

# THE NEBRASKA ADVERTISER

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NEMAHA, - - - - - NEBRASKA.

## DAY UNTO DAY.

"Day unto day uttereth speech, and night unto night showeth knowledge."—Psalm XIX. 2.

This day tells tomorrow  
What of yesterday,  
Whether joy or sorrow  
Stood beside the way;  
Whether pain or pleasure,  
Whether sun or rain  
Made the day's full measure  
One of loss or gain.

Night to night is showing  
What has come and gone  
In the current flowing  
From gray dusk to dawn—  
In the current steady  
Goes from sun to sun,  
Ready or unready,  
All that we have done.

All the dim tomorrows,  
Stretching far away!  
Each one somehow borrows  
Gladness of today,  
And the nights unending  
Echo us our dreams,  
Wreathing them, and blending  
Them in happy gleams.

Day to day is calling—  
And tomorrow knows,  
Whether glad or galling;  
Whether thorn or rose;  
Whether deed or thinking;  
All that we have done—  
Day to day is linking  
All from sun to sun.

Night to night replying  
Murmurs through the dusk,  
As a gleaner sighing  
Over grain and husk,  
Day to day is bringing  
Something for our good—  
We might sense the singing  
If we understood.  
—Chicago Daily Tribune.

## THE FOOTSTEP OF FEAR

By L. H. HAMMOND.

It was Christine's friend, Tom, through whom Fear entered the child's life. Before Tom began to spend his evenings in the kitchen Christine had been the most considerate of nurses. When she tucked the bedclothes about her small charge at night, and sat beside her until the little one fell asleep, her talk had been all of fairies, and hawthorn hedges, and the green English fields in which she had played as a child; but when Tom began to wait for her below stairs—to wait in the company of Ellen, the jolly cook, and Maggie, the blue-eyed housemaid, Christine had grown cross and impatient. She undressed the little girl almost roughly, and even hurried her through her prayers. When she tucked her in bed she refused to sit beside her; and in answer to the child's half-suppressed sob she paused in the act of turning out the gas to bend close above the small pillow and the suddenly widened eyes that stared at her in the dimmed light. Her voice itself was a threat as she opened the door in the child's room by which Fear might enter in.

"As long as you are good nothing will hurt you," she concluded, more kindly. "Be quiet and don't tell and you're all right." She turned the gas quite out, and closed the door, leaving Fear to watch in her place by the bed.

Not that the child called it Fear; she knew no name for the vague, formless thing. But its formlessness was an added terror, which was heightened by the fact that to her strained imagination an audible footfall came from that void which was its presence, while above its awful shapelessness she felt, though she never saw—a face. Beast, monster, devil—whether one or all of these she could not say; and only because a thing spoken of must be designated by a word could one call the dark impersonal presence it.

Every night after this it came, a terrible black emptiness moving with slow, steady steps to the child's bed. The steps fell first in the long hall, when Christine turned out the nursery gas. As she went out she moved noiselessly over the thick carpet toward the door which led to the back hall, and the progress of her retreat was known to the cowering child only by the sound of the other's stealthy approach—a sound distinctly heard above the heavy beating of her own heart. It moved a step nearer for every step that Christine moved away; when she stood at the door of the back hall it stood at the nursery door, always; when she opened the door—softly, lest it should be known downstairs that she had left the nursery before sleep came to its small inmate—it entered; and when Christine closed the door behind her it sprang with a great leap to the child's bedside, and hung over her in the dark, moving and gibing, with an awful threat behind its senseless leer. She could never see the face nor the leer; if she could have done that she might have borne it; she only felt them through the shuddering dark.

And it was not alone; the tiger under the bed belonged to it, and the ape

in the closet, and the man with the black mask and the sword. These also were unseen enemies, but she knew all about them; Christine had told her, not only on that first dreadful night, but often since. They were friends of Christine's, in some mysterious way, and so long as the child obeyed her they were not to be feared; but if she ever cried, or called for mother, or told anyone that Christine did not stay with her until she was asleep—then they would spring at her in the dark and tear her limb from limb. If she obeyed she was safe; Christine said so, and Christine never told lies; she said she never did; and, besides, she would be afraid to tell lies, because liars were put in the fire and burned up. Her brother told her that the day she promised to let him play with her best doll in his own way, and then snatched her away and ran to Christine with her. She was a liar; she shivered as she thought of the lake of fire. But he was digging Miss Homer's eyes out of her head—her beautiful eyes—to see why they didn't shut faster. God would burn her up; but it wasn't fair when other people made you tell lies; perhaps God did something to them, too. But He wouldn't do anything to Christine; she was always good. That was why the tiger loved her, and the man, and the ape; they hated bad people—oh, did they know she was a liar? She shrank further down under the bedclothes. Christine said they wouldn't hurt her if she kept still; but Christine didn't know about it. It would not mind Christine; it would not mind anybody; and it was the tiger's friend, too! She dared not open her eyes, but she knew that in the dark it was bending down, and that the tiger had crawled to the edge of the bed to lick its hand. The ape peered out of the closet grinning a welcome to it, and the man in the mask stood just behind. They were all its friends, and it hated her. But it was so dark; perhaps they could not see her—though she knew in the depths of her cowering little soul that they did. Perhaps she could spring out of bed on the other side, and reach the hall door before it or the tiger could catch her. But the closet! she would have to pass that. She felt the ape's skinny fingers, and the man's sword at her throat. It bent closer over the bed; did it know what she had been about to do?

