by, my dear,  
And let the world go by!

The frost-flowers blossom on the wold,  
But in this fire-lit gloom  
One does not guess the world is cold—  
Nay, counts it all abloom!  
For Love is in the room, my dear,  
For Love is in the room!

So share with me this perfumed bower,  
And raveling storms defy:  
The sweet spell deepening hour by hour  
Of our captivity!  
And we'll let the world go by, my dear,  
We'll let the world go by!  
—Emma Herrick Weed, in *Youth's Companion*.



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## CHAPTER II.—CONTINUED.

Stuyvesant's tall, athletic figure suddenly shut both from view. Never hesitating, he quickly elbowed the negro out of the way, seized the doorknob with his left hand, throwing the door wide open, then, looking the soldier full in the face, pointed to the tourist car with the other. "Go back at once," was all he said. The man had been hardly six days in service and seemed to have learned little of army life or ways. He was a whole American citizen, however, if he was half drunk, and the average American thinks twice before he obeys a mandate of any kind. This one coming from a tall young swell was especially obnoxious.

The uniform as yet had little effect on Recruit Murray. Where he hailed from the sight of it had for years provoked only demonstration of derision and dislike. He didn't know who the officer was—didn't want to know—didn't care. What he wanted was whisky, and so long as the money was burning in his pocket he knew no reason why he shouldn't have it. Therefore, instead of obeying, he stood there, sullen and awaying, scowling up as though in hate and defiance into the grave, set young face. Another second and the thing was settled. Stuyvesant's right hand grasped the blue collar at the throat, the long, slender fingers gripping tight, and half shot, half lifted the amazed recruit across the swaying platform and into the reeling car ahead. There he plumped his captive down into a seat and sent for the corporal. Connelly came, rubbing his eyes, and took in the situation at a glance.

"I ordered him not to leave the car three hours ago, sir," he quickly spoke. "But after supper I got drowsy and fell asleep in my section. Then he skinned out. I'd iron him, sir, if I had anything of the kind." "No," said Stuyvesant, "don't think of that. Just keep a watch over him and forbid his leaving the section. No, sir, none of that," he added, as in drunken dignity Murray was searching for a match to light his pipe and hide his humiliation. "There must be no smoking in this flimsy car, corporal. A spark would set fire to it in a second."

"That's an ugly brute of a fellow that bit your corporal, sir," said the steward. "I was in there just now, and he's surly as a cur dog yet."

Stuyvesant nodded without a word. He was in a petulant frame of mind. He wanted "worse kind," as he would have expressed it, to know that girl, but not a glance would she give him. She owed him one, thought he, for letting that rabbit go. Moreover, being an army girl, as he had learned, she should not be so offish with an officer.

Then the readiness with which the corporal had "spotted" him as a volunteer, as not a regular, occurred to him, and added to his faintly irritable mood. True, his coat collar bore the telltale letters U. S. V., but he had served some years with one of the swellest of swell eastern regiments, whose set-up and style were not excelled by the regulars, whose officers prided themselves upon their dress and bearing.

If it was because he was not of the regular service Miss Ray would not vouchsafe him a glance. Mr. Stuyvesant was quite ready to bid her understand he held himself as high as any soldier in her father's famous corps. If it was not that, then what in blazes was it?

He knew that in traveling cross continent in this way it was considered the proper thing for an officer of the regular army to send his card by the porter to the wife or daughter of any brother officer who might be aboard, and to tender such civilities as he would be glad to have paid his own were he so provided. He wondered whether it would do to send his pasteboard with a little note to the effect that he had once met Col. Ray at the United Service club, and would be glad to pay his respects to the colonel's daughter.

It was an unusual thing for Mr. Stuyvesant to quaff beer at any time, except after heavy exercise at polo or tennis, but to-night he was ruffed, and when the porter began making up the berths and dames and damsels disappeared, he had wandered disconsolately into the diner and ordered beer as his excuse. Then he crossed the platform and entered the tourist.

The night was hot and close. The men were lying two in a berth, as

Deeply indented, there were the jagged marks of Murray's teeth.

"Here, Foster, Hunt, grab this man and don't let him stir, hand or foot. See what you get for giving a drunkard money. Grab him, I say!" shouted Connelly, grinning with mingled pain and wrath as the lieutenant led him to the washstand.

Another recruit, a stalwart fellow who had apparently seen previous service, sprang to the aid of the first two named, and between them, though he stormed and struggled a moment, the wretch was jammed and held in his corner.

