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MUSING.

I think some time, grown old, I shall retrace, In my sad thought, these days that are so

fleet. As an oll man will stay his tottering feet, And, wistful, gaze upon a glad young face That passes him upon the crowded street.

I shall review the record of these years

As one who fin is a volume long unread, O'er which he used to bend his boyish head, And turns its well-worn pages o'er with tears, Finding a shadow of his youth long dead.

O happy Youth! we fain would keep thy

Of light and joy and caroless laughter free, Yet all too soon we lose our grasp of thee: We speed wing-footed through our summer-

Like Hormos through the fields of Arcady.

This boding thought comes on us unaware, Through all the mirth with which our days are r fe; Thy soft-curied leaves shall surely fall, O fair red rose of life! —Trayder's Record.

"LAL" RYDQUIST; A Story of the Land and Sea.

BY WALTER BESANT AND JAMES BICE, IN ALL THE YEAR ROUND.

CHAPTER VII.-CONTINUED.

"Coal trade," he replied promptly. "I took a passage, bargained to be disembarked and called for again in three weeks' time, and we set sail. Beautiful sailing it is in those seas, and one of these winter evenings, Lal, when you and me have got nothing to do, 1 will tell you such yarns of the islands as will make you long for to go there yourself. Our course was south of Borneo, and so into the narrow seas, through the Macassar Straits, north of Celebes and Gillolo, and so along the northwest of New Guinea, where I'd made up my mind to find Cap'en Armiger. If you've got a chart anywhere about, any of you, you might follow.

"Never mind the chart my lad," said Captain Zachariasen; "go on."

"Nobody, before me and Cap'en Armiger, had ever landed on that desolate cost. They set me ashore with six foot or so of bacey, a pipe, a box of lucifers, a bottle of rum, a gun, and a small tishing-net. That, I thought, would be enough to carry me along for a spell, while I made inquiries.

"I found the natives black but friendly. They appeared not to be cannibals. They greatly admired my appearance and manners. They invited me to stay king. And although 1 was obliged to refuse, they were civil, and answered all my questions to the best of their capacities, which are naturally limited." Another grunt.

not been mistaken in my conclusions. Three years before, or thereabouts, beto be as accurate as us truth-telling Christians, a white man and a Malay had been washed ashore in an open boat. "Directly I heard that I pricked up my ears. There might have been two different white men come ashore in an open boat, but not two pairs of white man and Malay man. That seemed impossible. So Lup and inquired at once where they were. "They told me that at landing there was a fight, but that they were taken up country after the fight with their arms bound to their sides." Here Captain Borlinder stopped. "You remember, Venerable," he said, "how you interpreted that scrimmage shown by the dumb man? You were quite right."

peared to consist of a million and a half of people, as near as I could learn. They go dressed in white cotton kneebreeches and turbans; they smoke cigarettes and drink Jamaica rum; their manners are pleasant and their ways hospitable.

"As soon as they saw that a white me and began to ask questions. These I satisfied to the best of my power and requested to be taken to the King. They again." It is very well known that a large number of the Caroline Islands are composed of certain coral formations called atolls. They led me, or rather carried me, shouting along the streets, to the Royal Palace, which is a tri le bigger than the Crystal Palace, and all made of solid gold.

has to be approached on bended knees. "After the usual compliments, he in-

vited me to tell him what I came for. "I replied that I was sent by the most beautiful girl in Rotherhithe-at this he seemel pleased, and said he wished she had come herself-in order to discover what had become of her sweetheart,

named Rex Armiger, wrecked upon his majesty's coast in the year 1876. "I confess that I felt sorry, when I had put the question, but then I had come all the way on purpose to put it. For the King and all his courtiers immediately burst into tears.

"I then learned the whole story. "Cap'en Armiger had, in fact, landed on this shore, as I expected and calcu-

lated. He had been separated from his steward Dick in a serimmage on the coast, and had been brought inland to be presented as a captive to the King. At the court he made himself at once a great favorite, being a good shot, which pleased his majesty, and a good dancer, which pleased the ladies. He lived three years with them in great favor with everybody, and at the end, though this you will hardly credit, engaged to be married to the King's sister, being by that time in despair of ever getting away

"Unfortunately, only the week before I arrived, he was killed and devoured by a lion, and the Princess was gone off her royal chump.

