

THE NEBRASKA ADVERTISER

W. W. SANDERS, Publisher.

NEMAHA, - - - NEBRASKA.

DO YOU REMEMBER, JOE?

Oh, do you remember—do you remember, Joe.
How we used to go to grandpa's two score years ago?
How dear old grandma kissed us, though we tried to squirm away?
How we raced down to the meadows where the men were making hay (Grandpa the best among them, spite of his silver hairs)?
How we rode home on the fragrant load as hungry as two bears?
Oh, do you remember—do you remember, Joe.
Dear grandma's light cream biscuits (yes, 'twas forty years ago).
An' a Frenchman now is living in the old ancestral home.
An' the butter from the spring house, an' the honey in the comb,
An' the cookies (all we wanted—'twas at grandma's house, you know)?
Have we ever had enough since then of life's rare sweets, dear Joe?
An', oh, do you remember—from all the rest aloof—
The little garret bedroom underneath the roof,
Where, up the stairs a-climbing, spite o' fat and rheumatis',
Dear grandma came to pat our heads and give a good-night kiss?
It didn't seem five minutes from the time we dropped off, Joe.
Till we heard the hired man in the yard a-hollerin': "Hello!"
Sometimes I think we shall wake up from a deeper sleep, dear Joe.
An' see them all a-crowding round, an' hear them call: "Hello!"
For I believe they love us now as in the dear old home.
An' that they talk about us, Joe, an' long for us to come;
An' if goodness counts for honor, where they are now, dear Joe—
Grandpa an' grandma will be found up in the highest row!
—Mary F. Butts, in Farm and Home.

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.

Without more ado, like men who were drunk with the finest wines, they followed him along the passage and up the steps into the open air. They were just in time to see the sun setting blood-red behind the jungle. His beauty, however, had no effect upon them. In all probability they were regardless of him altogether, for with almost simultaneous sighs of relief they threw themselves down upon the flag-stones of the courtyard, and set to work, with feverish earnestness, to overhaul the booty they had procured. All three were good judges of stones, and a very brief examination was sufficient, even in the feeble evening light, to enable them to see that they were not only gems of the first water, but also stones of such size as is seldom seen in these unregenerate days.

"It's the biggest scoop on earth," said Hayle, unconsciously echoing the expression Kitwater had used to him in Singapore. "What's better, there are hundreds more like them down below. I'll tell you what it is, my friends, we're just the richest men on this earth at the present moment, and don't you forget it!"

In his excitement he shook hands wildly with his companions. His ill-humor had vanished like breath off a razor, and now he was on the best of terms not only with himself, but also with the world in general.

"If I know anything about stones there are at least £100,000 worth in this little parcel," he said, enthusiastically, "and, what is more, there is a million or perhaps two millions to be had for the trouble of looking for them. What do you say if we go below again?"

"Not Not!" said Kitwater, "it's too late. We'd better be getting back to the camp as soon as may be."

"Very well," Hayle replied, reluctantly.

They accordingly picked up their iron bars and replaced the stone that covered the entrance to the subterranean passage.

"I don't like leaving it," said Hayle, "it don't seem to me to be safe, somehow. Think what there is down there. Doesn't it strike you that it would be better to fill our pockets while we're the chance? Who knows what might happen before we can come again?"

"Nonsense," said Kitwater. "Who do you think is going to rob us of it? What's the use of worrying about it? In the morning we'll come back and fill our bags, and then clear out of the place for civilization as if the devil and all were after us. Just think, my lads, what there will be to divide."

"A million apiece, at least," said Hayle rapturously, and then in an awed voice he added, as if he were discomfited by his own significance, "I never thought to be worth a quarter of that. Somehow it doesn't seem as if it can be real."

"It's quite real," said Mr. Codd, as he sprinkled some dry dust round the

crack of the stone to give it an appearance of not having been disturbed. "There's no doubt of it."

When he had finished they picked up their tools and set off on their return journey to the camp. The sun had disappeared behind the jungle when they left the courtyard of the Three Elephants' Heads and ascended the stone steps towards the inner moat. They crossed the bridge, and entered the outer city in silence. The place was very dreary at that hour of the day, and to Codd, who was of an imaginative turn of mind, it seemed as if faces out of the long deserted past were watching him from every house. His companions, however, were scarcely so impressionable. They were gloating over the treasure they had won for themselves, and one, at least, was speculating as to how he should spend his share. Suddenly Hayle, who was looking down a side street, uttered an exclamation of surprise.

"Did you see that?" he inquired of Kitwater. Then, without waiting for a reply, he dived into the nearest ruin and disappeared from view.

"What on earth is the matter with him?" inquired Kitwater of Codd. "Has he gone mad?"

Codd only shook his head. Hayle's doings were more often than not an enigma to him. Presently, however, the runaway made his appearance before them. His face was flushed and he breathed heavily. Apparently he had been running, and for some distance.

