

# THE NEBRASKA ADVERTISER

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## THE PATH AND THE STREAM.

A gusty, dusty, frosty day,  
With copper sun in sky of gray;  
A pathway stretching far away  
Through fields of withered clover;  
"Neath leafless boughs by soughing pines,  
And hedgerows strung with naked vines,  
Where sparrow chirps and blue jay whines  
And noisy crows fly over.

Beside the stream, whose placid flow  
As noiseless seems as falling snow,  
Yet fretful o'er its sands below,  
It cleaves the barren wood;  
By mossy banks, through marsh and fen,  
It litters in the bosky glen,  
Then rushing down its course again,  
In ever chagrelful mood.

Despite its wayward mood and course,  
The pathway constant from its source,  
Comradis for better or for worse,  
They meet the ocean's tide;  
Like true hearts, joined by friendship's  
chains,  
And soul-knit by its joys and pains,  
Inseparable while life remains,  
Though death may sever wide.  
—C. H. Doing, in Washington Star.

## My Strangest Case

BY GUY BOOTHBY.

Author of "Dr. Kikola," "The Beautiful White Devil," "Pharos, The Egyptian," Etc.

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### PART II.—CONTINUED.

Leaving the jungle behind them, they found themselves face to face with a curious stone bridge, spanning the lake or moat which surrounded the city, and in which the lotus flower bloomed luxuriantly. When they had crossed the bridge, they stood in the precincts of the city itself. On either hand rose the ruins in all their solitary grandeur—palaces, temples, market places, and houses in endless confusion; while, at the end of the bridge, and running to right and left as far as the eye could reach, was a high wall, constructed of large stones, each one of which would have required the efforts of at least four men to lift it. These, with a few exceptions, were in an excellent state of preservation. Passing through the massive gateway the travelers found themselves in an open square, out of which streets branched off to the right and left, while the jungle thrust in its inquisitive nose on every possible occasion. The silence was so impressive that the men found themselves speaking in whispers. Not a sound was to be heard save the fluttering of birds' wings among the trees, and the obscene chattering of the monkeys among the leaves. From the first great square the street began gradually to ascend; then another moat was crossed, and the second portion of the city was reached. Here the buildings were larger, and the sculpture upon the walls more impressive even than before. In the narrower streets creepers trailed from side to side, almost shutting out the light, and adding a twilight effect to the already sufficiently mysterious rooms and courtyards to be seen within.

"This is by no means the most cheerful sort of place," said Hayle to Kitwater, as they passed down a paved street side by side. "Where do you expect to find the great temple and the courtyard of the Three Elephants' Heads?"

"Straight on," said little Codd, who was behind, and had been comparing the route they were following with the plan he held in his hand.

As he spoke they entered another square, and saw before them a mighty



"BY THE GREAT POKER, WE'VE GOT IT AT LAST," CRIED KITWATER.

flight of steps, worn into grooves in places by the thousands of feet that had ascended and descended them in days gone by. At the top was a sculptured gateway, finer than anything either of them had ever seen, and this they presently entered. Above them, clear of the trees, and towering up into the blue, were the multitudinous domes and spires of the king's palace, to which the gateway above the steps

was the principal entrance. Some of the spires were broken, some were covered with creepers, others were mutilated by time and by stress of weather, but the general effect was grand in the extreme. From courtyard to courtyard they wandered, but without finding the particular place of which they were in search. It was more difficult to discover than they had expected; indeed, they had walked many miles through deserted streets, and the afternoon was well advanced before a hail from Codd, who had gone on ahead of them, informed them that at last some sort of success had crowned their efforts. When they came up with him they found themselves in a courtyard somewhat larger than those they had previously explored, the four corners of which were decorated with three united elephants' heads.

"By the great poker, we've got it at last," cried Kitwater, in a voice that echoed and reechoed through the silent halls.

"And about time, too," cried Hayle, upon whom the place was exercising a most curious effect. "If you've found it, show us your precious treasure chamber."

"All in good time, my friend, all in good time," said Kitwater. "Things have gone so smoothly with us hitherto that we must look for a little setback before we've done."

"We don't want any setbacks," said Hayle. "What we want are the rubies as big as pigeon's eggs, the sapphires and gold, and then to get back to civilization as quick as may be. That's what's the matter with me."

As I have already observed, the courtyard in which they were standing was considerably larger than any they had yet entered. Like the others, however, it had fallen sadly to decay. The jungle had crept in at all points, and gorgeous creepers had wreathed themselves round the necks of the statues above the gateway.

"I don't see any sign of steps," said Hayle, when they had examined the place in silence for some minutes. "I thought you said a flight of stone steps led up to where the king's throne was placed?"