"I am truly sorry to be the bearer of such bad news, Lal. You will own that I done my best.

"The rest of my log, how I got away, and how I came here again, would not interest you now. You will, perhaps, like to hear them yarns in the long winter evenings when we have nothing else to do.

"As for poor Cap'en Armiger, I brought away with me one relie of him -the last cap he ever wore. The King sent it to you by my hands. He said a at Sydney and was preparing for de-great many civil things about my courage in coming all that way to find my friend, and I had to promise to go back again. However, that is nothing. among them with the gun and be their Here, then, is Cap'en Armiger's capthe cap of the Company."

He untied the handkerchief and took ont a cap with a gold band and a couple of anchors in silver embroidery upon "After a bit I discovered that I had of the Indian Peninsular Company.

cause you cannot expect naked savages lated by Captain Zachariasen's grunts. him and not the Cap'en they took off to for the cap, examined it carefully,

since January. If you doubt, go and death; so anxious that he had grown ask his people."

This was an unexpected one. Captain Borlinder reeled.

Then Lal rose in her wrath.

"Go!" she cried. "You are not fit to be under the same roof with honest people. Go, impudent liar! Oh, that

the door with as threatening a gesture | inclosing a shallow lagoon, whose dias Medea might have employed.

Captain Borlinder hastened to obey. "The King is a young man who wears his crown both day and night. He is always surrounded by his guards, and walked forth, saying never a word. And although he has never since set foot upon the southern shores of the port of London, I think he still somethat moment.

six months, it is true. I have settled all of a ship which trades among the islands, a Sydney schooner. I meant to tell you this to-day, not expecting to wouldn't put together a better story than that. Coarse and clumsy work."

CHAPTER VIII.

THE QUEST OF CAPTAIN WATTLES. The next turn, therefore, fell to Cap-

tain Wattles. He, for his part, took leave in a quiet and business-like manner, making no protestations.

"It shall be," he said, "off and on about the Carolines, where we expect to find him. He is not in the regular track of the traders, else you would have heard from him. He is on none of the islands touched for pearls and beche de mer-that we may be quite certain of; therefore I shall try at those places which are seldom visited. If I find him, good; if not, I will let you know. I don't pretend to waste my time in looking for a man and nothing else; I am going to trade on my own account, and look about me the while. News runs from island to island in an astonishing way, and we shall be likely to hear about him. That's all I have to say, Miss Lal, and here's my hand upon it. Barnabas, the Son of Consolation, will act up to his name." So he, two, disappeared.

Then, for a while, the house resumed its usual aspect, and things went on as before. A letter came in due course from Captain Wattles. He had arrived

The time passed slowly. Captain Holstius went away with his ship. The life and light seemed to have gone from the girl. Only the old man was left to cheer her continually, and Dick to raise her courage.

"I shall live, Lal, my dear," he said, "to see Cap'en Armiger come home the front. It was a uniform cap, that again. I have no doubt of that; and, boat, pretty, I've been thinking about the Lal received it and turned it over in mummicker and the end of his story. her hand, but with some doubt, stimu- Somehow, I doubt whether it wasn't The old man reached out his hand prison. I wish I could trust that Yankee chap; he's worse than the other tried it on his own head, and grunted one. Now, if the Norweegee could As for Barnabas, there was something in his cold and quiet way which impressed those who made his ac-"Gentlemen," said Captain Zacha- quaintance. Such men, when they are when they are on the wrong, they pro-vide the picturesque element of history. It is never a fault of the American adventurer that he too carefully considers the danger. Where there are mapped out in different belts of fertild. "Very Where they most abound and may most readily be gathered there is such a crowd, with so much fighting and struggling, or there are so many perils snakes, natives, and sharks, that it is only the brave man who ventures thither, and only the strong man who comes home in safety, bringing with him the treasures he has fought for. Barnabas B. Wattles was brave and strong, and he knew the islands of old. where he had sojourned, though certainly not, as we have once heard him state, as a missionary. He now saw his way to a neat stroke of business combined with love. He would prove, not clumsily, as did his rival, but prove beyond a doubt, the death of Rex Armiger. Then he would return, carry off the girl with the money, which he supposed belonged to her, forgetting the existence of Mrs. Rydquist, and get back to America, where he knew of a certain dry dock, to possess which was gayly with a boy's cap in one hand and the dream of his soul. It may be also a yard and a half of lies, made up Lord stated that he firmly believed that the man was dead, and to find Rex Armiger alive was the last thing which he expected. Yet this, as you will see, was exactly what he did find.

perfectly certain that Rex was dead.

