

# THE NEBRASKA ADVERTISER

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## DO THE NEXT THING.

When Napoleon heard his soldiers talking about taking Vienna he gave them this memorable advice: "The way to take Vienna is to take Vienna."

Have you anything to do?  
Go and do it.  
Time will never wait for you  
Though you sue it.  
Shirks, like drones, will never thrive.  
Get there, man, and look alive!

"Tis a good and helpful plan,  
Only try it.  
Then, like a courageous man,  
Square life by it.  
Do the next thing now, nor say:  
"To-morrow is another day."

There's that letter, long delayed,  
Go and write it.  
That bad temper you've displayed,  
Try to fight it.  
Take back that unkind remark.  
Stab no enemy in the dark.

You'll not pass this way again  
To undo it:  
Cut your swath of ripened grain  
Ere you rue it.  
To the Master's granary bring  
Sheaves, not leaves, for harvesting!

—M. L. Rayne, in Chicago Record-Herald.



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## CHAPTER XVII.

Benton's murder was certainly the sensation of the week in Manila, for there were features connected with the case that made it still more perplexing, even mysterious.

Maj. Farquhar, who must have seen young Foster frequently at Fort Averill, had been sent to survey the harbor of Iloilo and could not be reached in time, but Dr. Frank, called in course of the day to identify the remains, long and carefully studied the calm, waxen features of the dead soldier, and said with earnest conviction:

"This is undoubtedly the young man who appeared at Col. Brent's and whom I sought to question, but who seemed to take alarm at once and, with some confused apology, backed away. He was dressed very neatly in the best white drilling sack coat and trousers as made in Manila, with a fine straw hat and white shoes and gloves, but he had a fuzzy beard all over his face then, and his manner was nervous and excitable. His eyes alone showed that he was unstrung, bodily and mentally. I set him down for a crank or some one just picking up from serious illness. The city is full of newcomers, and as yet no one knows how many strangers have recently come to town. I saw him only that once in a dim light, but am positive in this identification."

Two or three non-commissioned officers of Benton's regiment were examined. Their stories were concise and to the point. The young soldier had come with the recruits from San Francisco along late in August. He was quiet, well-mannered, attended strictly to his own business, and was eager to learn everything about his duties. They "sized him up" as a young man of education and good family who hadn't influence enough to get a commission and so had enlisted to win it. He had money, but no bad habits. He helped in the office with the regimental papers, and could have been excused from all duty and made clerk, but wouldn't be. He said he'd help whenever they wanted him, but he didn't wish to be excused from guard or drills or patrol or picket—said he wanted to learn all there was in it. Even the rough fellows in the ranks couldn't help liking him. He had a pleasant word for everybody that didn't bother him with questions. He made one or two acquaintances, but kept mostly to himself; never got any letters from America, but there were two from Hong-Kong, perhaps more. If he wrote letters himself, he posted them in town. They never went with the company mail from the cuartel. Everybody seemed to know that Benton wasn't his own name, but that was nothing. The main thing queer about him was that he got a pass whenever he could and went by himself, most generally out to Paco, where the cavalry were, yet he said he didn't know anybody there. It was out Paco way on the Calzada Herran, close to the corner of the Singalon road, the patrol picked him up with his head laid open, and he'd been flung pretty much ever since and troubled about being robbed. Seemed all right again, however, when reporting for duty, and perfectly sane and straight then.

Two very bright young soldiers, Clarke and Hunter, were called in for their statements. They, too, had enlisted in a spirit of patriotism and desire for adventure; never knew Benton till the voyage was nearly over, then they seemed to drift together, as it were, and kept up their friendship after reaching Manila.