Stanching the blood as best he could and bandaging the hand with his own kerchief, Stuyvesant bade the corporal sit at an open window for a moment, for he looked a trifle faint and sick—it was a brutal bite. But Connelly was game.

"That blackguard's got to be taught there's a God in Israel," he exclaimed, as he turned back to the rear of the car. "I beg the lieutenant's pardon, but—he is not in the regular army, I see," with a glance at the collar of the young officer's blouse. "We sometimes get hard cases to deal with, and this is one of them. This kind of a cur wouldn't hesitate to shoot an officer in the back or stab him in the dark if he didn't like him. I hope the lieutenant may never be bothered with him again. No, damn you!" he added, between his set teeth, as he looked down at the sullen, scowling prisoner, "what you ought to have is a good hiding, and what you'll get, if you give any more trouble, is a roping, hand and foot. We ought to have irons on a trip like this, lieutenant," he continued, glancing up into the calm, refined face of the young soldier. "But I can get a rope, if you say so, and tie him in his berth."

"I have no authority in the matter," said Stuyvesant, reflectively. "No one has but you, that I know of. Perhaps he'll be quiet when he cools down," and the lieutenant looked doubtfully at the semi-savage in the section nearest the door.

"You'll give no more trouble this night, anyhow," said Connelly, as the officer turned to go. "And thank you, sir, for this," and he held up the bandaged hand. "But I'll keep my eyes peeled whenever he's about hereafter, and you'll be wise to do the same, sir."

For one instant, as the lieutenant paused at the doorway and looked back, the eyes of the two men met, his so brave and blue and clear; the other's—Murray's—furtive, blood-shot, and full of hate. Then the door slammed and Stuyvesant was gone.

Twice again that night he visited the recruit car. At ten o'clock, after enjoying for an hour or more the sight of Miss Ray in animated chat with two of the six women passengers of the sleeper, and the sound of her pleasant voice, Stuyvesant wandered into the diner for a glass of cool Budweiser.

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a rule, the upper berths not being used.

One or two, Murray among them, had not removed their trousers, but most of them were stretched out in their undergarments, while others, chatting in low tones, were watching the brakeman turning down the lights. They made way respectfully as the lieutenant entered. Connelly came to meet him and nodded significantly at Murray, who lay in a berth near the middle of the car, still carefully watched by Hunt. Foster, wearied, had turned in, and, with his face to the window, seemed to have fallen asleep. The conductor came through, lantern in hand.

"It's the quietest and best behaved lot, barring that chap, I ever carried," said he to Stuyvesant. "But he's wicked enough for a dozen. Wonder he don't go to sleep."

"Humph! says he wants a bottle of beer," grunted Connelly. "Can't get to sleep without it. I wouldn't give it to him if I had a kag."

"He doesn't deserve it, of course," said the conductor. "What he ought to have is an all-around licking. But I've known beer to have a soothing effect on men who'd been drinking, and it might put him to sleep and save bother."

"Let him have it," said Stuyvesant, briefly. "I'll send it in by the steward. And, corporal, if you or any of your men would like it, I'll be glad—"

Some two or three looked quickly and expectantly up, as though they might like it very much, but Corporal Connelly said he "dassent," he never took a drink of anything on duty since three years ago come Fourth of July." So the others were abashed and would not ask. Older hands would not have held their tongues.

To Murray's surprise, a brimming glass of cool beer was presently offered him. He gulped it thirstily down, and without a word held out the glass for more. A grinning waiter obliged him with what remained in the bottle. Murray asked if that was all, then, with something like a grunt of dissatisfaction, rolled heavily over and turned his face to the wall.

"Well, of all the ungrateful cads I ever see!" said Hunt, "you're the worst! D'ye know who sent that beer, Murray? It was the young officer you insulted." But Murray's only answer at the moment was a demand that Hunt shut up and let him go to sleep.

The last thing Stuyvesant remembered before dozing off was that the smell of those journal-boxes was getting worse. At two in the morning, in the heart of the desert, the conductor had made his way through



THE YOUNG OFFICER CAME PLUNGING, DRAGGING BY THE LEGS A PROSTRATE, HOWLING MAN.

the train and remarked that, despite that unpleasant odor, every man of the recruit detachment was sound asleep. In a berth next the door the steward of the dining-car had found room, and the entire car seemed wrapped in repose.

Five minutes later by the watch it was wrapped in flames.