"Don't you see him?" he inquired of his companions, in some surprise.

"See who?" asked Kitwater, with elevated eyebrows. "Who do you think you saw?"

"A man," Hayle replied. "I am ready to take my oath I saw him cross that narrow street back yonder."

"Was it one of our own men, do you think?" said Codd, referring to the two Burmen they had brought with them.

"Not a bit of it," Hayle replied. "I tell you, Kitwater, I am as sure as I am of anything that the man I saw was a Chinaman."

"Gammon," said Kitwater. "There isn't a Chinaman within 50 miles of the ruins. You are unduly excited. You'll be seeing a regiment of Scott's guards presently if you are not careful."

"I don't care what you say, it was a man I saw," the other answered.

"Good Heavens! won't you believe me when I say that I saw his pigtail?"

"Believe you, of course, I will," replied Kitwater, good-humoredly. "It's a pity you didn't catch hold of him by it, however. No, no, Gid, you take my word for it, there are no Chinamen about here. What do you think, Codd?"

Mr. Codd appeared to have no opinion, for he did not reply.

By this time they had crossed the last bridge and had left the city behind them. The jungle was lulling itself to sleep, and drowsy croonings sounded on every hand. So certain was Hayle that he had not been mistaken about the man he declared he had seen, that he kept his eyes well open to guard against a surprise. He did not know what clump of bamboo might contain an enemy, and, in consequence, his right hand was kept continually in his pocket in order not to lose the grip of the revolver therein contained. At last they reached the top of the hill and approached the open spot where their camp was situated.

"What did I tell you?" said Kitwater, as he looked about the camp and could discover no traces of their two native servants. "It was one of our prowling rascals you saw, and when he comes back I'll teach him to come spying on us. If I know anything of the ratten, he won't do it again."

Hayle shrugged his shoulders. While the fact that their servants were not at the camp to anticipate their return was certainly suspicious, he was still as convinced as ever that the man he had seen slipping through the ruins was no Burman, but a true son of the celestial empire.

Worn out by the excitement of the day, Kitwater anathematized the servants for not having been there to prepare the evening meal, but while he and Hayle wrangled, Mr. Codd had as usual taken the matter into his own hands, and, picking up a cooking pot, had set off in the direction of the stream, whence they drew their supply of water. He had not proceeded very far, however, before he uttered a cry and came running back to the camp. There was a scared expression upon his face as he rejoined his companions.

"They've not run away," he cried, pointing in the direction whence he had come. "They're dead!"

"Dead?" cried Kitwater and Hayle together. Then the latter added: "What do you mean by that?"

"What I say," Codd replied. "They're both lying in the jungle back there with their throats cut."

"Then I was right after all," Hayle found time to put in. "Come, Kit, let us go and see. There's more than we bargained for at the back of all this."

They hurried with Codd to the spot where he had discovered the bodies, to find that his tale was too true. Their two unfortunate servants were to be seen lying one on either side of the track, both dead and shockingly

mutilated. Kitwater knelt beside them and examined them more closely. "Chinese," he said, laconically. Then after a pause he continued: "It's a good thing for us we had the foresight to take our rifles with us to-day, otherwise we should have lost them for a certainty. Now we shall have to keep our eyes open for trouble. It won't be long in coming, mark my words."

"You don't think they watched us at work in that courtyard, do you?" asked Hayle, anxiously, as they returned to the camp. "If that's so, they'll have every atom of the remaining treasure, and we shall be done for."

He spoke as if until that moment they had received nothing.

"It's just possible they may have done so, of course," said Kitwater, "but how are we to know? We couldn't prevent them, for we don't know how many of them there may be. That fellow you saw this evening may only have been placed there to spy upon our movements. Confound it all, I wish we were a bigger party."

"It's no use wishing that," Hayle returned, and then after a pause he added: "Fortunately we hold a good many lives in our hands, and what's more, we know the value of our own. The only thing we can do is to watch, watch, and watch, and, if we are taken by surprise, we shall have nobody to thank for it but ourselves. Now if you'll stand sentry, Caddy and I will get tea."

They set to work, and the meal was in due course served and eaten. Afterwards Codd went on guard, being relieved by Hayle at midnight. Ever since they had made the ghastly discovery in the jungle, the latter had been more silent even than the gravity of the situation demanded. Now he sat, nursing his rifle, listening to the mysterious voices of the jungle, and thinking as if for dear life. Meanwhile his companions slept soundly on, secure in the fact that he was watching over them.

At last Hayle rose to his feet. "It's my only chance," he said to himself, as he went softly across to where Kitwater was lying. "It must be now or never!"