"Codd certainly read it so," Kitwater answered, looking about him as if he did not quite realize the situation. "And how are we to know that there are not some steps here? They may be hidden. What do you think, little man?"

He turned to Codd, who was looking about him with eyes in which a curious light was shining.

"Steps must be somewhere," the latter replied. "We've got to find them—but not to-night. Sun going down. Too late."

This was undoubtedly true, and so, without more ado, but none the less reluctantly, the three travelers retraced their steps to their camp upon the hillside. Hayle was certainly not in a good temper. The monotony of the long journey from civilization had proved too much for him, and he was ready to take offense at anything. Fortunately, however, Kitwater was not of the same way of thinking, otherwise there would probably have been trouble between them.

Next morning they were up and had breakfasted before the sun was in the sky. Their meal at an end, they picked up their arms and tools, bade their servants have a care of the camp, and then set off on their quest once more. There was a perceptible change, however, in their demeanors. A nervous excitement had taken possession of them, and it affected each man in a different manner. Kitwater was suspicious, Hayle was morose, while little Codd repeatedly puckered up his mouth as if he were about to whistle, but no sound ever came from it. The sky overhead was emerald blue, the air was full of the sweetest perfumes, while birds of the most gorgeous plumage flew continually across their path. They had no regard, however, for nature's beauties. The craving for wealth was in their hearts, rendering them blind to everything else. They crossed the stone bridge, passed through the outer portion of the city, proceeded over the second moat, and at last, with the familiarity of old friends, made their way up the steps towards the courtyard of the king's palace.

"Now, my friends, listen to me," said Kitwater, as he spoke throwing down the tools he had been carrying, "what we have to do is to thoroughly sound the whole of this courtyard, inch by inch and stone by stone. We can't be wrong, for that is the courtyard of the Three Elephants' Heads, there can be no doubt. You take the right-hand side," he went on, addressing Hayle; "you, Codd, must take the left. I'll try the middle. If we don't hit it to-day we'll do so to-morrow, or the next day, or the day after that. This is the place we were told about, and if the treasure is to be found anywhere, it will be here. For that reason we've got to set about the search as soon as possible! Now to work!"

Using the iron bars they had brought with them for the purpose, they began their task, bumping the iron down upon each individual stone in the hope of eliciting the hollow sound that was to reveal the presence of the treasure chamber. With the regularity of automatons they paraded up and down the walled inclosure without speaking, until they had thoroughly tested every single stone; no sort of success, however, rewarded their endeavors.

"I expected as much," said Hayle,

angrily, as he threw down the bar. "You've been humbugged, and our journey is all undertaken for nothing. I was a fool ever to have listened to your nonsensical yarn. I might have known it would have come to nothing. It's not the first time I've been treasure hunting, but I'll swear it shall be the last. I've had enough of these fooleries."

A dangerous light was gathering in Kitwater's eyes. He moreover drew the iron bar as if in anticipation of trouble, and placed his fists defiantly on his hips.

"If you're going to talk like that, my boy," he began, with never a quaver in his voice, "it's best for us to understand each other straight off. Once and for all, let me tell you that I'll have none of your bounce. Whether or not this business is destined to come to anything, you may rely upon one thing, and that is the fact that I did my best to do you a good turn by allowing you to come into it. There's another thing that calls for comment, and you can deny it if you will. It's a fact that you've been grumbling and growling ever since we left Rangoon, and have made difficulties innumerable where you needn't have done so, and now, because you think the affair is going to turn out badly, you round upon me as if it were all a put-up job on my part to rook you of your money. It's not the thing, Hayle, and I don't mind saying that I resent it."

"You may resent it or not, as you darned well please," said Hayle doggedly, biting at the butt of his cigar as he spoke. "It don't matter a curse to me; you don't mean to tell me you think I'm fool enough to stand by and see myself—"

At that moment Codd, who had been away investigating on his own account, and had no idea of the others' quarrel, gave a shout of delight. He was at the further end of the courtyard, at a spot where a dense mass of creeper had fallen, and now lay trailing upon the stones. The effect upon his companions was instantaneous. They abandoned their quarrel without another word, and picking up their crowbars hastened to the spot where he was waiting for them.

"What have you found, little man?" inquired Kitwater, as he approached. Mr. Codd, however, said nothing in reply, but beat with his bar upon the stone beneath him. There could be little or no doubt about the hollow sound that rewarded his endeavors.

"We've got it," cried Kitwater. "Bring the pickaxe, Hayle, and we'll

soon see what is underneath this precious stone. We may be at the heart of the mystery for all we know."