Speaking of the matter later in the morning, the brakeman said it didn't seem ten seconds after he had pulled the bell-rope and given the alarm before Lieut. Stuyvesant, a tall, slim figure in pajamas and slippers, came bounding to his aid.

The flames even then were bursting from under the steps and platform, the dense smoke pouring from the rear door of the recruit car, and coughing, choking, blinded, staggering, some of them scorched and blistered, most of them clad only in undershirt and drawers, the luckless young troopers came groping forth and were bundled on into the interior of the diner. Some in their excitement strove to leap from the train before it came to its bumping grinding halt. Some were screaming in pain and panic. Only one, Hunt, was dressed throughout in uniform.

The steward of the diner, nearly suffocated before being dragged out of his berth, was making vain effort to shove a way back into the blazing car, crying that all his money

was under that pillow. But it was impossible to stem the torrent of human forms.

The instant the train stopped, the flames shot upward through the skylight and ventilator, and then the voice of Connelly was heard yelling for aid. Seizing a blanket that had been dragged after him by some bewildered recruit, and throwing it over his head and shoulders, Stuyvesant, bending low, dove headlong into the dense wall of smoke.

The flames came leaping and lapping out from the doorway the instant he disappeared, and a groan of dismay arose from the little group already gathered at the side of the track. Five, ten seconds of awful suspense, and then, bending lower still, his loose clothing afire, his hair and eyebrows singed, his face black with soot and smoke and seared by flame, the young officer came plunging forth, dragging by the legs a prostrate, howling man, and after them, blind and staggering, came Connelly.

Eager hands received and guided the rescuers, leading them into the diner, while the trainmen worked the stiff levers, broke loose the coupling and swung their lanterns in frantic signals to the engineer, far ahead.

Another moment and the blazing car was drawn away, run up the track a hundred yards, and left to illumine the night and burn to ashes, while male passengers swarmed about the dining-car, proffering stimulant and consolation.

Besides Stuyvesant and Corporal Connelly, two soldiers were seriously burned. Every stitch of clothing not actually on their persons at the moment of their escape was already consumed, and with it every ounce of their soldier rations and supplies.

The men least injured were those who, being nearest the rear door, were first to escape. The men worst burned were those longest held within the blazing car, barring one, Murray, whom Hunt had thoughtfully bound hand and foot as he slept, reasoning that in that way only might his guardians enjoy a like blessing.

Connelly had tripped over the roaring bully as he lay on his back in the aisle. Stuyvesant had rushed in, and between them they dragged him to a place of safety. There, his limbs unbound, his tongue unloosed, Murray indulged in a blast of malediction on the road, the company, the government, his comrades, even his benefactors, and then thoughtfully demanded a drink. There was no longer a stern corporal to forbid, for Connelly, suffering and almost sightless, had been led into a rear coach. But there was no longer money with which to buy, for Foster's last visible cent had gone up in smoke and flame, and, scorched and smarting in a dozen places, wrapped in a blanket in lieu of clothes, the dark-eyed young soldier sat, still trembling from excitement, by the roadside.

It was three hours before the wreck could be cleared, another car procured and the recruits bundled into it. Then, as dawn was spreading over the firmament, the train pushed on, and the last thing Gerard Stuyvesant was conscious of before, exhausted, he dropped off to troubled sleep, was that a soft, slender hand was renewing the cool bandage over his burning eyes, and that he heard a passenger say: "That little brunette—that little Miss Ray—was worth the hull load of women put together. She just went in and nursed and bandaged the burned men like as though they'd been her own brothers."

Certainly the young lady had been of particular service in the case of Connelly and one of the seriously injured recruits. She had done something for every man whose burns deserved attention, with a single exception.

Recruit Foster had declared himself in need of no aid, and with his face to the wall lay well out of sight.

[To Be Continued.]