It came to pass, however, after many days that he sighted an island, an outlying member of a group at which he knew traders never touch, b cause it was too small a place for trade and lay out of the usual track.

She clinched her hands and pointed to of rock just appearing above the surface, ameter varies from a few yards to a hundred miles, in which lie islands, some of them large islands with hills, streams and splendid woods of cocon-pulm, bread fruit, durian and pandang, whose islanders lead, or would lead if they knew how, delightful lives in fishing ir their smooth waters, eating the fruits times feels over again the humiliation of which Heaven sends, and doing no kind of work. Others there are, small atolls "And now," said Captain Wattles, "it is my turn. We have lost more than mere rocks on which grow nothing but the universal pandang, the screw palm, my business, and I have got command which serves the people for everything. Such was this. It was too insignificant even to have a name; it was distant about two hundred miles from the group find this—this lying lubber here. Why, there ain't a lad of ten in the States that wouldn't put together a better story never been visited by any ship since it first discovery.

Moved by some impulse, perhaps, a mere curiosity as to the capabilities o trade and the possibility of pearls, Cap tain Wattles steered toward this low lying land.

When his boat lay upon the shallow waters within the reef he found a group of the inhabitants of the principal islet gathered upon the beach. They were of the brown Polynesian race, and were apparently preparing for a hostile reception.

Among them stood, passive, a man almost as brown as themselves, but with Born in Ontario, 1,467,988; in Quebec, fair hair and blue eyes. He was a white man; he was a young white man; he New Brunswick, 288, 265; in Prince Edwas evidently no common beach-comber; and Captain Wattles immediately recognized, without any doubt, the man. Manitoba, 19,590. The total Canadian of whom he was in search. He was born is thus shown to be 3,715,492. The dressed in rags; the sleeves were torn from his jacket and his bare arms were tattooed; his trousers had lost most of their legs; he wore some kind of san-dals made of the pandang leaf; his heard was long his bain was long his bain with 27,753, and Germany with beard was long, his hair was hanging in an unkempt mass; his head was protected from the sun by an ingenious arrangement of another leaf of the same tree. It could be no other than Rex Armiger.

A strange feeling, akin to pity, seized on Captain Wattles. He repressed it, as unworthy of himself. But he did at first feel nity for him.

The white man stood among the natives, afraid to excite their suspicion by running before them to meet the boat; et his eagerness was visible in his attitude, in the trembling of his lips, in the way in which he looked upon the

He carried a short lance in his hand like all the rest.

Captain Wattles rowed to within hail-

FACTS AND FIGURSS.

We remind the man who complains of a lack of interesting reading that there are published in this country, apart from books, 10,611 periodicals .-- Christian Union.

-The only railroad in Yucatan, Mexico, charges ten cents per ton per mile for carrying freight, and is said to be earning about fifty per cent. per annum on its entire cost.

-American shoe manufacturers can thank their lucky stars that they are not doing business in Span. Within the past year the tax on the shoe trade of that country has been increased 300 per

-Los Angeles County, California, produced last year 2,118,500 gallons of wine, and 282,250 of brandy. As it takes five gallons of wine to make a gallon of brandy, the total wine production would be 3,529,750 .- Chicago Times.

-Pure alcohol is now prescribed by many physicians in pre erence to whisky, wine, beer, etc. To use a standard alcohol is believed to insure an accuracy of treatment which cannot be had with articles which contain the spirit in uncertain quantities. It is thought important not to disguise the taste of the alcohol in any way, in order that the patient may feel that he is taking it as a medicine and not as a beverage,-N. Y. Sun

-The spring clip of California wool is now coming forward quite freely, and a large business is anticipated. The product for the last twelve years is giv-en at 466,906,700 pounds, showing a value of \$\$6,861,700. The largest product was in 1876, aggregating 56,550,000 pounds. Two years later it was only 41,402,000. It was then 46,000,000 pounds for two years, and last year it was 43,000,000 pounds.

-The recent census of Canada shows the nativity of its population as follows: 1,327,809; in Nova Scotia, 420,088; in ward Island, 101,047; in the territories, 58,430; in British Columbia, 32,275; in born is thus shown to be 3,715,492. The foreign born number 609,318, including 185,526 from Ireland, 169,504 from England and Wales, and 145,162 from 25, 328. 1.11.1

WIT AND WISDOM.