In less time than it takes to tell, Hayle had complied with the other's request, and was hard at work picking out the earth which held the enormous flagstone in its place. A state of mad excitement had taken hold of the men, and the veins stood out like whipcord upon Hayle's forehead. It was difficult to say how many feet separated them from the treasure that was to make them lords of all the earth. At last the stone showed signs of moving, and it was possible for Kitwater to insert his bar beneath one corner. He did so, pried it up, and leaned upon it with all his weight. It showed no sign of moving, however. The seal of Time was set upon it, and it was not to be lightly disturbed.

"Push your bar in here alongside of mine, Codd," said Kitwater at last. "I fancy we shall get it then."

The little man did as he was directed, Kitwater and Hayle seconded his efforts on the other side, and then, under the strain of their united exertions, the stone began to move slowly from its place. Little by little they raised it, putting all the strength they possessed into the operation, until at last, with one great effort they hurled it backwards, and it fell with a crash upon the pavement behind them, revealing a dark, narrow hole, the bottom of which it was impossible to see.

"Now, then, Gideon, my worthy friend, what have you got to say about the business?" asked Kitwater, as he wiped the perspiration from his brow. "You pretended to doubt my



"NOW, THEN, GIDEON, MY WORTHY FRIEND, WHAT HAVE YOU GOT TO SAY ABOUT THE BUSINESS?"

story. Was there anything in the old Frenchman's yarn after all? Were we wasting our time upon a fool's errand when we set off to explore Sengkor-Wat?"

Hayle looked at him somewhat sheepishly. "No, no," he said, "I am willing to admit that so far you have won the trick. Let me down easily if you can. I can neither pass nor follow suit. I am right out of my reckoning. Now what do you propose to do?"

"Get one of those torches we brought with us, and find out what there is in that hole," Kitwater answered.

They waited while the latter went back to the camp, and when he reappeared, and had lighted the torch, they prepared to follow him down the steps into the mysterious depths below. The former, they soon discovered, were as solidly built as the rest of the palace, and were about 30 in number. They were, moreover, wet and slimy, and so narrow that it was only possible for one man to descend them at once. When they reached the bottom they found themselves standing in a narrow passage, the walls of which were composed of solid stone, in many places finely carved. The air was close, and from the fact that now and again bats dashed past them into the deeper darkness, they argued that there must be some way of communicating with the open air at the further end.

"This is just what the Frenchman told me," said Kitwater, and his voice echoed away along the passage like distant thunder. "He said we should find a narrow corridor at the foot of the steps, and then the treasure chamber at the further end. So far it looks all right. Let us move on, my friends."

There was no need for him to issue such an invitation. They were more than eager to follow him.

Leaving the first room, or antechamber, as it might more properly be called, they continued their way along the narrow passage which led from it. The air was growing perceptibly closer every moment, while the light of the torch reflected the walls on either side. Hayle wondered for a moment as he followed his leader what would happen to them if the Chinese, of whom the old Frenchman had spoken to Kitwater, should discover their presence in the ruins, and should replace the stone upon the hole. In that case the treasure would prove of small value to them, for they would be buried alive. He did not allow his mind, however, to dwell very long upon this subject, for Kitwater, who was pushing on ahead with the torch, had left the passage and was standing in a large and apparently well vaulted chamber. Handsomely carved pillars supported the roof, the floor was well paved, while on either side there were receptacles, not unlike the niches in the Roman catacombs, though for what purpose they were intended was not at first glance so easy to determine. With hearts that beat tumultuously in their breasts, they hastened to one of them to see what it contained. The niche in question was filled with strange looking vessels, some like bowls, and others not unlike crucibles. The men almost clambered over each other in their excitement to see what they contained. It was as if their whole existence depended upon it; they could scarcely breathe for excitement. Every moment's delay was unspeakable agony. At last, however, the coverings were withdrawn and the contents of the receptacles stood revealed. Two were filled with uncut gems, rubies and sapphires, others contained bar gold, and yet more contained gems, to which it was scarcely possible in such a light to assign a name. One thing at least was certain. So vast was the treasure that the three men stood tongue-tied with amazement at their good fortune. In their wildest dreams they had never imagined such luck, and now that this vast treasure lay at their finger-ends, to be handled, to be made sure of, they were unable to realize the extent of their future happiness. Hayle dived his hands into a bowl of uncut rubies, and having collected as many as he could hold in each fist, turned to his companions.

"Look here," he cried, "it's the Bank of England in each hand."

His voice ended in a choke. Then Kitwater took up the tale.