## A Pompeian Victim.

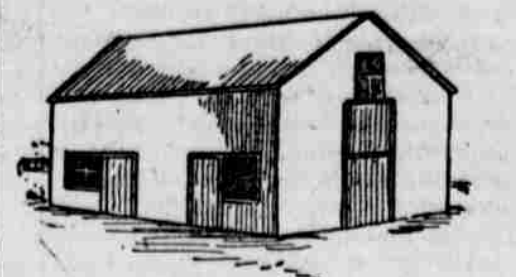
A rather touching discovery has been made in the field once belonging to the Barbatelli family, on the north side of Pompeii and within a stone's throw from the walls—that of a poor Pompeian who fell a victim to exhaustion or suffocation while trying to escape from the doomed city. His skeleton was lying at the depth of six feet below the actual level of the field, in the seam by which the bed of lapilli and pumice-stone is separated from the bed of volcanic ashes above. When struck by death the wretched man was carrying, tied in a hemp bundle by means of a cord (made of hemp), the following objects of value: An exquisite silver saucepan (casserules), weighing 520 grammes, the handle of which is ornamented with shellfish and molluscs of various kinds; a soup-spoon with a broken handle, a spoon for the mixing of hot drinks, a silver penny of Domitian, and two keys. There were also lying in a heap 187 copper pence, the oldest dating from the time of Agrippa, the latest from the time of Titus.—Rodolfo Lanciani, in *London Athenaeum*.



## CONVENIENT HOG HOUSE.

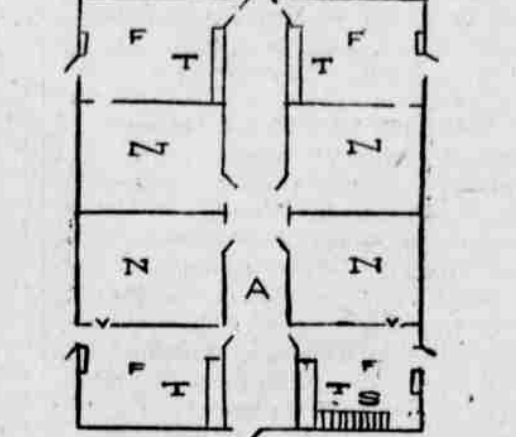
Structure Designed Especially for Those Who Do Not Make a Specialty of Pork Raising.

This house is designed for those who wish to keep but a limited number of hogs. Building is 30 feet long, 22 feet wide, with 12-foot posts. Plank floor. Some may like cement floor better. As shown by plan, interior is divided into 8 pens, with middle alley 4 feet wide running entire length of building. Four pens (F) are feeding pens, 9 feet square, while the remaining 4 (N) are 6 by 9 feet, and are used for nests. The alley can be made into



ELEVATION OF HOG HOUSE.

three more pens by two movable partitions, thus making in an emergency, 11 pens. Vertical slide doors connect the feeding pens with the nests, and swing doors connect each with the alley. Each feed pen has an outside door. Above the pens is a loft with good matched floor, reached by flight of stairs just inside the door. The house is painted with a mixture of venetian red in one part raw oil to



T, Troughs; V, Doors in Partitions.

- three parts water. This paint costs 18 to 20 cents per gallon.
- The bill of materials for this house, not including nails, hinges, windows, etc., according to the Ohio Farmer, is as follows:
- 200 lineal feet 8 by 8 timber.
  - 60 lineal feet 7 by 7 timber.
  - 300 feet 2 by 5.
  - 200 feet 2 by 6.
  - 200 feet 2 by 4.
  - 200 feet 4 by 4.
  - 1,650 feet siding and battens.
  - 600 feet flooring.
  - 1,300 feet oak plank.
  - 1,000 feet boards for partitions, etc.
  - 6 M. shingles.

## IS A GOOD PRACTICE.

West Virginia Experiment Station Recommend the Soaking of Corn for Hogs.

In Bulletin 59 the West Virginia experiment station reports on its experiments in soaking corn for hogs: "Nearly all of the pork which is produced in the United States is derived from corn-fed hogs, yet very few experiments have ever been performed to determine the best and most economical way of feeding corn. The following experiment was planned to determine whether soaking corn in water affects in any way its food value. Poland-China-Duroc-Jersey and Poland-China-Berkshire cross-bred pigs were used in the experiment. They were divided into two lots similar in respect to size, breed and sex. From a car load of western corn sufficient was produced for the experiment. A portion of this was ground into meal and the remaining shelled corn was soaked in water, as needed, until the grains were soft. The meal was mixed with water before being fed. No attempt was made to feed the same quantities of meal and soaked corn, but each lot was fed all that it would eat up clean.

The lot fed soaked corn consumed 2,138 pounds of corn and gained in weight 555 pounds. For 100 pounds of live weight they consequently required 385 pounds of corn. The lot fed on corn meal required 410 pounds of meal for 100 pounds gain, therefore the soaked corn produced the more economical gain, to say nothing about the extra expense of grinding the corn.

As very few experiments have ever been performed to determine the effect of soaking grain upon its digestibility, the subject requires further study. The result of our experiment indicates, however, that it is good practice.