Time dragged by. The door-bell rang, and company came in. Laughter floated up the stairs, and it grinned hideously at the thought of the company in the nursery. Once her mother sang, and that comforted her. Ages afterward her mother came upstairs. The man and the ape drew back into the depths of the closet; the tiger crawled to the exact middle of the space under the bed and curled its tail up carefully; it passed noiselessly to the other side of the room, and hid in the shadows as the door opened, and her mother—her dearest mother—came in and bent down to kiss her cheek. She dared not stir, but she knew that it was gone. Her mother touched her forehead gently. "The child is in a perspiration," she said to herself; "but there doesn't seem to be too much cover; Christine is so careful. How fast asleep she is!" and with another kiss she went through into her own room, leaving the connecting door open. When she put out her light it slipped back, but the door was open, and it did not dare to come very close to the bed. The tiger had gone to sleep, and the ape and the man knew her mother was there; they were afraid—oh! The little body relaxed, the breath came freely, and out on the full tide of sleep she drifted beyond its reach.

This happened many nights, through many years. At first it never dared to come in the daytime; but at dusk she knew the stealthy footfall was coming steadily to meet her, and that in the dark it would stand by her bed, with its horrible, unseen leer. She had, as she grew older, tried the effect of leaving her gas burning; but in the loneliness and silence of the night it was all-powerful, and could shroud itself in darkness and light alike. Every night her mother came to give her a last good-night kiss, but the child never told her that she was awake; she was afraid to speak of it at night, and in the daytime she was ashamed.

A sudden rage rushed upon her and swept her out beyond all knowledge of herself. She flung the door wide and stepped up close to the man, her eyes blazing into his. She spoke in a new voice. "I will give you ten seconds to get outside that gate," she said. "Now go." They turned and fled. She stood and watched them as they ran down the walk, under the flickering shadows of the elms, her anger still hot within her. Then she leaned against the doorway, trembling, for she caught suddenly the sound of a stealthy step, which fled before the men, and knew that three passed out at the gate. The men's shoes clattered on the brick walk; but the sound that rang to heaven was the hurrying tread of the silent footfall, whose terror had filled her life. She stood listening through the clear sunshine until it ceased, knowing that it ceased for all time. Then she turned and went into the house with the light of freedom on her face.—N. Y. Independent

by one, under their invisible tread. She could never understand why the sound did not rouse the world. Sometimes, in a frenzy of terror to which anything was better than uncertainty, she fled after them, barefooted and silent. It mattered little at such times that the man might turn in the darkness and plunge his knife into her heart, if only she could seize it by the throat and turn it to the light and look once full in its face. To do that meant death or freedom, she knew; and there were times when she cared little which it might be. At every point she strove to face the thing she feared; and at every point it eluded her, and stood unseen, but felt, a little further down her path.

Years afterward, when she married, the footstep which had dogged her life began to track the man she loved; then it followed the child. The daytime ceased to protect her. Through the long summers in every lightning flash its lean finger threatened them both; and when the wild western winds shook the house it leered at her through the storm. Day and night its power grew with her love, and though she still struggled it was without hope.

But one night as she lay in her bed thinking a mother's thoughts about the child asleep in the crib beside her, the little one awoke, crying out in sudden fear. As she turned to soothe her it thrust itself with quick, noiseless step between her bed and the crib. She felt through her soul the horror of the unspoken threat, but she leaned toward the child and quieted it. Then something new and strong rose up within her, and through the darkness she looked full where she felt it's face.

"You shall never touch the child," she said. "I will fill her life so full of love and courage that there will be no room in it for you to come. You may darken my life as you will, but the child shall never know that you exist." It drew closer, and as she faced it's nearing presence she knew that its face was distorted by a thousand passions; but the child's hand lay in hers, and though she trembled, she smiled in the dark.