-The Yopkers (N. Y.) Statesman discusses "Women as Wives." The idea seems very feasible .- Norristown Herald.

-The song, "Bring Me the Pare-gorie, Baby's Cross," is having a great run in the royal family of England .-N. Y. Commercial.

-Vassar girls eat milk with potatoes. If this valuable information doesn't interest you, nothing but an attack of delirium tremens would.-Boston Post.

-Chicago girls have discovered, it is said, that by keeping five or six beans in the mouth the voice is given an "aristocratic family accent."--Boston Advertiser. -" And now," shouts an excited exchange, "where shall we look for independence?" There's your motherin-law and the palace-car porter, sir .---Boston Post. -To a poetess the Chicago Tribune writes: "It will be impossible to print your poem about the roses true and the violets blue that bloom in the grassy dell, and the little birds that sweetest words of love in their chirpings tell. We have a large line of dell and bluebird poetry on hand this spring that was carried over from last year." -A Western editor offered a prize of \$50 and a year's subscription for the best written proposal of marriage from a lady. He picked out a nice proposal from a beautiful and wealthy widow, answered it accepting the proposal, and, with the threat of a breach of promise suit, actually captured her. Editors may not acquire wealth by writing twenty-three hours a day, but when their genius takes the right shoot they procure the persimmons. - Boomerang. -Henry Watterson of the Louisville Courier-Journal understands that this isn't the age of either Washington, Jefferson or Jackson. It is the age of the present. We are glad that Hen has enlightened us upon this subject. We got the idea in our head somehow that this was an age of "cheek," where merit must take a back seat and lunch on the cold leavings of the brass-plated frauds. If this is an age of the present, we are thankful to know it, and as much more as Mr. Watterson can spare without discommoding himself .- Bloomington Eye

The Venerable grunted again.

"Of course," the discoverer resumed, "I made haste to find out which way they were taken, and it was not long before I started following their track, led by a native boy who knew the country well, having been born and brought up there.

"Where were the rest of the natives born and brought up?" asked Captain Zachariasen. "Go on, brother. Reel it out.

"The first day-" Captain Borlinder turned suddenly pale, as if a weak point had been discovered in his armor, and went on reading rapidly. "The first day we made five-and-twenty miles, as near as I could reckon, going in a beeline across country, over hills and valleys where lions, bears, tigers, hyenas, leopards, elephants and hippopotamuses roamed free, seeking whom they may devour: cross rivers where crocodiles sat He did toss it into the fire, where it was with open jaws snapping at people as they passed by."

"It is hot, I suppose, in these latitudes?" said Captain Zachariasen.

"Hottish," replied the traveler. "I was given to understand that it was their summer. Hottish, walking. Made a man relish his rum and water. And I found a pint of cold water with a jacktowel refreshing on a Saturday night. The next day we made thirty knots of sandy desert, where there were camels and ostriches, and never a drop of water to make a cup of tea with. The third day we crossed a mountain, twenty-five thousand feet high, on the side of which were bears, wolves and pemmican. From the summit we obtained a splendid view right across the China Seas, and with my glass I could easily make out Hong-Kong.

"On the fourth day, after doing thirty miles good, and living for a week on the bark of trees and wild roots, we passed through a thick forest inhabited cious Narrative was written. For I like of which I had never expected to time aboard his own ship, and he has find in the heart of New Guinea. It ap- made three voyages to Cadiz and back send home or bring home proofs of his

again "What are you grunting for now?" asked Captain Borlinder in great un-

easiness. riasen to the other two, "tell me what on the right side, make good generals; you think?"

Captain Holstius made answer, like the country gentleman who read Gullivers' Travels, that he did not believe a word of it. And why? Because, no one who had read accounts of those latitudes could reconcile Captain Borlind- dollars to be picked up there is generer's Narrative with the tales of other ally danger. The round earth may be travelers.

Captain Wattles shook his head. "Coarse work," he said.

common, and coarse work." Upon this Captain Borlinder lost his temper, and behaved like an officer of his rank when in a rage upon his own from climate, crocodiles, settlers, quarter-deck.