"I must get out of this or I shall go mad," he muttered, hoarsely. "Come, let us go back to the light. If I don't I shall die."

[To Be Continued.]

Snubbing a Would-Be M. P.  
An English firm of solicitors, who recently wrote to the president of the University of Idaho offering to purchase an LL. D. degree for a young client who was thinking of entering parliament, received the following very caustic reply: "The principal whom you represent has disgraced his nationality, the bar and himself. I hope that when he attempts to enter parliament he will learn that a cad's ambitions, unless carefully limited, are unrealizable."—Literature.

Shrewd Domestic.  
Mistress—Did you tell the lady I was out?  
Domestic—Yes, ma'am.  
"What did she say?"  
"She said she would call again to-morrow morning, ma'am."

"What did you say?"  
"I told her it wouldn't be any use because you would be out for sure then."—Ohio State Journal.

## THE WORK OF CONGRESS.

Many Bills of Far-Reaching Importance Enacted—Appropriations Will Aggregate Nearly \$1,000,000,000.

Washington, June 30.—The work of congress is now practically closed, so that it is possible to sum up the record of what has been accomplished during the past seven months, which constitute the first session of the Fifty-seventh congress. With the exception of the Cuban reciprocity bill, most of the larger subjects of general legislation have been enacted as laws or will become such before the session closes. Notable among these larger measures is the isthmian canal bill, which consummates the efforts of a half century to link together the waters of the Atlantic and Pacific. The Philippine civil government bill is another measure of far-reaching importance extending to our remote Pacific possessions a system of international government together with coinage, currency, banking, corporation, timber and homestead laws. Among the other important general laws are those repealing the war revenue taxes; extending and making more effective the Chinese exclusion laws; establishing a tariff for good to and from the Philippines; extending the charter of national banks for 20 years; establishing a permanent census office; restricting the sale of oleomargarine by placing a high tax on imitation butter; providing a consular and diplomatic service for China; establishing an extensive system by which the government will aid in the irrigation of the arid sections of the west.

The amount of appropriations for the session will almost, if not quite, come up to the billion dollar mark.

KANSAS' BONDED DEBT.  
A Total of \$632,000 Is Practically All Owned by the Permanent School Fund of the State.

Topeka, Kan., June 30.—George E. Cole, auditor of state, is preparing one bond of \$150,000 to take up 150 \$1,000 state bonds which will become due July 1, 1902. This bond is to be dated July 1, 1902, and it will mature July 1, 1911, with interest at the rate of four per cent. This is in compliance with an act of the legislature of 1901. The total bonded debt of the state is \$632,000, and all of it is owned by the permanent school fund, with the exception of \$9,000, which is owned by the state university fund.

TIME FOR REJOICING.  
King Edward's Physicians Declare the Patient's Condition "Entirely Satisfactory."

London, June 30.—King Edward's physicians announced at 10:20 last night that the royal patient's progress was entirely satisfactory.

Lord Cranborne authorizes the following statement: "The king is rapidly getting better and the moment, therefore, seems most appropriate for public rejoicing. As chairman of the bonfires committees, I suggest that bonfires throughout the country be lighted to-night."

Brave Officer Killed.  
At Kansas City Abe Emerson, a Negro Ex-Convict, Shot to Death Police Sergt. Frank McNamara.

Kansas City, Mo., June 30.—Sergt. Frank McNamara, one of the oldest members of the Kansas City police department, was shot and almost instantly killed at eight o'clock Saturday night by Abe Emerson, alias "Rue," a negro ex-convict, whom he was trying to arrest. After he had received his death wound Sergt. McNamara shot the negro through the body and fell back dead. Emerson will die.

Manufacture of Pens and Pencils.  
Washington, June 29.—The census bureau issued a report on the manufacture of pens and pencils in the United States for 1900. It shows that a total of \$3,671,741 was invested in this manufacture in the 55 establishments reporting for the United States. The value of the products is returned at \$4,222,148.

Drought Broken in Colorado.  
Denver, Col., June 30.—The drought, which threatened to be the most severe that Colorado has known for years, has been broken by a rain as general in extent as it was copious in quantity. The storm was in places accompanied by hail, which did much damage.

Heavy Rain in Eastern Nebraska.  
Lincoln, Neb., June 30.—Eastern Nebraska has had four days of almost continuous rainfall, flooding cornfields and delaying the harvesting of small grain. Some damage has been done to wheat in the shock. Country roads are almost impassable.

Next Convention at Jerusalem.  
Denver, Col., June 30.—Toronto having been selected as the meeting place of the next triennial convention of the International Sunday School association in 1905, the world-wide convention in 1904 will be held at Jerusalem.