Often the man she loved was called from home, and through the long night and stormy days of that wind-cursed country she fought with it for the child. When the boy came she had a double strength, and with the baby she knew herself invincible. They grew up happy and unafraid; for if terror threatened their childish hearts it vanished before love's magic touch. Love filled their days and nights, and ruled their world, and gave them wisdom for an impregnable defense. Absorbed in this struggle the woman fought her own fears no longer, and thought of them only when she must. Her consciousness of it became focused in a determination to keep a like consciousness out of her children's lives.

The years passed by. Never once had her old desire been granted to her—to see the vague terror take the tangible shape of danger before her eyes, that she might face her fear and find in its actual presence either the freedom for which she longed or the death to which she had once been indifferent.

But one morning when the man she loved was away from home and the children were at school she glanced up from her sewing and saw two men come in at the gate. Either of them might have been it made visible to the eyes of day, so evil were their faces. The old house was a detached one, set in a large yard, and there was no one on the place at the moment except herself and the housemaid. Accustomed to forestalling the fears of others rather than to thinking of her own, she went herself to the door; the maid, she knew, would be frightened. She opened the door a little way, and in answer to the younger man's demand for money replied she had none to give him. The man swore a great oath, which was echoed by his companion. She had opened the door such a little way that they knew the house was empty save for women.

"We will come in and see what you have got," said the man, "and what we want we will take." He set his shoulder to the door.

A sudden rage rushed upon her and swept her out beyond all knowledge of herself. She flung the door wide and stepped up close to the man, her eyes blazing into his. She spoke in a new voice.

"I will give you ten seconds to get outside that gate," she said. "Now go." They turned and fled. She stood and watched them as they ran down the walk, under the flickering shadows of the elms, her anger still hot within her. Then she leaned against the doorway, trembling, for she caught suddenly the sound of a stealthy step, which fled before the men, and knew that three passed out at the gate. The men's shoes clattered on the brick walk; but the sound that rang to heaven was the hurrying tread of the silent footfall, whose terror had filled her life. She stood listening through the clear sunshine until it ceased, knowing that it ceased for all time. Then she turned and went into the house with the light of freedom on her face.—N. Y. Independent

## MRS. BENNETT WILL CONTEST

Widow of Man Who Bequeathed \$50,000 to W. J. Bryan and His Family Is Not Satisfied.

New Haven, Conn., Oct. 22.—As a climax of yesterday's hearing on the application for the probating of the will of the late Philo S. Bennett, accompanying which was a sealed letter which William J. Bryan yesterday testified was a request that he accept \$50,000, Judge Stoddard, who represents Mrs. Bennett, declared that if Mr. Bryan insisted upon receiving the fund she would contest the will. Mr. Bryan, in reply, said that not one cent of the money would he allow either his wife or his children to receive unless Mrs. Bennett was willing. He, however, did intend to ask the court to decide the validity of the bequest so that in case it was declared legal he could distribute the money among educational and charitable institutions.

## A VICTIM OF "GRAFTERS."

Zach Tinker, St. Louis Millionaire Brewer, Involved in Divorce Scandal Through Machinations of Chicago Folks.

St. Louis, Oct. 22.—Zachariah W. Tinker, millionaire brewer and politician of St. Louis, has been named as one of the victims of grafting officials in Chicago. Dispatches from that city state that certain detectives and other officials have been charged with blackmailing him for the sum of \$25,000 in connection with the Wilkinson divorce case, which aroused so much interest in Chicago last February. U. Linder Wilkinson, who was assistant secretary to Senator William E. Mason, was the injured husband, who in his petition for divorce named Mr. Tinker as the cause of his marital troubles, and he it was who gave the information of this particular graft to the Herrman investigating committee.

## TOOK ONLY THE STAMPS.

Burglars in the Post Office at Superior, Wis., Did Not Molest the Safe Which Held Currency.

Superior, Wis., Oct. 22.—When the Superior post office was opened for business Wednesday, the large vault was found to have been rifled of practically the entire supply of stamps, estimated at \$15,500. About \$100 in fractional silver was also secured. The vault was forced without the use of explosives. The safe, located in the postmaster's private office and containing a large amount in currency, was not molested. The only visible clew left by the burglars was an electric pocket lamp.

## THREE MORE DISMISSALS.

Postmaster General Lets Out Chiefs of the Supply and Registry Division, and a Clerk.

Washington, Oct. 22.—The postmaster general has dismissed from office M. A. Louis, superintendent of supplies of the post office department; Louis Kempner, chief of registry division, and C. B. Terry, a clerk in the supply division. The action is in connection with the postal investigation just ended.