Benton was not his real name, and he was not a graduate of any American college. He had been educated abroad and spoke French and German. No, they did not know what university he attended. He was frank and pleasant so long as nobody tried to probe into his past; never heard him mention Lieut. Stuyvesant. All three of them, Benton, Clarke and Hunter, had observed that young officer during the month as he drove by barracks, sometimes with the general, sometimes alone, but they did not know his name, and nothing indicated that Benton had any feeling against him or that he had seen him. They admitted having conveyed the idea to comrades that they knew more about Benton than they would tell, but it was a "bluff." Everybody was full of speculation and curiosity, and—well, just for the fun of the thing, they "let on," as they said, that they were in his confidence, but they weren't, leastwise to any extent. They knew he had money, knew he went off by himself, and warned him to keep a lookout or he'd be held up and robbed some night.

The only thing of any importance they had to tell was that one day, just before his misfortune, Benton was on guard and posted as sentry over the big Krupps in the Spanish battery at the west end of the Calle San Luis. Clarke and Hunter had a kodak between them and a consuming desire to photograph those guns. The sentries previously posted there refused to let them come upon the parapet—said it was "against orders." Benton said that unless positive orders were given to him to that effect, he would not interfere. So they got a pass on the same day and Benton easily got that pass—men didn't usually want it, it was such a bother—but, unluckily, with the post Benton got the very orders they dreaded. So when they would have made the attempt he had to say no. They came away crestfallen, and stumbled on two sailor-looking men who, from the shelter of a heavy stone revetment wall, were peering with odd excitement of manner at Benton, who was again marching up and down his narrow post, a very soldierly figure.

"That young feller drove you back, did he?" inquired one of them, a burly, thick-set, hulking man of middle height. "Puttin' on considerable airs, ain't he? What's he belong to?"

"—th infantry," answered Clarke, shortly, not liking the stranger's looks, words or manner, and then pushed on; but the stranger followed, out of sight of the sentry now, and wanted to continue the conversation.

"Sure he ain't in the cavalry?" asked the same man.

"Cocksure!" was the blunt reply.

"What's it to you, anyhow?"

"Oh, nothin'; thought I'd seen him before. Know his name?"

"Name's Benton, far as I know. Come on, Hunter," said Clarke, obviously unwilling to stay longer in such society, and little more was thought of it for the time being; but now the provost-marshal's assistant wished further particulars. Was there anything unusual about the questioner's teeth? And a hundred men looked up in surprise and suddenly reared interest.

"Yes, sir," said Clarke, "one tooth was missing, upper jaw, next the big eye-tooth," and as the witness stood down the general and the questioning officer beamed on each other and smiled.

An adjournment was necessitated during the early afternoon. Lieut. Ray's statement was desired, also that of Private Connelly, of the artillery, and an effort had been made through the officers of the cavalry at Paco to find some of the recruits who were of the detachment now quite frequently referred to in that command as "the singed cats." But it transpired that most of them had been assigned to troops of their regiment not yet sent to Manila, only half the regiment being on duty—foot duty at that—in the Philippines. The only man among them who had traveled with Foster from Denver as far as Sacramento was the young recruit, Mellen. He was on outpost, but would be relieved and sent to Ermita as quickly as possible.

Connelly, said the surgeon at the Cuartel de Meysic, was too ill to be sent thither, unless on a matter of vital importance, and Sandy Ray, hastening from Maidie's bedside in response to a summons, was met by the tidings that a recess had been ordered, and that he would be sent for again when needed.

It was after three that witnesses of consequence came up for examination. Dr. Brick had got the floor and was pleading for post-mortem at once. In this climate and under such conditions decomposition would be so rapid, said he, that "by to-morrow his own mother couldn't recognize him." But the provost-marshal drawled that he didn't see that further mutilation would promote the possibility of recognition, and Brick was set aside.

It was a quarter to four when young Mellen was bidden to tell whether he knew, and what he knew of, the deceased, and all men hushed their very breath as the lad was conducted to the blanket-shrouded form under the overhanging gallery

in the open patio. The Hospital steward slowly turned down the coverlet, and Mellen, well-nigh as pallid as the corpse, was bidden to look. Look he did, long and earnestly. The little weights that some one had placed on the eyelids were lifted; the soft hair had been neatly brushed; the lips were gently closed; the delicate, clear-cut features wore an expression of infinite peace and rest; and Mellen slowly turned and, facing the official group at the neighboring table, nodded.