Kneeling beside the sleeping man, he felt for the packet of precious stones they had that day obtained. Having found it he transferred it to his own pocket, and then returned to his former position as quietly as he had come. Then, having secured as much of their store of ammunition as he could conveniently carry, together with a supply of food sufficient to last him for several days, he deserted his post, abandoned his friends and disappeared into the jungle!

PART III.

The sun was slowly sinking behind the dense wall of jungle which hems in, on the southern side, the frontier station of Nampoung. In the river below there is a ford, which has a distinguished claim on fame, inasmuch as it is one of the gateways from Burmah into western China. This ford is guarded continually by a company of Sikhs, under the command of an English officer. To be candid, it is not a post that is much sought after.



NOW HE SAT NURSING HIS RIFLE, LISTENING TO THE MYSTERIOUS VOICES OF THE JUNGLE.

Its dullness is extraordinary. True, one can fish there from morning until night, if one is so disposed; and if one has the good fortune to be a botanist, there is an inexhaustible field open for study. It is also true that Nampoung is only 30 miles or so, as the crow flies, from Bhamo, and when one has been in the wilds, and out of touch of civilization for months at a time, Bhamo is by no means a place to be despised. So thought Gregory, of the One Hundred and Twenty-third regiment, as he threw his line into the pool below him.

"It's worse than a dog's life," he said to himself, as he looked at the ford a hundred yards or so to his right, where, at the moment, his subaltern was engaged levying toll upon some Yunnan merchants who were carrying cotton on pack mules into China. After that he glanced behind him at the little cluster of buildings on the hill, and groaned once more. "I wonder what they are doing in England," he continued. "Trout fishing has just begun, and I can imagine the dear old governor at

the Long pool, rod in hand. The girls will stroll down in the afternoon to find out what sport he has had, and they'll walk home across the park with him, while the master will probably meet them half way. And here am I in this God-forsaken hole with nothing to do but to keep an eye on that ford there. Bhamo is better than this, Mandalay is better than Bhamo, and Rangoon is better than either. Chivving dakus is Paradise compared with this sort of thing. Anyhow, I'm tired of fishing."

He began to take his rod to pieces preparatory to returning to his quarters on the hill. He had just unshipped the last joint, when he became aware that one of his men was approaching him. He inquired his business, and was informed in return that Dempsey, his sub, would be glad to see him at the ford. Handing his rod to the man he set off in the direction of the crossing in question, to become aware, as he approached it, of a disreputable figure propped up against a tree on the nearer bank.

"What's the matter, Dempsey?" he inquired. "What on earth have you got there, man?"

"Well, that's more than I can say," the other replied. "He's evidently a white man, and I fancy an Englishman. At home we should call him a scarecrow. He turned up from across the ford just now, and tumbled down in the middle of the stream like a shot rabbit. Never saw such a thing before. He's not a pretty sight, is he?"

"Poor devil," said Gregory. "He seems to be on his last legs. I wonder who the deuce he is, and what brought him into this condition."

"I've searched, and there's nothing about to tell us," said Dempsey. "What do you think we had better do with him?"

"Get him up the hill," said his superior, without hesitation. "When he's a bit stronger we'll have his story out of him. I'll bet a few years' pay it will be interesting."

A file of men were called, and the mysterious stranger was carried up to the residence of the English officers. It was plain to the least observant that he was in a very serious condition. Such clothes as he possessed were in rags; his face was pinched with starvation, and moreover he was quite unconscious. When his bearers, accompanied by the two Englishmen, reached the cluster of huts, he was carried to a small room at the end of the officers' bungalow and placed upon the bed. After a little brandy had been administered, he recovered consciousness and looked about him. Heaving a sigh of relief, he inquired where he might be.

"You are at Nampoung," said Gregory, "and you ought to thank your stars that you are not in Kingdom Come. If ever a man was near it, you have been. We won't ask you for your story now; however, later on, you shall buck to your heart's content. Now I am going to give you something to eat. You look as if you want it badly enough."

Gregory looked at Dempsey and made a sign, whereupon the other withdrew, to presently return carrying a bowl of soup. The stranger drank it ravenously, and then lay back and closed his eyes once more. He would have been a clever man who could have recognized in the emaciated being upon the bed, the spruce, well-cared-for individual who was known to the Hotel of the Three Desires in Singapore as Jideon Hayle.

"You'd better rest awhile now," said Gregory, "and then perhaps you'll feel equal to joining us at mess, or whatever you like to call it."

"Thanks, very much," the man replied, with the conventional utterance of an English gentleman, which was not lost upon his audience. "I hope I shall feel up to it."

"Whoever the fellow is," said Gregory, as they passed along the veranda a few minutes later, "he has evidently seen better days. Poor beggar, I wonder where he's been, and what he has been up to?"