## Infantry Leave Fort Crook for Manila.

Fort Crook, Neb., Oct. 22.—The Twenty-second infantry, composed of companies E, F, G, H, I, K, L and M. Col. Henry Wygant commanding, left yesterday for Manila for a two-years' absence. There are 465 men in the two battalions, including the band of 26 pieces, and they will occupy 19 tourist sleepers and two Pullmans. The regiment is destined for service in southern Luzon.

## Gave Nearly All Her Money to Dowie.

Gilford, N. H., Oct. 22.—Mrs. Angeline Jewett, of this town, a convert of the doctrines of John Alexander Dowie, has sold her farm here for \$1,500 and of the proceeds has sent \$1,400 to Dowie. Mrs. Jewett says that she believes in Dowie and declares "God showed me that it was best to dispose of the farm and send him the money."

## Mrs. Nation Offended Dowie.

New York, Oct. 22.—Carrie Nation, who occupied a seat near the front at the Dowie meeting, asked "Elijah" to answer some questions. He refused and ordered her to sit down. Mrs. Nation again demanded the privilege of asking questions. At once the Zion guards surrounded her and with the help of several policemen ejected her.

## Final Services Over Archbishop Kain.

St. Louis, Oct. 22.—At ten o'clock in the old cathedral, funeral services were conducted over the body of the late Archbishop John J. Kain, of this diocese, who died last week in Baltimore, Md. Cardinal Gibbons celebrated the pontifical high requiem mass, and five archbishops and bishops performed the rite of absolution.

## White to Write a Play.

Kansas City, Mo., Oct. 22.—If William Allen White, editor of the Emporia (Kan.) Gazette, can write a satisfactory story as the basis for a play, Ezra Kendall, the comedian now starring in the "Vinegar Buyer," will appear next season in a theatrical production based on the life of Bill Nye, the dead humorist.

## IT WOULDN'T COME OFF.

He Had a Face That Indelibly Impressed All Who Got a Glimpse of It.

A Duluth attorney recently went east to visit his old home, and the first Sunday he was there he attended church, relates the Duluth News-Tribune. After service he visited the Sunday school and saw many familiar faces among the pupils, although they had all grown considerably during the years he had been away.

At the request of the superintendent the visitor addressed the school, and in opening he asked if there were any present who remembered him—who had ever seen him before.

The hand of a little fellow in the front row immediately went up "I do—I do!" he said.

A satisfied smile crept over the face of the visitor. He was glad that the children remembered him.

"Now, where was it you saw me before?" he asked the boy who had raised his hand.

"You was the clown in the circus last summer!" replied the youth, enthusiastically. "I'd never forget your face."

## Enterprise and Caution.

"I shall get there," quoth Enterprise, confidently.

"Where?" asked Caution.

Here Enterprise bestowed a withering look upon her laggard sister.

"As to that I know nothing," she replied, haughtily, "further than that when I get there it will be somewhere else."—Detroit Free Press.

## Almost Human.

"The porcupine may not be a desirable associate," said the coon, "yet he has his good points."

"True," replied the fox, "but he is apt to be an awful flatterer."

"Flatterer!" echoed the coon.

"Yes," answered the fox, "he is apt to send one away with a stuck-up feeling."—Chicago Daily News.

Ascum—"I read in the financial news this morning that 'money is easier' now. What on earth does that mean?" Brokeleigh—"Perhaps it means that it goes easier." I'm sure I don't find that it comes any easier."—Philadelphia Press.

There are people who seem to think they can teach experience.—N. Y. Times.

## A VOICE FROM THE PULPIT.

Rev. Jacob D. Van Doren, of 57 Sixth Street, Fond du Lac, Wis., Presbyterian clergyman, says: "I had attacks of kidney disorders which kept me in the house for days at a time, unable to do anything. What I suffered can hardly be told. Complications set in, the particulars of which I will be pleased to give in a personal interview to any one who requires information. I began taking Doan's Kidney Pills and I can conscientiously say that they caused a general improvement in my health. They brought great relief by lessening the pain and correcting the action of the kidney secretions."

Doan's Kidney Pills for sale by all dealers. Price, 50 cents. FOSTER-MILBURN CO., Buffalo, N. Y.

Read! Read! Read! Smith Medical Co. St. Louis, Mo., Sept. 15th, 1902, Gentlemen:—

I write to tell you of the good results of

SMITH'S SURE KIDNEY CURE

I have had kidney trouble four years, tried 3 doctors and several patent medicines, with little relief until advised by Mr. C. N. Herron to try your Kidney Cure and two bottles did more good than all other treatment. I think Smith's Sure Kidney Cure the best of all. It will do all and more than you claim for it. It relieved me of indigestion or stomach trouble. I am thankful.

Yours very truly,  
C. A. HARPER, J. P.

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