"You think you recognize the deceased?" came the question. "If so, what was his name?"

"I think so, yes, sir. It's Foster—at least, that's what I heard it was."

"Had you ever known him?—to speak to?"

"He was in the same detachment on the train. Don't know as I ever spoke to him, sir," was the answer.

"But you think you know him by sight? Where did you first notice him?"

"Think it was Ogden, sir. I didn't pay much attention before that. A man called Murray knew him and got some money from him. That's how I came to notice him. The rest of us hadn't any to speak of."

"Ever see him again to speak to or to notice particularly after you left Ogden? Did he sit near you?" was the somewhat caustic query.

"No, sir, only just that once."

"But you are sure this is the man you saw at Ogden?"

Mellen turned uneasily, unhappily, and looked again into the still and placid face. That meeting was on a glaring day in June. This was a clouded afternoon in late October and nearly five months had slipped away. Yet he had heard the solemn story of the murder and had never, up to now, imagined there could be a doubt. In mute patience the sleeping face seemed appealing to him to speak for it, to own it, to stand between it and the possibility of its being buried friendless, unrecognized.

"It's—it's him or his twin brother, sir," said Mellen.

"One question more. Had you heard before you came here who was killed?"

"Yes, sir. They said it was Foster." And now, with pencils swiftly plying, several young civilians were edging to the door.

James Farnham was called, and a sturdy young man, with keen, weather-beaten face, stepped into the little open space before the table. Three fingers were gone from the hand he instinctively held up, as though expecting to be sworn. His testimony was decidedly a disappointment. Farnham said that he was brakeman of that squad of recruits anywhere, but this one—well, he remembered talking to one man at Ogden, a tall, fine-looking young feller something very like this one. This might have been he or it might not. He couldn't even be sure that this was one of the party. He really didn't know. But there was a chap called Murray that he'd remember easy enough anywhere.

It was utterly unnecessary, said certain bystanders, to question any more members of the guard, but the provost-marshal did, and not until 4:30 did he deign to send for the most important witness of all, the brother of the young girl to whom the deceased had been so devotedly attached. They had not long to wait, for Sandy Ray happened to be almost at the door.

The throng seemed to take another long breath, and then to hold it as, the few preliminaries answered, Mr. Ray was bidden to look at the face of the deceased. Pale, composed, yet with infinite sadness of mien, the young officer, campaign hat in hand, stepped over to the trestle, and the steward again slowly withdrew the light covering, again exposing that placid face.

The afternoon sunshine was waning. The bright glare of the mid-day hours had given place within the inclosure to the softer, almost shadowy light of early eve. Ray had but just come in from the street without where the slanting sunbeams bursting through the clouds beat hot upon the dazzling walls, and his eyes had not yet become accustomed to the change. Reverently, pityingly, he bent and looked upon the features of the dead. An expression, first of incredulity, then of surprise, shot over his face.

He closed his eyes as though to give them strength for sterner test, and then, bending lower, once more looked; carefully studied the forehead, eyebrows, lashes, mouth, nose and hair, then, straightening up, he slowly faced the waiting room and said:

"I never set eyes on this man in my life before to-day."

## CHAPTER XVIII.

To say that Mr. Ray's abrupt announcement was a surprise to the dense throng of listeners is putting it mildly. To say that it was received with incredulity by part of the soldiery, and concern, if not keen apprehension, by old friends of Sandy's father who were present, is but a faint description of the effect of the lad's emphatic statement.

To nine out of ten among the assem-

bly the young officer was a total stranger. To more than nine out of ten the identification of the dead as Walter Foster, Maidie Ray's luckless lover, was already complete, and many men who have made up their minds are incensed at those who dare to differ from them.