"You shouldn't ha' thought, brother," said the old man, holding out the cap and examining it with contempt, "that a man of fourscore and odd could be taken in by such a clumsy jemmy as yourn. I'd ha' spun a better yarn myself, by chalks. Two things shall set you right. First, my lad, this cap, which, I suppose, you bought on your way in Houndsditch, is the cap of a boy of thirteen, a midshipmite. Now, Cap'en Armiger, like me, had a big head. We may toss the cap into the fire, Lal, my pretty, because it isn't your sweetheart's cap, and never was." immediatly consumed, all except the gold lace which twisted into all shapes. "Look at him!" he added. "Sails in knows where, in the other. Another thing," Captain Borlinder at this juneture, because he had, in fact bought that cap in Houndsditch, presented eyery appearance of discomfiture. "When he landed among the blacks, all alone, what language did he talk with them? English? He knows no other. What do you say, Cap'en Wattles?"

"Coarse work. Coarse and clumsy work."

Captain Borlinder replied in general terms, and endeavoring to bluster it out, that this was hard for a man to he had gone through.

But here Captain Wattles gave him the coup de grace.

"I can tell all of you where that pre-

He took command of his trading schooner, loaded her with the things which Polynesians love, such as gaudy cottons, powder, tobacco, rum, and strong perfumes, and set sail.

It is not my purpose to follow the voyage of the Fair Maria across the Pacific Ocean, nor to tell of the various adventures which befell her Captain, and the bear, this was, after going through all trade he did. Wherever he touched he made inquiries, but could hear nothing of a young white man cast ashore in an open boat. No one knew or had heard of any such jetsam.

At last he began to think his search solely by monkeys and snakes, after made it my business to inquire at the would lead to nothing, and that all trace which we emerged upon a town, the London Docks. He has been all the of the man was lost. This he regretted, because he was unfeignedly anxious to

ing distance of the shore, Then he stood up.

"White man aboy!"

The white man said something to his companions, and stepped forward, but in a leisurely manner, as if he was not at all anxious to speak the boat.

He came to the water's edge and sat down

"I am an Englishman," he said, speaking slowly, because he was speaking a language he had not used for three "I am an Englishman. My vears. name is Armiger. I was the Captain of the Indian Peninsular ship Philippine, wrecked on a shoal three years or so ago. I have been living since among these people."

"Do you know their lingo?"

"Yes. "Then tell them I am harmless and want to row nearer land."

Rex turned to the men and addressed them in their own language.

They all sat down and waited.

"You may come nearer," he said; "but make no movement that may alarm them, and do not attempt to land. They are suspicious since two years ago a ship came down from the Ladrone Islands and kidnapped twenty of them, including a Malay, cast away with me.'

Here then was the interpretation of Dick's second pantomimic fight. He did not escape, he was kidnapped. How he got away from the Ladrone Islands, how he found his way to England, remains a matter hitherto undiscovered.

Captain Wattles brought up his boat within a few yards of the beach, but in deep water, holding his men in readiness to give way.

Sitting in the stern he was able to talk freely with Rex, who stood at the very edge of the water waiting for an opportunity to leap on board.

"So," said Captain Wattles, "you are Cap'en Armiger, are you?"

Rex was astonished at the salutation. "Why? Do you know me?"

"You see I know your name, stranger. I confess I am sorry to find you. I thought you were dead. I hardly calculated that I'd find you, though I certainly did promise to keep one eye open for you.

"What promise?" asked Rex.

"I promised ---- We'll come to that directly. Now, what are those black devils dancing about for?"

The natives had jumped to their feet, and were now shaking clubs and spcars in a threatening way.

"They want my assurance," Rex said, "that you are not a black-birder."

"Honest trading-schooner," replied Captain Wattles. "Tell them they may come aboard and see for themselves.

What have they got to sell?"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

So Did He.

In the office of a Boston hotel two men, living 4,000 miles apart, met the other day by accident, and one of them observed:

"Weren't you in the oil regions in 1867?"

" I was."

"So was I. Did you speculate?"

" I did." "So did I. Did you strike anything bigp"

Yes."

"So did I. Did you get out before the crash?"

"Yes.

"So did L" Then came a long pause, in which they carefully surveyed each other. The first finally braced himself and con-

tinued: "You don't want to borrow \$10 to

pay your fare home, do you?"

"So do I! I'll be hanged if I ain't flat broke for a dollar!"-Wall Street Daily News.