"We shall soon find out," Dempsey answered. "All he said when we fished him out of the water was 'at last,' and then he fainted clean away. I am not more curious than my neighbors, but I don't mind admitting that I am anxious to hear what he has to say for himself. Talk about Rip Van Winkle, why, he is not in it with this fellow. He could give him points and beat him hollow."

[To Be Continued.]

Rosetti in Self-Defense.

Toward the latter part of Rosetti's life he rarely left his house and garden. He depended upon a close circle of friends for society, and in his own way was a sociable man, but he preferred to see his friends and acquaintances by appointment, and woe betide the too intrusive stranger.

One day an enterprising man called who was duly armed with a letter of introduction, and the servant was nearly yielding to the impulsive stranger, whereupon the painter of "Dante's Dream" leaned over the banister and said in a firm, melodious voice: "Tell the gentleman that I am not at home." —Lippincott's Magazine.

MOTHER-IN-LAW DIPLOMACY.

One Who Knew How to Cure Her Daughter's Husband of His Parsimony.

Caroline Lockhart's amusing story is a new one on mothers-in-law. She sets out to cure her daughter's husband of the parsimony which is making his wife's life unbearable, says Lippincott's.

"He doesn't know that he is mean," wept Lily; "he thinks he is generous, and I always try to keep up appearances, so he does not realize what a little he gives me."

"He will realize it before I'm through with him," said mother, grimly.

When Whipple invites a guest to dinner, expecting to fare sumptuously without paying for it, mother orders the following dinner:

"Mary came in bearing a large platter upon which rolled, like so many marbles, six hard balls of chopped meat—the soup meat in disguise."

"What's this we have," inquired Whipple, blankly.

"Meat balls," replied mother, in her sweetest and suavest tones.

"Sterling pinched himself under the table to keep back the fiendish desire he had to yell when Whipple, after pursuing one of the little hard balls around and around the platter with a spoon, finally captured it on the side and tried to mash it. It flew from under the spoon like quicksilver, and another exciting chase ensued before he finally got it on Sterling's plate."

"In the covered dishes were boiled turnips, onions and potatoes."

"The conversation during the meal was forced, except by mother. It was hard to be gay on turnips, but mother bubbled over with good humor, and Whipple's silent prayer was that the meat ball would choke her to death."

"Every time Sterling thought of the 'comforts of home' he had a fit of coughing that made his chair sway to and fro till the chills crept up and down his spine."

"Pass the coffee, Mary," said Lily, with a sigh of relief that the end was in sight. A hectic flush had risen on Whipple's cheekbones. As he raised the after-dinner cup to his lips, looking fearfully about, as if wondering if there was anything more that could happen, the cup dropped off the handle. Lily gave a cry, and Whipple executed a war dance as the scalding coffee burned him. Sterling started violently as he heard the crash. His chair collapsed and he fell in a heap, striking his head against the sideboard with a force that made him see stars."

NOTES OF THE MODES.

Items of Information on the Latest in Dress for Devotees of Fashion.

Oak leaves and acorns form some of the new "foliage hats" that have sprung into sudden popularity.

It is now the fashion to have one light-colored orchid slipped in the side of the bunch of violets worn with the evening or walking gown.

The "dropped" shoulder effect is observed on many of the lace yoke costumes, and promises to be almost as popular as it was last summer.

Handsome materials for the woman who wishes to dress richly in black are the fine embroidered Indian crepes, with small figures covering them almost solidly.

Nightgowns for summer wear are cut square at the neck and have loose fitting elbow sleeves. Many of these are finished with a beading of embroidery through which a light colored satin ribbon is drawn, and the usual edging of embroidery is dispensed with.

A new idea for the summer separate waist is to have the front embroidered in some rich and tasteful design, leaving the rest of the waist absolutely without trimming. Women who are experts with their needles enjoy working out beautiful designs on sheer goods.

The latest thing in separate skirts is close fitting to the knees and finished with a wide, graduated, accordion-plaited flounce. In skirts of light colors the portion where the flounce joins the skirts is finished with white or ecru lace in medallion or serpentine design.

Something Familiar.

"Viper!" hissed the angry woman. Scoundrel! Wretch! Blackguard! Puppy! Villain!"

Smiling sweetly, the man rolled a cigarette and began lighting it.

"Liar!" she resumed, her eyes flashing vivid fire. "Robber-r-r!"

"Go on," suggested the man, puffing lazily on his cigarette. "Go on. That reminds me of the days when I used to be a baseball umpire."

Here the woman sank helplessly into a chair, realizing to the full the utter impossibility of calling him anything that would make him wince. —Baltimore American.

Cream Cookies.

One cup sugar; one cup sour cream; one egg; one tablespoonful butter if cream is not too rich; one teaspoonful soda and one teaspoonful baking powder. Both soda and baking powder are to be sifted in the flour. Flavor with one-half teaspoonful of lemon or vanilla. —Detroit Free Press.