True, Mr. Stuyvesant had said that the sentry, No. 6, did not remind him except in stature, form, and possibly in features, of the recruit he knew as Foster on the train. He did not speak like him. But, when closely questioned by the legal adviser of the provost-marshal's department, the officer who conducted most of the examination with much of the manner of a prosecuting attorney, Mr. Stuyvesant admitted that he had only seen Foster once to speak to, and that was at night in the dim light of the Sacramento station on what might be called the off-side of the train, where the shadows were heavy, and while the face of the young soldier was partially covered with a bandage. Yet Vinton attached importance to his aide-de-camp's opinion, and when Ray came out flat-footed, as it were, in support of Stuyvesant's views, the general was visibly gratified.

But, except for these very few, Ray had spoken to unbelieving ears. Sternly the military lawyer took him in hand and began to probe. No need to enter into details. In ten minutes the indignant young gentleman, who never in his life had told a lie, found himself the target of ten scores of hostile eyes, some wrathful, some scornful, some contemptuous, some insolent, some only derisive, but all, save those of a few silently observant officers, threatening or at least inimical.

Claiming first that he knew Walter Foster well (and, indeed, it seemed to him he did, for his mother's letters to the Big Horn ranch had much to say of Maidie's civilian admirer, though Maidie herself could rarely be induced to speak of him), Ray was forced to admit that he had met him only twice or three during a brief and hurried visit to Fort Averill to see his loved ones before they moved to Fort Leavenworth, and then he owned he paid but little attention to the sighing swain. Questioned as to his opportunities of studying and observing Foster, Sandy had been constrained to say that he hadn't observed him closely at all. He "didn't want to—exactly." They first met, it seems, in saddle. The winter weather was glorious at Averill. They had a fine pack of hounds; coursing for jack rabbit was their favorite sport, and, despite the fact that Foster had a beautiful and speedy horse, "his seat was so poor and his hand so jerky he never managed to get up to the front," said Sandy.

It was not brought out in evidence, but the fact was that Sandy could never be got to look on Foster with the faintest favor as a suitor for his sister's hand. A fellow who could neither ride, shoot nor spar—whose accomplishments were solely of the carpet and perhaps the tennis court—the boy had no use for. He and Maidie rode as though born to the saddle. He had seen Foster in an English riding suit and English saddle and an attempt at the English seat, but decidedly without the deft English hand on his fretting hunter's mouth the one day that they appeared in the field together, and the sight was too much for Sandy. That night at dinner, and the later dance, Foster's perfection of dress and manner only partially redeemed him in Sandy's eyes, and—well—really, that was about all he had ever seen of Foster.

Questioned as to his recollection of Foster's features, stature, etc., Sandy did his best, and only succeeded in portraying the deceased almost to the life. Except, he said, Foster had long, thick, curving eyelashes, and "this man hasn't"—but it was remembered that brows and lashes both were singed off in the fire, so that point failed. Questioned as to whether he realized that his description tallied closely with the appearance of the deceased, Sandy said that that all might be, but still "this isn't Foster." Questioned as to whether, if the deceased were again to have the color and action—the life that Foster had a year ago—might not the resemblance to Foster be complete?—Sandy simply "couldn't tell."

[To Be Continued.]

## A Voice from the Dead.

The story of a law case with strangely dramatic adjuncts comes from Russia. One of the wealthiest landowners near Smolensk died not long ago, and after the funeral his heirs looked vainly for the will, but without success. A few days later a young man, seeing a graphophone on the table in the library, put into it a record which he supposed was that of a popular Russian song. To his amazement and terror, instead of a song he heard the dead man's voice recite the words of the missing will. The heirs were notified of the discovery, lawyers were summoned, and they lost no time in examining the record containing the will. It was found to be flawless, and the question then arose whether a will left on a graphophone cylinder would be deemed valid by the courts. This question is now before the supreme court at St. Petersburg.—Youth's Companion.

## CAN'T OWN THEM ALL.

The Morgan-Hill Syndicate Told That It Must Not Wipe Out Railway Competition in This Country.

Washington, Nov. 25.—It is known by government officials that the Northern Securities company owning all the stocks in the Northern Pacific, Union Pacific and Chicago, Burlington & Quincy railroads is only the beginning of the scheme which J. P. Morgan and James H. Hill have in mind. Morgan's ambition is to control the transportation lines of this country, not only the railroads but the steamship lines. Those who have talked with Morgan say that he regards himself as a benefactor in trying to rescue the railroad properties of the country from ruinous competition, and that he believes such a consolidation of railroad stock will be beneficial to the whole country.

A close friend of President Roosevelt, who discussed the question with Morgan, pointed out to him that he was taking the greatest step that had ever been made toward government control of railroads. "You may be sincere, Morgan," said this gentleman, "and you might succeed if you were God. But no human agency, except the government of the United States, will ever be allowed to own and control the railroads of the United States. There are just two alternatives to this question of transportation—competition or government control. When the people are convinced or have good grounds to suspect that railroad competition is ended, they will insist on government control. You are on most dangerous grounds, and if you go forward in this gigantic scheme you will precipitate the greatest political question of the age, and bring the federal government face to face with the necessity of government control."

## SURPRISED INSURGENTS.

Sergt. McMahon and 20 Men Climb a Precipice on Bohol Island and Rout the Enemy.

Manila, Nov. 25.—Capt. Edward P. Lawton's company of the Nineteenth infantry has attacked and captured an insurgent fort on Bohol island, south of Cebu, in the Vizayan group. This fort was surrounded on all sides by a precipice and the only entrance to the higher ground was guarded by a stockade with a line of entrenchments behind it. Capt. Lawton sent Sergt. McMahon and 20 men to climb the precipice and attack the fort in the rear. Sergt. McMahon's party accomplished their task after three hours' climbing through the thick undergrowth of brush and vines that covered the almost perpendicular cliff. They took the enemy by surprise and drove them from the fort. As the insurgents escaped they had to pass the remainder of Capt. Lawton's company at a distance of 150 yards. Here the enemy suffered terrible losses. The insurgents defended themselves with both cannon and rifles. The cannon were captured, the smaller ones were removed, while the larger ones were buried. Capt. Lawton, in his report, makes special mention for bravery of Sergts. List and McMahon.

The local steamer Alerta, with 200 passengers, including some discharged soldiers from Olongapo, Subig bay, to Manila, is believed to have been lost.

## WENT TO THEIR DEATHS.

Eight Officials Who Entered a West Virginia Mine to Inspect It Never Came Back.

Bluefields, W. Va., Nov. 24.—Superintendent Walter O'Malley, of the Pocahontas collieries company, along with the state mine inspector, William Priest; A. S. Hurst, chief coal inspector for the Castnor, Curran & Bullitt company, of Philadelphia; Robert St. Clair, chief coal inspector; Morris St. Clair and William Oldham, sub-coal inspectors; Frazier G. Bell, mining engineer, and Joseph Vardwell, manager of the Shamokin Coal & Coke company, entered the collieries to examine the true situation in regard to the recent explosion and fire in the Baby mine. They have not been heard from.

## STOLE FROM MERCHANTS.

Arrest of Prominent Family at Pittsburg, Kan., Creates a Sensation and Uncovers Numerous Thefts.

Pittsburg, Kan., Nov. 25.—George Lane, his wife, 14-year-old daughter and 18-year-old adopted son were arrested by the police and placed in jail on the charge of robbery. During the past year nearly every store in Pittsburg had been robbed, and the police were baffled. The arrest of the boy in a store and his confession unraveled the mystery.

Reginald Vanderbilt to Marry.

New York, Nov. 25.—Reginald Vanderbilt, fourth son of the late Cornelius Vanderbilt, will wed Miss Kathleen Neilson, a New York belle of remarkable beauty, who is yet in her teens. Reginald Vanderbilt is a student at Yale.